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Indian Summer—The Season for Picnics

By ESTHER RAYBURN

INDIAN SUMMER is here, with its soft warm weather, its haze and its picnic atmosphere! For Indian Summer is the time of all times for picnics. There are picnics and picnics, ordinary and extraordinary, and they are all fun, but those which linger longest in the memory, most people are the good old wiener roasts held just in the height of Indian Summer.

If you are a picnic devotee, this is just a confirmation of your own ideas, but if you have never in all your life attended a wiener roast in Indian Summer, then do not hesitate longer, but gather together a group of fun-loving people and go to the nearest woods, glorious with frost-nipped leaves.

The fun of this kind of picnic is that absolutely no preparation is necessary. Just before starting time, go to the meat market and insist on the largest, fattest wiener in the shop, as well as the juiciest of dill pickles. These are most essential. If you like mustard, have a small jar wrapped with the clothes and wiener. Condensation is very necessary to eliminate the usual "thousands" of bundles for the ordinary picnic.

No one ever thought of a wiener without an extra bun. Take one for every one, with no exceptions, will eat twice as many as you expect. Don't forget marshmallows for toasting, for without them the whole affair would be a failure.

This is the very informal wiener roast, the one which is just "thought of in a wink." There are many things that can be done differently to the "fillers." One might want them—fruit, cookies and cocoa, and the like, but these "fillers" are really a matter of personal taste.

Any time before there is plenty of firewood is the right spot. To get best results the fire should be built in cone shape, not because it cooks the wiener one bit better than any other kind of fire, but just because a cone-shaped fire gives such a cozy, empy atmosphere.

Each member of the party must be provided with a long green stick for roasting wiener and toasting marshmallows. The stick is every home of one neither at most nor a fork is allowed on this picnic, for who wants a wiener other than brown, juicy and dripping on the end of a stick?

At first the smoke curls back and forth from side to side and out among the party. This is because it is necessary for everyone to be thoroughly saturated with the woody, smoky smell of the campfire. At last, when the fire dies down and only the coals are left, toast the fluffly marshmallows until they are a real golden brown, and then don't by any means leave until you have spent a few minutes gazing dreamily into the fire. Those last few moments give the final atmosphere to an Indian Summer picnic.