



NEWSLETTER

National Guild of Pearl K. McGown

Rughookrafters, Incorporated

Volume 46, Number 2 (May 2017)



Adventures in Hooking!

By Jane McGown Flynn

Article on page 39



Samplers used by Dotti Ebi and Cinda Justice to teach the effects of hooking:

plaids (top) and
spot dyes in order
(bottom)

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Newsletter (USPS 114-310)

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Letter from the President: Sue Minorini

Dear Friends,

Are you looking forward to summer, as much as I am? Although the winter here in the Midwest wasn't terrible, I'm still thinking about warmer temperatures. One of my favorite activities is to hook on my back porch enjoying the sounds of summer, and feeling a warm summer breeze. I want that "hygge" feeling that I mentioned in my last letter to you. I'm also looking forward to summer rug hooking travels.

One of my favorite travels is to Dudley, MA to attend the Northern Teacher Workshop. I leave home, which is north of Chicago, and travel to Michigan to pick up two good rug hooking teacher friends, Karen Krepps and Robin Rennie. This year Cheryl Singley will be joining us, so there will be four kindred spirits heading east.

Along the way, we stop and do a little sightseeing. Karen is our 'travel agent'. She's great at finding interesting sites and places that we can visit, and booking hotel rooms for us. Depending on our schedule, we stop at places on the way to Dudley or on our way home. It's always fun! We're friends on a road trip. How can we not have fun?

Once we arrive in Dudley, it's a grand reunion greeting fellow rug hookers. Then we're on to a week of classes. In addition to our daily classes, there are evening events scheduled. One of my favorites is the auction. Teachers bring items to auction off to raise scholarship money, so a teacher from Northern can attend another Teacher Workshop in another part of the country. Plus, it's just plain fun to bid on items. Some are related to rug hooking, but many are not.

If you've ever toyed with the idea of becoming an accredited rug hooking teacher, please contact me, and I can give you more information, or, contact one of the Directors or Assistant Directors. Nan Bass, our editor, always has a list of Teacher Workshops in our Newsletter.

A rug school that I plan on attending in the future is the Country Inn School in Rindge, NH. It was recently taken over by Benita Raleigh and Bev Mulcahy. I believe that there's a waiting list for this year, but there's always next year.

I will share several more of my favorite workshops in upcoming Newsletters.

What is your favorite rug hooking workshop or camp? Please share with me. There are so many that I don't know about. I'd like to begin a list. I come across many on Facebook, but I'd like to hear from our Newsletter readers.

Best regards,

Sue Minorini

Public Service Announcements

Upcoming Dates for McGown Teacher's Workshops:

2016-2017 Workshops

Workshop	Location	Dates	Director
North Central	Newton, Iowa AmericInn Center	April 30 – May 5, 2017	Teresa Steele, Director Patty Piek-Groth, Assistant Director
Western	Eugene, Oregon University of Oregon	June 24 – 30, 2017	Michele Wise, Director Laura Pierce, Assistant Director
Northern	Dudley, MA Nichols College	July 23- 28, 2017	Lisa Chaloner, Director Cindy Irwin, Assistant Director
Southern	Ripley, West Virginia State Parkland	October 1 – 6, 2017 Sept. 30 – Oct. 5, 2018	Linda Powell, Director Karen Krepps, Assistant Director
South Central	Pottsboro, Texas Lake Texoma		Cheryl Bollenbach, Director Sheri Matz, Assistant Director



National Guild Schools:

MARYLAND:

April 8-13, 2018, Maryland Shores Rug School, Ocean City, MD

Contact Pam Johnson at 410-251-2888 or lpt219@comcast.net for more information.
Held at Dunes Manor Hotel.

NEW HAMPSHIRE:

September 10 – 15, 2017, Country Inn Rug School, Rindge, NH

Contact Beverly Mulcahy (Beverley.mulcahy@gmail.com)
or Benita Raleigh (benannwat@aol.com) for more information.

Held at the Woodbound Inn.

Teachers are: Betty McClentic, Vivily Powers, Sarah Guiliani and Cyndy Duade.

Public Service Announcements:

Connecticut – Hooked Rug Exhibit (September 1 – October 1, 2017)

Friday, Saturday and Sundays 10 AM to 4 PM
Held at the Windham Textile & History Museum, 411 Main Street, Willimantic, CT

Presented by Whispering Hill Rug Hooking Studio, sponsored in part by the National Guild of Pearl K. McGown Rughookrafters. Questions – contact Joyce DiGregorio at digregoriojoyce@gmail.com

Maryland – McGown Guild Meeting – On-going

4th Monday of the Month, McGown Guild 72 10 AM-2 PM (except June & July) Ark & Dove Presbyterian Church, Odenton, Md., Contact Pam Manders (410) 626-8706 for confirmation & directions.

