

Quilt Frames Are Set Up for Action in News Home Institute



Here is a view of the club room in the Home Institute where Quilt Club Corner members meet every Friday to sew, chat, exchange news and patches. Everyone is busy with knitting, crocheting, patching, or quilting. Here is a quilt which is being finished for the May bride of the Quilt Club, Mrs. Gabriel Baecheroot, 6580 Garland avenue. The club meets in the lower level of the studios, WWJ—The Detroit News.

Making Quilt for Bride Highlight of Club Meeting

By EDITH B. CRUMB

IT WAS just 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon when Mrs. Gabrielle Baecheroot, Mrs. Leontine Hardy, her daughter and Mrs. Gabriel Baecheroot, who has been her daughter-in-law for just a month, came into the Quilt Club Corner meeting room with such long quilt frames that we do not see how they got through the doors and down the stairs.

By 1:30 almost 16 quilters were working around the frames and it will only take a couple of afternoons more to finish this quilt for the new Baecheroot bride.

Mrs. Florence Garvey said that she took The Detroit News directions for making quilt frames and made some for herself—that she can do all kinds of carpentry. She says the frames are just the right height.

REPAIRED GARAGE

When Mrs. Gabrielle Baecheroot went to the garage to get hers out to bring down to the meeting, she couldn't find them. Her husband had used them to repair the garage doors, so she had to buy new ones. We are going to store them with the quilt rolled up on them so that everyone who wants to may work on it next week.

Mrs. Anna Urbany was listed as living at 2004 Springfield avenue and it should have been Winfield, so if the cards which you sent her were returned to you, try again, for I know that she wants to hear from every one of you. She has been ill, and we know that she is looking forward to little words of cheer.

LEFT HOUSE-CLEANING

Pearl Rhoads left in the midst of house-cleaning to come to the club meeting. Her husband is washing and painting the kitchen and she left him some nice sandwiches and a lemon chiffon pie, so he ought to get along all right.

Mrs. Ethel Lawson wants to express her thanks for the cards and letters she received while she was ill. There were 23 cards, seven letters and many telephone calls telling her about the quilt show. She was so disappointed because she couldn't attend. She brought us a gorgeous bouquet of lilace from her own garden.

SHE'S A CARPENTER

When we were telling you about how Mr. Garvey likes to do carpentry, we intended to tell you that Mrs. Leontine Hardy is quite a paperhanger and painter—that she papered three rooms last week. Think of that!

Mrs. Frances Dale brought some of the blocks of the Friday afternoon quilt, which she is making. She wants to quilt that down here too.

We had many of the old members

here yesterday, including the Quilt Club sisters who haven't been here for so long, they almost had to be introduced.

A DEEP SECRET

Mrs. Kay Clarke appeared again after neglecting us for a long time. We were delighted to see her again and promised faithfully that we wouldn't tell that she fell in the lake on May 24.

Mrs. Ellen Bartlett, 46 Mapleton Road, Grosse Pointe, is very anxious to have the Laurel Wreath quilt pattern. Is there any one who

These Members Belong to Quilt Club Corner

Mrs. Gladys Parent, 1215 Military Ave.

Mrs. Keith Park, 1707 Maplewood Ave. Lansing, Mich.

Mrs. Florence Parker, 1756 Infantry Ave.

Mrs. Geo. H. Parker, 1375 W. Grand Blvd.

Mrs. John Parker, Box 1073, RR 1

Lucille Parker, 14595 Stoepel Ave.

Mrs. Wm. C. Parrott, 3904 Townsend Ave.

Mrs. Opal Parsons, 115 Prospect Ave., Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Mrs. Wm. Parsons, Dexter, Mich.

Mrs. I. Patt, 3331 S. Greyfriar Ave.

Madge Patterson, 1033 Grand Blvd., W.

has this to lend Mrs. Bartlett? She would appreciate it, I am sure. Just drop her a line if you are in a position to give or loan her this design.

Mrs. Mae Lawson just finished a Dresden Plate quilt to send to her niece, Ruth Lawson, who lives in Minneapolis. Ruth is just 18 years old and we know that she will be delighted with this quilt which her aunt worked so hard on.

Be sure to come next Friday.

Cornerites' Birthdays

June 3, Mrs. Harry Wells, 203 E. Saratoga Ave., Ferndale.

June 4, Mrs. C. Berneathy, 14260 Marshall Ave., East Detroit.

June 4, Mrs. F. Robertson, 934 Marshall Ave., Ferndale.

June 4, Mrs. Anne Zientek, 7359 Marcus Ave., Detroit.

June 7, Mrs. Samuel Gage, Algonac, Michigan.

June 8, Mrs. John Wright, 14110 Ten Mile Road, East Detroit.

June 9, Mazie McIntyre, 2615 Pearl St., Detroit. (16 years old).

and though not meeting a person I had no fear.

