1937

Pack a Sense of Humor in Your Picnic Hamper

Helen Clark
Iowa State College

Follow this and additional works at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker

Part of the Home Economics Commons

Recommended Citation
Clark, Helen (1937) 'Pack a Sense of Humor in Your Picnic Hamper,' The Iowa Homemaker: Vol. 17 : No. 1 , Article 7.
Available at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker/vol17/iss1/7
nothing to be ashamed of.

"However, here was this poor tomato all covered and plastered with cream cheese, made to resemble a white rose. The girl had evidently spent hours in an attempt to make the cheese look like rose petals. But all of her work seemed sort of pitiful to me. I would much rather eat a tomato than a white rose any day!"

Poor Mr. Eligible Bachelor looked quite distressed as he recalled the tomato incognito; he sank into a deep reverie and we were about to creep out and leave him with his sad thoughts, when he called us back.

"One more thing I'd like to get off my chest," he said, "and that's how women like to starve men in the name of daintiness. They like athletic men; they like tall, dark, and handsome men with bulging biceps. But they don't seem to realize that such a man requires more food than does a ninety-eight pound female. They serve a man a fruit salad, a lamb chop, a parsley garnish (art again!), a radish, and a decrusted slice of toast, and expect him to retain all his manly qualities on such a low caloric diet!"

At last a lighter mood seemed to capture Mr. Eligible Bachelor. His troubled frowns disappeared, and he seemed able to detect at least a glimmer of humor on the subject.

"I must seem an awful beast," he said, smiling charmingly and looking devastatingly like Robert Taylor.

"Here I am criticizing some of the best qualities that women have. Nothing helps a woman to become attractive as much as her daintiness and her ability to improve on the bountiful gifts of nature. I guess my only legitimate complaint is her occasional immoderation.

"In the case of food, I just wish she would remember that men consider food as something primarily meant to be eaten. If she must be dainty, she need not starve her male guests in the midst of plenty; and if she must be artistic, she need not forget that a fried egg, however inartistic, is undeniably more appetizing than an artistic oil painting."

As we left this attractive man, he said finally, "Please don't think me unreasonable. I'm just pleading the cause of edible food." And his attractive manly dimples showed as he smiled in farewell.

---

Pack a Sense of Humor In Your Picnic Hamper

by Helen Clark

Did you ever get up at 5 o'clock on a Sunday morning, put on your oldest slacks and last year's oxfords, and, with something to eat, tramp 'way out beyond any signs of people to watch the early sun? Or maybe you would rather take a group of friends and your supper and hike out to Sunset Rock to watch the sun go down? If you have done neither, then you are indeed unfortunate, but you have a real thrill to look forward to.

Perhaps you don't like quiet picnics; then get the "gang" together, take an afternoon off to find a new picnic place, play hide-and-seek or drop the handkerchief to your heart's content and sing the old high school pep songs or the latest, noisiest popular song from the "Hit Parade."

Picnics have several requirements of one kind and another, the first one of which is always food. Almost everything tastes good at a picnic. What if the weiners do fall in the fire, or the steak does get burned around the edges? Just eating out-of-doors gives everything a distinctive flavor. But here are ideas for something different that LaVonne Moret obtained from Girl Scout Camp.

For instance, "Sunrises" made from graham crackers with toasted marshmallows and canned apricots between them are a grand idea for early morning picnics. Then, if you want something more difficult, take a skillet, some ready-mixed pancake flour, milk, and bacon. When your fire is made, heat the skillet and fry on one side in it a piece of bacon, pour in the flapjack batter you have just mixed, and presto! flapjacks of the highest grade! On these first rate pancakes eat a first rate spread called "pooh butter." It is made by creaming butter and mixing it with honey.

For a rather large group, a delicious stew is made by browning hamburger and onions and adding vegetables. A can of tomatoes gives sufficient liquid. Another dish is square corn, made by mixing canned corn with onions and bacon.

To make "angels on horseback" wrap a strip of bacon around a cube of brick cheese and hold this on a forked stick over the open fire. When the bacon begins to brown and the cheese to melt, take the "angel" from the fire and put it between two slices of rye bread.

Our old standby, the sandwich, may be changed innumerable ways. Try mixing honey and peanut butter for a filling. And have you toasted sandwiches on the end of a forked stick? They're delicious. Little sausages would be grand with the flapjacks and served with fresh fruit your meal would be complete. Fruit is a picnic food that, like weiners, never grows old. There is only one essential regarding food—have plenty of it!

Never was there a really superb picnic where everybody didn't wear old clothes. If you didn't bring your last summer's culotte and slacks back with you from vacation, write home now, so you'll have them the first time you or any of the gang feel picnicky. Wearing an old twin sweater set and your heavy sport coat is a good idea for the first picnic of the spring when the snow is barely gone and there may be a storm tomorrow. There are very few Iowa State coeds who do not know that sports oxfords go most places well and that nothing is more out of place than dress shoes at a picnic. So, if you respect the feelings and patience of the rest of the gang, wear sensible shoes.

If you're going on a gay, crazy party out in the woods, use a little ingenuity and hunt for some new games that will set the party going. Keep everyone busy, if at nothing else than gathering firewood.

With your food and old clothes, be sure to take along your sense of humor. Things happen at picnics—things like ants in the food and scorched coffee—that require a little overlooking. Then too, you may have to tramp up rough hills for seeming miles to find a good shady spot. What if someone does splash muddy water on you or even push you in the creek. No man likes a poor sport. The old, trite adage about "laugh and the world laughs . . ." certainly can be taken on picnics to advantage.

Nothing is more fun on a spring day than a picnic with your own special gang, all of them good sports, with plenty to eat and a good place in which to eat it.