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"Bella Italia"

Julia Bourne

ITALY! Who could refuse a cousin's invitation to spend a year at his home in Rome, Italy? I, for one, could not. It was this opportunity which took me from Iowa to Montreal, across the Atlantic to Liverpool, down to London, across to Paris, and then to Rome. What a thrill on the night before we reached Rome, watching the full moon shining across the Mediterranean Sea! Our train followed so closely to the shore, that at times, I was afraid we were going to run into the sea.

With the first break of dawn we began to see old aqueducts, and heaps of ruins, and after a few more hours our train stopped and the conductor called out, "Roma!"

At the station there were men hurrying everywhere, Fascisti in black shirts, policemen with their long dark blue coats trimmed in red and gold, soldiers and officers with gold and silver medals, and porters trying to get your bag away from you, all jabbering Italian at lightning speed.

In front of us we saw a great heap of ruins. "Those are the old baths of Diocletian," my cousin said. On the way home we passed more ruins, famous churches, walls and arches, until I wondered if I would ever be able to picture Rome in my mind as it must have been during the Empire.

Our apartment house was enclosed by a heavy iron fence and we had to ring the bell at the gate for the porter to let us in. At the apartment door we rang another bell and the maid, Lena Pianezola, unbolted the door to let us in.

"Signorina, sono molto contenta a vendere una signoriana Americana!" she exclaimed, which meant, I discovered later, "I am very glad to see an American young lady!"

She took great pride in showing me the apartment. The floors were all of tile, the ceilings were high and the walls were almost a foot thick. There was a roof terrace over the entire house, where we had tea with a view of the snow capped Alban and Sabine hills in the distance.

A carbona tile stove, rectangular in shape, was in the kitchen. On top there were three square openings, with a grate at the bottom for the hot carbona coals.

One time I was hungry for a real American chocolate cake. Most of the cakes



Julia Bourne in this story tells about the thrills of a trip to Italy, traveling alone from Lone Rock, Iowa, to London. It is quite unusual for a college sophomore to have the opportunity to spend nine months in study abroad.

in Rome are cheap yellow cakes with an ornamental frosting, or are soaked with wine. I used the chocolate cake recipe from my Bell recipe file which I brought from Iowa State College. I had no measuring cup, the flour was coarse and a little gray, the butter was unsalted, the milk was boiled because it had not been pasteurized, and the eggs alone seemed to be like the American product.

The baking was harder than the mixing. I put the cake in a pan in the tin oven which was over the hot coals, put the top on the oven, and with tongs placed some of the hot coals below on the top of the oven so that the cake would brown. Then with a fan I regulated the heat of the coals above and below.

Every morning Lena went out with her basket to do the morning shopping. She always went lareheaded because it would be putting on airs for a servant to wear a hat. She had long black hair, drawn back simply in a knot in back.

One morning I went to the market with Lena. In an open space in the middle of the street there were men gathered with carts, each yelling his wares. Nearby were small shops under large square apartment houses where one could buy meat. On the outside of the shop, hung a half of a beef. A boy was employed to brush the flies away. Lena bought only enough food for the day's supply. The servants are not trusted with extra food in the house and besides the system of storage is poor.

We had four meals a day. For breakfast we had coffee, which was three parts hot milk and one part coffee, and bread, which came in rolls a foot long and three inches in diameter.

Minestra and a cold meat often made up the first course for lunch. Minestra is a broth with either rice, spaghetti or potatoes and a green vegetable. For the second course we always had fresh fruit.

Five o'clock was tea time. For an ordinary tea we served tea, small slices of bread and butter and fancy cakes. One time a German, a French girl, a Swedish girl and two Italians came to have tea with us. We had much fun teaching them how to toast marshmallows over a candle; they enjoyed the marshmallows so much that they asked me for the recipe.