Maryland - Delmarva November Workshop

Sun Nov 5th thru Thurs. Nov. 9th, 2017

Dunes Manor Hotel, Ocean City Md., contact Pam Johnson, lpt219@comcast.net

NEW MEMBERS:

The following new members have joined the National Guild of Pearl K. McGown Rug Hookrafters. Let us be the first to welcome you!

Chapter 48 -	Louise Lareau	Springdale, AR
Chapter 999 -	Susan Austin	Bristol, RI
	Linda Becker	Old Chatham, NY
	Caroline Ely	Spencer, MA
	Betsy Engel	Stratford, CT
	Karen Gaskin	Jefferson, MA
	Laurie Hamilton	Cohasset, MA
	Roberta Lang	Paxton, MA
	Christine Moran	Kinderhook, NY
	Janet Platt	East Windsor, CT
	Joyce Wentz	Niverville, NY
	Beth Westbrook	Fairfax Station, VA
	Lee Williams	Stigler, OK
	Marlene Wurtzbacher	Waterbury Center, VT



NOT GETTING YOUR NEWSLETTER?

**DO YOU FLY SOUTH FOR THE WINTER?
HAVE YOU RECENTLY MOVED?
HAVE YOU FORWARDED YOUR MAIL?**

Please contact Pam Upton with any changes to your mailing address. It helps the Guild keep mailing costs down if we can avoid having to resend/pay postage twice.

Address Changes/Updates should be sent to:

Newsletter
210 Lakeshore Drive
Lake Crystal, MN 56055

A message from the Editor: Nancy Flynn Bass

Next Newsletter: August 2017 – Please submit new articles by August 1st.

May – What do you bring us?

Hopefully a sunny day, the first gentle breezes of summer, green grasses, the croaking of frogs, and for many - the last weeks of normalcy before the hectic unplanned days of summer, vacations, visits from friends, graduations and weddings are upon us.

As I read through the articles of this issue, there seems to be a theme of how life spills over into hooking, or hooking spills over into life. Or maybe it's just that it's a big part of people's lives – one that can't be separated or defined.

As you go to rug schools, teacher workshops, or get together with other “hookers” in the months to come, I hope you'll consider sharing your hooking adventures in the form of articles and pictures. I am here to help however I can.

A couple of hints:

When sending me picture files, please get the pictures as clear as possible. When we print them in the Newsletter, I can't make them any more in focus. So - take lots, and throw away the fuzzy ones. The best pictures, you can actually see individual loops, even on the finest cuts.

When sending me pictures by email, please send them as a .jpeg file or some other saved file, and use the “Attach a file” method of sending them. Please don't copy and paste them into your article – they quality of the picture goes way down.

If you need help with this – *do what I do* – call someone to help. It could be me, your children, your grandchildren, or a technology savvy friend. After all, your kids owe you one – you taught them to tie their shoes, use the bathroom and zip a zipper. They can pay you back by helping you with computer stuff!

Good luck! And bring on the crazy days of summer!

All my best,

Nan

P.S. Please submit articles to mcgownguildnewsletter@gmail.com.

Email or call with questions – I'm here to help!

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ASK SALLY:

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Do you need help with a hooking problem right away? Can't wait for the next Newsletter, camp or meeting to have it answered?

We have a great group of long time hooking artists who are looking to help. Just email your question, AT ANY TIME, along with any pertinent pictures to: sbmcgown@gmail.com. Answers will be on their way shortly, and if your question is of general interest, we'll publish a follow up in the newsletter.

Question: I acquired an old pattern "Kerman Caravan". What can you tell me about it?

Answer: This was a pretty specific request, so I won't go into great detail regarding my answer/reply here, but rather the lessons learned from this question.

As luck would have it, I had started (but not finished) this piece many years ago. I photographed the piece and provided her as much information as I could on the rug, and my own personal insights.

The lessons that I learned from this question were:

1. Always keep good records of any piece you start. While it's exciting to rip those tags off your swatches and dive right in, make a one page fact sheet on the piece. Include what swatches you used or which dye formulas (from which book). What is the background color you have chosen? When did you start it? Who was the teacher (if there was one)? All these things will help you if you don't finish the piece right away, or get questions once the piece is finished.
2. If you have a question – ASK! We, as a Guild, have lots of connections and resources to help answer questions. Whether you need guidance, encouragement or information, use the resources available to you. You can reach out via the national guild website, the newsletter, guild meetings, email or telephone.

You can see the pictures of Sally's Kerman Caravan on page 53.

The formulas are TOD Family one, all three formulas. For the animals 1 1/2 seal brown, 1/8 crimson, 3/16 canary for six swatches of 8 values. The background is Dorr's bright blue spot dyed with peacock, chartreuse, & bright green dyes.

Adventures in hooking – how this craft can take you far!

