The Iowa Homemaker vol.39A, no.8

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YOUNKERS
"Satisfaction Always"
The Cover:

Dick Danzinger, our photographer, captured this senior in a pensive mood—before making that BIG decision—which career.
If you were to follow Eric Mateos through a day you might find him speaking Spanish at breakfast, English at lunch, and French at dinner. Eric’s father, Manuel, a graduate student in Civil Engineering at Iowa State, is a native Spanish señor. His mother, Brigitte, a language instructor at Iowa State, was born and raised on the west coast of France. And his babysitter is an American. Mrs. Mateos teaches all day and Manuel stays with Eric in the morning. His conversations with his son (still quite one-sided) are always in Spanish. In the afternoon, Manuel goes to class and the babysitter takes over. Of course she chats to Eric in English. When Brigitte gets home, she feeds and plays with him and carefully speaks French to him.

The Mateos’s talk a mixture of French and Spanish to each other. Eric can say a few of the words they use, in all three languages — baby, milk, daddy, dinner — are in his trilingual vocabulary. Although many folks feel that such a young child shouldn’t be “confused” by being taught three languages, Brigitte and Manuel disagree vehemently. Eric’s doctor told them the only possible effect could be that perhaps he would not speak quite as soon.

The Mateos’s have no doubt that their son understands regardless of whether it’s mama, mere, or mother. “Do you want a cookie?” gets a quick response from Eric in any language. But “It’s time to go to bed,” secures a reverse action — often he hides — sometimes he acts like he doesn’t hear or understand.

Eric’s own name was a word carefully chosen by his parents. They searched for a name that was common to all three languages, a task which turned out to be impossible. However, Mrs. Mateos said that Eric was common in France as well as America. Though this name was not known in Spain, the Mateos’s liked it very much and so their son learned this as his own name early in his language education. In another year or two, Eric will be able to converse with his relatives whether in Spain, France or America. And incidentally, maybe he’ll be able to help you study for your French and Spanish finals.

mama, mere, mother

Eric Speaks All Three
by Jean McKee, H.Ec. Sr.

Brigitte Mateos holds her son Eric, 3, who is learning Spanish from his father, French from his mother, and English from his babysitter.
LAST SUMMER Alice Jane Morse applied for a job in a settlement house in Chicago. The Presbyterian Church in Chicago sponsors many settlement houses within the city. Each summer they have openings for fifty college students and Alice Jane Morse was one of the lucky students who was chosen last summer.

Alice Jane and seven other college students were assigned to Howell House. They had a two-week orientation program in which they learned about the settlement and what their work would be. Their living quarters were on the third floor of the settlement house. They had a living room, kitchen, bathroom, and bedrooms. They each received two-hundred dollars plus their board and room for the summer. Their assignment lasted seven weeks.

Bohemian, Polish, and Mexican families live in the Howell House neighborhood as well as Negro and white families. The neighborhood is located in the heart of Chicago close to trucking and railroad terminals. Most of the adults work in the railroad yards or power plants doing unskilled labor. The average yearly income is less than three thousand dollars.

New York—

DIRTY STREETS teeming with children, the putrid odor of sewer steam, groups of men playing cards on the school steps, sirens screeching, the tinkle of the bell as the ice cream man goes by, the jolly pumps (fire hydrants) keeping boys cool by throwing gushing streams of water across the street; these would all become familiar to us during the summer as we came to New York City to live and work. I was one of 25 girls who were in the College Summer Service Group sponsored by the YWCA. Each of us was placed in a settlement house in the city; I was placed at Henry Street Settlement.

As teachers of playschool, eight of us had charge of six and seven-year old children of many nationalities: Irish, Puerto Rican, Russian, Turkish, Polish, and American.

Sharon Struble, H. Ec. 4

The cost for membership in Howell House is small. A family membership may be obtained for five dollars. Children six to twelve pay two dollars for the summer. Teen-agers only pay seventy-five cents for the summer since their recreation is only one night a week. Movies are shown every Friday night for ten cents admission.

Alice Jane worked with children of all ages. On Monday and Wednesday mornings, she had a group of six-year-old boys and girls. They played outside on swings, monkey bars, tricycles, wagons, and in the sand box. Then they went inside and played with craft projects, blocks, dolls, and games.

