

is positively fail-safe if coupled with a little maternally inspired guilt: the mothers who did their share for the post-WWII baby boom relied on the specter of "starving children in China;" modern mothers demand to hear if their finicky offspring know what a pound of ground chuck *costs* these days.

But there was always one meal that was your favorite, that you begged to have, that you polished your plate after. It was the meal that only she could cook, only she could serve, and only you could fully appreciate. She was cooking for her baby; you were eating for yourself. Just watching you enjoy it was thanks enough.

The years may have taken you far away, but you'll always cherish the memory of that special meal at mama's table. The Cincinnatians in our Mother's Day Album are lucky enough to relive their favorite childhood feasts, lovingly prepared as only Mom can. Their mothers, like mothers everywhere, reserve the right to tell them to eat their carrots, chew their meat 10 times and drink their milk, but they don't have to offer the first instruction with these favorite dinners. We learned long ago how to do justice to these meals, for us the very best of Mom's home cooking. Just growing up big and strong was thanks enough.



*Beaming at the defense: Ora and John Burlew*

Decades ago Ora Burlew set a precedent for great home-cooking, but her lawyer son John still stops by often to update his research. On the docket for his favorite Sunday dinner is roast beef, string beans liberally laced with ham, her extra-cheesy macaroni and cheese, baked sweet potatoes and rolls, topped off by lemon streusel and vanilla ice cream. Hardly dainty fare, but Ora Burlew didn't raise three husky boys on watercress sandwiches. "I figured we

---

## John Burlew: Roast on retainer

---

could cut down on the doctor bills and make them good and healthy if we just fed them," she says. Her theory followed John to college, prompting her to mail German chocolate cakes to him at Hanover and to stock up before he came home for break. "He'd come home so skinny, maybe 215 pounds

or so, and I'd have to fatten him up." And she's never stopped trying, cooking for impromptu open houses whenever her sons and their families come home. "My boys never gave up their keys," she says, and John, who lives in Kennedy Heights near his parents, never hesitates to use

his. According to John, his mother's cooking has a distinctive flavor that keeps him coming back. "My wife once froze some spaghetti and white sauce Mom had made," he says, "and when she heated it back up later she told me she had made me some spaghetti. I took one bite and knew it was Mama's." He could make a case for misrepresentation, but for John the question of the world's best cook is a moot one.