Nine o'clock is the regular hour for the Italian dinner, but we Americans were ready for our evening meal at 8:00 o'clock. For the first course we had a clear soup, and next a heaping plate full of long, stringy spaghetti, which really is delicious when cooked well. Lena let it boil rapidly in salt water for fifteen minutes, drained it and mixed it with butter. Tomato sauce and grated cheese are served at the table to be mixed with the spaghetti. A meat and vegetables are

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SAYS— KATIE BELL:

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TILDEN'S

1869-1929

breakfast. Just visualize the following two menus:

Orange cup
Foamy Omelet—Bacon nStrips
Toast
Coffee

Stewed Prunes
Pancakes—Syrup
Bacon
Coffee

The former menu is immediately attractive and appetizing, suggesting cheerfulness and contentment. The latter menu has not even a spark of color. Its very drabness could well be responsible for an entire disagreeable day. Breakfast without color is a most discouraging beginning.

Color may also be introduced by the linen used. Daintily tinted linen—gray, azure, sage green, or even reds—are much in vogue and supply a pleasing background for the meal.

Table decorations, too, give added brightness to the breakfast table. Occasions may consist of an attractive dish of fruit or a low bowl of cut flowers or a very simple jardiniere. Cut flowers for breakfast decorations ought not to be of the hot house or out-of-season kind or of an expensive nature. The best choice possible is a pretty arrangement of wild flowers.

Of equal importance in planning breakfast is the choice of food served. Nutritionally speaking, a breakfast should follow the basis given below:

1. Fruit—fresh, dried, canned or fresh stewed.
2. Milk or cocoa for children—milk, cocoa, or coffee for adults.
3. Cereal (preferably whole-grained).
4. Bread—toast or muffins.
5. Butter.

If a heartier meal is needed, it may be desirable to add eggs, bacon, meat or potatoes. Doughnuts, cookies, jellies, marmalades and pancakes should be considered desserts even at breakfast time, to be eaten only after more wholesome foods have been taken.

We Americans demand variety—even in breakfast. True, we are not willing to give up our distinctive type of breakfast, but yet homemakers are eagerly searching for "something new for breakfast." Unless a conscious effort is put forth to prepare a variable and interesting meal, growing children are very apt to adopt the no-breakfast idea, which is an unwise policy from the standpoint of health.

Fruits, cereals, and eggs offer many possibilities in serving, without requiring a great amount of time for preparation. Here are only a few suggested menus that may prove helpful in varying the family breakfast.

Baked Pears
Bacon Omelet—Buttered Toast
Coffee

Bacon Omelet: Dice four slices of bacon and pan broil slowly. Beat four eggs until light—add five teaspoons of milk and season with salt and paprika. Stir in with the bacon and cook until a light brown on the bottom. Fold and serve on a hot platter.

Spiced Apple Sauce
Goldenrod Eggs on Toast Points
Bran Flakes—Cream
Coffee

Goldenrod eggs: Grate egg yolks on finger length strips of toast (which form a square) on which a white sauce has already been poured. Surround the sides of the square with the whites of eggs cut in eighths lengthwise.

Orange Cup
Egg Timbales—Bran Muffins
Cocoa

Egg Timbales: Beat four eggs just enough to thoroughly mix yolks and whites, add salt and pepper and 4 table-spoons of milk or cream. Grease very small cups or moulds and sprinkle the bottoms and sides with parsley or ham. Pour in enough eggs to nearly fill each cup and stand in a pan of almost boiling water. Cook either in a moderate oven or over a slow fire. As soon as a knife can be inserted in the timbales and drawn out clean, they are done. Unmould on individual plates, because their delicacy makes them difficult to serve from a platter. Pour tomato or white sauce around them.

Bran muffins: 1 c. bran, 1 T. melted butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. milk, 4 t. baking powder, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ T. molasses. Mix and sift dry, fine ingredients, stir in bran, molasses, fat and milk. Then add well-beaten egg and bake in muffin tins in hot oven. One-half cup of seeded raisins may be added.