Most of the children were not used to playing in groups or sharing with others. They grabbed what they wanted and fought if necessary to get it. Alice Jane found it was often hard to keep them playing happily. Most of the children came from large families. Often both the mother and the father worked. This meant the children were left on the street to take care of themselves. They had to learn to fight so they could protect themselves. Swearing was just one of the many bad habits children picked up. The attention and affection young children need was lacking since their parents worked.

It was the job of Alice Jane and the seven other college students to give these children the attention they needed. The children were shown ways to meet and solve problems instead of fighting and swearing. Attempts were made to teach them to share with other children. Much time was spent showing them new games and activities.

One day a week the children were taken on a trip to the beach, zoo, or a nearby park. This provided many new and exciting experiences for them. They were very observant and willing to learn. Walking barefoot in the grass and climbing trees gave them much enjoyment. This type of recreation was much better than standing or walking in the streets.

Alice Jane had her eyes opened to a whole new area and way of living. She realized the importance of a settlement house in such an area. Actually, she found the people she met no different than most of us, since they have the same needs and desires we have.

Charlene Caldwell ’60

They also represented different faiths, Jewish, Catholic and Protestant. We supervised their play in the playyard, a small, enclosed cement-floored area with condemned buildings separated from it only by a wire fence, walked them to the park bordering the East River, took them to the Central Park Zoo (where one of my quick-acting boys did the impossible by catching a pigeon), and patched up their cuts and bruises.

Visiting the homes of our children gave us some insight into their problems and helped us better understand their actions. What we learned about the homes and backgrounds of our children is representative of the problem present in many cities today. We learned from our introductory meetings that our children would

(Continued on page 12)
THE HORIZON is bright for home economics graduates. The scientific era has put them in demand more than ever. Iowa State's Home Economics Placement Bureau can't begin to keep up with the demands for home economics graduates.

The number of requests for home economics graduates in the Iowa State Home Economics Placement Office was two and one-half times that of the placements made in 1958-59. The greatest number of requests came from concerns needing foods and nutrition majors.

Last year 291 girls received B.S. degrees in home economics. Thirty-four graduated in applied art; 31 in child development; 117 in education; 40 in foods and nutrition; 27 in home economics for general education; 6 in household equipment; 6 in institutional management; 9 in technical journalism, and 25 in textiles and clothing.

The chart shows what kind of positions these women took. It is interesting to note that 50 became full time homemakers. This number is exceeded only by the 85 who went into teaching positions. Thirty-six did not report their jobs.

The demand for home economists in education, research, and business remains high and is expected to continue well into the 1960's. Job turnover caused by marriage and family responsibilities is particularly heavy. In addition to replacement needs, there is a growing demand for home economics-trained persons in many areas of employment—old and new.

Because of the rising enrollments in secondary schools and the addition of home economics in district schools consolidated from local schools previously without a home economics department, the shortage of home economics teachers is critical. It has been estimated

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### What Happened to Last Year's Graduates

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that as many as 5,000 home economics teachers must be recruited annually as replacements.

The need for more home economists in research and business establishments is expected to increase with the continued interest in using scientific methods for improving various home products and services and with employers' increasing awareness of the contributions of professionally-trained home economists.

There is a shortage of home economists in administrative positions where advanced education and experience is needed. Not enough home economics graduates are entering and remaining in home economics occupations to satisfy current demands.

Starting salaries of women who graduated from college in June, 1957, and secured jobs as home economists averaged $4,040 in the winter of 1957-58. Their average earnings were exceeded only by the chemists ($4,847) and the mathematicians and statisticians ($4,675) among the recent women graduates covered by a joint survey of the National Vocational Guidance Association and the U.S. Department of Labor's Women's Bureau.

In urban areas 80,000 and over population, the average (median) salary of beginning teachers with a bachelor's degree was $4,000 for the school year 1958-59, according to a National Education Association survey.

Home economists in business received between $3800 and $4500 for beginning jobs in 1959. Chances for advancement and for higher earnings are good as experience and competency increase. In addition, most of the salaries, including the teachers', are increasing yearly.

Hours of work are irregular for some home economists as, for example, those engaged in promotional and advertising work who are expected to be available for evening demonstrations or other night work. On the other hand, research workers and others employed in business and manufacturing establishments usually work a regular 40-hour week or less. Most home economists are granted a paid vacation, sick leave, retirement pay, and insurance benefits.

