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'Tis Neither Fudge Nor Fried Potatoes

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"WOULD you sell your home economics education for what it cost you?"
The question was put first to a college graduate who has been teaching home economics several years.
"Of course not!" she replied with emphasis and a look of astonishment which spoke volumes.
"I believe I realize more fully than many just how much an education costs in dollars and cents," she continued, "for I earned most of the money which paid my college expenses. It has never occurred to me to have a moment's regret concerning my determination to have a college degree, nor to wish for an instant that I had done what so many of my high school classmates did. There were thirty-four of them and thirty did not go to college."

But possibly because a teacher of home economics is making constant use of her field, her opinion might be somewhat biased, so what would the business woman say? She was approached at her place of business with the same question.
"If you would not sell it for what it cost, how much would you take for it?" she was asked.

"Why I don't know. I can't express its value in financial terms. It is worth so much that I think every girl, no matter what she expects to do, ought to have home economics training. Hardly a day passes that I don't make use of some of the things I learned in college. Even the details of some subjects like chemistry and dietetics, which I used to wonder about, are crowding forward for use as circumstances arise which recall them."

But the teacher and the business woman are making constant additions to their bank accounts because they have this education. What about the graduate who married soon after receiving her degree and has been keeping house during these years?
"Yes, the question must be put to her too."

Upon approaching her home, I was greeted by a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little maiden of four summers, sensibly clad for her morning play time. "He's all right," and led me to the doorway where mother greeted us. After a few moments conversation, the same question was put to her.
"Would you sell your home economics education for what it cost you?"
"Why, what do you mean?" she replied.

"It's value can't be measured in dollars and cents. It is in life and family, and some other things which are too valuable to be thought of in financial terms."

The telephone interrupted our conversation, but her brief comment upon her return indicated that even a busy mother has time for and interest in community affairs.

As I ponder over these replies, the question comes, "Would they all agree, the hundreds who have a degree and hundreds more who have spent one, two, or three years studying home economics at Ames?" Some of the answers would come from across the sea and post marks would show that most of the states of the Union are represented.

And what a variety in the list of occupations. Teachers, business women, homemakers—yes, plant them, but all these others too—journalists, chemists, bacteriologists, designers, decorators, play ground supervisors, physical directors, public health workers, missionaries, demonstration agents, club leaders, dietitians, tea room and cafeteria managers, and Y. W. C. A. secretaries. Would they all agree that home economics education has proven invaluable in their particular line of work?

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BY HARRIET SCHLEITER

BEFORE I lived in a dormitory I had a confused idea of what it was like, to say the least. I gathered from authentic reports that a dormitory was a frivoulous place, where girls reclined in silk pajamas, in luxurious boudoirs, ate fudge and olives, read novels, and never even bothered about such boresome things as classes. I was told that they roused themselves in the evening to climb down cool stairs, to go skimming across the swains, returned at very late hours, to have forbidden spreads, often interrupted by prowling, rubber-heeled chaperons, and were then forced to take unconvenionable refuge beneath beds and tables.

Then I learned from other equally reliable sources that a dormitory was a dismal hole, where poor down-trodden students were imprisoned in barren cell-like rooms, from which they escaped only to file down to meager meals of prunes and fried potatoes; or to walk dutifully to their classes; a place where one was continually watched over and suppressed by tyrannical chaperons; one spoke in whispers; one's breathing was governed by rules and regulations.

I came to college rather in doubt as to which version was correct, and I found a happy, happy medium.

I remember the morning I arrived at school and was greeted at the door by the chairman. She didn't appear to be the kind who either prowled or tyrannized. My first thought was, "What an adorable old lady." I found further acquaintance proved my first impression to be true. And she was just as indispensable to everyone as she was adorable.

My room was rather a luxurious boudoir, not a barren cell, but a lovely, well-windowed, comfortable looking room, that needed only the addition of my cretonne curtains, and favorite knickknacks to make it like my room at home. Only it was even better, for my room at home didn't have full-length mirrors, or a larying in the corner, nor a roommate!

That first day, when I followed the crowd down to the dining room, I discovered that the diet did not consist of fudge and olives, nor yet prunes and fried potatoes, exclusively. It was planned by an expert dietician, and was all one could desire in quantity, quality and variety.

On the way back upstairs I espied a little room in which were electric grills, refrigerators, and tables. Someone that further explained that to me that it was the kitchenette. I was delightedly dumbfounded to learn that spreads and fudge parties were not only allowed, but encouraged and provided for, in this way. I decided then and there that both of my authorities on dormitory life had never lived in this dormitory.

Every day I discovered new privileges and joys. There were big rooms with davenports and fire places, where you could entertain your "gentleman friend." It was ever so much more convenient and less strenuous, to walk right out of the front door, during week ends, clinging to his strong arm than to do any unnecessary "fire-escaping." There were pianos in these rooms, where you could sing and play to your heart's content. You could with professors, missionaries, journalists, demonstration agents, club leaders, dietitians, tea room and cafeteria managers, and Y. W. C. A. secretaries. Would they all agree that home economics education has proven invaluable in their particular line of work?

One of the most joyful times of all was the annual dormitory dance. All the girls invited me, and we had an orchestra and programs, which we proudly proclaimed we had made ourselves.

Everyone has more fun at dormitory dances than any other place, because we all know each other so well.

At Christmas time we had a party too. Everyone, from the waiters to Santa Claus, was present. There was a huge Christmas tree with presents for everyone. And we had to beware, if there were any good jokes about us, for Santa Claus usually brought them to life, as he startled out of a window.

I remember—but goodness, I couldn't tell all the joys of dormitory life in seven hundred million words.

Education? A brief indispensable exertion of energy that insures a worth while life.—Exchange.