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Not for One-Track Minds...

By Ruth Cook

A FEW days ago I happened in on a most interesting "kaffeklatch." Over in the Student Activities Room of "Hoe" and at the noon hour, you can find a little knot of jabbering girls any day in the week. These students are working for their room and board. They bring their lunches with them and meet here to eat and talk over their troubles.

Working "gale" make up one of the busiest groups on the campus. They often find this little breath-taking spell at noon the only relaxation in a long, hard day. While we were sitting at the table they told me a little bit about their day's work. The acid test for "board and room" is generally the job that "lets out" for them the most often practiced. Ruth Bora, H. Ee. Jr., iron and gets dinner at the same time. Lettie Bradley, H. Ee. Jr., does the morning dusting while the water for the cereal heats in the double-boiler.

IRONING is generally the job that takes the most time. Fortunately it is the piece of work that combines most readily with other tasks. You can iron while the potatoes are boiling, and you can even iron while you study. One clever girl plans her talks for public speaking while she smooths the wrinkles out of the family wash. Another does all her theme-writing then (the head-work part of course). A third used that time in deciding how to make her quilt, though how she will ever find time to make the quilt is a mystery.

At meal-time speed counts. Almost all of the girls said that they do all they can in preparing the evening meal when they first get home from school. Everything is done but setting the food on the fire. They are free to clean, iron, tend the baby or do whatever else falls to their lots. All steps in food preparation require some thought; so that "lets out" any hope of doing other things "on the side" while getting the meal.

One morning Clarice Torkelson, H. Ee. Jr., was asked to fry chicken for the breakfast of the southern family for whom she works. She set the alarm for 5:30, but there was a slip some place and she didn't get up till much later. By frying the chicken in a deep skillet with the lid on, she managed to have it done in 20 minutes. Little tricks like this help working girls to stand the grind.

"You can get a lot of work done," Edith Blood, H. Ee. Jr., says, "between the time you call dinner and the time that the family sits down to eat." Dishes can be stacked, utensils set to soak and the kitchen made tidy.

One girl found that by eating alone she could begin washing the dishes used in the first course when she finished serving the second. Thus she had most of the dishes done by the time the family was through eating.

Ruth Bora uses newspapers on her work table. When she is through working she folds up and doves the paper, and the table is clean.

The acid test for "board and room" girls comes on weekend nights. "I can get done twice as fast on a Saturday night, and I thought I had been doing pretty well all along," said one girl. Another was "shocked at herself," she burst into such a spurt of speed. Most of them find it practical to be "all ready" when they go down to prepare dinner except for changing a dress. One "just didn't have time" to change her dress after the dishes were finally done.

EAT, SLEEP and Be Thankful...

By Rosemee Johnson

WATCHING your roommate pack, listening to impatient letters from homes not your own, trying to feign interest in plans that don't concern you, hungering for a wedge of the only mince pie, your mother's, realizing the amazing capacity of one weekend bag, not yours. Will this home-hunger go on for four days? Will Monday find you mad?

Sometimes you regret the dutiful letter in which you volunteered to stay at school. But, of course, the fare was too great; the time was too short; and a Thanksgiving exile was your only choice, perhaps a happy one. You can make up all the sleep you have lost since Holloween and accumulate enough more to last until Christmas. Or as a last resort, you can always study.

Wednesday evening, when the last of the going are gone, you leave your deserted corridor to join your companions in grief; surprisingly, they, like yourself, are quite gay, and with reason. For the first time you may investigate the possibilities of campus leisure; no studies to prepare, you are free to concentrate on recreation, even idleness. The hours do not drag.

THANKSGIVING DAY itself is a real occasion. You lie long in bed or you walk in the sun; you scrutinize the entire Thanksgiving extra, and you turn on the radio long before twelve. In any case you allow a deliciously long time to prepare for the holiday meal, for Ames, too, celebrates. The Presbyterian Church invites all students and faculty who remain on the campus to be its guests at dinner. And if the table has not the savor of your own traditions, it substitutes the color of newness and the warmth of kindling friendships. Before you rise from the table, the first after-memories almostスペースcome such home, where each dormitory chaperon, memorial to the memories of high noon, serves light tea. The coziness and cheeriness and smallness of your group are almost homely.

The second day you already anticipate: Thursday's mail pours in—letters from everyone, a card from your roommate, and beside them a hard-to-lift package.

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