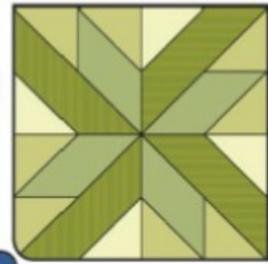


SCRAP CHAT



September

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2019

Sew New

Latest Shop Updates

BEE Crazy Quilt Bee- First Monday

Monday Sept. 9, All day (due to holiday)

Monday Oct 7, All day

Open Bee, come Sit, Sew, Snack and Socialize

Lone Star Quilt

Saturday Sept 7th, All Day

Embroidery of the Month

Tuesday Sept 10, 10-2

Friday Sept 27, 10-2

Receive Kit, Step-by-Step Instructions & Design File

Chunky Star Lazy Angle Quilt

Saturday Sep 14, All day

Block of the Month

Tuesday Sept 17, All day

Bargello Quilt

Wednesday Sept 25, All day

Pins and Needles Pincushion

Saturday Sept 28, All day

Witches Hat Pincushion

Embroidery of the Month

Tuesday Oct 8, 10-2

Shellie's Stash



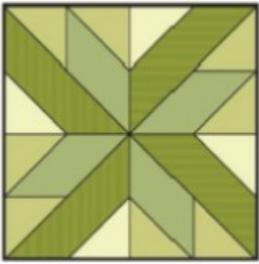
It is so amazing how a smell can bring back memories. While driving the other day, I was hit with the stink of a skunk and childhood memories filled my mind.

I grew up in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, so naturally life was filled with camping. It was always an adventure that I really enjoyed and we made tons of memories. One of my favorite things about camping was being able to sit by the campfire and just listen to the fire crack and pop while stories were told. It seemed the grown-ups did all the talking and I was mesmerized by the fire. Even in the summer the Rockies can get pretty cold at night, so I was usually wrapped in a blanket while sitting by the fire. The next day I could still smell the campfire on my blanket and it would instantly transport my mind back to sitting fireside and how relaxing it was. Since we camped and traveled a lot, my dad had built us a camper. On the top bunk there were cabinets that we filled with toys and books to keep us kids from getting bored while we were driving. One of my favorite

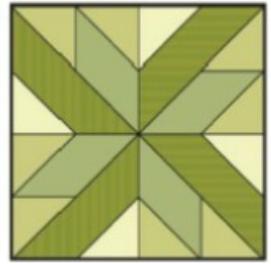
books was a "scratch n' sniff" book about the mountains and camping. When I would read it there would be a little spot on the page that you could scratch and then you could smell the scent of whatever was being talked about. There were wildflowers, pine trees, berries, rain and a campfire. All these smells I loved. But there was also a smell in the book that brought tears to my eyes. It was a skunk. Yep, they put the nasty smell of a skunk in there, too. Of course, we smelled skunk a lot while camping and even had on more than one occasion a skunk in our campsite (those are stories for another time). But now, every time I smell a skunk, I think about that book, I remember the campfire smell and my childhood camping memories come flooding back. So while it would be quite a stretch to say I like the stink of skunk, I do love the memories it brings.

— Shellie Blake





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Social Circle Hopefully you were able to attend the Saline County Fair. Our customers made many of the quilts that were entered and they always do beautiful work. Congratulations to all of them!

Coming up on Sept 20th and 21st the Hot Springs Village Guild will be hosting a quilt show at the Benton Event Center and again many of our customers' quilts will be on display. Make sure to check it out and see all the beautiful quilts from these talented quilters. We have added a coupon to the quilt show program booklet, so after the show come shop with us and show us your coupon!!

Snippets

Why are there so many types of machine embroidery thread?

Rayon has a beautiful sheen and is soft, however, it is more likely to fray. Due to its nature, rayon, can shrink, lose shine and change color, especially if it is bleached during laundering.

Polyester embroidery thread is strongest. It's easy to use and is shiny and vibrant. Polyester won't shrink and is bleach and fade resistant.

Long-staple Egyptian Cotton thread works well if a matte finish is desired and looks beautiful in redwork and when using machine embroidery to quilt.

Metallic embroidery thread can look amazing, but it is super finicky to use. Because of the metal content, slower speeds, reduced tension, a larger needle eye and a longer pathway for relaxing the thread is required to be successful.

Silk thread can be used because of its strength and shine, however, silk is extremely fine and stitch definition can be lost. What the embroidery thread is made of will determine the results you get in your finished project.

Voilà!

