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Women's Angle

Now here is a real lady. I wish I could be like that.” I found myself thinking this upon meeting a former Iowa woman now living in New York not long ago. This woman had an overpowering beauty I shall never forget. Her beauty was unique as it came in graciousness, thoughtfulness, poise, warmth, and charm. Every action was pleasing and beautiful.

I think we as young women need to practice the art of being a lady more often. Too often we have to act as a lady should when we don high heels and gloves and the act ends when the heels are replaced by tennis and wool socks. We suddenly revert back to sloppy walking, impulsive manners, and thoughtlessness. Being a lady is something which we must think about all the time so that it will become a part of us.

Every action tells something about us—how we smoke a cigarette, reach for the salad dressing, sit, and walk down the street. These are simple acts, but they tell a story about us—an important story.

Perhaps the days of the high necked billowly dresses have passed when ladies were really ladies, but the spectators have increased. We are still women and we are women who can add or detract from our era. We have a role to be gracious, thoughtful, and polite at all times.

If we can concentrate on being ladies, then we can develop a beauty that will be noticed and appreciated by everyone who meets us. If just one person thinks, “Now there’s a real lady,” it is a reward for a valiant effort.
Right here in our own college of home economics missionaries in white are uncovering facts which may eventually change our everyday eating habits. These researchers in the foods and nutrition department are busily sifting through stacks of data dealing with our nutritional problems.

These studies in human nutrition were first started twenty-five years ago with college girls as the subjects. During the last ten years nutritional problems of children, adolescents, young adults, and the old have been studied.

Surveys of the food intakes of Iowa women over 30 and of children from six to 18 years have been taken to determine exactly what they eat.

These surveys have shown that the calorie allowance may be too high for the amount of physical activity in which women of today engage. The facts show that even though the type of activity may change the caloric intake may not change accordingly. These women have the same eating habits they had when they were younger and more active. Researchers are trying to find out if this is the secret to the obesity which plagues so much of our population.

These observations have led to a special study of the energy requirements of women today. A laboratory on the ground floor of MacKay Hall houses a treadmill which can be set for different speeds or inclines. The amount of energy needed by subjects walking on this treadmill is registered on an apparatus which the women carry on their backs. This apparatus measures the amount of oxygen used while walking. Women of different ages, body structures, and body weights are being tested.

About sixty women are participating in another study in which their state of nutrition, the way they utilize nutrients in their diet, and their nutrient requirements are measured through metabolism tests. Some of these women are being studied at five-year intervals to see how their nutritional needs change as they grow older. Facts regarding body composition—the amounts of fat and lean the body contains—are also being noted.

Studies of the nutrition of children and their diets have been carried on by surveys in the same manner as with the older women.

Studies with teenage girls show that they have poor diets and that their diets are less adequate as they grow older. This presents a question in the minds of the nutritionists: Will these young women be able to meet the physiological stresses of pregnancy and lactation in later life and will their babies show the influence of poor adolescent nutrition?

Another study to find out why teenage girls eat the food they do has just been started. Researchers hope to be able to guide these girls toward better eating habits by finding out why the girls eat the kind of food they do.

Researchers are also trying to learn more about the underlying processes of nutrition which must be made clear to determine nutritional needs. In these studies, the white rat and the guinea pig are the test subjects. For example, a recent study has been made on the guinea pig to find its need for the vitamin, biotin. Another test deals with nutrient needs in reproduction. Vitamin E may be related to some abnormalities observed during pregnancy in certain experiments.

That the amount of one nutri-
ent needed may influence the amount required of another nutrient has been shown in many nutrition experiments in this country. At Iowa State the relationship between fat and protein and between carotene and protein are being studied.

One of the big contributions of Iowa State's foods and nutrition department is the research being carried out regarding methods to improve the measurement of food quality.

The food characteristic, palatability, is a composite of those facts which affect the senses. Any measure of it tends to be subjective. A study of what constitutes good flavor and texture encompasses a consideration of many things such as factors influencing the reaction of individual judges in a food panel and the effect of environmental conditions under which the tests are conducted.

Information gained from studies of the influence of factors like these has been used as a basis for the improvement of palatability tests with taste panels and to establish principles in the field of palatability testing so that food quality may be judged more reliably than is possible at present.

The way methods of storing and marketing foods affects their "functional properties" is also being studied.