The water was shimmering and dancing under the moon glow—a lovely sight to see.

From my experience, at Belle Isle, thought I should

fine. Of course he is still considered a handicapped child, still unable to walk, and his vocabulary is strictly limited, but he's a fat, husky child, beautifully formed. Put an apple blossom, a daffodil and a dark blue delphinium together and you'll have an idea of his coloring. And he'd just as soon give you a big hug and a kiss as look at you. Everyone is "Tony-boy's" friend and he's a friend to everyone. He finds this world a happy place, and so would we all, if all were as pure-hearted, simple, and loving as a little child.

My sympathy goes out to Dink, whose child is backward and she is having him put in an institution. Of course, that is the best procedure if there is no possibility that the child will become normal in time, which I assume there is not—she having had expert opinions on his condition. But, should his mental condition be the result of an illness for some abnormal condition, I believe I would give Nature a chance to get in her healing power, and that means time, you see. Tony-boy was injured at birth and we were warned, and advised to let Nature take its course. My little man is very backward, but my belief that he will eventually become normal is still as strong as ever. Dink will do what is best for her child as a loving mother always will, regardless of her own sacrifice, and from the bottom of my heart, I am sorry it had to be.

My carillon jar is nearly full—for the second time. There were 198 pennies in it the first time. I think the idea of bank checks for those who must come a long way on foot is a good and a safe one. We don't want our day marred by any untoward danger, do we, even though it be to as humble a member as

TONY'S WIFE

You are a dear to respond so promptly to our paging, Tony's Wife. It pleases me, much.

I smiled at your novel way of deciding what the garden should hold. You are a veritable lord of the manor, aren't you? Even if your subjects are singular in number. He's quite an agreeable subject, too. Many will smile and sympathize with the trial and error method of planting. I know a few folks, myself, who are learning that way, and some of their experiences rate a chuckle.

"To can or not to can" is an important question, from this time of year on into fall. If one must buy jars and purchase fruit and vegetables at regular prices, sometimes there is a question in my mind whether the economy is sound. However, home-canned food DOES taste better and there is satisfaction in knowing that basement shelves are lined with shining jars filled and ready for any emergency. If the homemaker has time for canning and can buy economically, it has my hearty vote of approval. In fact, I have a well-stocked cupboard, myself—always!

All of us want to hear about Tony-boy. I believe, with you, that time and loving care will bring him back to normalcy. Dink will appreciate your good thoughts for her little fellow. Just as your arrangements for wee Tony are best, I think Dink's plan of an institution is the thing for her child. There he will be trained to care for himself as much as possible. One's family physician, as you say, should be the judge.

A second penny jar well on its

bring your collection to the Sunrise Service, or to The News' office? Tony's Wife a "humble member"? Anything but! She is a dear Columbite.

FLORIDA

veled to "bur" 70,000 of last year. To myself I said, "The world cannot all be bad when so many people arise early on Easter Sunday morning to praise and worship God."

Nancy, I have threatened to write before and offer a suggestion. Now I am more constrained than ever. When the new shell is erected on lovely Belle Isle, if it could be placed at the other end of the ground allotted to you for the Service, then the audience could really see the day dawn and the sun rise.

Here we faced the bay and as that glorious ball of fire gradually came up, seemingly out of the water, it was a sight never to be forgotten.

Many of "your folk" stand to catch a glimpse of dawn and the first ray of sun.

I hope I haven't stayed too long, but one more thing I must add, after wishing you continued success and health.

My contribution to the carillon funds will soon be in your hands, in tender memory of those "whom I have loved and lost awhile."

Expect to be home and on hand for the service.

My love, MOON-GLO.

It is a lovely story you tell of the Easter Sunrise in St. Petersburg. I know the beauty of the Florida moon—its glow upon the southern waters and the glory of the sun over the bay. There could be no lovelier setting—on the edge of the water tropical palms and the accompaniment of mocking-birds—unless it be our own Belle Isle with its beautiful old trees, the great river, the slowing-moving boats, the peaceful canals and our feathered songsters.

I had not realized that sunrise came so much later in Florida than here. Our Service begins at 4:45, our folks begin to arrive before midnight and by 6:00 o'clock the Island is practically filled.

I think we all feel that vast throngs who will rise so early and travel so far to attend the Sunrise Service is ample proof that the world is not losing its religion.

Your suggestion to build our new shell—when we have one—farther down the Island and let the audience face the sun is a good one in many ways, but, if you remember, the conservatory stands in just about the place that the shell would have to be located if it were built down there. Then, too, have you thought that though it would be glorious to see the sun rise, it would be very trying to the eyes of the audience to sit so long, looking directly at it?

I, too, loved our Old Detroit—loved its shaded avenues, its beautiful old homes and its peaceful atmosphere. Dynamics are not to my taste. Personally, I think De-

Fashion's Forecast By YVONNE

