Best Years of Your Life

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You've heard it before, you'll hear it again but it's up to you to make sure college days are the . . .

Now, I kind of wish I had it to do over again. Instead of this being my final year in college, I wish it were my first. I'd like to be going through Freshman Week; taking tests, dancing at the Freshman Mixer and attending that first college class. I wish I were looking forward to four good years on this campus, instead of recalling three rather mediocre ones. I wish I were a freshman again . . . I would like to change now some of the things I have done in my years of college.

If I were a freshman again, I would aim for, and attain an all-college average of "B." I would realize that I wasn't capable of getting too many "A's," for if I tried for that I might turn into the familiar bookworm, who never crawls out into the world. But, I would also realize that I was capable of more than average, neither good nor bad, "C" work. So, I would set my goals for a college grade-point of three.

If I were a freshman again, I would make a resolution to show my parents, once a week, my appreciation for the things they had done and were doing for me. I could do it in a letter, with a small gift or by spending some extra hours with my books. I realize only now, and too late, the sacrifices they must have made in their living, in order to send me here to school. I would remember, as I sat procrastinating, that each minute I wasted meant sacrifice for them . . . a new dress for my mother or good tires for the car.

If I were a freshman again, I would begin getting into activities. I would be discriminating in my choice, for activities with only the thought of recognition, are useless. I would look over many, and finally choose two or three in which I was vitally interested, and concentrate my four years of extra-curricular activities on them.

If I were a freshman again, I would write a sign to myself and pin it on my bulletin board. On that sign would be: "Make a new friend every day!" I would make a point of remembering names of people to whom I was introduced, and the next time I met them, I'd give them a bright "Hi!" with their name following. And I would carry out that resolution on my bulletin board, for the part of college I'll remember the longest will be the friends I made here.

If I were a freshman again, I would make a resolution never to say, "I haven't got time to do that." If a good speaker or orchestra were to be on campus for a lecture or concert, I would make time in my schedule in order to attend. In fact, I would make use of every opportunity to hear "good" things, maybe substituting Carl Sandburg for a Gene Kelly movie. If one of the girls down the hall was looking for a partner in a good discussion of religion or politics, I'd find the time without sacrificing my studying . . . for often from that type of relationship comes more knowledge than can be gained from books.

Envy you freshmen who have four years of college in which to achieve your goals. Make the best of them, so that when you are a senior, you won't have to say: "I'd study harder, make more friends, be in more activities, and take more time for 'good' things . . . if I were a freshman again."