"Japs Take Hec"

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Alumnae Echoes . . .

. . . news bits from the front lines

Edited by Hazel Moore and Rosemae Johnson

Announcement of the January marriage of Lorraine Gutz, '29, to Edward Bauer was made in August. Mrs. Bauer was editor of the Homemaker during her senior year in college and since graduation has been publicity director of the National Dairy Council.

Frances Hettler, '32, is teaching in the Aurora, Iowa, high school during the year 1933-34.

"Japs Take Hec" By Marian King

Girls, cheer up! There's a job for everyone! It all goes back to the old saying, "Have a place for everything (and everyone!) and everything in its place." If we can just find a place for ourselves, we need no longer worry.

A letter has come to Dean Denevieve Fisher from Sarah M. Field, who was graduated from Iowa State College in 1915 and took her M. S. degree here in 1929. She has found her place, and it is at Kobe College, in Nishi-no-miya, Japan, where a year ago she started a course in homemaking. She writes:

"The new homemakers this year are rather more in numbers than the class of last spring. A charming, bright-eyed group they, enthusiastic over life, and flower arrangement, and crafts, and embroidery, and pretty clothes and good things to eat—quite like their elder sisters but rather more so it seems to me. As for those who have now become 'grave and reverent' (?) they are working hard these days. Examinations are the same old pests to them. For their examination in house decoration they must finish the curtains they themselves have planned for the bedrooms in the practice house, and write a little about color combinations—they choose very well, mostly pinks, yellows and green. The examination in Occidental etiquette is more entertaining—they are to have a meal sent in—easy enough from here, and costs but 50 sen or so, complete from soup to coffee if not nuts—and be graded on their skill in absorbing it politely."

"CHINESE cookery is elective in the second year of the course, not at all unusual study for Japanese girls. And recently that class did a piece of field work in which I was invited to join. Beyond Osaka, near Uji of tea-plantation fame, there is an old temple in quite pure Chinese architecture and in connection with the temple there is a famous old vegetarian restaurant. There we were served their regular dinner, delicious, exquisitely flavored, and served in a very simple style. As we lingered over the fresh loquats which concluded the menu, the girls were all agog to know whether they would be told the secrets of preparation as had been promised. Then a bland, kind-faced elderly man in loose kimono came in and, sitting down modestly near the door, told us item by item of the meal, the soup made of salted wild orchids, the stew with seaweed sauce, the batter-fried things, and of the Chinese custom of eating from a common dish that made for fraternity and safety as well as for economy in utensils.

"Then what was our joy to have him invite us into the dim old kitchen to help the cook prepare some of those very dishes! The stew proved to begin with shades of burdock root fried in vegetable oil, sweet potatoes, bamboo sprouts and peas being aided later. For the seasoning, salt, soy and sake—the usual things.

"The cookery and all seem worthwhile in themselves, but we are increasingly sure that the course is bringing the students little by little to a deeper view of life, and a closer grip with its deepest things. A letter has come from one who left just a year ago because of illness and was doubly disappointed to find she was not strong enough when she attempted to return this spring. She writes from her home in a Korean city, 'The things I learned those few weeks are a big and unforgettable influence in my life. Now there is a new church in this neighborhood and I am learning much. Please continue to guide me.'—a prayer we all echo these days!"