

\$49 Brownie

In 1956, when I was 7 years old, I wanted to become a Brownie (Girl Scout) like my best friend. But money was tight. My dad had to work two jobs, and my mother worked at night.

Having gone without during the Great Depression, my parents didn't want to deny me anything. But when I asked if I could join the Brownie group, my mother said, "You are in too many activities already. Neither one of us can afford one more involvement." Undaunted, I begged, "May I join if I come up with the money myself?"

My mom went over the list of supplies and clothing I would need. She added up the cost of uniforms, blouses, socks, a beret, a sweater, shoes, a coat, a handbook, pins, badges, books and a year of dues. She was hoping I'd be discouraged by the grand total of \$49, but I wasn't.