

**CORRESPONDENCE
FROM
JUNE 26, 2006 MEETING**

Honorable Mayor and City Council members,

As the co-applicant for the nomination of The Lewis Cottage we refute staff's conclusion the cottage is not worthy of landmark designation. We'd also like to point out that when the Historic Preservation Commission first voted on landmarking the Lewis Cottage it was a tie vote. Staff insisted that the commission make a decision that evening and the applicants were not allowed to rebut staff's claims. We are taking that opportunity tonight.

Staff has overstated the damage from a January 28, 1966 fire mentioned on the building description blank for the cottage which states there are three upstairs bedrooms. (pg1) Staff questions the Lewis Cottage's architectural integrity due to that fire. The staff report contends "the roof system and upper one and a half story were completely rebuilt after major fire damage in the 1960's." But a January 29, 1966 article in the Star News tells a different story. A five year old boy playing with matches started a fire which gutted an upstairs hall and one bedroom. (pg 2) The article goes on to list the house as located at 377 Adena, although that address never existed. To confirm that the house in question was indeed the Lewis Cottage we obtained a copy of the fire departments duty book for January 28. As you can see, (pg 3) it clearly states that the fire took place at 361 Adena. Therefore the fire damage to the cottage was quite minimal- involving only one of the three upstairs bedrooms and a hallway. Hardly the extensive damage that staff purports.

Although the Lewis Cottage as it exists today doesn't quite match the historic photo of Mansion Adena with the Lewis Cottage in the background, any alterations appear to be quite old. The front and west gables retain a bargeboard gable detail that was not commonly used after the turn of the century. The shed addition on the back of the house has similar siding to the original house. All of these alterations due to their age have become part of the home's historic fabric.

The Lewis Cottage is a wonderful example of early vernacular architecture in Pasadena dating from the late 1800's. Does a Victorian only deserve to be landmarked for architectural merit if it is loaded down with fancy brackets and spindle work? Does an open gable vernacular house such as the Lewis Cottage have less merit because it is of a more simple design? No matter what your decision tonight, The Lewis Cottage deserves some form of protection. To put all the responsibility on the developer is unfair. It is also unfair for the city to rely only on landmark districts to protect its historic neighborhoods. The city needs to be pro active in the process and to establish another avenue to protect its historic structures.

Thank you

Karen Bateman

06/26/2006
6.H. 7:00 p.m.
Handout by Karen Bateman

AFTER 1966 FIRE NEW ROOF FOR LEWIS COTTAGE

14368

BUILDING DESCRIPTION BLANK

No. 361 ADENA STREET

St. Ave.

Assessment No. 14368

Map No. 336

Description

E 90 ft. of LOT 19

Dr R K Janes Sub 19/74 MR

2 LIVING ROOMS

5 BED ROOMS

(2 ON GROUND FLOOR, 3 ON SECOND FLOOR)

Fire Damage: Jan. 28, 1966. (2nd floor burned)

PERMIT No. Cost \$ 1895

OWNER Sara A Dorr

Basement	Bsmt.					1	2	3	4	5	Altho
ft. x ft.						2					
ft. deep						2	3				
cu. ft. @						1					
Sq. ft. in Drives, etc.											

10,260
9,800

COPY OF FORM (FOR THE LEADINGS)

14368
BUILDING DESCRIPTION BLANK
361 ADENA ST 359-A1B-1110
Assessment No. 14368 Map No. 336
Description
Dr. R. K. Janes Sub. 19/74 MR

E 90 ft. of Lot 19

PERMIT No. 7500-L Cost \$12800.00 4-7-52
OWNER WILLIS B KYLE

Basement	Bsmt.					1	2	3	4	5	Altho
ft. x ft.											
ft. deep											
cu. ft. @											
Sq. ft. in Drives, etc.											

CLASS	NEW	NGS	BUILT IN FEATURES
Single, Double California Bungalow, Residence Flat, Apartment Factory Garage Shed, Barn Church School, Office Store, Storage	Flat Hh Gables, Cuf up, Plain, C Tile, Shingle Corr. Iron, Tin Composition Slate, Concrete Asbestos		Slate
FOUNDATION	CONSTRUCTION		CONDITION
Stone, Brick Concrete, Wood Piers	Good, Medium Cheap		Good Medium Poor Built EVC. 1910 Dep. Rate 2 1/2
EXTERIOR	HEATING		BUILDING VALUES
Bay Windows Lath-Joist 3 sty Wall Covering: Plaster, Met Lath Hollow Tile Concrete Brick Reinforced Concrete Shakes, T. & G. Siding, B & B Brick, P or C Corr. Iron Steel Terra Cotta	Five-Place Gas Furnace		NO. SQ. FT. \$ 136
	PLUMBING		BLDG. COST \$ 2055
	LIGHTING		BSMT. COST \$
			HEAT COST \$
			PLMB. COST \$ 20
			Out-Buildings
			Drives, Walks, etc.

Report Dated 11-17-66 J.P. Dr

F-4 5in 12-6-63 I58

RESIDENCE

New Slip - 1966

1700
2000
2800
5000
5000
17000

ORIG. 1895

Dep. Rate 2 1/2

\$ 136

2055

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173560.14

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force and a
expected in
n early Feb
deal. Kuwait
declined to

government fiscal policy and
the concern of the Federal Re
serve Board over monetary
contracting ripple the finan
cial expansion, one that is un
precedentedly long and top
heavy by summer standards?
President Johnson's budget
and economic messages spell
out how fast and unexpectedly
far the upward cycle has devel
oped.
And along with the constraints
on overexuberance which his
budget embraces, there is the
fact that while he hopes the
Treasury deficit will be the low
est in several years, total
spending by the government
will soar to a record high.
The administrative budget
proposes spending \$112.8 billion
in the fiscal year starting July
1. Add spending by the federal
agencies not included in the ad
ministrative budget, and total
U. S. government outlays will
be around \$145 billion, up about
\$10 billion from the current
year.
That's a lot of money to pour
into the economy. It will stimu
late many communities, many
suppliers of goods and services,
many individual incomes.
The President says that in
creased tax collections should
drain most of that back, leaving
only a comparative smidgeon of
Treasury red ink, if any.
Critics note that uncertainties
of future spending for the Viet
Nam war could shove total gov
ernment outlays unexpectedly
higher, and increase the deficit
when the Treasury closes its
books June 30, 1967. Thus, the
deficit could continue to be a
push, however mild, toward in
flation.
Consumers are faced with a
much more immediate pros
pect: rising prices in the weeks
and months ahead. This seems
assured by the momentum of an
economy already nearing the
ceiling of capacity of production
facilities and labor force. It will

between government and labor,
over the guidelines expected to
hold down prices and wage in
creases may be down sharply
in the future. Early government
successes — mainly with the
metals industry — are regarded
as no final victory.
Will the restraints work that
were recently put into effect an
propaganda?
The Federal Reserve early in
January started a move that
has sent interest rates sliding in
many fields, from bank loans to
business to consumer credit. At
last, this has not dampened the
demand for loans to any appreci
able degree. Business and con
sumers go on borrowing, at the
higher cost.
The President proposes en
forcing taxes faster, thus leav
ing individuals, but particularly
corporations, less ready cash to
spend. This could send some
people with smaller take-home
pay to loan offices and some
corporations into the money
market for funds to pay for new
plants and equipment. But the
guessing is that demand for
loans may go up, and interest
rates with them, but that the
borrowing will be slowed very
little if at all by the proposed
tax changes.
But if the public should be
lieve that the administration
and the Congress were really
set on curbing the boom, and
might put in more severe mea
sures than now formally pro
posed, the speculative fever
some see building up might be
quickly chilled. The President,
Congress and the money man
agers have many other tricks
up their sleeves they could use.
Whatever happens, the
changeover from stimulation,
within limits; to restraint, with
in limits, will be interesting,
and instructive, and important
to watch. That's because it has
dollar and cents implications for
everyone.

