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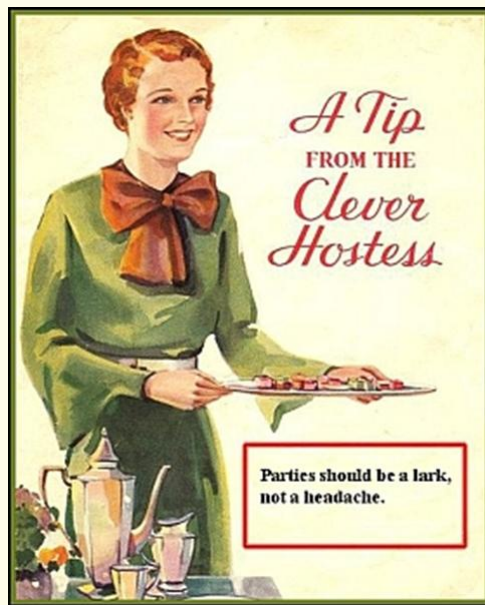


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EllynAnne's Apron Memories® Newsletter | February 10, 2011

Y'all, Hey! Jack Frost and his date, Winter Wonderland, have finally moved on. The view outside the windows of my writing room is clean of snow, which has me celebrating because I know...just know (!) the abundance of moisture and now, the sunshine, will prematurely force that first gorgeous crocus and perky daffodil to literally, spring forth. At the thought, I am feeling joyful. And with joy, comes energy, and with energy, the impetus to get moving and shed those winter pot pies and pots of chocolate pudding. Helloooooooooo, spring!



In a home where I was a guest, the bath's rack was draped with a linen hand towel with the following embroidery: *What do fish and a guest have in common? After 3 days, both stink.* I didn't know whether to laugh or be insulted. Either way, the toweling communicated the hostess's sentiment as to exactly how long I was welcome.

In 1923, *Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense* noted how one might inform a guest of her welcome, whether for one day or several...no matter if the stay was more stink that sweet. Click [here](#) for the Clever Hostess's tip .

a VINTAGE VALENTINE Chronicle

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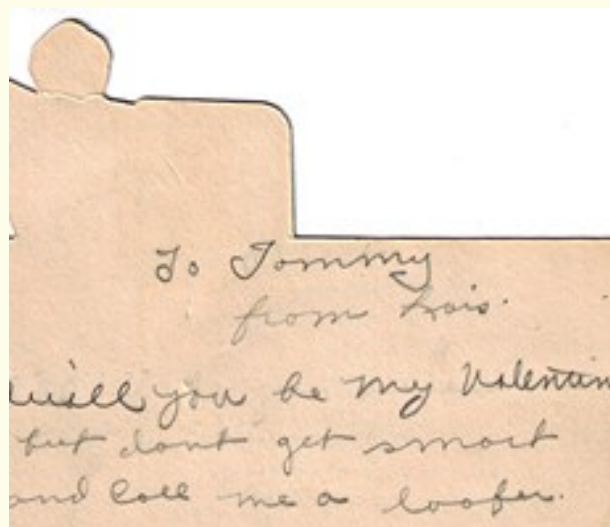


I've occasionally picked up old valentines, like this one. It's from the 1920s or 30s, produced out of Chicago by Carrington Co.

And this valentine, which is extra special, because it bears a sentiment



in cursive (!) on the backside



The writing is so perfected, I suspect it is in the hand of a protective mother, rather than the youthful Lois.

My suspicion is due to personally experiencing the Valentine's Day Box horror that used to exist in classrooms.

The Valentine's Day Box was once a part of a school-aged child's February 14th observance. Shoeboxes wrapped in white tissue paper and decorated with candy hearts lined the classroom's walls. On delivery day, students walked the perimeter of the room, stuffing valentines into an opening cut into the box's top. The horror then ensued, as the teacher would "deliver" each student's box to her/his desk. Opening the box, we would immediately discover if we were popular or not.

Valentine's Day Boxes were a joke for the boys, a nightmare for the girls.