In any food mixture each ingredient plays a special role and contributes to the quality of the final product. An example is the egg which may serve as a binder, a leavening agent, or emulsifying agent. If an egg has not been handled properly before it reaches the homemaker's kitchen, one or more of these properties may be affected. The angle cake for instance, may be a "flog" because the egg white has lost some of its foaming or leavening characteristics.

At the present time a study is being made on beef with the objective of finding out just what makes it tough. Chemical studies of the muscle tissue are being performed to find whether toughness is associated with differences in components of the tissue and whether they are associated with age of the animal, the condition of the animal, the manner of fattening the animal before slaughter, the breed and sex, and the processing and the cooking.

A study is also being made with pork. The objective of the research is to find out whether the various cuts of pork from the meat type hog differ in quality from the cuts from fat-type hogs. Taste panels are making comparisons. A breed of hogs has been developed which has less fat and more meat than the fat-type hog usually sold in food markets. Also the composition of the cuts from the two types of pork will be determined to find out what the differences in nutritional value may be. The results of this study of nutrient composition will show the amount of protein, fat, and water present in cuts from the two types of pork.

This is only a summary of some of the research projects being carried out by members of Iowa State's own college of home economics—projects that may someday affect the lives of each of us.
Writing a letter is a means of keeping a friendship alive

the friendly letter, a part of you

By Karen Wander, H. Ec. 2

If you like to receive letters, do you realize how important it is to also write letters? Do you not only think it is hard to find time to write these letters, but also hard to think of something to say?

Writing a letter is a means of keeping a friendship fresh and alive. Its arrival brings sunshine into the day of the fortunate receiver. It is a meeting of friends whose paths do not regularly cross. Letters have a tendency to make the heart grow fonder.

A friendly letter is the one most commonly written letter since people of all ages write to their friends. It is the type of letter that most people intend to write but just don't find the time to complete. Its purpose is to please a friend, to keep in touch with him, and to keep alive the warm feeling of friendship. It gives pleasure not only to the reader, but also to the writer in reviewing all that has happened since the last letter.

This type of letter may be written yearly, monthly, or even weekly. Daily letters in the case of a love affair often lose their meaning. Restraint is more permanent. Its form is very informal. The person written should be addressed in a familiar manner to the reader and writer. The signature also may follow the same familiar lines. It is permissible to use nicknames no matter how important or dignified the person's position may be in real life. Remember though, conservatism is always wisest in letter writing. The use of words should be natural and conversational. Contractions and colloquial words are very desirable. These things express your personality to the reader. Always be careful of form and detail. Even though a person is your friend, you must show him the same courtesy and consideration you would a business acquaintance.

Your friends are interested in what you are doing. Don't be afraid to write about yourself as long as you show some interest in what the other person is doing. Always keep your reader in mind by forgetting impersonal details. People of different ages and experiences are interested in different things. Children are intrigued by romance and sentiment. Women like personal gossip. They are more concerned with people than with things. Men are interested in sports and business. Older people like to reminisce. This makes them feel young again. It is best never to put into a letter anything that might embarrass either correspondent should the letter accidentally fall into a third party's hand. Written secrets are dangerous. If it is necessary for you to ask your friend to burn the letter after reading it, whatever you have to write is better off not written. Things that are down in writing are too hard to retract.

When answering a friendly letter, have it right in front of you. Nothing is more exasperating than to ask a question and not have it answered. Conversation in writing involves an interchange of thoughts. A satisfying reply to any letter requires that all questions be answered in some form or another.

Now you too should be able to write the type of letter that is worthy of your receiving one in return. Just try it more often and see how much fun you can have writing and receiving friendly letters that are all a part of you.
for cozy studying

Pop On A Poncho!

By Carole Boughton, S. 4

From the western cowboy to the college coed comes one of this winter’s top fashions, the poncho. Proved protection against the blustering winds of the prairie, the poncho is perfect to snuggle in when studying drags into the wee hours of the morning.

Best of all, the poncho is so easy to make. The materials needed are: A 52-inch square of material, (a red plaid wool and orlon blend is shown in the illustration . . . or you can even use a blanket); one 2-ounce skein of an orlon and wool blend bulky yarn; and two yarn needles, one with an open eye and one regular. The total cost may range from about $4 on up, depending upon the price of the fabric.