BLADES (MORNING) — Jack
Hoyt, well known man,
has been installed as new
president of the Alhambra
Club. Other officers are
Walter Adair, vice presi
dent; William R. H. H. H.,
treasurer; Clyde K. Warren
Jr., secretary; and Boyd E.
George, immediate past
president. Officers are Alan
MacLeod, George MacKullin,
Dr. George Howell, Al J.
MacLeod, Ernest W. Hulston,
A. Chrus, R. A. McWilliams.

Caltech Plans Knife Display

Knives and daggers from
Africa, Asia and North Ameri
ca will be on display in Dabney
Lounge of the Caltech campus
throughout February. Jennifer
Ross, division of humanities and
social sciences are coordinator
announced Friday.
The oldest weapon in the col
lection, loaned by Philip Brown
of Pasadena, is an 11th century
Japanese Hari Kiri dagger,
while the newest is a clasp-knife
issued to German paratroopers
during World War II.
The display will be open 9
a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through
Friday, 9 a.m. until noon on
Saturdays.

Boy and Matches Equals Fire Again

A 5-year-old boy playing with
matches caused a fire which
gutted the bedroom and upstairs
hall of a home at 377 Adena St.
in Pasadena Friday afternoon.
Some \$2,500 in damage result
ed. The boy was not injured.

Those escaping injury in
James George McNeal, Jac
line Kammerick, 9, of 15025
ton St., La Puente; and C
Pinnell, 44.

Other Mishaps

In other area mishaps, sev
erely injured in a
doma traffic accident Friday
Miguel Joseph Dione, 43,
629 Gloria Road, Arcadia,
suffered a hip fracture which he
partially broke out while d
riving his car north on Los Ro
s Avenue at Colorado Boulev
at about 6:30 p.m., report
Pasadena Police Traffic In
vestigator Richard Slaughter.

Dione's vehicle careened
to the sidewalk, narrowly m
ing several pedestrians, a
struck a traffic signal on
northeast corner, Slaughter s
Dione was treated by a Pa
sadena Emergency Center ph
ician at the scene.
At 1:13 p.m., motorcycl
Geoffrey Walling, 16, of 3729
Arborea St., suffered arm i
knee abrasions from be
thrown onto the pavement. I
motorcycle, travelling east
Washington Boulevard, was i
collision with a pickup tri
driven south on Sierra Bonita
Alonso William Morgan of 1
Sunset Ave., Pasadena, report
Pasadena Police Traffic Inv
tigator Peter Ludwig.

Two persons were injured
a three-car accident at 1:28 p.
at Orange Grove and Hill a
venues.
Porter L. Parmele, 86, of 1
E. Calaveras, Altadena, suffer
a scalp laceration.
Susan L. Sliverling, 16,
1078 Vinedo Ave., received
"whiplash" injury and a pos
sible hip fracture.
A man wanted by police for
hit-and-run accident in which
Pasadenan was injured. Thu
day night gave himself up v
untarily to Pasadena Police F
day and faces a misdemeanor
complaint for hit-and-run.

28th day

Friday, January 28, 1966

337 days follow

29th day

7¹⁵ A TAPS OK

CAPT R. F. Spalding

8¹⁵ B well OK - Spalding; Gowing, Dettmann, Wilson

8³⁰ Circuit Test OK

10⁰⁰ App B will Beta VII Drivng 1.5 aerial .5

12⁰⁰ Zone 5977 Don Benito School

2³⁰ FR #166 Washington + Chamber - False Back 2³⁰ (06)

2³⁰ FR #167 361 Adena - T3 back 4⁰⁰ (1.35)

used 39' ladder 4 axes 1 Thumb

5⁰⁰ Taps OK

6⁰⁰ FR #169 1047 San Pasqual ret by Radio-back 6⁰⁰ (12)

Capt Spalding

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City of Pasadena, California
Department of Information Services



TO: Laura Kaufman
FROM: William Sparna

DATE: 1-6-66
RE:

Please find attached materials which:

You requested.

May be of interest to you.

NOTE:

I hope this information is useful.

Information from Fire Department "Shy" Book
Jan 28, 1966

If you have any questions concerning this material or need further assistance, please do not hesitate to contact us at (626)744-4066 (Option 6) or ref@cityofpasadena.net.

From: Laura Kaufman Re:Landmarking of Lewis Cottage

6.26.06

Anna Luckey shaped Pasadena by the force of her personality, devoting her life to helping the needy. So begins an April 10 profile of Mrs. Luckey in the Star-News. **(p 1)** There is ample evidence Mrs. Luckey lived in the Cottage in 1899 and 1900. During that time, newspaper articles and reverse City Directory listings consistently refer to **Mrs. Luckey of Adena Street** and **Mrs. Hurlbut of Garfield Avenue. (pp 2-3)** Mrs. Hurlbut lived next door at Mansion Adena.

John Ripley, who has researched historic properties here for two decades, confirmed Mrs. Luckey lived at the Cottage. You have his letter. All Saints Director of Stewardship Ilean Rogers also wrote to urge you to honor Mrs. Luckey, their long-time member -- who hosted a fundraiser for the church in 1899 at Lewis Cottage.

And while Mrs. Luckey gave birth to her career at Lewis Cottage, staff's assertion that National Register properties are associated with a person's productive life is incorrect -- there are many childhood homes on the Register and I doubt that George Washington or Susan B. Anthony achieved prominence as kids.

Anna Luckey was a prominent activist who started the first social service agencies for the poor in Pasadena. She organized and ran the Emergency League for a decade before it merged with Associated Charities. When she was fired from that new agency, the L. A. Times ran her photo, framed by a flourish resembling angel wings, and declared her firing had caused a "storm of disapproval." The City Commission Chairman declared Mrs. Luckey "the best-informed person in Pasadena on local charity problems." **(pp 4-7)** Indeed, the Pasadena Daily News called her "one of the best known charitable workers in Southern California."

City leaders quickly decided to take over charity services and hundreds of signatures were gathered demanding Mrs. Luckey be rehired. So Pasadena created one of the few city Welfare Departments in the country, according to USC Professor Emeritus of Social Work Francis Feldman.

Professor Feldman concluded Mrs. Luckey played a significant role in placing Pasadena in the forefront of cities caring for their residents.

Mrs. Luckey also was a nationally-published author of children's stories. In addition to 12 of nearly two dozen from "A Child's Garden," here are three from "John Martin's Book" and "Grade Teacher," published in New York and Connecticut. **(pp 8-15)** Luckey made her Lincoln stories into a play -- performed by children across the nation **(pp 16-18)** We urge you to honor Mrs.