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served for a third course, and then comes a dessert, next fruit, and finally the black coffee.

It may seem that we spent most of our time eating, but I did find time to see a great deal of the Eternal City. I found that the best way to do this is to wander around with a guide book in one hand and a map of Rome in the other. Or you can get a general idea of Rome at your leisure by taking a "carrozzo" ride around the city.

A "carrozza" is a horse drawn carriage, painted black, and often with colored wheels. The top is down in good weather and the driver sits on a higher seat in front. These carriages are for hire, with a meter on the side which you must watch to see that the driver isn't cheating you.

I remember one carriage ride I had at 1:00 o'clock at night. The narrow streets of Rome were almost dark ex-

cept for a gas light here and there. Shutters were drawn down over all the shop windows and it was so quiet that the horses' footsteps echoed throughout the streets. We drove past the old ruins of the Forum, which are in a valley between the Palatine and the Quirinal hills. Then we passed the Colosseum, which almost frightens one with its grandeur in the evening. Next, we passed the Forum of Trojan, which has been excavated, and which now contains at least forty cats, thrown in by the people of Rome. For food, these cats depend on donations from passersby.

On our way home we again saw the immense ruins of the Baths of Diocletian. These baths could accommodate 10,000 people bathing at the same time. There were rooms for hot and cold showers, reading rooms, conversation rooms, theater rooms, recreation rooms, and the emperor's apartments. There were manicurists, pedicurists and many kinds of beauty specialists to wait on the bathers. The emperors were very fond of baths, some of them taking as many as four a day, and sometimes taking their meals during their baths.

Late that night we reached our apartment, which was outside the old walls of Rome. Near it there were some catacombs. Some people thought that there might have been catacombs under our house, because the Christians had made such an underground network of them all over Rome.

Every day brought new experiences, new sights and new friends, so that nine months slipped away like nine weeks and it seemed to me that I had just begun to really appreciate the wonders of the Ancient Empire, the Medieval Kingdom, and modern Italy with Mussolini as the dictator, when it was time to take a home bound boat from Naples to New York.

Flowers—and How

(Continued from page 2)

one, for it gave plenty of beauty and plenty to eat. If more vegetables are wanted, two rows may be planted to one of flowers. It is best, too, to grow annuals instead of perennials so the garden can be cultivated each year.

Zoroaster was right when he said, "He who sows the ground with care and diligence, acquires a greater stock of religious meat than he could grow by the repetition of ten thousand prayers."

Grandmother's Dresses and Mine

(Continued from page 4)

great big skirts? Personally, I prefer a little more freedom and brevity.

Mabel—Freedom? Her finger tips, at least, are free.

Mary—Oh, you're too clever, Mabel! I expect that girl was thrilled to pieces over— (Insistent knocking.)

Lois (jumping up and running to the door)—Oh, dear, dear—Ethel will be sure to waken—(opens door)—Keep still, Doris, Ethel is asleep.

Doris (rushes in—school girl costume)—Oh, Gee! I'm glad to find you all here. Come on downtown with me. I'm going to get my new Prom dress tonight.

Mary—Will we go? I'll say so. Come on, girls.

(Mabel picks up her dress and box and they all rush out except Lois, who fixes the room as it was when they came in.)

Lois—Wait a minute (as she goes out the door).

Curtain

Scene III.

Ethel is still asleep on the davenport. The frame is gone and the doors are back in their normal positions. Ethel wakens—sits up, rubs her eyes and speaks)—"Have I been dreaming or was there someone actually here—people with funny old clothes. (Looks down at the album and picks it up.) Why, there is a picture of the girl with the adorable old hoop skirt and poke bonnet. Oh, but she is sweet. (Steps outside.) Oh, my goodness, there comes Mother and I have not done a thing for dinner, but I did have a good dream, anyhow."

Exit.

Curtain

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