Making the Poncho

The procedure for making the poncho is just as simple as the list of materials is short. If you are using a plaid or striped fabric, you must first decide which way you want the pattern to run on the finished poncho. Then fold the material in half, keeping in mind that the pattern must run lengthwise to this fold which will make the shoulders of the poncho.

To find the center of the neck opening, fold the material into half again by bringing the ends of the first fold together and mark the center with a pin. The average neckline is about 13 inches wide, so to find the ends measure $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches along the fold in both directions from the center and mark. Then cut a slit between the two boundary markings, making sure that it is straight with the grain of the fabric. Use the sports yarn to finish the neckline by applying a blanket stitch at $\frac{3}{8}$ inch intervals around the unfinished edge. The stitch should extend $\frac{3}{8}$ inch down from the edge.

Cut Bulky Yarn

To fringe the bottom of the poncho, cut the bulky yarn into 10-inch pieces. Starting from one corner, hook the open-eye needle into the center of one piece and pull a 1 inch loop through from the wrong side of the fabric about $\frac{3}{8}$ inch from the bottom. Detach the needle, thread the loose ends through the loop and pull tight. Repeat this at 1-inch intervals around the bottom.

So that the poncho will have more shape, most girls prefer to have side seams. To close the sides, fold the material across the shoulders as it will be when the poncho is finished and lay it flat. Mark points 9 inches in from the sides and 10 inches down from the shoulder fold. Machine stitch straight down from these points to the bottom of the poncho.

Perfect for studying on cold winter evenings, this poncho worn by Thirza Hull, H. Ed. 3, is made in red wool and orlon blended fabric. Only a 52-inch square of material and two yarn needles are needed to make this fashion.
'I was defenseless against her southern charm.'

By a strange quirk of nature I grew up eating, and relishing things like fried chicken with gobs of thick brown gravy, creamed-potatoes with big hunks of butter melting in the middle and running down the sides, steaks smothered with heaps and heaps of delectable onions, fresh spring corn-on-the-cob with grains just bursting with golden goodness, fist-size biscuits oozing huge drops of crystal-clear honey, and deep cobblers jammed with apples, peaches, and strawberries. Like most southern boys, I gobbled eaten' like that till I reckon I just took it for granted—till I met Sarah.

'Ripe for Picking'

I must have been ripe for picking 'cause I was completely defenseless against her southern charm. She was tall, willowy, had big brown eyes that beamed warmth and affection, and could stretch a little old word like "to" or "it" into a five-minute address. It's no wonder I was down the aisle, out of the church, and firmly planted in the galley of my 31-foot house trailer before food crossed my mind again. When it did, I couldn't even turn around, let alone retreat.

(Everything was fine for the first few weeks after our marriage, for we didn't eat regularly anyway. But as our menu began to waver from bologna sandwiches and Pepsi-Colas, I began to suspect what couldn't remain hidden indefinitely. It really dawned on me one morning at breakfast. One of our wedding gifts had been a waffle iron, and this was our first chance to try it out. According to the instruction sheet, when the little orange light on the contraption went out the waffles should be done to golden perfection.

Light Went Out

Well, the light went out but the waffles evidently couldn't read the directions. They wouldn't turn loose of the iron, and Sarah couldn't figure out why—unless they weren't done. So down came the lid again, and it never once crossed Sarah's mind that she had forgotten to add the shortening to the waffle mix. A few minutes later, I felt my way through the steady bellow of smoke pouring from this "breakfast-table dragon" and began scraping the finest waffle-crisps I had ever seen from the little valleys in the iron. While I ate the syrup-softened waffle-crisps, I also did a little thinking. And during the next few days I did a little more. A few succeeding instances had convinced me that, unless I was completely willing to abandon my normal digestive processes, I had better have a talk with mother.

Mother understood the situation a little better than I did. "Son, unlike most southern girls, Sarah obviously hasn't had a chance to learn to cook. Now, if you really want to help her, you'll just have to brag on her cooking—-even if it doesn't taste as good as mine."

So being an obedient son (and a hopeful husband), I gritted my teeth, cast my George Washington "I cannot-tell-a-lie" conviction out the window, and set out to brag on Sarah's cooking. And, come ulcers or high water, I meant to do just that.

Bit of Indigestion

Deep down inside (although I hesitate to admit it) I understood what Sarah was going through. I knew for every bit of indigestion I was to suffer, Sarah would suffer many times as much from pure, frustrated disappointment.