By Jane McGown Flynn

Over the years since my retirement, both Vivily Powers (Teacher and Dye Specialist) and I have periodically enjoyed several travel adventures together. We have travelled to workshops and other recreational vacations, and share out personal ups and downs as well as inspire each other in hooking paths and pleasures.

In August 2106, we travelled to Archibold, OH for the Sauder Village long weekend show and school. While there, we enjoyed a breakfast with Anne Boissinot, a noted Canadian and McGown certified teacher. Accompanying Anne was a delightful lady from Bermuda, Shina. Well, for forty years, my husband and I had vacationed in Bermuda; Vivily and I had taken a trip there four years ago. Eventually, Anne revealed that Shina facilitated a stitching seminar at my favorite place to stay. Counted cross stitchers, Bargello artists, rug hookers and like-minded fiber artists share time and talent. Both Vivily and I were intrigued!

For six days in February, we enjoyed getting to know local stitchers and shared ideas and inspired one another. The weather was not the best, but it was a lot better than the 25 degree temperatures in the New England snow.

One day, Shina shared the making and use of quillies. We each completed a lapel pin and started a bowl covered in quillies. It was fun!

Most of the rest of my time was spent triple swatching tulip leaves in “Mae Morris.”

The stitching expert lead a class on finishing a tiny but exquisite purse, used to hold gambling tokens. It was exciting watching the process as the day progressed. I believe that all 14+ students completed the project by day’s end. The instructor, Susan Greening Davis, also conducts tours to European textile centers, focusing on supplies for her stitching classes.

It was a wonderful change of pace to be able to sit and hook, learn and share ideas with artists from related crafts.

When I got home, I sat down with a bare backing - - - in two days, I hooked the Bermuda cottage which will be matted and framed. I will send it along to Shina as a thank you for the wonderful hospitality and the chance to learn!

Pictures on page 29

A Wonderful Honor

by Cheryl Halliday

In July 2010, I had the pleasure of attending Northern McGown Teachers Workshop for the first time and met Seth and Nancy Blood. Seth was helping Nancy with registering attendees for the week of training and making sure all were helped with their accommodations. He was a quiet spoken man and happy to help in any way.

Sadly, we lost this treasure in the rug hooking world on April 14, 2017 at the age of 72.

Over the years, I came in contact with the couple a number of times. The next time I saw them, Seth was helping Nancy with the ATHA Region I North Rug School in New Hampshire, where she was the director. Another time was when Nancy was teaching at the Olde Cape Cod Rug Hooking School where Seth was once again helping with the class. Seth also attended Maryland Shores Rug School with Nancy while she was teaching. I soon realized that when Nancy was teaching or directing, we always had two people seeing to our needs.

Attending rug hooking class with Nancy at her home in Owego, New York, I would often see Seth working from home. It was always great fun to have Seth join the class for lunch and listen to his quiet sense of humor. I don't remember a time when he wasn't smiling while he talked or listened. Last fall, my friend Jean and I offered to help Seth and Nancy prepare patterns for an upcoming workshop. Seth was a wonderful and patient teacher who explained the process and then reassured us when we didn't quite get it right. In not time, we were all working away and printing beautiful patterns. The patterns Seth has produced over the years are treasured by many. For his support and dedication to the McGown Guild and the rug hooking world, we remember him with many thanks and much appreciation.



Dear Seth, you will be greatly missed by all who had the pleasure of knowing you.

For a link to his obituary, please visit:

<http://emfaheyfuneralhome.com/tribute/details/431/Seth-Blood/obituary.html#content-start>

My Roommates, My Teachers, My Friends

by Cinda Justice

Floss Stillman – my first teacher – wanted me to go to Northern Workshop with her. Pearl sent the application and off I flew to Wooster Mass. Floss already had a roommate so she “fixed me up” with a teacher friend of hers – Dorothy Ebi and the adventure began!

Dotti was an imposing figure at Northern and any other workshop she attended. And whatever workshop was in business at the time – she attended and often taught. My first experience was when the 5 or 6 teachers that were following her showed up at our double room at Wooster Polly Tec. No one knew the wallflower roommate she had so I did my best to be a wallflower on the bed... not easy. But I was ignored and the conversation was totally between the author of Scraps and Spots and those seeking an audience. Oh, my what was I in for.

She emptied one of the many bags that she had made (and a couple of those her hooker friends had previously and graciously given her) onto the other single bed and began passing out nice gifts to the expectant receivers. I was to find this was a habit of hers and followers all came to find out how a nobody trainee had been privileged enough to be her roommate when they had asked for consideration – in a very kind and willing way.

Well, it was a little like a marriage – Madam Dotti and I looked at each other and thought – for better or for worse we were stuck with each other. During the days, I spent half the time with Floss and the other half running errands for the “Madam. Truthfully, I was scared to death of her. About half the week had passed and I must have looked close to tears over trying to understand hooking a rose and the Madam had a jello section in her heart and she came over and sat on my bed beside me and with pad and pencil showed me how to shade a flower and a leaf. Up to that point I had hooked Orientals, geometrics, and leaves with dip dyed strips. She surprised me a few years later by hooking a rug from the class I taught and I received my first accreditation card from Jane. We stuck for many years.