With the aid of her mother, Lois likely distributed valentines to every classmate. Whether this worked in Lois's favor or not, such Valentine's Day Boxes were finally, and kindly, considered politically incorrect and ceased to be.

Search as I might through the February issues of women's magazines from the 1920s to 1950s, adult Valentine's Day Boxes and all-other V-Day hoopla were simply non-existent.

In this February 1935 magazine, more important than Cupid's day of humiliation or validation were...

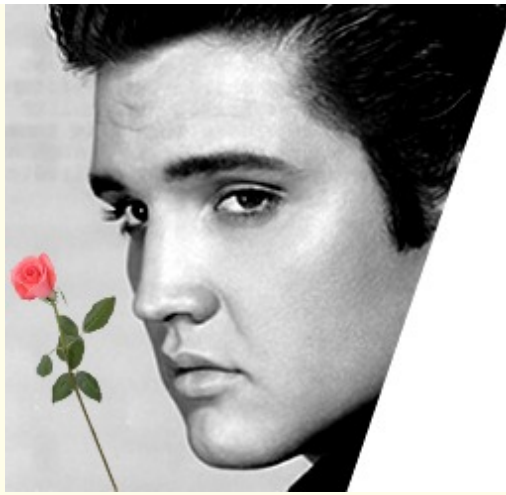


...**the** latest and greatest in apron wear! Kitchen Ensembles, according to the text accompanying these illustrations, were a splendid idea! The Ensembles featured a "home frock" with a matching one-piece apron... "which gives the appearance of being part of the dress and is removed in a jiffy." I'm sure we're not reading "removal" as taking it off for the postman.



Rather, house frocks of the day were cut on slenderizing lines with pointed seaming to snug the hips, and the clever little apron "is as pretty as it is practical, and so easy to slip on when one is doing things about the house."

When all is said and done, Valentine's Day is a matter of celebrating love outside of the Box. I'll be with my prince charming at the [Colorado Symphony's](#) Hunk 'o Burnin' Love orchestral tribute!



News from the Apron-Hood a Sew-Lovely Giveaway!



Ellen March, editor of Sew It All magazine and hostess of the new PBS show, [SEWITALL!](#), and [Steffani Linceum](#), author of Patternmaking for a Perfect Fit, are providing copies of each publication in this Sew-Lovely Giveaway! **Entry** is via my website - just click [here](#) and leave a comment. Winner announced February 14th.

and a Heart-Felt Giveaway!

Six years after Kate Kelly and her daughter Callie were pictured in *The Apron Book*, my friendship with Kate is tied by more than apron strings - we share a love of storytelling as a method of connecting to the past. Kate's niche project, [America Comes Alive!](#), is really an interesting and entertaining read. For Valentine's Day, Kate will make someone's life a little sweeter by giving away a \$25 gift certificate to amazon.



Details are on my blog [here](#). Scroll all the way down, and you'll see how to enter her heart-felt giveaway - which is extended a day (Feb 14) because I am so late with this newsletter.

A year ago, the editor of [The American Interest](#) magazine contacted me to write an article about the apron as an iconic and historical link to who we are and who we were. I was daunted at first - this isn't my usual readership; but the invitation was an opportunity to share my apron journey with an audience clueless to aprons and the ties that bind us to one another.



My wonderful "Webbie" will be posting this article on my website. It's not

up just yet, but will be - you'll be able to read it at www.apronmemories.com _ News/Media page, and I'll be blogging about it, with special attention to the storytellers cited. When you have a moment, please check in - I promise it will be read-worthy.

global apron love is here!

I've finally pulled it together to share aprons and stories collected from around the world:



Marianne Katte provided the debut story and photos, which offer a glimpse into a childhood and world history some seventy years ago. Her fascinating recollection is posted on my website [here](#). I'm excited about this new segment of my apron journey, and I hope you will enjoy it as well.

what may be the Ultimate Romantic Utterance

At Eve's grave - Adam: "Wheresoever she was, there was Eden."

Swooning here.

xxea