06/26/2006
6.H. 7:00 p.m.
Handout by Laura Kaufman

Luckey's contributions to Pasadena and the country by landmarking Lewis Cottage -- where her life of service began and the oldest remaining single-family structure where she lived.

List of Exhibit Pages

1 -- "City Lucky to have Services of Mrs. Luckey," Pasadena Star-News, April 10. 2006

2 -- Mrs. Hurlbut of Garfield Avenue;

1900 City Directory, Garfield Avenue, Mrs. J. B. Hurlbut, First House North of Mountain.

"Judge Longnecker and wife of Chicago are guests of Mrs. J.S. Hurlbut of Garfield avenue," Los Angeles Times, Jan. 7, 1900.

Mrs. Luckey of Adena Street:

1900 City Directory, Adena Street, R.A. Luckey, First House East of Garfield."

"Mrs. Richard A. Lucky of Adena street assisted by her charming daughters...", Pasadena Evening Star, Nov. 16, 1899.

"Mrs. Richard Luckey of Adena street, assisted by her daughters, gave a very pretty and profitable entertainment at their home last Wednesday...", Los Angeles Times, Nov. 19, 1899.

"There will be an entertainment given for the benefit of the All Saints parish house at the home of Mrs. R. Luckey on Adena street...", Pasadena Daily Evening News, Nov. 11, 1899.

3 -- Diagram, Luckey on Adena, Hurlbut on Garfield.

4-7 Mrs. Luckey works for City, Charity Expert Teaching Needy Families to grow their own vegetables, Pasadena Daily News, Nov. 3, 1915.

8-11 -- "When The Great Lincoln Kissed A Little Girl's Hand," John Martin's Book, February 1929, pp 21-23;

12-13 -- "My Friend Lincoln, "John Martin's Book," February 1931, pp 10-11.

14-15 — "When Mr. President Lincoln Bowed to Tommy," "Grade Teacher," February 1934, pp 19, 64.

16-18 -- "Writer Cheats Death, Anne M. Luckey Given Six Months to Live," Pasadena Star-News, March 1940.

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PASADENA STAR-NEWS

Monday, April 10, 2006 www.pasadenastarnews.com

50¢
plus tax

City lucky to have services of Mrs. Luckey

SID GALLY
CORRESPONDENT

PASADENA — "Power of One" is the title of a recent book that profiled individuals who had shaped the community by the force of their personality.

A century ago, Anna Luckey would have qualified for a profile, based on her work on behalf of women and the needy. Pasadena writer Laura Kaufman has shared her research on Luckey.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1860, Luckey married at 18 and with her carpenter husband and two children, came to Pasadena in 1887. In a later newspaper interview she recounted that a doctor had given

her six months to live.

"But I started to mend as soon as I arrived in Pasadena," she said. She had two more children here and then her husband seems to have left.

The same interviewer wrote, "Mrs. Luckey first became interested in social work when she found a family in need who belonged to no church.

"In those early days each church helped the poor among its own congregation, but where could a family without church affiliations turn? Mrs. Luckey became interested in this problem, and it occupied most of her time for the next 20 years."



Luckey was a member of All Saints Church and in 1899 she hosted a reception and entertainment at her home on Adena Street for the benefit of the parish house repair.

She founded the Emergency League in 1903 and ran it and the Associated

Charities. After a management brouhaha in 1915, when she left, the Daily News wrote:

"Mrs. Luckey is one of the best known charitable workers in Southern California."

"She did a great deal towards assisting the poor and needy in Pasadena." The Star-News wrote. "Mrs. Luckey is one of the most

popular charity workers ever employed here."

The city in 1916 created the Pasadena Welfare Bureau and Luckey managed the Welfare Shop where she taught needy women to support themselves by sewing garments, permitting them to work at home, a unique program in the country.

The Star-News interviewed her in 1934 about her later career of writing stories for children. It also talked about her social work period and said, "At the request of Mrs. Luckey, the late William A. Scripps made possible The Scripps Home."

Sid Gally is a Pasadena Museum of History volunteer.



SERVICE: Anna Luckey did charity work in Pasadena.

MRS HURLBUT OF
GARFIELD AVENUE

MRS LUCKEY OF
ADENA STREET

1900 CITY DIRECTORY

1900 CITY DIRECTORY

* GARFIELD AVE.

718 J. Platt, 725 J. A. Pinkham, 730 S. P. Smiley, 731 Miss A. Newland, 748 E. Snyder, 780 C. W. Abbott, 790 H. S. O'Brien, 796 Mrs B. O'Brien, 807 C. Nelson, 857 A. Law, Mrs. J. B. Hurlbut, es.

* ADENA ST.

R. A. Luckey ns. 1st h. E. of Garfield ave.; J. Mendenhall ss, 1st h. E. of Garfield ave.; Mrs. W. Allen ns. 2nd h. E. of Garfield ave.; G. H. Vinall ns. 3rd h. E. of Garfield ave.

1st h. N. of Mountain, S. S. Cowgill, es.
2nd h. N. of Mountain, F. H. Arnold, es.

PASADENA EVENING STAR
NOV. 16, 1899

LOS ANGELES TIMES
JAN 7, 1900

MR. HODART will engage in business.
Judge Longnecker and wife of Chicago are guests of Mrs. J. S. Hurlbut of Garfield avenue. Mrs. Hurlbut gave a luncheon at Hotel Green Tuesday in honor of her guests.

SOCIETY GASSID
FOR THE PARISH HOUSE.
Mrs. Richard A. Luckey of Adena street assisted by her charming daughters gave a pretty and profitable entertainment last evening for the benefit of All Saint's parish house.