Dotti and I were roommates for over 20 years and friends for more than 30. When she had to give up hooking and teaching because of health reasons, she called me and said to get a truck and come up. We took a van the first time and a truck the second and at her request we emptied the basement of rug hooking.

Her personal dye formula book came to me from her husband Bert, when a few years later, he found it under a bookcase. There are 515 Spot formulas and her book Scraps and Spots printed 65. I put 62 more in the book Spots Too. The interesting fact you might not know is that she expected folks to be more impressed with the swatches in the scrap section because it was a way to use up old wool that we all collect. I have some of those swatches and they are incredible and unique. But she became the “Spots Lady”.

Floss and I visited her 3 of her last 4 years and though the body was restricted because of stroke, her mind was sharp as ever. We took up the new hooking frame that turned around and reduced the need for taking the pattern off and moving it around. We took up an electric cutter with changeable blades that allowed you to buy one cutter and 8 plus blades. Her eyes lit up as she watched it in use and said “WOW!!” and we knew the wheels were spinning and she was thinking how much more she could have accomplished.

Camps and Workshops have already begun and I know you have made friends already that you look forward to seeing again. Learning more, teaching, laughing at lunch, telling stories and purchasing patterns for dreams to finish. I truly hope you have an experience with a friend as Dotti, Floss and I have had when you ask about how a situation worked out when they went home. Taking up where you left off months before. Hooking has brought about friendships that will never leave you.

(Note from the editor: Wooster is really Worcester. But if you’re not from there – it’s really hard to get the pronunciation right. And the college is Worcester Polytechnic Institute. And everyone who is from there would know exactly what you meant if you said Wooster Polly Tec! Thanks Cinda for your grand and accurate storytelling ability!)

A note from Cinda, regarding the pictures on page 30:

I am attaching 2 pictures that demonstrate how Dotti Ebi taught the effect of checks and plaids and hooking spot dyes in sequence. I use them with students and when I am asked to do a demonstration.

HOOKED RUG MUSEUM OF NORTH AMERICA

The Hooked Rug Museum of North America is located in Queensland/Hubbards, Nova Scotia and is a not for profit organization dedicated to the preservation and celebration of the art and traditions of hooked rugs.

The founding director of the museum is Susan Conrod. She reports, “We have been seeing an increased demand for our hook-ins and workshops, and again this season for the third year, the museum will entertain Nova Scotia teachers for a professional development session focused on rug hooking.”

During the 2017 season, they will be hosting exhibits such as: “Exploring the Tarot – 23 artists hook the major Arcana,” “Places we have been – journeys in rug hooking,” and “Art hits the Wall.”

In addition to these exhibits, events and workshops, the Hooked Rug Museum of North America recognize two rug hooking artists as Artists of the Year.

They are: Kay Lewis of Greenwich, Nova Scotia and Kate Thornhill of Long Reach, New Brunswick.

The winners are chosen because of their talents and contribution to the advancement of the art.

Representative samples of each of the artists’ work will be displayed as a special featured exhibit for the 2017 season.

If you’re interested in finding out more about the Hooked Rug Museum of North America, you can contact Suzanne Conrod at dornoc@bellaliant.net or go to the museum’s website at www.hookedrugmuseumnovascotia.org



Annual Report from Maryland Shores Rug School 2017 Submitted by Pam Johnson, Director

The Hookers are coming, the Hookers are coming!!!

The entire hotel staff as well as local people know when the hookers are going to be in town. The other hotel guests also know the Hookers are in the house! It was a little hard not to notice the influx on the afternoon of Sunday, April 2th.

As we see old friends, and make new ones, get set-up in our classrooms and greet our teachers, there is a wonderful atmosphere of expectation for the coming week. We had 86 students this years from as far away as Texas.

There were 7 classes again this year. Our teachers were Nancy Blood, Capri Boyle Jones. Betty McClentic, Sarah Guiliani, Ingrid Heiroimus, Norma Batastini, and Loretta Scena.

Our rug exhibit had 130 pieces this year. I must say a huge thankyou to my rug show elves again this year. You gentlemen were the greatest help. Love you all!

I want to thank Bill Russell for again cleaning cutters for everyone, as well as all the other little things you do. And of course, Janice! I can't begin to ever list all that she is to me and her support is so greatly appreciated. Love you more than I can say.

With the help of all the teachers, Loris from the Wool Farm, and our standby, Eric Sandberg, we started a scholarship fund to honor Janice Russell. If not for her, Maryland Shores would not be what it is today. I am more than honored that she has entrusted me with continuing her vision for the school. We will have various scholarship items awarded each year moving forward. A special thanks to Capri Boyle Jones for helping get this up and running.

