Mr. Eligible Bachelor Asserts, "Men Crave Real Food!"

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ON THE Iowa State campus is one who personifies the perfect male. His name cannot be divulged; his popularity with the opposite sex has already reached a high enough peak that any added publicity would increase the number of his feminine admirers to unmanageable amounts.

Therefore, in reporting this interview with him, we must call him by a descriptive rather than an exact title, and refer to him, appropriately enough, as Mr. Eligible Bachelor.

He is the composite of all the men girls have ever dreamed about. He is tall, handsome, charming, polite, athletic and intelligent. He has a car, wears a Tux beautifully and knows all the right answers as well as the right questions. He has the smoothness of William Powell, the virility of Gary Cooper, the wit of Robert Montgomery, the dash of Errol Flynn, the well-bred air of Franchot Tone, and in addition, the elusive something that has made Robert Taylor, America's adored one for 1937.

To ask such a paragon of all desirable qualities a mundane question about his opinion on foods required some audacity. At first it might seem inappropriate that such apparently unromantic subjects as bread and butter or steak and onions be chosen for discussion with such a romantic individual as Mr. Eligible Bachelor.

However, the old proverb to the effect that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, served as the inspiration for the interview. Not only home economics students, but women everywhere are learning to cook—cutting their fingers as they pare a parsnip and tip-toeing softly around the kitchen while the sponge cake in the oven decides to rise or fall. The purpose of all this effort is as often directed towards the pleasure of the male as is a neat job of finger-waving, a frilly dress, an artistic makeup, or a well-aimed wink.

The joy of a cook is not in her products as much as it is in the pleasure they give to others. Perhaps most often the persons women wish to impress with their culinary skill are men. Before marriage they seek to charm the unmarried male with food; after marriage they seek to keep him agreeable and contented by the same means.

With these things in mind, we opened our interview with Mr. Eligible Bachelor by asking him his opinions about food and how it should be cooked and served. Although at first somewhat astonished by the question, he soon admitted the importance of the subject, and his profound observations about what men like to eat began to fill our notebook.

"You know," he began, "lots of women seem to think that food is only to look at. They think the highest praise anybody can give some food they have prepared is 'Isn't it pretty!' Maybe women just want to sit and look at food, but I know for a fact that men like to eat it.

"Don't think that I mean food shouldn't look nice, be arranged attractively and so forth. I'm just begging for a little moderation. People get so fanatic about the subject of 'pretty food' that they don't care whether the stuff tastes good or not.

"They apparently begin to think of the people grouped around the dinner table as an Art Jury rather than as a hungry congregation, craving something that looks, smells, and is good to eat. I tell you, men like food edible; they don't care if it's a little ugly."

Here a sad look came into Mr. Eligible Bachelor's eyes, as if he were recalling some melancholy incident in the past. Presently he spoke again. "You know," he mused, "there was once a girl, a pretty nice girl, and I liked her very well. Then, one day, I went to a St. Patrick's Day party at her home. She had taken great pains with the spread. Everything possible had been done to carry out the idea of the Irish shamrock and St. Patrick.

"I didn't mind the green bread, green ice cream, green cookies, green candies and green soup, but when I saw the green mayonnaise on the salad and the little open faced sandwiches with curving bits of green cheese on them, fixed up to look like the snakes that St. Patrick chased out of Ireland, my heart turned slowly sick within me.

"I wonder where that girl is now," he said. "I couldn't bear to see her for a long time after that.

"What's the trouble?" he asked me plaintively. "Do women like to work and slave for hours over something that will be eaten in a couple of minutes if it serves its proper destiny? Do they care for art more than they do for eating? If they must slave over making super-artistic effects, why can't they take up china painting or soap carving or something like that? Why can't they confine their efforts with food to making something that's good to eat and looks it?"

Apparently, these were merely rhetorical questions, for without stopping for a reply, Mr. Eligible Bachelor rushed on. "Once I was almost engaged to a girl," he reminisced. "In fact, one night when I was invited over to her home for dinner I intended to pop the question and hang my fraternity pin right then and there. She announced proudly that she had made the dinner, so alas! I knew by the time the meal was over that I could not ask her to be my wife. Consider first the pork chops she served! True, they were Frenched and were decorated with lovely mauve frills of paper at the ends.

"I could have stood that bit of feminine vanity if the chops had been cooked right. But they were slightly scorched on the outside, slightly raw in the center, and the things had stood so long that they were in a greasy, cold condition by the time they reached the table. It's bad enough when a good cook goes in for these colossal artistic effects, but when a poor cook tries to conceal her cooking by a paper frill, it's unbearable.

"And talk about concealing," he continued mournfully, "you should have seen how that girl concealed a tomato. A perfectly good tomato, mind you. A tomato is a beautiful thing, to my way of thinking; in itself, it pleases the artistic sense and at the same time arouses the appetite. A tomato has absolutely
nothing to be ashamed of.

"However, here was this poor tomato all covered and plastered with cream cheese, made to resemble a white rose. The girl had evidently spent hours in an attempt to make the cheese look like rose petals. But all of her work seemed sort of pitiful to me. I would much rather eat a tomato than a white rose any day!"