NEW EXPERIENCES, valuable information in your major field, and savings for your next year at college are some of the benefits you can gain from a summer job.

Jobs can enable you to do service for the world, too. Many church camps and projects for the underprivileged give you the chance to help others, as well as providing experiences for yourself.

Mrs. Irene Buchanan, head of the Home Economics Placement Service, lists three main steps in getting your summer job. First, make a list of the skills or talents you have to offer; second, find an employer who needs those abilities; third, sell yourself to this employer.

The first step isn't too difficult, providing you don't undersell your abilities. But the second step, finding the right employer, provides some problems.

If you're interested in camp counseling, camp, dude ranch or resort food service, and a few other jobs in business, the summer job books in the Placement Office have requests for employees. There are job openings listed from all parts of the country. Mrs. Buchanan says, however, that "foods jobs are hard jobs," with long working hours.

If you are competent at office work, Mrs. Buchanan recommends contacting companies such as Kelly Girls or Manpower, which have branches in various cities. These companies hire you for a certain length of time and send you to work for other companies who need extra help. Answering ads and sometimes putting ads in newspapers or magazines can bring results.

An important part of the third step, selling yourself to the employer, is the letter of application. Sometimes this is the only communication between you and the employer before you are hired. An enclosed picture is almost a necessity, according to Mrs. Buchanan. The letter also should include a personal data sheet with a description of personal characteristics, such as height, weight, and age, educational qualifications, work experience, hobbies and interests and references.

The letter should be a sales letter. Emphasize your assets, and don't omit any skill or knowledge you have, whether it seems pertinent to the job or not.

You should include the length of time you're available in the letter. Many restaurants and lodges pay a bonus if you stay the full season, to discourage employees from leaving the job early. Some camps are over in the middle of August.

The letter should be no longer than one page, and never mimeographed. If you don't know the name of your prospective employer, address the envelope to the Personnel Director. It's a good idea to enclose a self addressed, stamped envelope.

Before accepting the job, you should ask the employer, by letter or interview, about living quarters, transportation, hours and salary, as well as details concerning the work itself.

If you emphasize your assets and take advantage of opportunities, you'll have that summer job you really want.

Seeking experience—

Plenty of Summer Jobs for the Undergraduate

by Carol Shellenbarger, H.Ec. 3
THE WHITE STRAW HAT trimmed with delicately tinted silk organza petals and a narrow green velvet ribbon that Suzanne Dahlmeier, T.C. 8, will be wearing this Easter may look like a “French Room” creation but it isn’t. Her mother, Mrs. Willis Dahlmeier, made it for her in a hatmaking class taught by Mrs. Eugene Criss, an Iowa State graduate.

Six yards of straw braid were woven over a buckram frame to make Suzanne’s modified bucket hat. The hat was lacquered with milliner’s sizing to make the straw weather resistant and lustrous. Then the frame was removed.

When making fabric covered hats Mrs. Criss’ students use the buckram frame as a base for the hat which is not removed. These frames are machine made of coarse linen or hemp cloth stiffened with sizing. The fabric is first shaped and stretched over a wooden balsa head block if the crown of the hat is rounded. Then the fabric is carefully fitted over the buckram frame.

Balsa head blocks come in various head sizes and are also used to hold the hat when the frame is being designed.

Mrs. Criss stocks a variety of exterior millinery fabrics. Many of these have a jersey back which makes them easier to work with. The variations of basic straw cloth are most popular in the spring and summer. With the coming of fall the hat makers like to use milliner’s satin, suede cloth and fur cloth. Panne velvet with its long flat nap is also quite popular.
Shaping a lining on a balsa head block is Mrs. Leo Fritschen of Ames.

A hat nears completion as the lining is hand stitched into place.

A bit of trim adds color and individuality to this straw cloth hat.

All ready for the Easter parade is Suzanne Dahlmeier, T.C. 3, below.

The lining must be pliable. It is pinned into place and hand stitched to finish the interior of the hat. Rayon and light taffeta are good for linings. Cotton lace is the only cotton fabric that can be used because it is pliable and other cotton fabrics are too tightly woven or too heavily sized. For making cocktail hats the milliners may use one flannel covered so that leaves or other decorations can be glued right onto the frame. A net frame with a cotton lace backing is used in much the same way as the flannel covered frame except that in this case some of the frame can be allowed to show through.