I am already making plans for next year as 2018 will be our 25th Anniversary. I think there may be a BIG cake in our future!!

Save the dates!!

April 8th to April 13th 2018

If you need info or want to be added to our email list for brochure and registration, please email me at lpt219@comcast.net

Pam Johnson-Director

Maryland Shores School

Pearlism:

*A quote from Pearl K.
McGown...*

*A little something to
remember her by...*

"When the youngsters show a desire to hook, set them at a piece all their own. It is good for the young to learn a craft at an early age. One of the prettiest sights I've ever seen was my little seven-year-old granddaughter Jane bending over her frame, diligently hooking a pansy footstool."

Pearl K. McGown
You...Can Hook Rugs (1951)
Page 28

Submitted by Cheryl Halliday



Baktyar Dozar:

A pattern by Jane Flynn, hooked by Loretta Scena.

I was asked to hook the smaller version of this rug in the summer of 2008 for the following years Show and Tell at Northern McGown Teachers Workshop, but I chose the larger one instead even though I knew it would be tough to do. I am so grateful to have had the opportunity to hook this particular rug pattern, as it has become one of my favorites.

The reason I chose the larger version of the rug to hook is because I have to be in love with something in order to hook it. If I'm not in love with a pattern, I have to find a way to be in love with it or it will just sit in the corner with all the other UFO's, not knowing why it is being punished. Never to be seen again most likely. To me at that time hooking a rug rather than another small mat is what would help me fall in love with my interesting assignment.

This particular rug, more than some of my others, is the rug that receives the most attention wherever it is displayed. It is also the rug people always want to buy from me. My response to that is always the same. "Why don't you let me teach you how to make one of your own instead?"(which is always met with a smile, and sometimes with a student.)

I find it interesting that I love this rug as much as I do, for I would never have chosen a pattern like this to hook in a million years. I'm drawn more to floral, symmetrical orientals, and realistic botanicals, rather than angular, directional, asymmetrical patterns. I would look in the pattern book many times during the year and dream of all the rugs I envisioned myself hooking in my lifetime, and somehow never seemed drawn to the angular orientals. Well, this hooker is telling anyone who skips over sections of patterns in the catalog, to not judge a rug by its pattern, if that makes any sense. What I am trying to say is, stretch your limits, push your creativity, try something different, and fall in love with something new.

I began this rug by reading about this particular type of Oriental. The motifs used in the design often are symbols with particular meanings and not just geometric or repetitive design. Baktyar Dozar was a Directional Persian Garden Rug, with beautiful trees and flowers, lots of boteh's (Pears), and fertility symbols. I learned that the word Dozar describes the size category of any particular mid-sized rug 4' x 6' or less.

Another interesting fact that I learned about Oriental rugs was that the color green was seldom used. The reason being, it was thought that green was the color of the Prophet Muhammad's coat and therefore sacred, and not to be walked upon. Now, while I can totally understand and respect that, green happens to be my favorite color, and the predominant color in any garden I have ever seen, rug or otherwise, so I knew I would be breaking the rules a little bit and that I'd be hooking some green into my rug.

The theme for the following year would be color, and we could interpret that in any way we chose. I decided to do a color plan for this rug that closely resembled an art project I did as a child, where we used crayons to create a brightly colored design on glossy card stock. We covered the design with black paint, and when dry, scratched the paint away to reveal the magical colors that were underneath creating its own beautiful design. Such fun.

Hooking this rug was truly a fun and enjoyable experience, I did dye almost all the wool that I used to hook this rug, but a pattern like this would lend itself nicely to use up your stash of noodles, or bits and pieces of pretty wools that we all have in our stash. Pieces of precious wool that are too pretty to give away, yet too small to hook anything substantial.

When the rug was almost completed, I hooked a deliberate mistake into it. I had read that these Persian rugs always had a deliberate mistake woven into them because they believed that "Nothing is perfect except Muhammad." Reading that statement also reminded me that my hooking, no matter what pattern or project it is, doesn't have to be perfect, as long as it is joyful and pleasing to me. A wonderful lesson to take with me into each new rug that I start, or each old UFO that I want to fall in love with and complete.

Picture on page 54.

A Special Note on Pearl's Autobiography:

I love reading through these chapters – to see how Pearl approached a challenge, how she planned for the future, and how connections to people, whether family, friends or those you work with, were so important. As you can read, her life was filled with twists and turns, but her attitude and resilience helped her succeed at what she thought important. She leaned on those around her in times of challenge, and worked to help others when the tables had turned.

As you read these last two chapters, I hope that you can see your part in the whole, and how you too can make a difference. There are the last two chapters: 11 and 12.

