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An Interview With Scottish Hockey Coach

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Carving the Turkey
By VIOLA M. BELL, Associate Professor of Home Economics

WHAT a moment of meaning to father when, with all the family at attention, he draws the first measured, keen stroke of his knife down the brown flank of the Thanksgiving bird!

Mother—or the flushed, happy bride—has done her best with the ten or fifteen-pound fowl. The glowing, caramelized brown surface, due to the mundane paste of butter and flour first applied, then used in careful basting, makes the turkey shine with pride. Garnished with parsley, curled celery or cress, it presents a picture of fulfilled ambitions, such as may not have been its "suppressed desires."

Beneath its plump breast is an enticing stuffing of mere bread cubes transformed with seasonings—oysters, chestnuts, apples, raisins, or nuts. With mayhap its legs encircled with fetching paper frills or bacon curls, the turkey has come into its own.

The head of the family, or the eldest son, presiding, has labored long that his trustworthy carving knife may fail him not. His reputation is at stake. And what in his practice bouts has he learned? He has learned that the steel is held in the left hand, point raised and inclined toward the person. The knife is grasped in the right hand at an angle of about thirty degrees to the steel. It is drawn from point of steel down toward hand and from handle to point of knife. He must make light, even strokes, first on one side of the steel and then on the other. Usually one-half dozen strokes are sufficient.

It is a case of Humpty Dumpty with the turkey being put together again; but the knowledge of the location of the bones and joints is essential to successful carving. The texture of the flesh in relation to its location is also important to know. To learn best how to carve is "to carve." It aids to study the fowl before and after it is cooked. To be appealing meat needs to be cut in thin, even slices.

The turkey, chicken or goose, is placed on its back with the drumsticks to the right of the carver. Plunge the fork firmly and deeply at the highest point of the breast bone, and at the tip of the wishbone. A skillful carver does not remove the fork during the whole time of carving. Grasp the fork firmly in the left hand. Make a circular cut down to the leg joint, forcing the leg over sharply from the carcass, so as to expose the joint. Completely sever the drumstick and "second joint," or thick, in one piece. Later, the drumstick may be separated from the second joint from the inside by cutting across the point of the angle between them. Sometimes the carver removes the flesh from the second joint before serving.

Next carve thin, even slices from the breast parallel with the breast bone. Carve first on one side of the breast bone, then on the other. The wish bone may then be removed.

Carve only enough to serve all the guests. Should the whole turkey be required, the carving may be started on the side farthest from the carver. Under the back, either side of the back bone, are two small oyster-shaped pieces of dark meat, which are very dainty tidbits.

With the servings of light and dark meat thus arranged on the platter as carved, the guests is asked his preference. If no choice is expressed, slices of both white and dark meat are given, together with some dressing and the giblet gravy.

The feast royal is begun!

An Interview With Scottish Hockey Coach
By LUCILE BARTA

WHAT would Iowa State College be like without a campus? What if there were no "dorms" or houses?

These seem among the necessary ingredients for a college recipe, yet according to Miss Agnes Imrie, the Scottish hockey coach visiting Iowa State College, "there is no campus or dormitory life in the average college in Scotland or England."

Miss Imrie, who recently came to America with the English and Scottish hockey team, visited Ames for a week. An unassuming and charming visitor, she was with difficulty inveigled into an interview.

In answer to a question concerning English school life, she said:

"The young women live out in town or in the suburbs and go back and forth to classes, sometimes consuming as much as two hours each way. There is no college supervision outside of the classroom," (she smiled as the reporter gasped) "and the young women are absolutely independent.

"Attempts have been made recently by the students to organize themselves into student associations. A student union obtains a house near the university and operates it somewhat in the manner of your sorority houses, but as yet the plan is in its beginnings. Several wealthy people have given over their homes near the schools to be used by these organizations."

When queried as to the curricula of their schools, particularly those offering home economics, she continued: "We do not have a unified institution composed of several colleges as you have here at Ames. We have the university for the professions, art schools, and agricultural schools, but they are separate. It would be impossible for a young woman to take domestic science, art, or the classics all within the same school. She would have to take domestic science at Glasgow, art in London, and science and language at Queen Margaret's College.