Wire frames, some of which resemble rose stems and others which are velvet covered, can be quickly changed to suit the mood by adding or removing an ornament. Flowers, leaves, or berries are merely twisted on the frame.

Sometimes they use a birdcage veil instead of a frame. This veil fits over the top of the head and may be decorated with rhinestones, flowers or velvet ribbons.

Sound simple? Perhaps someday soon you'll be making your own Easter bonnet too.
Six short months ago I graduated from college. Three weeks after graduation I was on my way East to a new job.

Since then I've felt like a freshman again. Moving to a different section of the country has meant readjusting to everything—friends, climate, living quarters, traditions, job, and a new me.

That new me includes shorter skirts, needle-heeled black leather pumps (quite a switch from college sneakers), oversized handbag and a more sophisticated hair style.

Yes, I've lost my collegiate Orphan Annie hairdo and my Iowa State College Press Building pallor, but I'm certainly not citified yet. . .

I still run to be on time for work; I find it difficult to get laundry and cleaning done along with housekeeping, job and play; and I've (courageously or rebelliously) neglected to shorten quite a few skirt hems.

For those of you who wonder how I happen to be in Philadelphia in the first place, perhaps I should go back about a year to the end of winter quarter, senior year at Iowa State.

I was in the midst of finals, planning to start thinking seriously about job possibilities during vacation. Of course, Christmas holidays are never conducive to serious thinking of any kind. So, during quarter break in March, I frantically culled through names of magazines, editors and publishers.

I'd already had one lead. In February the editor of Farm Journal, Carroll Streeter, while on business in the Midwest, stopped by Iowa State and interviewed me unexpectedly.

I'd had eight hours of class that day. It was late afternoon, and in the photography lab I was draped in a gloomy chemical-laden rubber apron, stretching from my chin to my toes. I'm sure my hair retained no sign of the one and only combing I gave it during my 8 a.m. dash to class. Lipstick must have disappeared about noon.

When my instructor called to me that I had a visitor, I thought he was clowning, as he often did. Who could be visiting me? So I calmly finished my print, before, still clad in my big black apron, I strolled into the other room and found Mr. Streeter waiting.

We talked, and I liked what I heard about Farm Journal—its opportunities for young editors, its size and location. Though no definite job offer was made, Mr. Streeter said he'd tell his Women's Editor I was available.

With this encouragement and some idea of other magazines I was interested in, I got in touch with the College Placement Office when I got back to school. There were openings on several magazines. Some of them interviewed me. Then I went to visit the home offices of four. I got offers. What a decision that was to make!

I felt sure I wanted magazine (three years of working on our college home economics magazine, The Homemaker, and loving every squeezed-in minute of it, helped me decide that). What I didn't know was whether I wanted to work in the food department of a magazine, even though I had a minor in food and nutrition.

All the magazines offered me food editorial jobs except Farm Journal. They asked me to join the women's staff in a secretarial-training position.

I took the training position, figuring it would give me a chance to look around, get my feet on the ground and see firsthand what goes on in the kitchens, without getting in too deeply right at first. Besides, I must admit, I also wanted to see the East.

I plunged right in...

by Betty Gregory '58

Who was editor of the Homemaker and is now on Farm Journal staff.

Three short weeks to say good-bye to friends and family, to paw through a depleted college wardrobe, save what was presentable and pile it into suitcases—rush out to buy another footlocker for the overflow— and I was on my way.

I spent a glorious Fourth of July on the train, watching fireworks above cities I passed in the night. That train was heading for New York faster than any homing pigeon, and I had to step lively to get off at North Philadelphia.

Thirty minutes later, from my 16th-floor room in center city YMCA (which takes women residents, in case you're puzzled why I don't say YWCA), I could see nothing but buildings—and a block square park filled with pigeons and people who like to feed pigeons.

(Continued on page 14)
Little Things Mean A Lot
by Phyllis Hall, H. Ec. 3

DO YOU WANT to make a good impression? Of course you do! During our college days we have the biggest opportunity to develop our “little” social graces as well as the big ones. In the rush of college life girls often neglect the little things that mean so much in making a good impression with their dates.

During informal interviews I have inquired to find some of the social manners girls neglect which dates find annoying. Some of these manners may sound simple and primary but it is very important to be aware of them. It is sometimes understood that ISU is lacking in social manners. It is our personal obligation to ourselves to show this is untrue.