LOS ANGELES TIMES
NOV 19, 1899

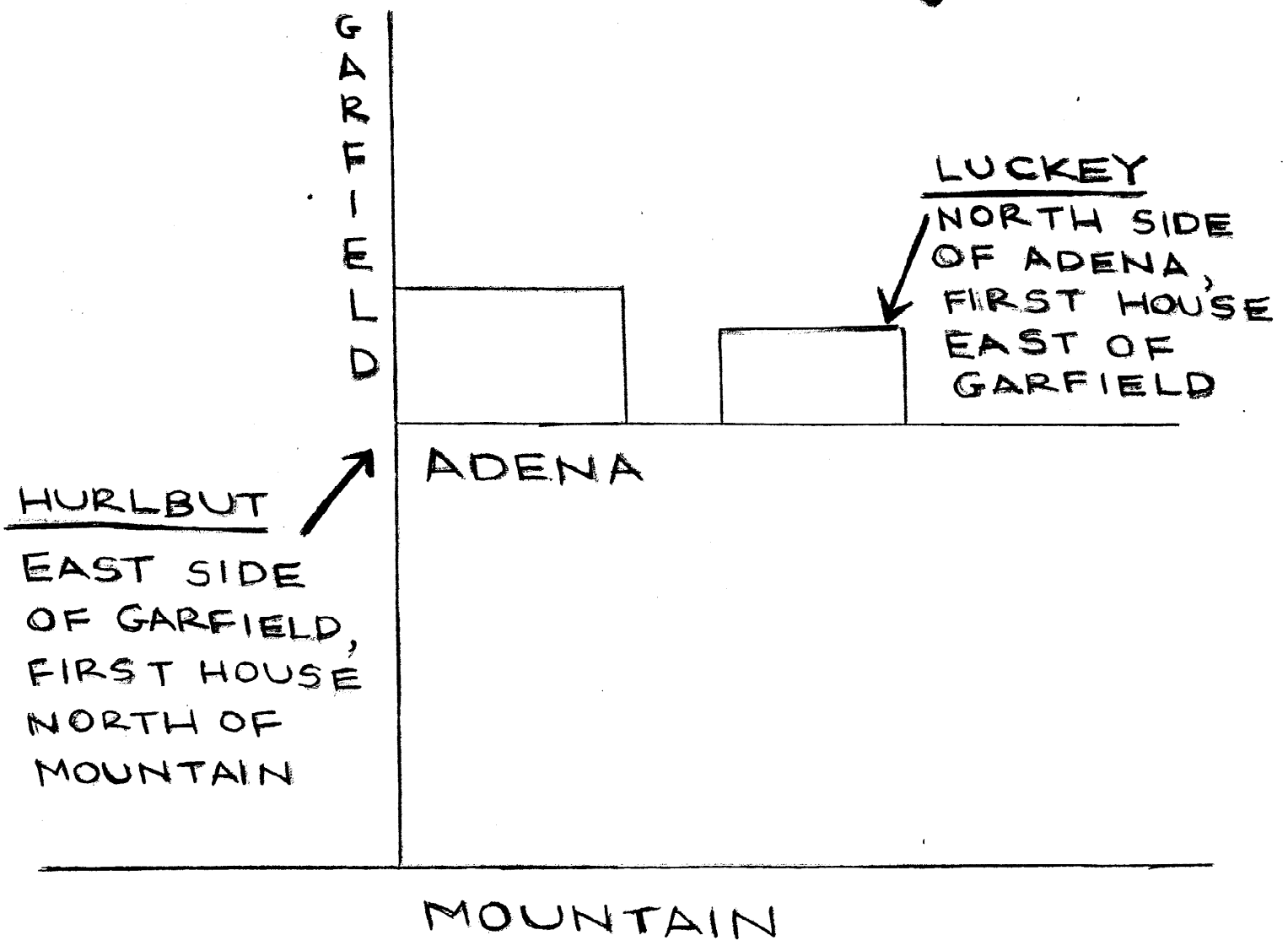
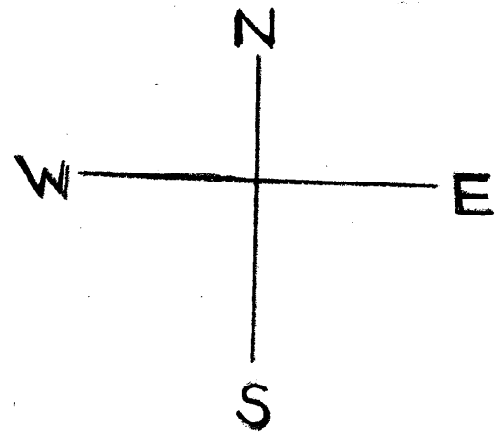
Mrs. Richard Luckey of Adena street, assisted by her daughters, gave a very pretty and profitable entertainment at their home last Wednesday evening, the proceeds of which were for the new parish house connected with All Saints' Church. The sun parlor was admirably adapted for the Japanese tea and many young ladies dispensed tea. Misses Annette Hugue and Bolt presided over the fancy-work table. Master Burton Luckey presided over the obsequious table and Mrs. Cummings of Chicago dispensed punch. The vocal solos of Wilfred Klamroth and Miss Mulky, and the piano and violin solos by Mrs. Gibbs and Kurt Reine-man, respectively, were charmingly received.

The subscription-dinner dance of

PASADENA DAILY
EVENING NEWS
NOV. 11, 1899

There will be an entertainment for the benefit of the All Saints parish house at the home of Mrs. Richard Luckey on Adena street near the corner of 1st avenue Wednesday evening. No admission will be charged. There will be several hours of dancing. Dinner per will also be served. The program will be given by the members of the club.

DIAGRAM OF 1900 DIRECTORY LISTINGS



PASADENA DAILY NEWS

Nov. 3, 1915

S MRS. LUCKEY WORKS FOR CITY

to Charly Expert Teaching Needy
Families to Grow their
own Vegetables

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Mrs. Anna M. Luckey, whose sudden dismissal from the staff of the Charitable League a few months ago caused some surprise and comment, is now in the employ of the city in constructive work for the unemployed. Chairman Hamilton of the city commission said today she would be employed from month to month as long as her services were needed in connection with the new department for the unemployed of which Frank L. Dawson is director.

All vacant property in the city is being listed with a view to using it for the raising of crops for the use of needy families. This part of the work is well along toward completion. The vacant property is intended both for the use of families and to furnish work for men who have no jobs. The work now being carried on is in line with a suggestion recently made by Commissioner Salisbury. Mr. Dawson and Mrs. Luckey are in charge, and Mrs. Luckey is

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use of needy families. This part of the work is well along toward completion. The vacant property is intended both for the use of families and to furnish work for men who have no jobs. The work now being carried on is in line with a suggestion recently made by Commissioner Salisbury. Mr. Dawson and Mrs. Luckey are in charge, and Mrs. Luckey is regarded as particularly expert in the work, having had considerable experience in inducing families to grow vegetables enough for their own needs.

"I regard Mrs. Luckey," said Chairman Hamilton, "as the best informed person in Pasadena on local charity problems. I have been able to get information from her I could get nowhere else. There isn't a family or individual in town that she doesn't seem to know about, and in this work of inducing needy people to grow products for their own use she has been very successful.

"The department for the unemployed has started well. We want

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... can't get nowhere else. There
isn't a family or individual in town
that she doesn't seem to know
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"The department for the unem-
ployed has started well. We want
the people to understand that good,
efficient help is to be had through
it. The men who are not good
workers will be taken care of in
some other way. In Los Angeles
a case was cited in which a young
woman secured a position at \$175
through one of the three municipal
departments for the unemployed.
The Pasadena department, how-
ever, is only for the men. The wo-
men are taken care of through the
Red Cross and other agencies and
we haven't as yet considered estab-
lishing an employment bureau for
them."

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"John Martin's Book,"
Published in New York City, New York
Stories by Anna Luckey

Partial Bibliography

"When the Great Lincoln Kissed A Little Girl's Hand," February 1929,
 pp 21-23.

"My Friend Lincoln," February 1931, pp 10-11.

"Grade Teacher"
Published in Greenwich, Connecticut
Stories by Anna Luckey

Partial Bibliography

"When President Lincoln Bowed to Tommy," February 1934, pp 19, 64.

Also:

Authored a Play about Lincoln performed by children across the nation.
 Source: Pasadena Star-News, March 1940, "Writer Cheats Death, Anne
 M. Luckey Given Six Months to Live."

Published monthly by *John Martin's House, Inc.*, at 33 West 49th Street, New York City, New York. Entered
 as second-class matter September 9, 1918, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
 Rates: 40c a copy; \$4.00 a year in the United States and Canada; \$1.00 extra for postage to foreign countries.

Editors, John Martin and Helen Waldo.

Business and Circulation Manager, Anna De-
 Baun, 33 West 49th Street. Advertising
 Representative, Educational Advertising
 Company, 55 West 42nd Street, New York.



Change of address must reach us at
 least one month before the date of
 issue with which it is to be effective.
 Send both the old and the new addresses.

