

1961

It All Started With Adam

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Recommended Citation

Stoddard, Sherry (1961) "It All Started With Adam," *The Iowa Homemaker*: Vol. 41 : No. 7 , Article 4.
Available at: <http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker/vol41/iss7/4>

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It All Started With

ADAM

by Sherry Stoddard, H. JI. 2

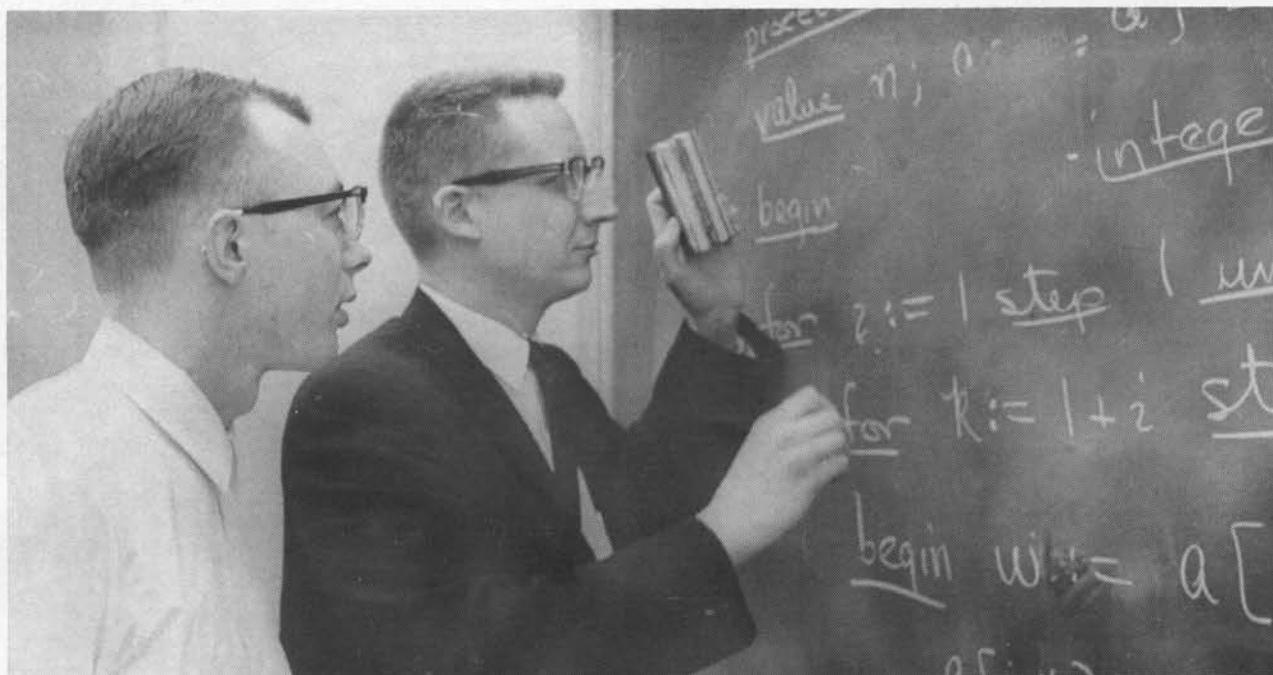
This business of "men" had to have a beginning sometime, somewhere within the colorless annals of the by-gone. So we will assume it all started with Adam, since it seems a bit irreverent to relate today's leader of society to Mr. Darwin's swinging prehistorics.

Adam, with a little ethereal aid, fostered an idea destined to survive the ages — the institution "man." Since the days of the fig leaf and the ill-begot apple, man has blundered into a few pitfalls and fathered a few miracles. If memory is not weathered, it seems to recall hearty figures in pants, uttering such phrases as "It'll never fly," or "*Et tu, Brute!*" or "The South's gonna rise again."

