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"You Can't Bring It With You"

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"You can't bring it with you!"

by Martha Keeney
Home Economics Freshman

"I'm NOT Leaving Woofie"

"He is NOT Dusty!"

What will your conversation be when the time comes to throw away the accumulated souvenirs of your college days to make room for the wedding gifts?

"I JUST CAN'T LEAVE this picture of Jim and me taken on the Fourth of July last year," Nancy thinks as she adds it to the conglomeration heaped on the floor. "There, I guess I have everything now—my cup collection, the pictures from the dances at school, my yearbooks, Tom, Woofie, and Annabel, the sea shells Jim sent from California, and—oh yes, my portfolio of charcoal drawings of flowers. I'm sure there will be room in our new home for these few things."

In a house around the corner and down the street, we find a young man standing in the middle of what appears to be a combined hobby shop and sports equipment store.

He mumbles to himself as he hauls a dusty trophy out of the closet. "Hmmm, 'Jim Graham, Runner-Up-1956 Golf Tournament.' That'll look nice on the mantle beside the stuffed owl I bought last year. I'll bet Nancy will like this." He holds up a bottle with a tiny red and gold sailing ship inside. "Hey, here's my old stamp collection. I thought Mom burned it after I had scarlet fever. I guess I'll have room for this. Nancy probably won't have much to bring but clothes and silverware and stuff like that."

These scenes are occurring in many homes this spring as young couples who are planning to be married clean their rooms of the necessary souvenirs of their single lives that they just "can't do without."

A few weeks later as the newly married couple is moving into their new little housing development home, we hear sounds which don't resemble that wedded bliss we read so much about.

"Jim, what on earth is this stuffed bird doing in here? It's so dusty that I can't tell what color it's supposed to be and its feathers are coming out all over my clean tablecloth!"

"That bird is only the second largest horned owl ever shot in this state," he replies in a hurt tone, "and it's not dusty. Just put it in there with my trophies. By the way, you don't really want these old corsage ribbons and dance programs do you? Can't I just toss them out?"

"Jim Graham, those things happen to mean a lot to me. They're from every dance I went to in college. If you throw them away, I'll burn that owl, even though it's the second largest in the county."

"In the state, you mean."

And so it goes, late into the evening, as old love letters, baseball mitts, and sea shells are argued over, laughed at, and finally stowed in the already bulging closet shelves or in the incinerator.

Across the yard, the fair, fat, and fortyish matrons sit and smile over their Ladies' Home Journals at the younger generation, wondering how those silly souvenirs of college days can possibly be worth all that bickering.

Perhaps they've forgotten that they couldn't quite leave at home their raccoon coats and Yale pennants some twenty years ago!