Spotlight

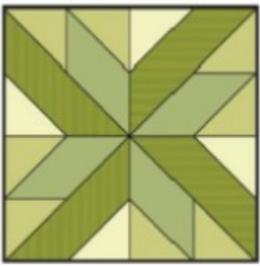
Customer Focus

Lisa Coffman

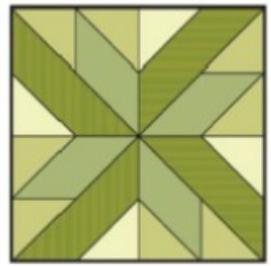
Lisa Coffman was born in Downey, CA. She has 1 sister and 2 brothers. They all grew up in California, even though her parents had grown up in Arkansas. Lisa met her hubby in California when she was attending a baptism. They dated for 9 months and then married. They have been married for 20 years and have 5 children. Lisa has been a home health nurse for 15 years. She has also trained wild Mustangs for the Bureau of Land Management. After the wild horses had been caught she would take them, break them, and train them for their new owners. Most of the time this process would take several months. She also has had her own cleaning service called—Mother's Maid.

In 2008 Lisa decided she wanted her kids to experience the "southern way of life" and since her parents had grown up here, Lisa moved her family to Arkansas. She loves the slower pace of life, the open spaces, and most of all, that it is far less crowded. She still has 3 children at home, one child that lives in Missouri and one that lives in Washington State. She also has one grandson.

Lisa taught herself to sew at 11 years old. Her grandma had enjoyed sewing as well and when Lisa was 24 her grandma passed away. Lisa's grandfather gave her her grandma's sewing machine. Over the years Lisa has made lots of clothes for her kids, Halloween costumes for her own kids and the neighborhood kids as well. For several years she has made blankets for the hospital NICU. She likes making baby blankets and burp cloths. She decided she wanted to start

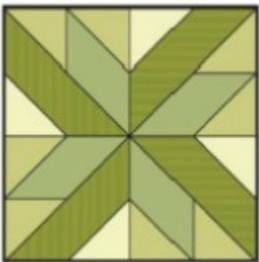


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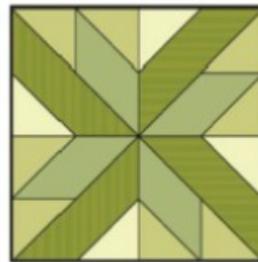


making quilts and attended her first quilt class here at the shop and made a Turning 20 for her son. She enjoyed it so much she has been making more of them. She has her kitchen table set up with clothes she is making at one end and with baby stuff and quilts at the other. She is looking forward to taking more classes and making more quilts. Lisa really enjoys spending time with and helping children and the elderly.





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Story Corner

A Quilt for Captain Dean

Part 3 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

They continued on through a series of rooms including the main restaurant, the on-board cinema, the smoking room, and something called the Long Gallery. There was a Mariner's Compass placed somewhere of prominence in each room through which they passed. They were shown the inside of the first-class cabins, and Captain Dean explained that the vessel could accommodate 504 first-class passengers. They were also informed that the ship was designed to accommodate 551 second-class passengers, and 498 third-class passengers. Despite being designed to hold a maximum of 1553 customers, the SS Newcastle had twice been called into service as a troop ship during World War II when over 5000 troops had been packed aboard for transport. They were able to glimpse inside the second- and third-class cabins, a privilege that was not available on the standard tour. As they finished that part of their excursion, a question suddenly occurred to Debbie. "Captain Dean," she asked, "the ship is called the SS Newcastle. What does the SS stand for?"

Captain Dean seemed very pleased at the question. "Madam, I must compliment you on your keen attentiveness to the details of our tour. As it happens, SS stands for "steam ship," which in the case of the Newcastle, it is a misnomer. You see, the Newcastle is a diesel-powered vessel, and as such, should have been designated the MV Newcastle, meaning "motorized vessel." However, since the Newcastle was one of the first ships to be

outfitted with diesel engines, it was somehow mistakenly designated with the acronym "SS." For your edification, you may be interested to know that boats carrying the HMS title such as the HMS Lancaster are attached to Her Majesty's Royal Navy and therefore the HMS stands for Her Majesty's Ship. RMS, such as the RMS Titanic, carried Great Britain's mail service, and therefore stands for Royal Mail Ship. Now since I have mentioned the diesel engines on the Newcastle, would you like to see her engine room?"

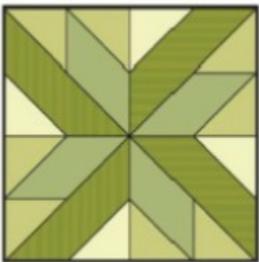
Nodding their agreement, Captain Dean and his two visitors walked back toward the bridge, but stopped in front of a door that appeared to be an elevator entrance. Instead of the modern button to summon the elevator, there was a lever that their guide pulled down and then shoved to the side like the gear shift in a pickup truck. A humming began as the car approached and when it stopped, there was a loud banging noise. Debbie and Terri looked at one another, trying to hide the alarm of trusting the old contraption. Captain Dean caught their glance and for the first time in the tour, a slight smile stole across his face. "Please do not be alarmed, ladies. My old girl here is as trustworthy as the day she was set afloat."