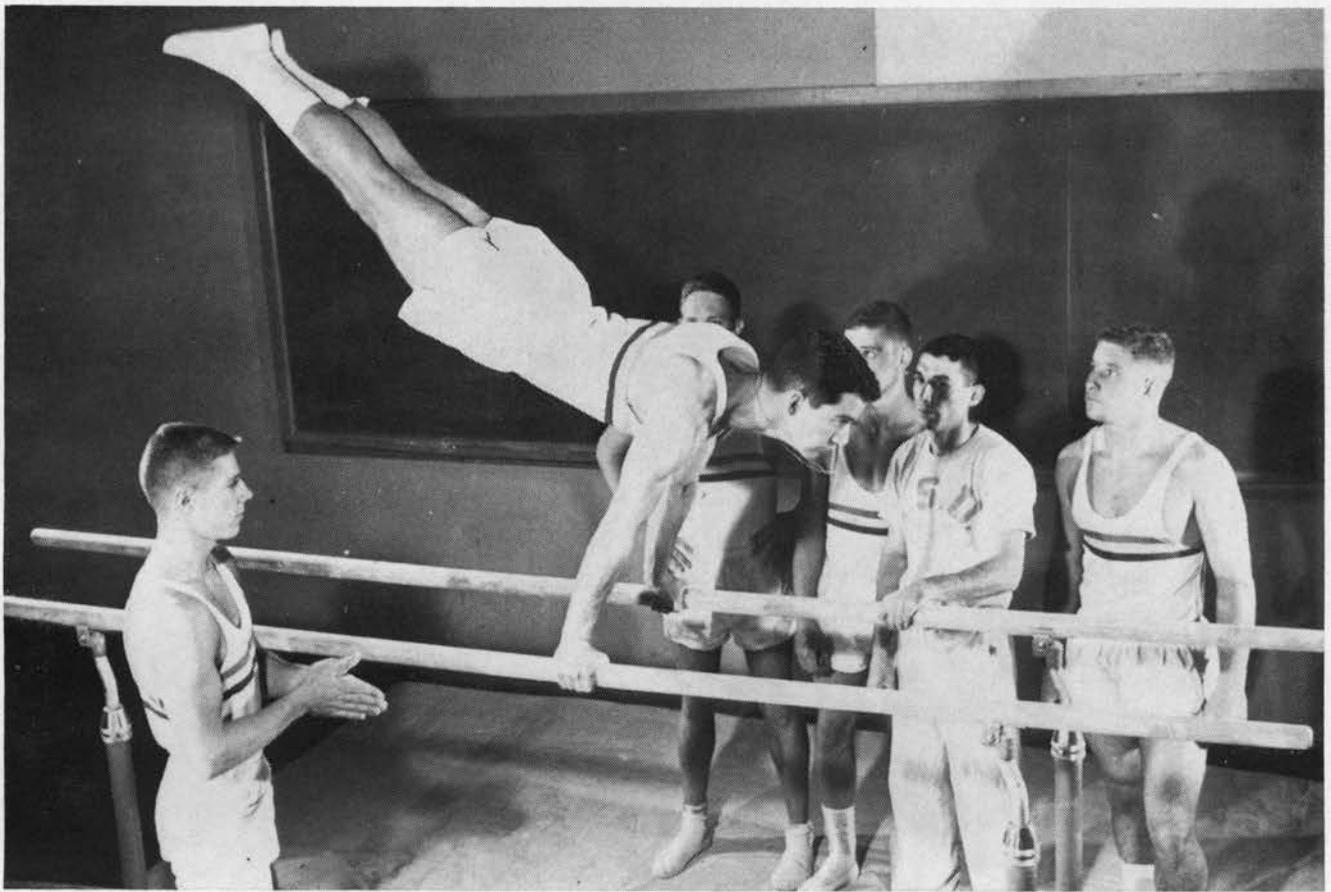
And there were trousered souls, guided by Fate's finest touch, who are remembered for, "I cannot tell a lie," and, "Go West, young man, go West."

It's true, man has painted history in bold strokes — a little crooked, but he's surely left his mark. He has ranked brain and muscle above worms and cars and elephants and women. And there is serious doubt if today's man is much divorced from Adam the First.

