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An Interview With Scottish Hockey Coach

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Carving the Turkey

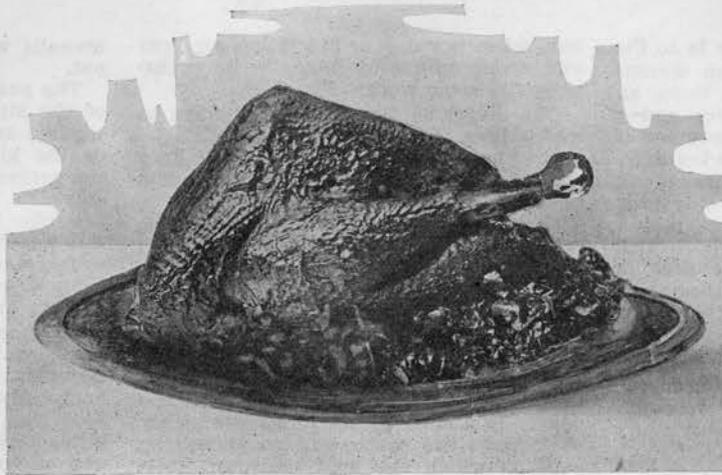
By VIOLA M. BELL, Associate Professor of Home Economics

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 turkey!

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, tho such 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 appetizing 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 wish

bone. 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 thigh, 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, on 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 guest 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

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The Sport of Amateur Housekeeping

By ANNA JACOBSON, College Library

I FEEL properly apologetic for venturing to introduce the Amateur Home-maker to her sister professionals; for, quite rightly, 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 fling at standardized diets, color-schemes, and kitchens. Let the amateur stalk forth blithely to her impressionistic, sketchy, irresponsible, and adventurous 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 efficiency, or you are lost.

Housekeeping, as a sport, is perhaps particularly adapted to the middle years, tho there is no time limit. The very young may feel a stronger call to the movie, the dance, or mah-jong; others may prefer to manage clubs, or engage passionately in social uplift, in their leisure hours. Housekeeping is commended to the betwixt-and-between folks who have no strong predilections or brilliant accomplishments to lend gayety to more colorful recreations.

I admit candidly that housekeeping is a rather exacting sport, and takes large toll of one's precious spare time. It will not, for instance, leave you so very much time to improve your mind; but privately I think it is good for our minds to be left alone once in a while, to grow, instead of having facts stuffed into them over-time. Anyway, I don't want to improve my mind. I want to do all sorts of silly pleasant things with my hands. I want to go home and scrub floors, bake a big luscious pie, and paint my kitchen chairs blue, or maybe a primrose yellow. In season I want to stick some seeds in the ground (a garden belongs with a house), and have them astonish me by coming up bravely to shower joy on an undeserving gardener.

If you combine gardening (for fresh air) and scrubbing (for exercise) you have a combination that beats golf for the sedentary worker, and you have something to show for it besides. Then, think how tired you get of the other woman's taste—or lack of it—in wallpaper and rugs, salads and desserts. Think of having rooms (in the plural!) even to attic and cellar and kitchen.

Nor is the sport necessarily expensive, as it incidentally provides for the everyday necessities of food and shelter. Period furniture, oriental rugs, refectory tables, and breakfast alcoves, are not essential; tho a gateleg table and an arm

chair of individuality—say, with permanently waved legs—give a pleasant air of gentility to the humblest abode.

But whatever you lack, be sure to have a kitchen. I insist on that kitchen. It is the visible manifestation of a spiritual need. I know the social millenium is going to do away with the kitchen, and a few hundred expert cooks will cater to the million consumers. All the more reason to enjoy the fragrant, spicy hours and come into the kitchen while you have a chance. Try one of "Bettina's salads," or "1000 ways to please a husband" (even if you haven't any to please!). Kitchen literature is full of delights if one chooses judiciously. There is a real thrill when you come across "Living on \$500 a year"; and if you yearn for the pencil-figure, take courage; you may "Eat and grow thin." There are other thrills, too; for cooking, like aeroplaning, has its little explosions and sudden falls.

It is a mistake to regard the kitchen as devoid of romance because it deals with primitive elemental wants. To scrub, to

BEAUTIFUL LAND

By Aynbah J. Latham

When first I saw Manhattan,
With miles of human hives,—
Tier above tier, all crowded
With swarming human lives,—
I worried for the millions
Of hungry to be fed,
And wondered where on earth was grown
The grain to make their bread.

But yesterday in riding
Across your fertile plains,
I saw a million farm lands
All golden with their grains:
So I no longer worry;—
The hungry will be fed:
Iowa is God's handmaid;
She serves our daily bread.

ENCORE

And now we understand in part
Whence cometh our bread,
New York, remember Iowa
When Grace is said.

Prof. A. J. Latham is an instructor in public speaking at Columbia University. She attended the late Vocational Education Conference at Ames, and delivered several splendid addresses at the conference.

She was greatly inspired by the beauty of the campus and the spirit of the students at Ames, so much so that she has promised to write us a poem about Ames. The above is one of her impressions of Iowa:

It is interesting to note the conditions under which Miss Latham wrote this poem: while on her way to Ames, she was delayed three hours by a freight train wreck and wrote this poem while waiting.

—Mary Simons.

cook, to bake, to plow, to sow—all the plain, hard manual tasks—bring one to close contacts with existence at its 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 dityramb 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, unsubduable fire in their bellies, steering 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 him, too! Oh, if we were not such a set of cant-ridden blockheads there is no Athene or Herakles equal to this fact:—which will find its real 'Poets' 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 handiwork 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 lovely, homely things in quiet companionship:

"Filled may thy fair mouth be with honey, Thyrsis, and filled with honey-comb; and the sweet dried fig mayst thou eat of Aegilus, 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

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are built for sports—and they go out for them. I refer not only to college women, but all. They have much greater endurance. I have seldom seen an English hockey player 'winded.' They may play for 30, 60, or 90 minutes and never show signs of fatigue.

"American girls as a whole do not enter sports so wholeheartedly, consequently they never attain the endurance which comes only from long training. However, they are very apt, and I only regret that I cannot remain longer to produce a championship team here at Iowa State College."