The elevator car itself was small and not fully enclosed, with hallways and other elements of the ship becoming visible as they descended. The car stopped with a jolt and Captain Dean opened the doorway

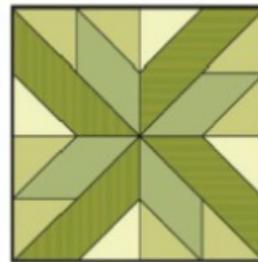
into yet another hallway. Stepping past his visitors, he again motioned them to follow him as they made their way along. Rounding a corner, they were suddenly met by two additional tour guides. All of them stopped while Captain Dean offered introductions. "Miss Mercer, Miss Wigham, this is Mr. Thomas Fairhurst, my First Officer," he said, motioning to one of the men with his open palm and tucked thumb in the military fashion. "And this is Percy Barnett, the ship's Purser."

Both men nodded graciously and almost in perfect unison replied, "A pleasure, ladies."

With brief salute from Captain Dean, the two officers continued on their way while he again strode forward, Terri and Debbie in tow. They arrived at a door that opened to a metal staircase that seemed to drop into a great valley. Although bigger than a spiral staircase, it had almost as many turns as they followed it down to the floor below. The ladies were surprised to see that the engine compartment was well lit and almost as clean as a first-class cabin. "Here is the heart of the old girl," Captain Dean declared. These are some of the largest diesel engines ever employed in a ship, and in fact still function today." He continued to explain some of the finer points of propulsion, although most of it went over the heads of his visitors. He was clearly very proud of all aspects of what would have been his command if he were in fact a captain and not a tour guide.



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Nevertheless, his demeanor and presentation made it easy to suspend disbelief and imagine that he were indeed the original Captain Horace Dean.

By the time they all made it back to the gangway at the end of the tour, Terri and Debbie felt like they had walked for miles. Captain Dean stood straight and tall as he expressed his pleasure at having the privilege of guiding them through his vessel. Terri reached into her bag and retrieved the quilt. "Are you sure you don't want me to finish it for you? I can have it back to you tomorrow."

"Thank you madam, no. I am pleased to receive it just as it is. Thank you." With that he tucked the folded quilt under his arm and started to turn away.

"Oh Captain Dean," Debbie called. "Where is the gift shop? We heard we can't leave until we have visited it."

Their guide looked at them for a moment, then called in return while motioning, "Go through that doorway there and follow the stairs two decks down." He saluted them and disappeared through a doorway at the stern.

The gift shop really was a treat. There were dishes embossed in gold with the ship's name, the way they would have been when it was in service. There were miniatures of the ship that were not some cheap plastic imitation. These looked to be hand-made, with a price tag to match. In fact, unlike most gift shops which stocked as much expensive junk as could be fit in the space, everything in this shop spoke of quality and craftsmanship. Even the kid's toys were made of real wood and metal. Terri and Debbie each picked out

an item to take home, even though they were not the kind of tourists to buy souvenirs. But this experience had been remarkable and they each wanted something to remember it. As they were checking out, Terri noticed a picture behind the clerk. It was one of those photos that people had made that looked like it was taken a hundred years before, and this particular photo featured their tour guide. "Oh look at that!" Terri declared. "They have all the tour guides gathered together in that one picture. See, there is Captain Dean. Oh! And there is his first officer and the purser!"

The clerk at the cashier's counter turned to look. "Oh no," he replied. "Those aren't the tour guides."

Just then, a man dressed in a uniform similar to Captain Dean's entered the gift shop. "All who wish to join the tour should come with me," he declared. "I am Captain Horace Dean, your guide for this session."

Terri and Debbie looked at one another in astonishment. The man spoke with an American accent, was clean shaven, and his uniform looked slightly disheveled, almost like a frequently worn costume. The clerk pointed to the guide. "There's one of your tour guides."

"Are all of the tour guides introduced as Captain Dean?" Debbie asked.

"Nope. Just him. The other guides use the names of other members of the original crew." Pointing at the photo behind himself, the clerk announced, "Those are the officers of the original crew of the SS Newcastle."

"But that man there gave us a tour just this morning," Terri said, pointing at the central figure in the photo. That's Captain Dean."

"Yep, that's Captain Dean all right," the clerk responded. But I'm pretty sure he didn't give you a tour this morning. For one thing, the first tour of the day is about to start. And second, that particular Captain Dean would be about 145 years old if he were around today, which I doubt he is. I don't know what to tell you."

"Can I see that picture more closely?" Terri asked.

The clerk hesitated for a moment. "Well, that picture isn't for sale. But I guess I can let you see it." He unlatched the frame from the wall and set it down on the counter in front of the women. There was no doubt that the captain in the photo was the same man as their guide, right down to the slight gray streaks in his well-trimmed beard. The other two officers they met were there as well...there could be no mistake.

Suddenly, Debbie's eyes grew wide. "Terri, look there." Terri's eyes were drawn to the lower right corner of the picture where the edge of a table was in view. On the table could be seen some sort of a tapestry that clearly contained the emblem of a Mariner's Compass. And as clear as day they could see that it was fully complete, except for one, unbound edge.

The End

Read a new story in next month's newsletter.

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