When I was a child, Grandma's made little impression on me, with the exception of her apron! Since Grandma was a woman of ample proportions, her cover-all apron was a big affair of dark printed cotton, slow to soil, and edged all around with bias tape, and--its uses were limitless.

The apron made a basket when she gathered eggs from the henhouse, late in the afternoon. If there were fluffy, yellow chicks to be carried to the back porch during sudden cold spells, they made the trip peeping contentedly in Grandma's apron. When these same little darlings grew to henhood and liked to peck and scratch among Grandma's flowers, she merely flapped her apron at them and they went squawking to the chicken yard. And I can see her yet, tossing cracked corn to the hungry flock from her apron.

Lots of chips and kindling were needed to start fires in the big ivory-colored cookstove in Grandma's kitchen. Sure, she carried them in her apron. Vegetables and fruit too, lettuce, radishes, peas, string beans, carrots, apples, peaches all found their way into the kitchen via Grandma's carry-all. While things were cooking, it was a handy holder for removing hot pans from the stove. If the men, working in the fields, weren't too far away, the apron waved aloft was a signal to COME TO DINNER. At threshing time, or company time when the long table was crowded with hungry folks, Grandma hovered about, passing aromatic dishes, and flapping the big apron at the pesky flies.

When grandchildren came to visit, the apron stood ready to dry childish tears. If the little ones were a bit shy, it made a good hiding place in case a stranger appeared unexpectedly.

The apron was used countless times to stroke a perspiring brow as Grandma bent over the hot wood stove, or hoed the garden under the blistering sun. In chilly weather, Grandma wrapped the friendly apron around her arms while she hurried on an outside chore, or lingered at the door with a departing guest. Hastily, and a bit SLYLY, it dusted tables and chairs if company was sighted coming down the lane.

In the evening, when all the day's work was done, Grandma shed her garment of many uses, and draped it over the canary cage.