Manuscripts and drawings are submitted at sender's risk as John Martin's Book assumes no responsibility for the same. Enclose
 stamps for the return of manuscripts. Reprint rights are reserved on all manuscripts accepted unless otherwise arranged for.
 Copyright, 1929, by JOHN MARTIN'S HOUSE, INC.

When the Great Lincoln Kissed a Little Girl's Hand

A DEAR, old lady came to our house and told this story. A very old, old lady who made me think, at first, of the sky in the west when the sun has gone down—all soft and gray and silvery. But when I asked her to tell me about Lincoln, oh, what a change came into her face. It forgot to be gray and silvery. It was like a lighted lamp—glowing and bright and shining, and she caught my hand and told me this story in such an eager, happy voice that I knew she was a little girl once more, living again that long-ago time.

"Yes, I'll tell you about Lincoln," she said. "Oh, how I loved him! And how eager and excited it made me feel to think that I was going to hear him speak! He was coming to Galesburg, a town not far away, and two other men were to speak, too—Douglass and Ingersoll—they told me, but that meant nothing to me—it was only Lincoln, the dear friend of my father, that I cared to hear.

"My father, like Lincoln, did not believe in people owning slaves, and they used to have long talks together in our house, in front of the big cheery fireplace. Lincoln would motion me to sit by him, and while he talked very gravely to my father of important things, he would smile down at me and squeeze my hand.

"I was only eleven then, and Mother used to want to tuck me into bed at eight,

but she did not like to disturb so great a man as Mr. Lincoln; so, to my delight, I was allowed to sit up long hours later than my usual bedtime.

"On the evening before the great day at Galesburg my sisters returned from a visit to my Aunts'. They did not like it at all when they heard I was going.

"If Sis goes,' cried my eldest sister, 'I stay at home. She always laughs at the wrong times and shakes hands and talks to any one she meets, no matter who they are. We have invited two young men to drive with us, and we simply can't be bothered with Sis.'

"My father was very, very ill, and I felt that my mother was too worn out with nursing him to hold out against my sisters, and so my heart almost failed me. But then I heard father call to mother in his weak voice and after a few minutes she asked me to come into his room.

"I want you to go, Sis,' said my father, 'Lincoln loves you, and you must not miss it.' Then he turned his face wearily away, and mother whispered to me,—

"Lay out your blue French Calico and your best pantalets, trimmed with Irish lace, and do just as your brother tells you to.'

"That night I just knew I should not sleep a wink, but I did, and in no time at all, it seemed to me, mother came in.

"Dress quickly, dear,' she said, 'and

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK

I'll give you breakfast with James (that was my brother) in the kitchen. Then go out to the stable.'

"It was to be a long drive to Galesburg, so we started early. The sun was just coming up when James drove out of the barn in our new red spring wagon. It had three seats, two of them covered with buffalo robes, and was drawn by a pair of coal-black horses. James let down the back of the wagon, and there, under the seat, he made me a cosy bed with a soft comfort. He lifted me in and tucked in my hat and lunch basket, pulled down the buffalo robe, fastened the back of the wagon, and there I was, as snug as could be. Then we drove to the front of the house. The young men had arrived and the young people all got in and called good-bye to mother.

"When we came to the ford, seven miles out, James stopped to water the horses. While they were drinking, he lifted me out and put me on the seat beside him. What a howl went up when my sisters saw me! The eldest declared she would not go a step farther. So James held out his hand to help her down from the wagon, saying—

"'It's only seven miles home, and the walking is good!' He grinned as he said it, and the young men, too, took my part. Then James added gravely, 'It's father's wish that Sis should go,' and they said no more after that. But when we arrived at Galesburg and got down out of the wagon, the girls would not speak to me and walked away leaving me alone with my brother.

"He was very dear and patted my shoulder comfortingly.

"'Never mind, Little Sis,' he said, 'I'll look out for you.' And he did in a most surprising and unexpected way!

"There were eleven girls about my own age sitting in a row on the platform where the speaking was to take place. They were



to have a part in the program, and the leader, who was an older girl, knew James and called to him as we came up.

"He returned in a minute or two, and I could tell by his face that something unusual was about to happen.

"'What do you think?' he said to me. 'One of the little girls who are to wave flags is ill, and their leader wants you to take her place!'

"I was excited and delighted, you may be sure, but just as James swung me into my seat, his face flushed red, and I could see that something was wrong.

"'Sis,' he whispered, 'where is your other pantalet?'

"My heart jumped suddenly into my throat. Pantalets were little lacy ruffles that we wore in those days buttoned at the knee and showing below the dress, and it would look queer to have one on one leg and none on the other. Somehow I must have left one at home in the hurry.

"'Oh,' I cried. 'What shall I do?' and my eyes filled with tears.

"'There, there, Sis. Don't take it so hard,' comforted James. 'Give me the one that you have,' and he stood in front of me, hiding me with his broad shoulders. I unbuttoned the one little ruffle, and he tucked it into his pocket. 'Now, Sis, you

ook fine. Wave your flag and be happy, hear them coming.'

"And then I forgot all about everything but the waving and cheering, for there was a frightening uproar about me. In the midst of the shouting and cheering a much-decorated carriage drove up to the platform, and Douglass and Ingersoll stepped out. They were elegantly dressed, and I thought them very handsome.

"When they were seated on the platform, I heard something else coming, but, somehow, the cheering was very different this time. Young as I was, I could feel that the welcome given this man was very different from that for the others. It was more quiet and sincere and full of love and respect.

"He came in a wagon, drawn by mules, and he wore a slouch hat and flapping gray ulster. There was nothing handsome about him, but, somehow, you forgot all about that when you looked into his kindly eyes.

"As soon as he came up the steps he saw me.

"'Why, it is my little friend Maria Freeman,' he cried, and he came over to me and took my small hands in his great

big ones, swinging them gently back and forth. 'You came all this way to see me, didn't you?' he said. 'How is your dear father?'

"'Very sick,' I answered, with a quick sob--I could not help it.

"'Yes, dear. I realize that you are going to lose a wonderful father. Give him my love, and tell him for me that I feel that his little girl will grow up into a remarkable woman--one who will make her mark in the world.' And then, bending low, he kissed one of my hands and then the other.

"He walked then to the table on the platform, threw his hat on it, took off the ulster, rolled it around his long hands and threw it under the table. Then he straightened up and looked gravely over that crowd who had come to hear him make one of the greatest speeches ever made in this or any other country.

"I heard the speech, and many other things happened to me that day, but then and all my life since nothing has ever been able to take away the warm glow in my heart left by the kisses of Lincoln."

ANNA M. LUCKEY



12

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK

My Friend LINCOLN

MARIA FREEMAN was a little girl when she heard Lincoln make his great speech at Galesburg. She was only eleven. It was one of a series of debates that Lincoln and Douglas were giving all over the country on the slavery question. These debates made them both national figures, sending one later to the White House as president and the other to the United States senate.

It was a cold day. Twenty thousand people shivered in the wind for three hours. They were mostly hardened farmers who could stand the cold; but women and children suffered and were glad to get home.

Maria's father was an ardent abolitionist and a warm friend of Lincoln's. He was very ill, and had asked James, his eighteen-year-old son, and Maria, who was Lincoln's special pet, to bring Lincoln home with them to spend the night.