Let us assume you are on a date—notice the many places in which we can accept small courtesies from our dates.

Coats often cause confusion. When your date calls for you, let him put your coat on for you, and when you arrive you should wait for him to help you take it off.

You should wait to have all doors opened for you. Many times girls forget to let their dates open the car door which is a courtesy the boy wants and expects to extend.

If you walk into a room and men stand—don’t immediately rush for a chair. This does not mean to stand indefinitely but don’t make your actions obvious. Always remember to stand when a housemother or an adult enters.

If you attend a movie or program, here is something to keep in mind. If there is an usher, the girl is expected to follow the usher. If there is no usher, let your date go first—he does not want to run down the aisle after you.

It is very discourteous to talk about “other” dates with your date. He cares little about the great time you enjoyed with someone else the night before. Your entire conversation can affect your whole impression.

Avoid actions expressing possessiveness in public places. Do not help him with his coat, straighten his tie, or brush lint from his coat. Personal habits like combing your hair in public, putting on lipstick and powder, and straightening your own clothes are not considered good taste.

These simple little things mean a lot to a good date. Any boy likes his date to be a perfect example. In all social graces as well as manners for any social occasion, remember that anything that makes you conspicuous is in bad taste. Always give full consideration to other people and you cannot help but make a successful impression.
A Pie That "Just Growed"
by Caroline Fisher, H. Ec. 5

Y OU'RE FAMILIAR with custard pie and its main ingredients eggs, sugar and milk. Southerners have a similar recipe but have substituted butter for all or most of the milk. The result is an uniquely flavored masterpiece known as chess pie.

Chess pie is like Topsy, it "just growed". One of the first records of its success was at a small inn near Huntsville, Alabama. People came from miles around the surrounding countryside because of the specialty offered. That specialty was chess pie! From its early origin to the present day the recipe has changed in its proportions and ingredients.

Here are three variations of chess pie. Phrases like "1 scant tablespoon of cornmeal" and "1 1/2 egg shell of milk" are included in the recipes for the experienced cook who may want to use her own individuality in devising a recipe built upon different amounts of these two items. Equivalents for these ingredients are listed in the recipes.

These recipes are similar in that—the eggs are NOT beaten separately—the unbaked consistency is thick—when the pie is done it looks puffed and golden yellow—as it cools it falls into a rich jelly-like consistency.

**VIRGINIA CHESS PIE**

| 1/4 cup butter | 1/2 cups granulated sugar |
| 2 eggs | juice of two lemons |
| 1 scant tablespoon cornmeal (21/2 teaspoons) |

Cream butter and sugar. Add all eggs at once and mix. Combine lemon juice and cornmeal with mixture. Bake in unbaked pastry crust in moderate oven (350 degrees) for 30 minutes.

**JUST ABOUT PERFECT CHESS PIE**

| 3/4 cup butter | 1 cup brown sugar |
| 1/2 cup white sugar |
| 1 teaspoon flour |
| 2 eggs unbeaten |
| 1/2 egg shell milk |
| (11/2 tablespoons) |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Melt butter. Mix together sugars and flour. Add 2 eggs, milk and vanilla; stir until all ingredients are combined. Blend butter into mixture. Bake in slow (325 degrees) oven in unbaked pastry shell 30 to 35 minutes.

**ALABAMA CHESS PIE**

| 1 cup sugar |
| 1/2 cup butter |
| 5 egg yolks unbeaten |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 2 tablespoons top milk or light cream |

Cream sugar and butter. Stir in egg yolks, vanilla and baked pie crust. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes.

from page 5—Could Move in Co-ops

come from three types of housing in the Lower East Side neighborhood. The co-operative apartment buildings included apartments which are purchased by the occupants. The government housing projects make up a large part of the housing. Occupants qualify for government housing according to their income level. Conditions in the government housing projects are often equal to those in the tenements which are the third type of housing available to the many people living in this area. The neighborhood is changing rapidly as tenements are torn down and government housing projects are put up. Families living in the tenements have the choice of moving into the "co-ops" if their income is high enough to purchase an apartment, moving into the government housing if their income is low enough to qualify and the third alternative of finding another tenement to live in if their income is in between.

