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Getting Married Right Out of College?

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DON’T you think you will be throwing away your college education? said many of my friends when I planned to walk down the aisle only a month after marching across the stage for a diploma.

“Oh, no,” I protested. “Just because I won’t be using my specialized training in a salaried business job, is no sign that my advanced work will be lost to me.”

I was sure that the knowledge and experience I had gained in classroom and laboratory would make me a much better homemaker. This belief was correct. But I soon found that what I had learned needed to be used actively in order to be of help to me.

A large company employs many college graduates in the town which became my home after marriage. These college men marry college women as a rule. And I soon observed that somewhere between the altar and the home all these girls had lost a large portion of their advanced training and had ceased to learn anything new.

Many of them were excellent cooks, made some of their own clothes and kept apartments of two to four rooms spick and span. But the food and housework for two people cannot occupy more than half of any woman’s day. Afternoons that might have been used for development and expansion were filled with bridge clubs, sewing, gossip or aimless shopping.

After a few months of doing as they did, I decided that my boast about the help an education would be was falling extremely flat. When I tried to recall bits of history or English literature, I was at a loss. The question-and-answer radio programs defeated me with the simplest of queries. I looked around helplessly at our two rooms, kitchen and bath to find some occupation which would change my loafing to learning.

First I sent home to mother for my file of college lecture notes, of household pamphlets collected from magazine coupons, and of laboratory outlines. I asked her to send me, too, my art portfolio filled with prints of masterpieces.

Together my husband and I planned an attack on the bugbear of spare time. A simple and fascinating habit we started was to stand, on our own living room table, a different picture from the portfolio each week.

During the week we studied the picture’s style and colors and also the painter, his life and period. We did not go into much detail about each thing, but discovered much value in appreciating daily the presence of the “Madonna of the Chair,” the “Song of the Lark” or a vivid landscape by Van Gogh. The small and inexpensive prints which had been studied hurriedly in a survey art course, now serve me well.

One night we tried to remember the most common French verbs. Three years of French we each had had; and we could only recall a few verbs! Brushing up on foreign language came next.

Reading occasional source books from a history outline lends stability and understanding to the daily news. A weekly or daily publication needs the perspective and foundation of time to test it for stability. Then the history of any one section of the country opens another field of inquiry. Old battle fields and Indian mounds all contain complete novels of courage and romance whenever asked to tell them.

The first few years of married life, especially if spent in a small furnished apartment, can make an unambitious, dull and dissatisfied woman out of an intelligent and educated girl. Each young wife must work out her own problem of activities, to make the long spare hours into short creative ones. If the two rooms hold in themselves a broad schedule of fun and work, they can become a real home instead of a prison of mental boredom.