Mrs. Freeman had looked down the lane a dozen times to see if they were coming. At last they arrived. Lincoln untangled his long legs from the buffalo robe and got out of the wagon; then he caught Maria under her arms and swung her high in the air before he set her gently on the ground. Maria, squealing with delight, rushed up the walk.

"Mother! Mother! He's here!"

Mrs. Freeman, a sweet-faced, motherly looking woman, appeared. She held out both hands to Lincoln.

"You certainly are welcome. Our patient insisted on sitting up — the first time in weeks."

The two old friends shook hands heartily while Mrs. Freeman pulled up to the fire a hand-made hickory rocker cushioned with turkey-red calico. Lincoln sank into it gratefully and stretched his long legs to the fire. "Ah! thank you. This certainly is comfort."

"It's good to see you. There is much I want to ask you; but, first, who won the debate?"

Maria came forward eagerly. "Oh, father! They clapped for Douglas a lot; but when Mr. Lincoln stopped speaking, they just — just stormed! It made you feel prickly all over."

The men smiled at each other.

"There, Abe, you're reaching the hearts of the people. I told you you would. Even Maria sensed it."

"I hope I have improved. I wonder if you realize how much you have helped me?"

Mr. Freeman smiled as he gazed into the fire. Lincoln did not always agree with his friend; but,



in the main, he did agree. They both had an almost childlike faith in a Supreme Being, on whom they relied as children would on an earthly father. The Freemans were friends of long standing, and Lincoln enjoyed nothing so much as spending the night with them. He had held Maria in his arms as a baby and taught her to say "Lincoln." Long before the public dropped the "Mr." before his name, she referred to him as "my friend Lincoln."

Lincoln was giving Mr. Freeman all the latest news and answering, the best he could, all his eager questions, when Mrs. Freeman called them to dinner — and such a dinner! Roast chicken, spiced peaches, pumpkin pie, and such coffee as only Mrs. Freeman could make. Lincoln's face lost its pallor; it glowed with kindness and sympathy for this family of whom he was so fond.

After dinner they gathered in the sitting-room, Maria on a stool at Lincoln's feet.

"There are some verses running through my head that I'm going to teach you, Maria. Now, repeat after me."

He held her tiny hands while she repeated after him: —

"Autumn is filling his harvest-bins
With red and yellow grain;
Fire begins and frost begins,
And the floors are cold again.

"Summer went when the crops were sold;
Summer is piled away,
Dry as a faded marigold
In the dry, long-gathered hay.

"It is time to walk to the cider-mill,
Through air like apple wine,
And watch the moon rise over the hill,
Singing and hard and fine."

OOK

The CHILD'S MAGAZINE

"There, that's enough for a girl your size. Now write it down; then come and repeat it to us."

Maria went to the dining-table and labored long and hard. She made a few mistakes, which Lincoln corrected.

"Now recite it to us."

She went to the far side of the room and, in her best schoolroom manner, recited the verses. There was prolonged applause as she sank, flushed and bright-eyed, on her stool.

"Now put your name on the paper, Abe; it will be a treasure for her to keep always."

So Lincoln wrote,

"To Maria Freeman, from her friend, Abraham Lincoln, Oct. 18, 1858."

Then Maria went with her mother to prepare Lincoln's room.

"Oh, Mother! Won't you let him sleep under the tulip quilt?"

"Yes, dear, I will. There is nothing too good for him."

The tulip quilt had been pieced by Maria's great-grandmother. The tulips were in appliqué on unbleached-muslin squares, out of red, orange, and green calico. The border was red, orange, and cream striped. The tulip squares were set together with squares of the muslin and quilted in fine diamonds, the muslin squares in lovely oak leaves arranged in a wreath. There were hundreds of fine stitches. It was a beautiful thing. While it had been used as a spread, no one had ever slept under it.

They fluffed up the big feather bed, spread fine linen sheets, put cases with wide crochet lace on the pillows — and last of all they added the quilt. Maria had learned to crochet and sew at the age of nine. She had made every stitch of the lace herself, and this was the first time the cases would be used.

When they returned to the sitting-room Lincoln was gazing dreamily into the fire, a rapt expression on his homely face. He turned to Mrs. Freeman:

"You simply can't know what it means to me to be among friends; not to be misunderstood every minute; to have some one understand what I'm trying to do."

His face shone, his eyes glowed with that inward fire that came from his very soul.

"Friend Abe, I'm not long for this world. It has been given me to know things that otherwise I should not know. God Himself has raised you up to be not only a friend of ours, but of the nation! You, my dear friend, will be our next president, and will be the means of bringing about the abolition of slavery. I can almost see the room fill with dusky figures, worshipping you as their emancipator."

"But, Freeman, do you think me worthy of such a task?"

"Not of yourself — no; God will show you the way. Be fearless, be of good courage, and don't

fail to trust Him, no matter how hard and dark the way." Mr. Freeman's thin hands grasped the chair arms, he leaned forward; his burning eyes saw things the others could not see, his ears heard things they could not hear. A hush fell over the room. Then Lincoln laid his warm hand over the cold one.

"I promise you not to fail in whatever task God sees fit to send me. Now you must rest — you're tired."

So they helped him to his room and made him comfortable.

"Good-night, Abe, and God bless you."

For the next two years, Lincoln was a busy man, and the Freemans saw little of him. It was a happy family that heard of his election November 6, 1860.

"Oh, Mother! Just think! Lincoln is president!"

The next week, her teacher asked Maria to recite the poem Lincoln had taught her, and she wrote under his name, "President of the United States." Maria, her cheeks red, her eyes shining, recited in a clear voice. Then the children marched by the teacher's table and read for themselves, "To Maria Freeman, from her friend, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States."

Anne M. Luckey





THE STORY TELLING HOUR

SHORT STORIES FOR ORAL OR WRITTEN REPRODUCTION

ANNE M. LUCKEY, EUNICE C. HENDRYX; ILLUSTRATED BY VERE CLERE

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

When President Lincoln Bowed to Tommy

ANNE M. LUCKEY

Tommy was tired! He had been carrying wash water from the creek every morning for his mother. Little boys of six don't have very long legs. Coming up the hill, it seemed to Tommy that his legs grew shorter and ached worse with every trip.

Tommy had big blue eyes and a little stub nose with a row of brown freckles across it. His hair tried to be golden, but the sun had bleached it to a pale straw color. His cheeks were like hard red apples. He lived with his mother in a one-room log cabin that nestled cozily under the spreading boughs of a large oak tree.

Mother told him one sunny morning, when he was a little baby in her arms, that his daddy had marched away. He wore a blue uniform with buttons that flashed in the sun like gold. He had answered the call of the great President Lincoln, and now they were alone and must help each other all they could.

Tommy, sitting on the flat stone in front of the cabin door, saw his mother coming around the corner carrying two large pails of wash water. She had two yellow-rose bushes in front of the cabin and always drew her wash water for them. There was a hollow near one of the bushes. Tommy's mother never poured water into it, but she always filled

the ditch around the bush to overflowing, and in that way the hollow became a tiny lake. Tommy loved to stick bits of pine and flowers around the water's edge; then he would sail a fleet of boats on it.

He had just gotten his boats started when a neighbor, who was passing by, stopped to tell his mother that President Lincoln would pass through the village, two miles away, the next week, and that the train would stop a few minutes so the people could see him and hear him say a few words. Tommy's face grew red with excitement, for he knew all about Mr. Lincoln.