Her tireless efforts to leave this world, and the craft of rug hooking, a better place is what she was most proud of. To say that she made the best of the talents and skills that she was given was an understatement. Her grit, her dedication to her family, and her dedication to rug hookers; I think she accomplished her goals in this world.

Nan

P.S. I have very vivid memories from my childhood of Pearl (how she was referred to by her great grandchildren). I count myself blessed.

Chapter 11

In the late fall of '67 my world fell apart, or seemed to, when a fall cut my right arm and a coronary hospitalized me and my nights became days. If I had tried to knock a glass off the table and break it in just the right place so that I would fall upon it and cut my right arm in the right place to sever the cords to my middle finger, I am sure I would have failed. Yet I did it in a blackout with my eyes shut. I don't like to reminisce about such an incident, but it left me with a dropped wrist which I had to cope with later, and that taught me another lesson.

I ended up in the hospital and was there about a week. The night I came home a dear friend, who was a registered nurse, was visiting me when I was stricken with a coronary. She called the ambulance and accompanied me to the hospital. Then began a long period I prefer to forget.

Six weeks later I was sent home from the hospital in the depths of despair. They could not seem to cope with my depression nor could I. It was as though I was in a bottomless pit with no way to get out. It was then that I called sister Kaddy in

California and said, "Kaddy, I need you." Kaddy arrived by plane the next day and as she swept into the room, she said, "Now this is Dr. McCabe. What are you doing in a housecoat? Come, let's get dressed."

One had to know Kaddy to realize how she could cajole me into doing anything. She roused my pride, fussed with my hair, and the whole atmosphere at Rose Cottage changed. As I gradually resumed my former way of life, she said, "Now we must do something about that dropped wrist."

The verdict was that I would have to go through an operation that would make the arm immobile for six months, or wear a metal or leather contraption that would support the wrist of my right hand. My concern was color, wouldn't you know it! It should not be noticeable. But Kaddy was so insistent on some points that she antagonized the young man who was forming it and when it was delivered it was painted black. That did it! The contraption was thrown into a drawer and I said to my right hand and wrist, "Now you're going to work."

I had two long runners that needed to have a binding on the edge which meant close stitches, pushing the needle down with my left hand and then reversing and pushing the needle back up to the top again. After two six foot runners had been completed, I found my wrist stronger, and soon it was normal, though the disconnected finger still drops hitting on the wrong keys of the piano and typewriter and generally getting in the way. During those four months of my life, my granddaughter Jane, bless her, wrote both the Letter Service and the Teacher' Letters.

I had to miss the 1968 Southern Workshop, but again the years we have been giving the McGown Teachers' Workshops, the teachers have proven over and over again that they are equal to any emergency. Laverne Brescia stepped into my place and everything moved very smoothly.

However, an experience like this made me realize that one's house should be put in order. Our Workshops were well founded with their own by-laws and dedicated to the spreading of the knowledge of our craft to those desiring it. Commercial companies were consulted, but they were not interested in carrying on my type of business which was really custom work. I was concerned about the many teachers who were earning their living through their classes.

Old Sturbridge Village seemed to be the answer to my problem. Hooking was taking place in their historic period of 1790 to 1840. I consulted with Mr. John Auchmoody. Then began a series of interviews that continued for two years. I had to convince him that our Teachers' Workshops would continue without interruption and this was the reason for appointing Erna Burghardt to be the Director of the Northern Workshop, and Marianna Sausaman as Director of the Southern Workshop. In choosing them, I believe I selected women who could get along with women. It is quite an accomplishment to bring 100 to 150 women to live together for a week or two weeks in harmony with each other. I had watched these two girls for some time and decided they had the broad understanding necessary to solve the problems which might

arise, and to this day I am proud of these appointments. They in turn, should select one to follow them, if that becomes necessary and in that way the Workshops would be enduring. I would continue to plan the programs and appoint those who teach.

Then there were other matters to be settled. Who would continue the Letter Service, Color Plans, and challenge the teachers with new designs each year? Designing is the love of my life, I would gladly continue to design for Sturbridge gratis.

Two years later on March 1, 1970 my designs and everything connected with my business was transferred to Sturbridge, including my collection of rugs which I had exhibited on the walls of Rose Cottage. They also agreed to work with the teachers as I had done for so many years. Thus, I could be sure that what I had created over a period of 40 years would be available to those interested in the craft. Most of all, I had assured the continuation without interruption of the business developed by my teachers. Though many of them taught as a hobby there were many whose whole livelihood came from their class work. I didn't want any interruptions in their way of life.

Besides the trainee program another wonderful result of our Workshops was our annual auction. This money was set aside for scholarships and amounted to between \$400-500 each year from each Workshop. Any teacher who had attended Workshop but found that finances prevented her from returning could apply for a scholarship, which may be anywhere from \$50 to \$100. This is absolutely confidential. The application comes to me and I send the teacher my personal check which she must promise to keep absolutely confidential. The Treasurer of our Workshop then reimburses me without in any way knowing who received the scholarship.