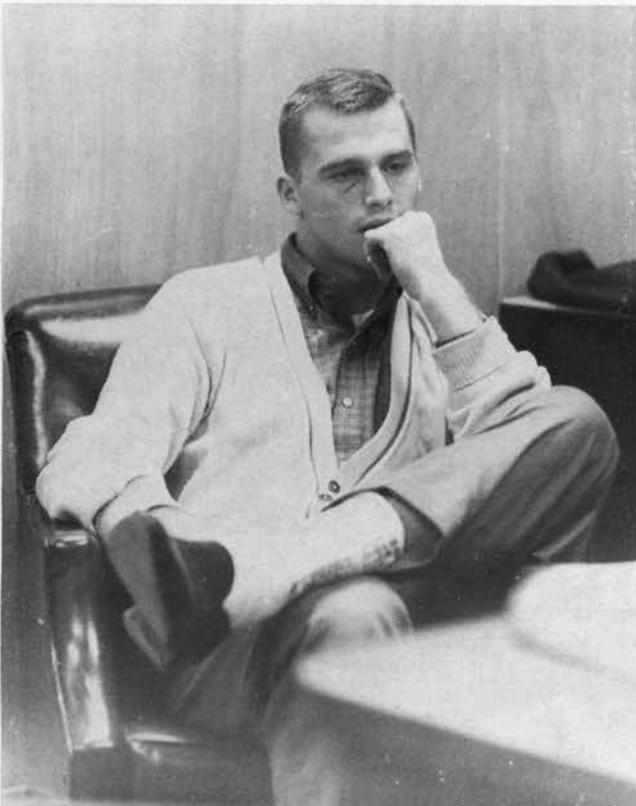
Man is a huge unconquerable mound of ego, marred by a few well-disguised but immeasurably tender Achilles heels. He is but definitely superior to the inconsequential strain of Eve's feminine descendants (or so we will temporarily assume).



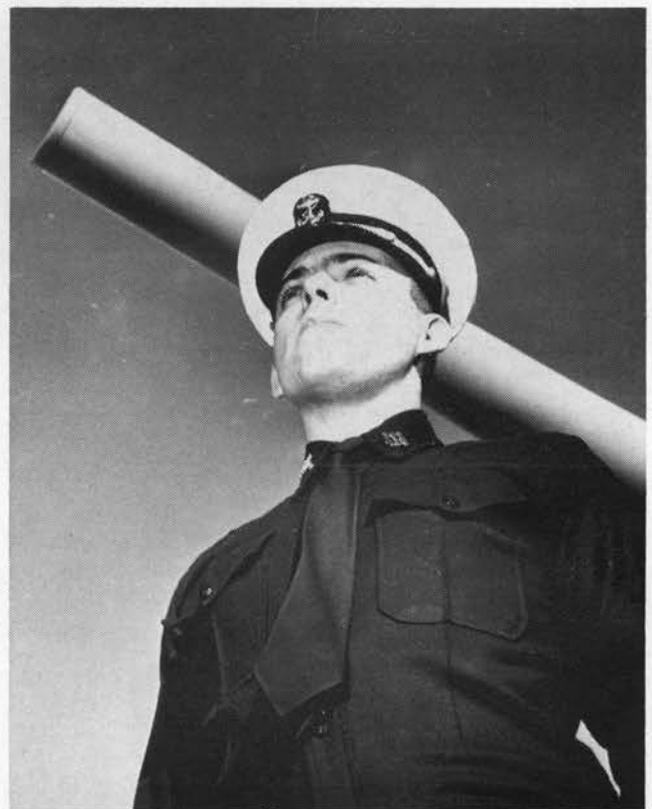
Man is all intellect north of the shoulder-line, and all muscle down south. His sophistication embraces "The Wall Street Journal," while his earthy instinct reveals itself in Saturday night's pastimes.



Man is protector of the world. He dashes missiles off to new horizons; he ponders crises in the Belgian Congo; and he applies his genius to the loose screen banging on the south side of the house.



Man is honest and outspoken. He pens indignant letters to Republican editors; he promptly notifies the waitress when his T-bone is not medium-well; and he suffers silently in the company of his wife, who is arrayed in what must be some designer's conspiracy against good taste.





Man has an emotional core of steel, rusted a bit by compassion and sentiment. He snickers cynically at touching melodrama; he chuckles at nuptial tears, dropped before, during, and after the wedding ceremony; then again, he somehow rationalizes the value of roses and chocolates on that special occasion.

Man is the unbending dictator who says "No!" when obviously the only possible answer is "Yes." He is the scrutinizing tyrant who knows within 30 minutes that the bank account is overdrawn, and who comments on a new dress five years after the date of purchase.

Man is keeper of the car keys, receiver of the pay check, studier of the tax form, patron of the stag party, and arch-enemy of the cosmetic industry. He is husband, father, bread-winner, sympathizer, unscrambler, fixer-upper, painter, straightener-outer, surprise-bringer, story teller, church usher, worm digger, and to bed-putter.

And man is here to stay. It all started with Adam, and with a little luck and limited help from that inferior sex, we can keep a good thing going.