

1929

Adrift in Chicago

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THE IOWA HOMEMAKER

"A Magazine for Homemakers from a Homemakers' School"

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Adrift in Chicago

By Two Home Economicers Who Are

Editor's Note: Lorraine Gutz and Ruth Watkins, editor and business manager of the 1929 Homemaker, are living together in a Chicago apartment. Lorraine is with the National Dairy Council and Ruth is with Swift & Co.

"RUTH, what are we going to do about that Homemaker story?"
"We've just got to do something, Lorraine, because today is the deadline."



Lorraine Gutz

"Do you remember last year how we used to worry about folks who missed getting a copy in on the fatal day?"

"Just think, a year ago you were just being initiated into the mysteries of home management house and I bequeathed little Ruth to you."

"Miss Bishop writes that Ruth has been taken back to Des Moines. Wouldn't it be fun to have her here?"

"Wouldn't it, though? She's all we need to make our home completed. We didn't realize, did we, Lorraine, how similar our Chicago life would be to college life at Ames?"

"I should say not! We even keep

Iowa State hours. Do you remember how worried we were the week night we stayed so late at the Charles'?"

"Oh, yes, and the Sunday night we forgot our key and had to ring the doorbell. That was plenty embarrassing."

"Yes, and proctor mark for you, Ruth."

"Well, Miss Smarty, it's time for Sunday dinner now. We'll have to wait until after dinner to write that story."

"All right, your word is law this week, Ruth, since you are the cook."

"You'll get your inning next."

"That's right! I'm hungry as a bear. Will the dinner today have any of the usual surprises?"

"You never will forget the time I made bread pudding out of some leftover fish souffle, will you?"

"Goodness, how could I forget? At any rate, you lived up to the 'no leftovers' ruling."

"That ruling helped us to discover a few original food combinations, to say the least. Shall we include some of our recipes in this story, Lorraine?"

"I don't believe we had better. It will be more fun to serve some of these dishes when our Ames friends are here for the World's Fair."

"That's another point for the story—our open house for all Iowa State folks in 1933."

"If very many of them come at once, we will have to enlarge our entertaining facilities."

"Or entertain a la Japanese!"

"Now that dinner is over and the dishes are washed, perhaps we can settle down and get this story written, or at least decide what else we're going to write about."

"Since we have no snapshots of our apartment, we'd better begin with a description of it, don't you think?"

"Agreed! Let's begin by telling them about 'It.' Funny how that name has stuck to our one anonymous piece of furniture."

"What else could one call something that is a cross between a high-boy and

low-boy, a combination writing-desk, bureau-chiffonier and what-not?"

"Yes, and the wood seems to be a cross between maple and cherry. Remember how the inside smelled like apple blossoms when we first arrived?"

"It certainly did! Oh, we must tell them about our antique, Lorraine!"

"Queen Anne! That mirror is certainly a trophy of your adventures."

"It was a bargain, too. Just two dollars for that big expanse of glass."

"That's not so cheap, considering the mental agony you endured before the second-hand man crashed through with the bargain."

"Being Scotch and having studied home accounts—What'll be our next point of interest?"

"Shall we tell them about our bed that swings around on a door and hokus-pocus is out of sight when the day begins?"



Ruth Watkins

"That's stretching the point—you know how we love our sleep."

"Especially when the Goldberg's radio breaks in on the morning slumbers. Say,

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Adrift in Chicago

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we haven't even mentioned our harmonious color scheme."

"I believe that the Art Department would approve. The rug is dark, the walls are neutral and the ceiling is light."

"Yes, and the davenport has nice lines and its dull green color blends well. The brass candle holder, our red carved chest and foot stool make this place seem homey, too."

"Lorraine, I'm surprised that you haven't suggested mentioning our hot-house nursery."

"Our only pets—the ivy, begonia and the tear vine! If they survive the Chicago winter, perhaps we can have a flower box on our balcony next summer."

"We've told almost enough about our apartment. Let's take them on a shopping tour to Sixty-third street."

"I think a walk through Jackson Park would be more exciting, Ruth. Do you remember how we tramped all through the park in search of said lake one evening last summer?"

"Do you mean the time we planned to eat our picnic supper on the beach?"

"Planned' is right! We didn't discover the lake at all on that trip, did we?"

"No, but at least we learned the secrets of Jackson Park."

"Those sight-seeing busses have taught us lots about Chicago—and all for a dime, too."

"Yes, and we learned, too, that we can't see everything in the Field's Museum all on one Sunday afternoon."

"At least not without roller skates. Do you remember how our feet ached after our first visit there?"

"Don't I, though. But, Lorraine, we'll just have to get busy and write this story. Just talking about it won't do any good."

"A suggestion to put before the house. Let's send them this conversation, Ruth."

"That's a good idea, but do you suppose the Iowa Homemaker will print a story like that?"

"We'll just have to wait and see."

Slip Covered Chair

All the directions one ever reads for making slip covers start with a piece of lovely material, a tape line and a pair of scissors. Whereas, we who have actually done the job know that the real starting place is usually a more or less disreputable chair, a carpenter's square, and a cross-cut saw.

If the chair has rockers, saw them off. Don't be afraid it will be too low, you want it low so you may have a cushion seat. Don't worry if the back legs are

shorter than the front. The most comfortable chairs have seats that slope back. The chances are there are posts standing several inches above the top rail at the back; if so, saw these off even with the back of the chair. Where the arms project out in front, saw them off on a line with the front legs. When your chair is shorn of all its superfluous projections it is ready to pad.

And monstrosities you were not able to saw off you can pad sufficiently to obliterate entirely. Of course, if the chair is one you hesitate to deface with a saw,

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