



For 14-months-old Denise Meyer, it's an exciting world. Every day is filled with discoveries and adventures in the house and yard on South Stage road where she lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Meyer. This day, with breakfast over and dressed in a cool sun suit, Denise sits still while her mother combs her dark brown hair.



Just walking is fun for Denise. She gives the impression of hurrying faster with the right leg than with the left, and doesn't always arrive at the intended destination. This morning after an exploratory stroll up and down the driveway, she headed in the direction of a row of flower pots and became absorbed in smelling the blossoms.



Little Denise has a large collection of toys, gifts from dating relatives and friends, and enjoys scattering them from one end of the house and yard to the other. This gadget, called a "corn popper" because the wooden balls pop up and down with a loud sound when the wheels turn, is fun now that the little girl can push it herself.



The morning stroll brought on a big appetite and when the visitors were treated to a mid-morning snack, Denise thirstily emptied a glass of milk without coaxing. Cake proved a different matter and before 10 minutes had passed, crumbs were scattered far and wide and frosting had to be washed from face, hands, legs and tray.



A return trip to the corner with the flower pots brought another discovery, a whole row of spider webs with bits of dust and leaves clinging to them. With the never ending curiosity of the very young, Denise investigates twigs, bugs, pebbles or anything she sees; in the house she makes off with doilies, ash trays and everything small enough to be carried.



Food is food. Susie the spaniel was a household pet of the Meyers long before the advent of Denise, and sometimes gets a bit impatient with this newcomer who takes so much time and attention. Susie is usually friendly, but this scene ended quickly after the camera clicked for Susie stopped eating and began to eye baby Denise with suspicion.



This thing must be good for something. The shiny tricycle was one of Denise's birthday presents and sometimes Papa Harold helps her take a trial ride up and down the long cement driveway. She hasn't mastered the trike yet and a few moments later disaster struck for she fell from the seat and struck her head on the pavement.



Mothers are just right for comforting small fry and Denise's screams of fright soon diminished to sniffles and quivering sobs in her mother's arms. A cold compress was applied to the big bruise and bump as mama prophesied that many more tumbles would have to be taken before Denise can really ride her tricycle.



Days always come to an end. Bathed and in her little nightgown, Denise is put in her crib by Papa Harold. Evening time is father's time, since he leaves early in the morning for work before the baby is awake. Denise, healthy and happy, goes readily to sleep content that tomorrow will be another day full of loving care and happy adventure.

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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A Day of Adventure with Denise