Frosting streaked her hair.
ookbook, 
My Bride...
And I

A few evenings later I came home to find my new bride in the middle of baking a cake. And when I say in the middle, I'm not exaggerating one bit. A veil of cake flour hung heavily around the table, shortening stuck to her slacks, and frosting streaked her hair — left there by a frustrated swipe of her hand. The reason for it all — a very odd-shaped little cake — sat on the table.

"Do you want to tell me about it, honey?" I asked.

From her somewhat unorganized relating I managed to piece together what had happened. The layers had baked without a hitch. Then, not realizing the difference, Sarah had substituted granulated sugar for powdered sugar in the recipe for uncooked frosting. And the result, of course, was gritty icing. When the upper layer wouldn't stay on the lower layer, Sarah had tried to even things up by pushing with a knife on each side. The cake wound up looking like a sand dune after hurricane Hazel.

Salvage Confidence

Wanting to salvage as much of Sarah's confidence as possible and remembering mother's instructions, I tried with all that was in me to force that cake down. But that's where the coward was separated from the heroes. I tried to explain as sweetly as I could about how I had spent 22 years growing the enamel covering on my teeth and I just couldn't stand having it worn off trying to eat one cake with sandy icing. I began to feel like a heel for not showing more courage. But, to my amazement, Sarah admitted that she had misread the recipe and she didn't care whether I ate the old thing or not. Some things don't need a recipe though, she cooed, like gravy, for instance.

A week or so later, I heard a commotion in the kitchen and decided, against my better judgement, to see what was causing it all. I might have guessed it. There in the frying pan, browning nicely, was the prettiest little gravy pancake I had ever seen.

"But I didn't think I needed a recipe to make gravy," Sarah said, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "I guess I was wrong, huh?"

"Don't worry about it, sugar-bunch," I chimed through uncontrolled laughter, "I've seen mother do that dozens of times."

Adjustments

While my duodenum made its adjustments, I learned how to help further up the line. I found that camouflage wasn't limited to shooten-up warfare. It's surprising what tomato catsup can do for queer-tasting meats and vegetables. I even got the idea of constructing a survival kit for prospective husbands — built around tomato catsup and bromo seltzer. This thing had real possibilities, I thought.

But slowly I lost my desire to push my survival-kit idea any further. Actually, I lost any good reason to. For along with the waffle iron and our other assorted wedding gifts had come a lifesaver — a wonderfully thick Better Homes and Gardens Cookbook.

In the weeks that followed, with the help of the cookbook and various ready mixes, the girl who couldn't tell baking powder from gunpowder was baking splendid cakes and biscuits, turning out delicious indigestion-free meat dishes, making tasty salads. SPENDING ALL MY MONEY FOR GROCERIES, and enjoying every minute of it. Although this southern gall had shocked me senseless earlier, she was now proving that anything she might have lacked in experience was highly outweighed by her desire to learn.

Southern Cooking

Now that my digestive processes are again cruising along at normal, I wouldn't trade these last few months for any amount of good southern cooking. I realize now that the most important thing in the world to a bride is being able to do the things her husband expects of her. To Sarah, learning to cook "like mother" was a major triumph over a frightening opponent, and her happiness radiated dozens of ways.

Today we both laugh about the cinnamon that was left out of the cinnamon rolls, about the time Sarah stood over the stove fussing about "all those little holes popping up through my pancakes" and about all the other miscues.

But if you really want to know why I'm grinning like a 'possum in a sour grape vine — I'll tell you. I HAD TO CHANGE MY TUNE. How else could I possibly explain the fact that I'm gaining weight?
The Prairie House
A Dean Calls Home

By Carol Shellenbarger, H. Ec. 3

Nearly a century ago, a large red brick house served as stage coach stop in the middle of Iowa's prairie. Today, the same building, now covered with gray stucco, serves as the home of Iowa State's dean of agriculture.

"Farm House" is the oldest building on the Iowa State campus. It is located on Knoll Road between the Dairy Industry Building and the horticulture greenhouses.

The house was built in 1861 as part of a model farm which was the beginning of Iowa State. It was occupied by W. H. Fitchpatrick, first farm manager.

Dr. Charles F. Curtis, the first Dean of Agriculture, lived in the house for 50 years. In 1948 it was remodeled for use as a home management house. It became the dean's residence once again when Dean Floyd Andre and his family moved in.

