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To Ines Rosenbusch

Our Chocolates Are Salty

By Therese Warburton

TALL and fair, with blond curls and snappy eyes, Ines Rosenbusch makes a most attractive hostess, one who emanates all the Spanish spirit and gracious manner of present day Buenos Aires.

Three taps at her door and one can see Buenos Aires for one whole evening or for at least 15 minutes when Ines is very busy. She explains then that it requires more time for her to get her lessons because she feels she is a bit slower in grasping the meaning in our language.

When asked why she chose Iowa State as her college she quickly replied in her delightful Spanish accent.

"I didn't think of it," she said, "my father thought of it. I wouldn't think of asking him to send me way over here."

Realizing that she was talking to a student of home economics Ines' eyes sparkled as she exclaimed, "I know something that may interest you. Our meals and the time of serving are so much different than here."

SHE explained that never was a heavy breakfast eaten; only a simple meal of coffee, "and a small slice of bread if you care for it," served at 7:30.

"We have a very heavy noon lunch at one o'clock," she went on to explain. "It is always five courses." She enumerated, "Hors d'oeuvres, soup, scrambled eggs and bacon, meat with vegetables and dessert."

Five o'clock is tea time with tea cakes and sandwiches.

"Then dinner, well," she deliberated, "dinner in my house is light—just soup, vegetables and dessert—but most homes have as heavy a meal at dinner as at lunch.

Right after dinner comes "mate" (mat-te) and had she been in Buenos Aires just then "mate" might have been in order right then and there. At least the "bombilla" was ready to be used.

The "bombilla", Ines explained as she held it out, is a beautifully hand-decorated gourd with the national emblem on one side. The green tea leaves are placed in the bombilla and over them hot water is poured. The tea is sipped through a silver tube, one end of which is large and perforated to form a drain and inserted in the bed of tea leaves.

"It's hot, terribly hot! I burn always my tongue," Ines laughed.

The most peculiar thing in this new country to Ines is the American method of eating. "We never change hands in using our silver; ours is what one might

call the English style, or maybe it is French.

"I haven't tasted any real nice candies here, either," she went on. "Our candies are terribly sweet and when I bite into a chocolate here, I find it salted, and I can't eat it," she confessed.

"The nicest thing here in America is the highways," she complimented. "You can go on the highways everywhere."



She explained that although Argentina has paved roads, the paving has not been done so extensively as here.

"There is something you don't have that we have very much," and she hesitated as she searched for a word to exactly define it, "not a shop or a bakery—no, not a tea-room, larger than that. It is always the top story of large store buildings, sometimes two floors, very large, filled with tables. We call it the 'confitaria.' All the big stores are equipped with 'confitarias' where cocktails and ice creams are served. At six o'clock these shops are filled, everybody drinking a cocktail."

There is music—"Jazz or tango," Ines added. "We call it 'orquesta tipica' meaning typical orchestra." After the movies at one o'clock in the morning these shops are again filled with people.

INES told of the sports. Crowds flock to the 'carreras' (horse races), she said.

"Our football is not Rugby football," she remarked, "but it is soccer football. They play the game here about as we do, but ours is not so rough."

Polo, basketball and rowing are also favorite sports. "We go 30 minutes out of town on the train to the tributary of the Rio de la Plaba. The Tigre (Tee-gry) for the Rio de la Plaba is too wide for rowing," she explained. The latter means 'river of silver.' On the Tigre, amidst many beautiful islands

there are many yachts and launches. People come every day to spend the day, returning to the city for night.

From sports the conversation turned to business, the immediate present and the possible future. Ines is interested in bacteriology and chemistry. She reasons that industry is comparatively new in her country and that there is a great future for the field of the bacteriologist and the chemist.

"Products are thrown away as wastes there," she explained. "For instance, corn. I see here the corn isn't wasted. It is used in by-products, do you say? And there is more money in the by-product than the corn!"

Ines is enjoying the campus life greatly. "Si, es precioso," she says in Spanish.

And if one knew Spanish as well as Ines, he too might say "Si, es precioso!"

A not-too-squat, not-too-tall vase is a flattened cube of glass with the corners rounded off and the center left hollow. Other delightfully fluttery and feminine vases are of unglazed porcelain and are remindful of alabaster.

You're on ship board in some of the new basements. And in getting you there the architect needn't be too strenuous in covering up pipes and posts. The nursery basement with a slide running along side the basement steps and with alphabet tiles in the fireplace is one not to be neglected.

An in-a-drawer-office can be made out of a spare closet. Imagine the joy of being able to close the door on study desk and litter. Install shelves for books, leaves that pull out for typewriter and paper, an attached study lamp, hooks on the door for flat tools, and a closet can open another room into your bedroom.

ANGINA PECTORIS

There must have been something we had

Besides this:

A set of red dishes, a flivver,
A kiss.

We must have had something more lasting

Than these:

Love of a black dog and tang of
Sea breeze.

We had a red campfire and cold hills

At dawn.

What was it we hadn't? Why can't we

Go on?

—Alice Wortman