It was not uncommon to find families of 6-12 people living in a three room flat. In many of these a bathtub in the kitchen served the double purpose of a bathtub and a kitchen table when a board was placed on top of it. Crowded conditions were exemplified by the remark of one small boy as it was related to us. When he was told by his teacher to hang a picture that he had drawn on the wall at home he replied that he had no wall in his part of the room. His cot occupied the center of the room while the cots of his brothers and sisters lined the walls.

I feel that this summer gave us the opportunity to serve others, broaden our education, and have a good time, all in one.
Going on a Picnic?

Take along delicious ice cream

a variety of flavors—

- convenient dixie cups
- bulk
- sandwich or
- cone

Dairy Industry Building
Salesroom
The city was empty over the long holiday, as it was every weekend. How I envied the people who swarmed about me all week, then deserted the city for the seashore, leaving me to haunt movie houses for entertainment and blessed coolness, the Y rooftop to get a tan.

Farm Journal is located in the old section of Philadelphia right on Washington Square. Not far from it are many colonial houses with a rich historic background.

My own place, where I now live with three girls, is one of these tiny structures — over 100 years old, three stories, brick with traditional white shutters, fireplace, spiral corner staircase, and patio the size of a bedsheet.

Within ten minutes walking distance is the famed Academy of Music where the Philadelphia Orchestra performs all winter and where I got my first taste of opera. Close by, too, are the main stage theaters of the city.

The subways, with their tunnels of stale air, are two blocks away, a good escape route to the suburbs. There's a tennis court within 10 minutes of us. And just around the corner are delightful antique shops, wonderful for browsing on one's way to the Salvation Army (which offers terrific buys in furnishings for a quaint old house like ours).

Every day I join throngs of gloved working gals in their march to work. Because it's the old section of the city where there are narrow brick streets, I see early morning street sweepers with handcarts, children playing in patches of dirt no bigger than a small box, dilapidated wooden wagons, still horse-drawn, carrying vegetables to the edges of the city, thin old men setting up their daily flower stands on the corner, soon to be joined by the pretzel men and the hot-roasted chestnut men.

I found that my old school magazine had been set up on a small scale quite similar to Farm Journal. So I was familiar with the routine of staff meetings to present story ideas, deadlines, story writing and rewriting, layouts and proofreading.

But at Farm Journal I found lots to learn. I suddenly realized the responsibilities that a 3,100,000 family readership places on editors. I was amazed at the painstaking sifting and re-sifting of ideas to make sure they could be "borrowed" by readers. My "Slick Tricks" and "Shopping By Mail" columns, which required mainly editing and little writing, took on new importance as I discovered them to be among the best read columns in the book.

At first I helped set deadline dates for stories three months in advance of their scheduled appearance . . . then pounded on editors' doors reminding them of due dates.

I read proofs more carefully than I'd read any college paper. I struggled to relearn basic style and lots more Farm Journal style. I typed letters, trip memos. I kept files.

And what was most fun for me, I sat in on staff meetings, slowly getting the feel of things.

Sometimes I was asked to help in the kitchen; so I had time to study what the food editors do. And when the Women's Editor asked me whether I wanted to try my hand in the food department, I said "yes."

Now I attend all staff meetings, am asked to present story ideas. Most of my time I spend in the kitchen, testing old and new recipes for stories, or developing new food ideas.

Slowly I'm learning what I don't know. I'm setting up a study program to renew my acquaintance with lots of food lore I'd forgotten and to include courses at the University of Pennsylvania in subjects I never had time for at Iowa State. I'm taking advantage of living in an Eastern city to visit New York and Washington, D. C.

Best of all, I'm meeting professionals in the fields of home economics and journalism.

A first year is filled with awe of people who seem so successful in "your" field. But soon that awe blends into a healthy respect for their talents, and you find you can present your own ideas and know they will be listened to.

A first year is important because it's all many girls work — my three roommates, all June graduates, who had no prospects last September, will all be married by next June.

By plunging right into a job, my first year has brought me an assistant editorship on a national magazine, which means I have a coveted space on the masthead. I have one by-line in type (which I hope will appear soon). In June the first color food photograph I helped with will dress the "Farmer's Wife" cover.

It's been fun, and like a freshman year in college, it will be great to have this first year behind me. From the Matrix.
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The Mexican influence is felt in every charming line of these fashionable separates. Sand-colored drip dry fabric contrasted with black embroidery. Jaunty red sash encircles the waistline. Sizes 5 to 15.

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