1971 brought both pleasure and sadness. The Southern Workshop presented me with a plaque upon which was engraved, "In appreciation for 40 years of designing," and the Northern Workshop presented me with a charm for my bracelet with a Pearl at the center and engraved.

It was a sad year too, for it brought the death of my sister May. She had participated in every phase of the business from producing patterns, shipping, making orders and being Treasurer of the corporation even during the ten years she was in the nursing home. Her remarkable memory could quote the number, name and size of any pattern and all the teachers by name. They would remember her love of music and her keen sense of humor in relating stories of her life.

In 1971, my housekeeper became ill and I finally followed my son's advice to get into an apartment. Sturbridge offered me a two-room apartment in the Wight House to make it convenient for periods of time that I might have to be there for meetings, but my family was very important to me. In the end, I moved into a new four room apartment in West Boylston, using the Sturbridge apartment only as needed.

How does one tear apart something one has spent 25 years creating? I was fortunate to live in the charming Rose Cottage surrounded with my lovely rugs. Kaddy again came to my rescue. She would bring one of my treasures and say, "What do you want to do with this?" My son and grandchildren had had their choice and Kaddy had packed many boxes to be shipped back to California, but there were still many treasures, usually connected with my craft. When Kaddy would say, "What do you want to do with this?" I would say, "Oh Kaddy, I can't part with that." "All right, where are you going to put it in a four-room apartment, or a two-room apartment at Sturbridge?" It was the New England style to save everything. "All right, take it to the barn for sale."

Somehow, we got through it and ended up in four rooms with boxes stacked almost to the ceiling in the room to be used as an office. The next day the movers had to carry most of the stuff to Sturbridge where I would have time to sort it out.

Kaddy settled me into my new quarters, pasted a note on my door so I would always see it as I left the apartment, "Take your keys!" which from sentiment still remains-then flew back home to California.

Now a new life opened up for me. For 31 years, I had a housekeeper and never knew what would be served at a meal, for I had complete confidence in her ability. Doing dishes was only a weekend chore. All that was different now. All alone-no voices-that's what I missed!

Chapter 12

In summing up the important facts and happenings of my life it would not be complete without recognition of the people who have had an important effect upon my life. What was the basis of my motivation?

The greatest influence has been my son Winthrop. First a struggle to make ends meet, to have enough money to buy him a new pair of shoes before the old ones were discarded. I have a little story I have told many times. When he started high school, he came home one day and said, "I want to buy a set of drums." "What for?" I asked. "I'm going to start an orchestra." "But, Win, I can't afford to buy a set of drums." "You don't have to; the school makes it possible for me to buy them \$1 down and \$1 a week, and when the orchestra starts I can pay it off." Well, he bought them-had no lessons, but every night when I would return from the office I would hear that beat-beat-beat of the drums. One night, when unusually tired, I said, "Put them up, I can't take any more." Whereupon he cried and said, "You're not thankful I am musical!" That did it! No more complaining! When the drums were paid for he bought a saxophone, and without lessons we went through that practice period together. When that was paid for he bought a clarinet, and again we went through the long practice period. The orchestra was started and when he finished high school, the instruments were all paid for. He then traveled every day to Boston to study to become a Certified Public Accountant and he found plenty of engagements for either drums, sax or

clarinet in orchestras that played for the Harvard dances. So, I was finally glad he was musical.

His progress was like most CPA's, gradually becoming a partner in the business. At the present time, he is the senior member of the partnership of seven, with about 60 employees on the staff, traveling from the Cape to the Berkshires for their clients.

He is more than a success at his work. During all those years, he prepared my designs so they could be transferred to burlap, working long evenings and many periods during the summer months. He has a pleasing personality and a keen sense of humor, something we have both enjoyed together. Since I moved from Rose Cottage into an apartment where I live alone, he drops in three times a week, bringing the outside world to me. Have I been lucky to have such a son!

Then his daughter, Jane, my granddaughter, as many of you know, has become a very good teacher of our craft, has taken over the writing of the Letter Service, the illustrations of all the Color Plans, designing many of the new patterns (always identified by a "J" after its number) and carrying the greater load of my Correspondence Course for training teachers.

Her brother Jimmy is a graduate of Worcester Tech and is an Engineer having to do with quality control.

These are some of the jewels I am daily grateful for.

Then there is Fran Milstead (my secretary for lo these many years), who comes in one, two or sometimes three days a week to keep my correspondence up. She has a remarkable memory and we fit together like "hand and glove."

Gwen Fairfield to me is the very heart and soul of Sturbridge Village, yet she has furthered the interests of both teachers and students, always working closely with me in any matter that concerns me.

Ruth Shepard and I are in constant touch by phone each day to be sure every need of the craftsman, whether teacher or pupil is met as promptly as possible.