You see, Tommy's father had been a teacher, and his mother hoped her little son would become one when he grew up. But Tommy was a dreamer; he loved stories, but when it came to the blue-backed speller, he didn't enjoy it! Then his mother told him how hard President Lincoln had worked to get an education—how he gathered pine knots and studied at all hours of the night by the light they made. She had made him a little table; it was painted red and held a few good books and an oil lamp with a piece of red flannel in the bowl to make a cheery bit of color. The table was in a corner, near the fireplace. Every night, after he got his lessons, Mother would tell him a story about Lincoln, until Tommy felt that he knew him well. He tried very hard to learn to spell so that some day perhaps he could write and talk as

well as Mr. Lincoln did.

As the days passed, Tommy felt more and more that he must see the President. "It is two miles to the village," said Tommy to himself, "but I walk a mile every day delivering milk for Mother. I could walk one mile more!"

On the day before the great day Tommy was very quiet. At four the next morning he got up and dressed in his best clothes; then, taking his shoes in his hand, he slipped out into the darkness. He had written a note to his mother telling her not to worry, that he was taking Fido and would be all right.

When his mother got up at daylight and found him gone, she hurried to the nearest neighbor; they were going to hear Lincoln and invited her to accompany them. To relieve her anxiety, they started at once.

When they were about a mile from home they found Tommy fast asleep under a tree, the faithful Fido close beside him. His mother held him on her lap, and he slept all the way to the village.

As the crowd got larger, Tommy became very nervous for fear he would not be able to see Lincoln, so he went to a nearby grocery store and got some boxes. These he piled under a tree, and his mother helped him climb to the top, where he held on to a limb, and could see over the heads of the people. Then, in breathless excitement, he watched the train coming. It seemed (Turn to page 64)

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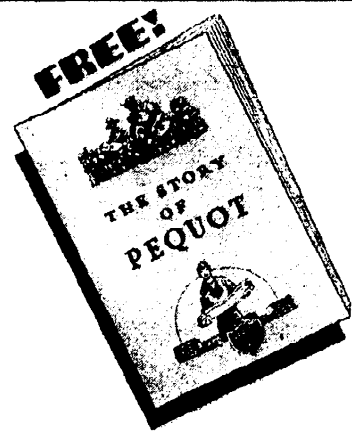
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The Story Telling Hour

(Continued from page 19)

as though his heart stopped beating, then beat so hard that he had a drumming in his ears.

Such a cheer as went up! Then it was very quiet as the President spoke a few words to them.

As the train pulled out the President looked up and saw Tommy, standing on the boxes. Mr. Lincoln smiled, waved his tall silk hat, and bowed to Tommy.

In his great joy Tommy let go of the tree and clapped so hard that down tumbled the boxes! Kindly hands pulled him out from among them. His face was scratched and bleeding and he was covered with dust, but his eyes were shining as he danced up and down in his delight.

"Mother! Mother! He saw me! He bowed straight at me!"

A Timely Tale

EUNICE C. HENDRYX

THE Hour Hand and the Minute Hand on the Clock's face turned about every night and day in the friendliest way, till they had a falling out.

Said the Minute Hand to the Hour Hand, "I must go all of the way around the Clock's face in just one hour's space while you take an entire day."

The Hour Hand knew it was wrong to quarrel so he said, "I'm sure that is true, but I want you to know I hate to be slow. I'd like to move quickly like you."

"You are long and thin and are built for speed while I am so short and stout I can only say the hour of the day. You point each minute out."

Such noble praise made the Big Hand

vain, and he bragged, "I realize that the work I do is too great for you. Too big; you are undersize."

This rude remark of the Minute Hand gave the Pendulum a shock. So he called right out, "Big Hand, no doubt you think you are running this Clock."

"It is silly for you to boast about your speed for it is I who must regulate your boasted gait, without me you would die." "You think you are swift, but I'll tell you this: I move more rapidly—sixty times in a minute. Why, you're not in it with me you can readily see."

And while he bragged, the Pendulum felt himself growing slower until he could scarcely go—slower and slower. And at last he stopped dead still.

Then the big Main Spring inside of the Clock who works unseen and unheard said, "You're foolish to fuss. Why, for any of us to boast or compare is absurd."

"You have all stopped short because I have run down, for you cannot move unless I am wound up tight with a key each night. That's been forgotten, I guess."

"But this I know, we must be content with our tasks, though great or small. We each must work, no one can slack. One laggard would harm us all."

"Now the Clock we run is a useful thing. It will soon be missed and then when I'm wound up tight and you Hand set right, we'll all start to work once again."

Then sure enough what he said came true, for someone wound up the Clock. And no part felt slighted, each one vied to join in the merry "Tick-Tock".

Jack and the Beanstalk

(Continued from page 27)

threw out last night. What can it mean? JACK: I am going to climb it and see where it leads.

MOTHER: No, no, you are all that I have. If you climb the beanstalk I may never see you again.

JACK: I'll be all right, Mother. I'm going to climb it. (Climbs the beanstalk.)

MOTHER: My poor boy. He may never come back.

SCENE IV. BEANSTALK LAND

JACK: Whew! That was a climb. I thought I never would reach the top. I wonder who this pretty lady is that I see coming.

FAIRY (enters): Good morning. Who are you and how do you come to be here?

JACK: My name is Jack. I found a beanstalk growing in our garden and I climbed it. I found myself in this strange land.

FAIRY: A wicked giant lives in this land and you are the one to punish him as he plundered your father and murdered him. Everything he has belongs by rights to you, and I will help you to get it back if you will promise to obey me.

JACK: I promise.

FAIRY: That is his house down there.

JACK: Thank you, kind fairy. I shall

go there now. I am not afraid of a giant.

SCENE V. INTERIOR GIANT'S KITCHEN

(The curtain rises on the Giant's wife busy in her kitchen. A knock is heard.)

WIFE: Who can that be? The giant's ways knocks so loudly that I think the house will fall in. (Goes to door.) Cor in.

JACK (comes in): Kind lady, will you give me some supper and let me spend the night here?

WIFE: No, I cannot. My husband is a wicked giant who eats nothing but human flesh and he would eat you.

JACK: Please let me stay!

WIFE: Well, I will try to hide you from him. Here, eat some supper.

(Jack goes to table. A loud knock is heard.)

WIFE: Get behind that cupboard quickly. There is the giant.

GIANT (comes in): Wife, I smell fresh meat.

WIFE: That is only the men in the dungeon.

GIANT (sits down): Bring me the moneybags. I want to count my money.

WIFE: They are on the table. (She goes out.)

GIANT: Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty. I am sleepy. (He leans on the

and snores.) JACK (comes in): The moneybags are out.

SCENE

(A knock is heard.) GIANT'S WIFE: It has been so long since I have dared to be all afraid of a stranger. Cor!

JACK: Let me see you far away!

WIFE: I can't see you. You are a giant and last boy who has moneybags.

JACK: Please!

WIFE: All right! The giant comes in.

GIANT (enters): Lays golden eggs.

(Wife fetches golden eggs.)

GIANT: Lay! I sleep. (He snore.)

JACK: The hen while the hen and leaves.

SCENE VII. G.

MOTHER: Ever since you bags and the hen!

JACK: Yes, Mother!

MOTHER: That I climb!

