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What's a Home Ec?

Marty Keeney
Iowa State College

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WHAT'S A

Home Ec?

by Marty Keeney

WHEN IOWA STATE College and one green freshman girl meet, and there's one part dreams of the future and three parts home ec department and a dash of campus moonlight, a hom e ec major is bound to happen.

A home ec major comes in all shades of assorted colors—white, brown, red, black, and yellow; and tips the scale anywhere from 98 to 200 pounds. Regardless of shape or color, when she puts on her white foods uniform, she is in uniform.

Five friends has every home ec major: her hopes, her hair net, her test file, her lab partner, and her diploma. Five enemies has every home ec: eight o'clocks, mid-term slips, pop quizzes, alarm clocks, and the gal whose tests are always two points higher.

A home ec is a "Jill" of all trades. She is a bacteriologist, a physicist, a chemist, a psychologist, a sociologist, and an interior decorator, a costume designer, and artist and blue-ribbon cook.

She can repair a toaster, distinguish between a burner and a unit, analyze a sibling rivalry, braise a pot-roast, construct or demolish a pizza, and be kissed under a campusile.

A home ec likes Saturday nights, quarter breaks, movies, new clothes, novels, food, babies and kittens, ball games and men. She detests Saturday morning classes, final week, old clothes, room cleaning and midnight oil burning.

A home ec has a desk full of half-used tempa paints, old calorie charts, T & G books, campus calendars, history texts, old physics tests, letters tied in blue ribbon, empty coke bottles, and gum wrappers.

A home ec is at ease in maroon gym shorts and tennis shoes or in a black cocktail dress and silver slippers. She can discuss the world situation or the price of cabbage. She can prepare a meal fit for a king, then ruin your appetite by telling you its mineral content. She can play bridge as well as she can memorize the functions of the cerebral cortex.

She knows as she leaves the campus with her diploma under her arm whether she develops new food from coal tar or feeds a hungry hoard of five, she can compete in a man's world in a woman's way.

A home ec is, by necessity, an efficiency expert. She has learned by bitter experience to plan, control, and evaluate her time. She can sandwich a haircut between an English mid-term and a Monday night basketball game. She can cram for a Lab test while designing a poster for the next meeting of the Home Ec. Education Club.

A home ec is well-rounded in many ways. She is exposed to the arts as she attends the Messiah at Christmas or the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra at the Armory. As she tastes her way through souffles and pies during her many hours of foods courses, she becomes well-rounded at the waistline.

To an Engineer, a home ec is an unmathematical creature with a head full of recipes and pattern layouts. To an Ag, a home ec is a featherbrain who doesn't realize that the wool that she sheds in fibers lab comes from an animal. To the science major, a home ec is someone who thinks beakers are for boiling coffee. To a vet med student a home ec is a physiologist who thinks a humerus is funny. But Ag or Scientist, he knows that a home ec is what he's looking for—a perfect wife.