Poor Mr. Eligible Bachelor looked quite distressed as he recalled the tomato incognito; he sank into a deep reverie and we were about to creep out and leave him with his sad thoughts, when he called us back.

"One more thing I'd like to get off my chest," he said, "and that's how women like to starve men in the name of daintiness. They like athletic men; they like tall, dark, and handsome men with bulging biceps. But they don't seem to realize that such a man requires more food than does a ninety-eight pound female. They serve a man a fruit salad, a lamb chop, a parsley garnish (art again!), a radish, and a decrusted slice of toast, and expect him to retain all his manly qualities on such a low caloric diet!"

At last a lighter mood seemed to capture Mr. Eligible Bachelor. His troubled frowns disappeared, and he seemed able to detect at least a glimmer of humor on the subject.

"I must seem an awful beast," he said, smiling charmingly and looking devastatingly like Robert Taylor.

"Here I am criticizing some of the best qualities that women have. Nothing helps a woman to become attractive as much as her daintiness and her ability to improve on the bountiful gifts of nature. I guess my only legitimate complaint is her occasional immoderation.

"In the case of food, I just wish she would remember that men consider food as something primarily meant to be eaten. If she must be dainty, she need not starve her male guests in the midst of plenty; and if she must be artistic, she need not forget that a fried egg, however inartistic, is undeniably more appetizing than an artistic oil painting."

As we left this attractive man, he said finally, "Please don't think me unreasonable. I'm just pleading the cause of edible food." And his attractive manly dimples showed as he smiled in farewell.

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**Pack a Sense of Humor In Your Picnic Hamper**

*by Helen Clark*

Did you ever get up at 5 o'clock on a Sunday morning, put on your oldest slacks and last year's ox-fords, and, with something to eat, tramp way out beyond any signs of people to watch the early sun? Or maybe you would rather take a group of friends and your supper and hike out to Sunset Rock to watch the sun go down? If you have done neither, then you are indeed unfortunate, but you have a real thrill to look forward to.

Perhaps you don't like quiet picnics; then get the "gang" together, take an afternoon off to find a new picnic place, play hide-and-seek or drop the handkerchief to your heart's content and sing the old high school pep songs or the latest, noisiest popular song from the "Hit Parade."

Picnics have several requirements of one kind and another, the first one of which is always food. Almost everything tastes good at a picnic. What if the weiners do fall in the fire, or the steak does get burned around the edges? Just eating out-of-doors gives everything a distinctive flavor. But here are ideas for something different that LaVonne Moret obtained from Girl Scout Camp.

For instance, "Sunrises" made from graham crackers with toasted marshmallows and canned apricots between them are a grand idea for early morning picnics. Then, if you want something more difficult, take a skillet, some ready-mixed pancake flour, milk, and bacon. When your fire is made, heat the skillet and fry on one side in it a piece of bacon, pour in the flapjack batter you have just mixed, and presto! flapjacks of the highest grade! On these first rate pancakes eat a first rate spread called "pooh butter." It is made by creaming butter and mixing it with honey.

For a rather large group, a delicious stew is made by browning hamburger and onions and adding vegetables. A can of tomatoes gives sufficient liquid. Another dish is squash corn, made by mixing canned corn with onions and bacon.

To make "angels on horseback" wrap a strip of bacon around a cube of brick cheese and hold this on a forked stick over the open fire. When the bacon begins to brown and the cheese to melt, take the "angel" from the fire and put it between two slices of rye bread.

Our old standby, the sandwich, may be changed innumerable ways. Try mixing honey and peanut butter for a filling. And have you toasted sandwiches on the end of a forked stick? They're delicious. Little sausages would be grand with the flapjacks and served with fresh fruit your meal would be complete. Fruit is a picnic food that, like weiners, never grows old. There is only one essential regarding food—have plenty of it!

Never was there a really superb picnic where everybody didn't wear old clothes. If you didn't bring your last summer's culotte and slacks back with you from vacation, write home now, so you'll have them the first time you or any of the gang feel picnicky. Wearing an old twin sweater set and your heavy sport coat is a good idea for the first picnic of the spring when the snow is barely gone and there may be a storm tomorrow. There are very few Iowa State coeds who do not know that sports oxfords go most places well and that nothing is more out of place than dress shoes at a picnic. So, if you respect the feelings and patience of the rest of the gang, wear sensible shoes.

If you're going on a gay, crazy party out in the woods, use a little ingenuity and hunt for some new games that will set the party going. Keep everyone busy, if at nothing else than gathering firewood.

With your food and old clothes, be sure to take along your sense of humor. Things happen at picnics—things like ants in the food and scorched coffee—that require a little overlooking. Then too, you may have to tramp up rough hills for seeming miles to find a good shady spot. What if someone does splash muddy water on you or even push you in the creek. No man likes a poor sport. The old, trite adage about "laugh and the world laughs . . ." certainly can be taken on picnics to advantage.

Nothing is more fun on a spring day than a picnic with your own special gang, all of them good sports, with plenty to eat and a good place in which to eat it.