"There is in Scotland, however, the Glasgow and West of Scotland School of Domestic Science, which most closely resembles your home economics work here. It offers a two, three or four-year course that prepares the graduates to teach sewing, cooking, millinery, and housekeeping. Many women prepare for catering or tea-room managing.

"The school itself is one huge building, one-half being used for classes and the other half for dormitory purposes. Nevertheless, most of those enrolled live out in Glasgow, rather than in the 'Domestic Science Quarters.' Everyone here is enrolled in either a two or four-year course. In addition the college offers many six-weeks and three-months courses for those not desiring the longer ones. Many prospective brides become interested in these courses," she said laughingly. "The sweetmaking course is very popular. In twelve lessons you learn to make all possible kinds of sweets."

Then the inevitable question, "Are American girls much different than English?" brought forth: "English women (Continued on page 11)"
The Sport of Amateur Housekeeping

By ANNA JACOBSON, College Library

I FEEL properly apologetic for venturing to introduce the Amateur Homemaker to her sister professionals; for, quite justly, the amateur is not highly regarded by the finished artist. It is much as if the first-reader class should call on Professor Noble to give him some pointers on literature. Still, there may be a place in some corner for the amateur also, when she scrupulously refrains from encroaching on the preserves of the professional, and contents herself with housekeeping as a sport.

Now, a sport should not be tainted with professionalism. The game is the thing. It should have an element of chance, and not be taken too seriously. The amateur is a free lance. She has no standard to maintain. She may admiringly and candidly admit that standardization is one of the front wheels of progress, and yet have her little flag at standardized diets, color-schemes, and kitchens. Let the amateur stalk forth blithely to her impractical, irresponsible, adventurist housekeeping. It is a good, sane, homely game, if you take it that way. Only, you must shut your ears to the everlasting Hallelujah chorus of the amateur herself with housekeeping as a sport.

It is a mistake to regard the kitchen as devoid of romance because it deals with primitive elemental wants. To scrub, to cook, to bake, to plow, to sow—all the plain, hard manual tasks—bring one to close contacts with the starkest and simplest. That, indeed, is the inmost charm of housekeeping, as it is of farming. Do you remember the sowing of the seed in Hamsun’s “Growth of the Soil”? That is the epic of the farm, but there is a humble epic of the kitchen, too. Not that the kitchen is a “literary” place—Heaven forbid! But for all that, it has an honored place in literature, from Theocritus to Rupert Brooke.

Everyone knows what an inimitable Roast Pig came out of Charles Lamb’s kitchen, but Carlyle’s and Emerson’s amusing correspondence on cornmeal and Johnny-cake is less well known. Characteristically, Carlyle ends with a ditty-rhamb on the transatlantic Johnny-cake: “It is really a small contribution towards world history, this small act of yours and ours...” How beautiful to think of lean, tough Yankee settlers, tough as gutta percha, with most occult, unaccountable fires in their bellies, ploughing over the western mountains to annihilate the jungle, and bring bacon and corn out of it for the posterity of Adam. The pigs in about a year eat up all the rattlesnakes for miles around, a most judicious function on the part of the pigs. Behind the pigs comes Jonathan, with his all-conquering ploughshare-glory to God! Oh, if we were not such a set of cant-ridden blockheads there is no Athenian or Herakles equal to this fact...—which will bring us the real “Fmtcome some day or other!”

You may not be one who can sing the song of the Johnny-cake and its relations; but when the all-too-short day of housekeeping comes to a close, you view your hard-work and declare it good. Now comes the reward of your toil. In this closet space of time you savor life, happy, indeed, if you have a beloved guest to share with you the joyously, homely things in quiet companionship.

Filled may thy fair mouth be with honey, Thyrsis, and filled with honeycomb; and the sweet dried fig mayst thou eat of Aegius, for thou vanquishest the cicada in song! Lo, here is thy cup: see, my friend, of how pleasant a savour! Thou wilt think it has been dipped in the wellspring of hours.”

An Interview With Scottish Hockey Coach

(Continued from page 5)