I want to see what the giant!

MOTHER: All right! climbs beanstalk!

SCENE VIII.

(A knock is heard.)

WIFE: Who can that be?

JACK (comes in): the night?

No, I let him take the golden eggs.

JACK: Please let me stay!

WIFE: Well, hide the magic harp. (Wife goes out.)

GIANT: Play, play! I am so sleepy. (He snore.)

JACK: Now I can see the magic harp!

MAGIC HARP: Me!

GIANT (wakes up): I shall get it back, I shall get it back, I shall get it back.

SCENE IX.

(Jack comes in.)

GIANT: Bring me a hatchet.

JACK: I must bring down the beanstalk to the ground.)

GIANT: The beanstalk need no longer be in the ground.)

MOTHER: You are not! Now we have nothing!

GIANT: It costs a lot to do that!

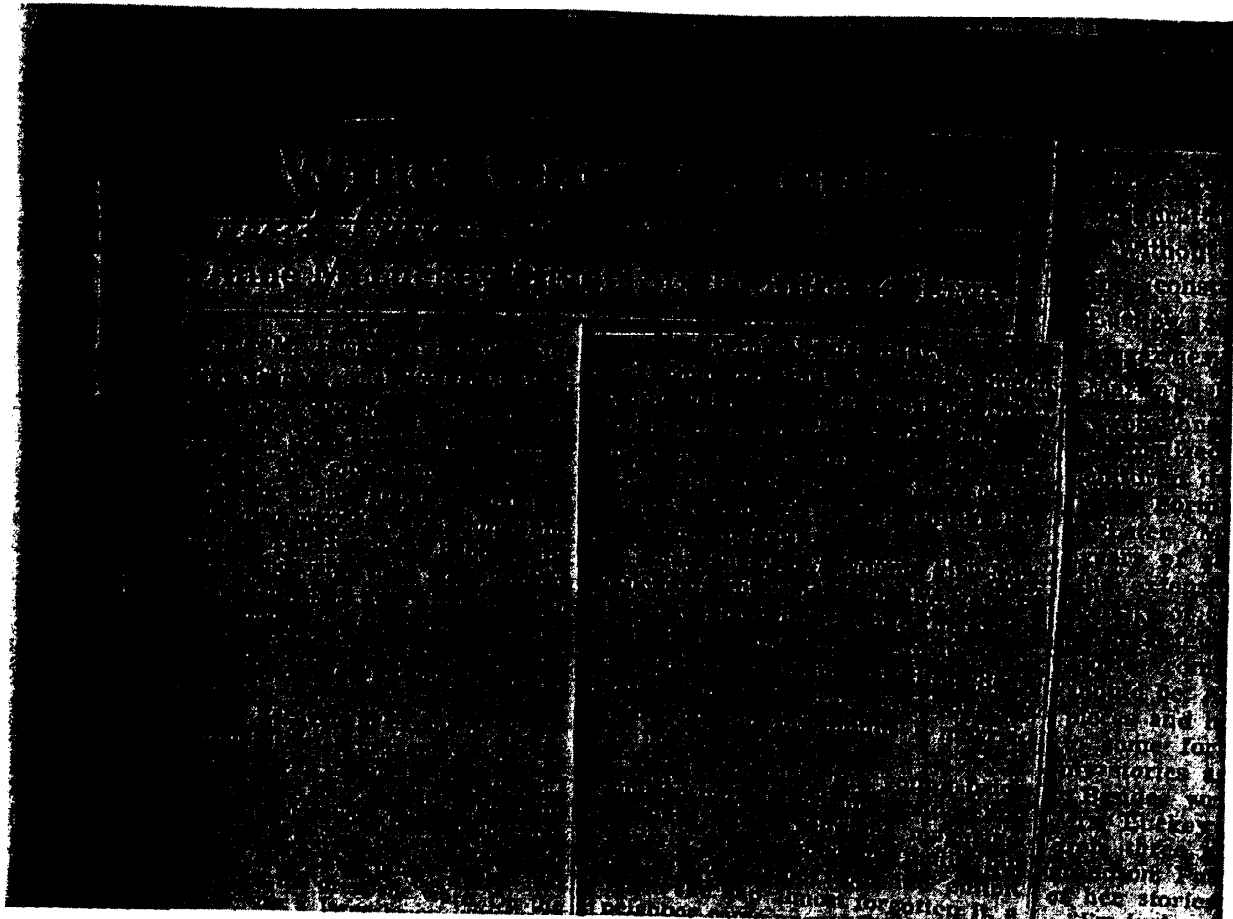
GIANT: It did of you!

GIANT: Think of it, isn't it?

GIANT: Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty. I am sleepy. (He leans on the

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wanted to enjoy every minute with her family, for the doctor in the east had predicted a short life for her if she moved to Southern California.

Recovers in Pasadena

"But I started to mend as soon as I arrived in Pasadena, and here I am still," she said in a pleasant voice. As she spoke her face became animated under the halo of soft white hair. Her pink cheeks just matched the dress she wore. On the table was a large bouquet of pink roses, and before the windows two bouquets of pink ranunculus.

"Yet pink is my favorite color. You should see my new spring wardrobe," she said gaily. "A peach pink coat and skirt to match. I love to buy bargain counter remnants. I used to do it for my families when I was a social worker."

Mrs. Luckey first became interested in social work when she found a family in need who had...

and dying innocents. "But I never thought about being a writer, dear, no," said Mrs. Luckey. "Careers were not on my mind. I married at 18."

As she was sick, the young bride amused herself writing a story and sending it to a religious magazine. Eagerly she watched the mails, but no response came from the editor. When she had almost forgotten it a neighbor came over with a stack of magazines for her to read, and on the top of the pile was one with her own story in it.

Printed as Written

Much excited Mrs. Luckey snatched it up, and read it over every word. It had been printed just as she wrote it.

"My stories just come to me from the blue," stated Mrs. Luckey. "I can't write to order. And I don't...

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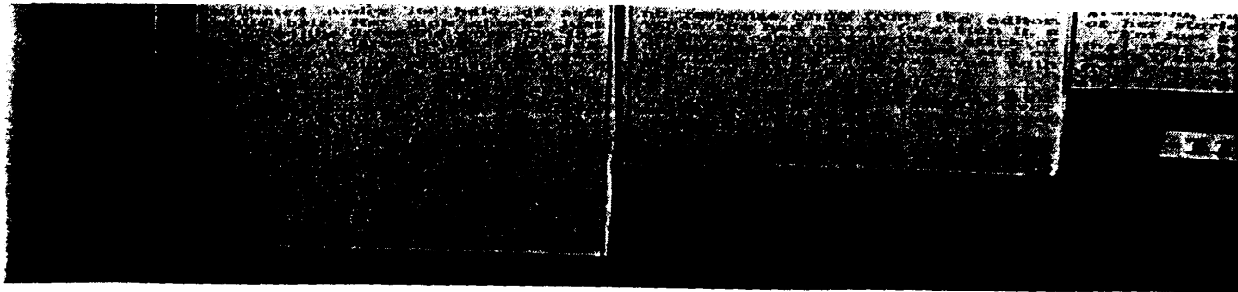
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The ... always the best ... thing about ... stories Mrs. ... children's ... Garden, John ... and others. She ... Lincoln which was ... performed by ... throughout the nation ... No ... four ...

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