Used As Inn

The red brick house was one of the few on the prairie and was used for an inn on the stage coach line through Story County. The coach running between State Center and Boonesboro made a stop at the Farm House for passengers and mail until the Northwestern tracks were laid in 1865.

A tablet embedded in a stone in front of the house reads:

"This tablet marks the site of the Old Tavern and Trail through Story County in pioneer days. The tavern later became the Farm House."

Passages Help Slaves

Legend is that after Fitchpatrick left to fight in the Civil War, Negro slaves on their way to freedom took refuge in the secret passageways in the basement.

Dean Andre's daughter, Jackie, H. Ec. 4, recalls the mystery of the "secret passages" in the basement. She said, "Our wine-cellar with its crude dirt and brick floors and stairs leading to nowhere was always an attention-getter for my grade and high-school friends. The boys would come over, flashlights in hands, ready for an adventure in the cellar looking for the 'hidden room' down the dark tunnel. However, because of a cistern we patrolled the adventures quite rigidly."

"One time my sister had a Halloween party down there, and the party was pretty well broken up when the 7th grade girls got hysterical with fright."

Some say that every man who came to Ames shortly after Farm House was built ate his first meal and spent his first night there.

Governors Are Guests


The house has undergone many changes in a century, but many of its features have remained the same. You can still see the handmade copper nails, antique door handles and solid walnut staircases nearly a century old.

Since 1861, Farm House has played an important role in central Iowa's history. Once an inn for a stage coach line, it also served as a refuge for fugitive slaves.
Who is that pretty girl? What are her beauty secrets? Actually the pretty girl doesn't possess secrets at all. She just follows some basic beauty tips.

She treasures pressed powder for both class and dates, because it gives her skin a light touch of "coverage" plus even color tone.

Pink and coral lipsticks are favorites; they're both permissible and fashionable. She outlines her lips with a brush dipped in lipstick; fills in with the tube.

Her tweezers take out fine fuzz between brows and stray hairs below them. For dates, she fills in eyebrows naturally with feathery strokes of matching pencil.

SHE DOESN'T overdo make-up, flirt with the mirror, pat on more powder without cleansing, chew fingernails, or decide to forsake good grooming for days at a time.

SHE USES a spot stick when camouflage is necessary, scrub nails daily (and often), manicure them weekly, love a flourish of cologne in the evening only.

The basic complexion beauty treatment is easy, bargain-priced—and vital. It's cleanliness. Oily skin welcomes medicated-soap cleanups three times a day. For dry skin: lots of water, little soap—twice a day.

A dry young skin asks for gentler care than the oily kind in the form of moisture lotion under powder, skin cream at night. Avoid strong soap, squinting, or grimacing.

THE MUSTN'TS: falling into bed with make-up on; using any but fresh towels and powder puffs; tantrums (they stimulate the flow of oil); and squeezing blemishes.

THE MUSTS: plenty of sleep regularly, for any skin; a once-a-week mask for blemishes or muddy skin; cream-cleansing followed by a tepid water rinse, when rough.

For the lovely hair a sound diet and good health. The girl who owns it, preens it to a fine sheen with a hundred brush strokes daily; she knows its tendencies and corrects them—where necessary—via the steps below.

Oily hair should meet, twice a week, with a shampoo specially devised for it. After that, a special highlight rinse will bring out the sparkle. A permanent wave helps to curb oil and adds body and texture to fine hair.

Dry-as-thatch hair can be brought back to a fine glow. The recipe: nightly scalp massage with hair conditioner; weekly refreshing with dry-hair shampoo—cream rinse to tame it, leave it soft and easy to comb.

VETOES: borrowing combs; wearing pin curls or rollers anywhere outside your own house; bobby pins stuck in hither and yon where a neat setting's what's wanted; pony tails; dandruff (it can be halted, you know).

APPROVED: regularly scrubbed combs and brushes; weekly settings to bolster a permanent; hair spray to keep curls in place; leisure-time experiments with new hair styles; a professional haircut to begin with.
I WAS JUST TEN when my folks took my cousin and me to Chicago to see a baseball game. I had never been such a distance from our Iowa farm and there could not have been a happier kid in the city. Thousands of cars streamed down streets half a block wide.

Dad took us to an amusement park after the game and our eyes were as big as dollars. It was like the county fair in a dream. For a price you could even take a boat ride.

"How much for a ride for the boys?" asked my Dad.

"That'll be two fifty, gent," said the ticket seller.

