Petit and lovely, Mrs. J. Logan Jenkins is filled with the joy of living.

She's 90 and still partying

When she came to Baltimore after being married to the late J. Logan Jenkins, a prominent Maryland caterer, she was acclaimed the prettiest and most vivacious bride of the year.

She quickly carved out a niche for herself in the social structure of the Monumental City, when doing so was no petty job. After all, "Old Baltimoreans" (as they referred to themselves) meant families who could boast of three generations on Maryland sod, and later comers were considered, and called "furriners."

An indulged wife, her pretty clothes and lavaish parties were often the talk of the town.

The Jenkins' business flourished during World War I. Mr. Jenkins, under Government contract, often served as many as 4,000 meals per day to soldiers at Camp Meade and at the local Armory where thousands passed through en route to other Army camps.

But mundane army food was not the measure of his business. Mr. Jenkins catered banquets for such elite as the Duke of York, Queen Marie, and up to later years, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the President of the United States.

In the meantime, his wife was doing her own thing . . . like little seated luncheons for 65 or 70 guests.

Mrs. Jenkins celebrated her 90th birthday a month back at a beautifully arranged, but small "family" dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wood at the home of his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Collins, and with their mother, Mrs. T. Henry Waters, and Stephen Travis as guests. And there was a second party given for her by Mrs. Lucius Dolvey at the Tail of the Fox, a country club.

Though an automobile accident not of her doing, slowed her down for a few months, the years haven't subdued her at all. She still will have a party for a half hundred guests at the drop of a hat. She still drives her car. She still manages some of the real estate. And she travels all over the United States.

Two people she listens to . . . her physician and her travel agent. But she doesn't always follow their advice. For example, when her physician suggested recently that she move out of the large family home in Morgan Park, Baltimore, and into an apartment, she just listened.

After all, she said, she loves her home. She enjoys gardening. In fact, she is very well known for her exquisite flowers. And then there is her music . . . a living room would have to accomodate her piano. And there are her bridge clubs and social clubs, all of which have full memberships, and require space for entertaining. So, she isn't going to move . . . not yet.

And as for her travel agent, who tries to arrange trips that would not be too strenuous, she ignores him, too. She isn't, she says, going to miss anything on the trip simply because it requires a bit of walking or even climbing.

So 90-year-young Mrs. J. Logan (Fannie) Jenkins, having survived the tragedies of losing her husband and their two sons, carries on, still filled with the joy of living.

Her secret? Could it be that she takes on much of the liveliness of the young people with whom she surrounds herself?

And, of course, she engenders a sense of usefullness through her generosity to many people who she aids . . . to say nothing of the scores of friends she has won and kept down through the years.

Yes, at 90, Mrs. Jenkins is a real party popper!

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