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Hurrah for the Pumpkin Pie

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and food which consisted largely of dried fish, cooked rice and fruit. Old men, old women, and young children being brought in on the backs of men and women. Every family had its lantern marked with the name of the family. The earthquakes were continuing with sufficient force to keep every one in terror. I am told that there were 57 during the first two hours. My greatest fear now was of the earth's opening up and swallowing me, for there were many large cracks.

By four o'clock we were almost surrounded by the fire. Many of the refugees were beginning to pack up and move. By fire o'clock it looked as if nothing could save the buildings, rather the remnants of buildings, around the square. I realized that in a short time there could be no possible means of escape, so I again followed the Japanese and found myself in Hebia Park, an immense place, literally packed with Japanese, and every family seemed to have some household goods. It is said that there were not less than a million there that night.

The park was entirely surrounded by fire. The whole dome of heaven was abashed. While we were comparatively safe because of the size of the park, I knew that everything depended upon the direction of the wind and the extinguishing of the firebrands as they fell. There could be no escape if the flames leaped the space between us and the burning buildings, for the number of people in the park would make escape impossible.

This was indeed a night of terror. The earthquakes were almost continuous and the flames of a burning city leaped to heaven, while blasting was done everywhere to prevent the spread of the fire, and people called incessantly for the missing members of their families. One woman called all night, "Ding Dong," evidently a Chinese name.

By daylight the interval between earthquakes had lengthened to 20 minutes. At first the quakes were only a few seconds apart, the interval gradually increasing as time went on. At five thirty I began to move my way back to the square in front of the Tokyo Station. By this time little remained of Tokyo, a city of many beautiful and historic buildings with a population of three and one-half million inhabitants. The fire had finished what the earthquake had begun.

Of course, the fire continued for many days, but the worst was over. There remained only death, misery, and devastation. There was almost no food, no water, for the water mains everywhere had been severed, no lights and no shelter. The few shells of houses that had withstood the ravages of earthquake and fire were not fit habitations for man.

By Wednesday the known dead of Tokyo numbered 100,000, later 500,000. Yokohama, a city of 400,000 inhabitants had been wiped off the map—not a building remained. The death toll there numbered 150,000 on Wednesday morning and by the end of the week, 250,000. These figures do not begin to tell the tale. There were many more who had been buried beneath the ruins or consumed by the fire. A large number of towns and villages within a radius of from 50 to 75 miles had been wiped out. Soldiers who were in France during the war say that the battlefields of France were as nothing compared with the number of unencased dead, the odor from the dead, and the utter devastation and desolation caused by this, the most destructive and terrible earthquake in the history of the world. This great tragedy is one of the few things which can never be exaggerated.

Returning to my own story. Before I could get a boat, I spent seven days and nights in the open with earthquakes continuing at intervals both day and night. On Thursday night we had only six or seven earthquakes, and about the same number on Friday. Some of these were sufficiently hard to be quite terrifying. In less than a week we had over 1000 earthquakes.

Hurrah for the Pumpkin Pie
By RUTH ELAINE WILSON

There be pastries and pastries! What with the array of "Petite Gateaux," "Bonne Bouches," Chocolate Eclairs and "Choux Pastes" one scarcely recognizes a familiar face on the bill of fare. Yet, in spite of all these, there are still those among us who cherish an old-time respect and sneaking fondness for the homely "recepte."

What pictures the very mention of the name conjure: a large kitchen with painted floor and sunshine and geraniums all in a row, the grandmother of the genial butcher, her hair in a braid-ed rug at the back, a gingham apron and a twinkle in her eye; all this and more at the simple word "recepte."

Now, here is one taken from just such an environment, a recepte copied from a faded and time-yellowed paper with the faint aroma of past successes still clinging to its ragged edges. It has been penned in a fine feminine hand, in black ink, on lined paper, and bears the inscription, "Coras Pumpkin Pie (Good)."

Cora needs no introduction. She is known to us all. She belonged to that favored and limited group of "House Cooks."

And now follows the "recepte" verbatim, its recommend in parentheses.

Coras Pumpkin Pie (Good)

This is sufficient for three pies. Take one quart of rich milk, a little cream is an improvement; 2 cups of sugar; a little piece of butter; 4 eggs, the yolks beaten thoroly and stirred in and the whites beaten to a froth and added just before putting the pie in the oven; a scant tablespoon of ginger and cinnamon. Have a rich pie crust and bake in a quick oven.

Should you desire to use squash instead you can make as good a pie as with pumpkin.

There is one precaution which I have taken the liberty of adding to Coras directions. Do not place pie in window near neighbors!

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