One more satisfaction is my volunteer work for Sturbridge Village. When I sold my business to them I agreed, in fact offered, to continue designing and writing for them without recompense. There is something about volunteer work that satisfies one's inner being. I don't have to do this, but I enjoy doing it, and I know in continuing this as long as possible I am (hopefully) making the teachers more interested in their classes. They would be fed up by planning the same designs over and over again, even in other colors, but having new designs each year is a challenge.

New designs are the food we need to sustain our McGown Teachers' Workshops. To date I have contributed 74 new rug designs of varied sizes and 217 small pieces which have consumed 9035 hours of work, but pleasure to me.

Whatever Lincoln House clears on the sale of the patterns (their expenses are far beyond what mine were) will be used for Old Sturbridge Village Museum. So I am glad the net income goes into something so worthwhile.

Important too, is the staff of teachers. Our Northern McGown Workshop is meeting this year for the 27th year at Worcester Tech for a two-week session, our Southern Workshop this year meets for the 22nd time. In 1976, we started a new Workshop called Southeastern on Jekyll Island, GA.

In 1972 Mr. J.E. Auchmoody, President of Sturbridge Corp., approached me for my support in establishing the NATIONAL GUILD OF PEARL K. MCGOWN RUG HOOKRAFTERS, INC. To be controlled entirely by a Board of Trustees of McGown Teachers, making me president for life. We started with 130 Charter members, and at present have 126 Charter, 202 Regular and 533 Associate members. The Guild has had three biannual exhibits, the first in 1972 in the ballroom of Holy Cross College, the second in the new educational building at Sturbridge and the third in the same building in 1976.

The Guild also has two rug schools, one in Garrison Forest School at Garrison, MD in 1975-1976, and one at Mount Saint Mary's College in Hooksett, NH in 1976. Both will be repeated in 1977 and hopefully will continue for a long time.

One of my greatest satisfactions in life is the amount of money raised for religious or charitable organizations through Teacher's exhibits. How I wish I had asked them to report to me the total amount and to what it was contributed. However, two of the largest were held by Lillian Isaken, which purchased new hospital equipment each year, and Lucille Novak for historical buildings.

The Guild has 16 carousels of color slides of different types of designs, several finished visual aids, books about our craft and on orientals, all of which may be borrowed by its members for their programs. Many of the members have started local chapters, and in some cases, they travel 100 miles to attend the meetings.

I belong to the OSV Chapter, and we meet the first Saturday of September, October, and November and again after New England winter is over in March, April, and May. We have a project, usually a small piece to work on at home without any help from Teachers, and at the end of the season we have an artist come in and review our work with constructive criticism, and end up with a special luncheon.

In July 1973, I entered two designs (rugs were finished) in the Art Show of the International Platform Association in Washington, D.C. My "Nomad Runner," hooked by Esther Butler won Honorable Mention and my "Fantasia" hooked by Katherine Bush, both under Iva Amrhine, won the popular vote of the visitors as the Best of Show.

This led to an invitation from the Eisenhower Galleries of the John Hopkins University to put on a one designer show from Nov. 28- Dec. 7, 1973, which was largely attended.

As a result of this exposure two of my designs were chosen by the Baltimore Art Museum for a traveling exhibit of ten months throughout the state colleges and museums.

In 1973 I was asked to submit my biography to a publishing house in England and to my great surprise it was included in a volume entitled "2000 Women of Achievement." They sent me a diploma and it hangs upon my office wall for this reason-seventy years ago it was not unusual to be a high school drop-out. I chose night school as the quickest way to get shorthand and typing, so I went to work at 15 1/2. Over the years, I have felt somewhat sensitive when asked "What college did you graduate from" or "What art school did you attend?" I had to state I had no formal education. I call this diploma as coming from "God's College of Experience." That biography was also in "The World's Who's Who of Women 74-75" and then in "Who's Who of American Women," 1975-76.

I don't know who suggested my name but they state entries are "judged on a position of responsibility held and level of achievement attained by the individual, something that distinguished her from the vast majority of her contemporaries. She may scarcely be known in the local community but may be widely recognized in some special field of endeavor. Such a person often is one whose work is better known than she is herself."

All of which reminds me of one evening my housekeeper and I drove a half mile to a roadside stand for some fresh vegetables. When I was paying for them the little Italian lady said, "Did you drive all the way out from Worcester?" "Oh, no, I said, I live right here in West Boylston." "What's your name?" she asked. "Pearl McGown," I replied. "Oh, I never heard of you."

So, as I end my story I am so grateful for the simple things of life, for as I make my bed I say, "Thank you, Lord, that I can get out of this bed and make it." At the end of the day I say, "Let me reach out and touch the lives of others in thy name."

Pearl K. McGown



Kerman Caravan by Sally Ballinger.
Article on page 38



Baktyar Dozar by Loretta Scena
Article on page 46-47