"No, that's too much," Dad said, and he looked at Mother like he needed help.

"You're Cheap, Mister"

"You're cheap, mister, that's what's wrong with you," said the man. "We get guys like you. You don't want the kids to have a good time."

My feeling at first was disbelief. Nobody could say that about my dad. Then it was rage, and then hate.

I was glad to leave Chicago. Its lights, that had flashed so brilliantly against the sky the night before, were a dull glow as we left the city. A man had lied about my dad.

I know dad was hurt because I watched his face and I had seen the same expression the summer before when it had hailed and our corn was a total loss.

"There's nothing we can do about the corn, son. Get your glove and we'll play catch."

At a Ball Game

While I looked for my glove on the porch I cried because I knew how much that crop meant to dad. He had farmed during the depression and he was still in debt.

Not long ago at a ball game I saw a young lad learn that everyone did not think his dad was perfect. I was sitting beside the boy and his mother when we heard a man talking behind us.

"Look at the third baseman show off," he said. "He must really think he's good."

The boy turned around with a puzzled, hurt expression and looked at the man.

"It's a good thing we come to these games isn't it, Davey," his mother said loudly. "We find out more things about our daddy."

Two innings later the boy's father won the game by hitting a home run.

"Did you see that, Dave?" I said. "Did you see how your daddy won the game?"

But the boy just looked at me with a faint smile and I knew that the home run had not made up for what he had heard.

This boy's father had been hit by shrapnel and had outlived by two years the time given him by army doctors. He had only one lung and he was playing with a metal plate in his face, that if struck by a ball would mean instant death. And yet, an outspoken stranger, eager to gain an audience for his clever remarks, smashed this little boy's perfect image of his father.

Closeness of a father and son is nearest perfection in moments of shared experiences.

'See How Your Daddy Won The Game'

By Robert J. Leonard
VARIETIES

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Reel Reviews . . . . . . . . Every Saturday—7:30 & 9:30
News Forum . . . . . . . . . Every Friday—4:00

MEMORIAL UNION
Heart of the Campus
A quick easy way to give a new look to your radio.

Spray Paint Your Radio For $2
By Janice Furman, H. Ec. 4

For $2 you can transform your metal or plastic radio (not wooden) into a matching accessory for your room. Using spray paint, even the amateur will get professional results.

Select a paint of desired color at a paint dealer's. Or check with an auto accessory shop for a wide selection of aerosol touch-up paints.

Be sure the radio's surface is smooth. If the original paint is in good condition, begin with sanding operations. Otherwise follow directions for paint removal.

Select a well-ventilated room, away from sources of heat. Use a table at least 3 feet square. Cover with newspapers. Adequate lighting on all sides is essential. The entire process of paint removal and spraying will take an evening's work.

After paint has loosened, scrape with long, firm strokes. Use steel wool to remove paint from crevices or stubborn areas. A professionally finished product requires that surface be completely free of old paint.

Roughen surface with fine sandpaper. If you used paint remover, wipe surface with cloth dipped in detergent solution. Rinse, wipe and allow to thoroughly dry. Radio should be dust-free before proceeding.

Raise radio above the level of table. Check directions on paint can. Shake for 1 minute. Test your spraying skill on newspaper until you can control mist. Spray with fast, light, short strokes, keeping nozzle 10 to 12 inches from surface.

THE IOWA HOMEMAKER

MATERIALS

Around the house:
Fine sandpaper
Clean, lint-free rags
Wide-mouthed container
Steel wool
Newspapers
Masking tape
Screwdriver
Putty knife
Old paint brush, paint, dentist-free

To Purchase:
Spray paint, 1 can
Paint remover, 1 can

Several coats are required. The first being a mist will not cover original surface. Test paint on bottom of radio. Let dry until paint does not color finger when touched lightly. The second coat should cover all surfaces evenly. Apply third coat if necessary. Dry 24 hours before replacing knobs.

*Wooden radios can be painted, using spray paint. But more complete directions should be obtained from your local paint dealer.
Top off your Valentine's Day party with our rich, delicious ice cream . . . a Cupid-approved taste-treat in the flavors everyone loves. It's so fresh, so smooth, so satisfying . . . certain to make a hit with one and all! Now's the time to stock up!

P.S. For study time, snack-time, any-time, take home that delicious Iowa State Cheese: Swiss, Cheddar, Edam

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