

Just Ask a Man

Why Men Go Out to Eat . . .

By Donald McGuiness

MEN do go out to eat! Whether with or without feminine company they have been seeking sustenance for themselves since Adam stole away after eating the biblical apple to have a fig by himself.

Paris asked Helen of Troy out to lunch and the Trojan War resulted. Anthony went down the Nile on a picnic with Cleopatra; meanwhile the ants got in the cake at home and he lost his kingdom. History has it that Napoleon dined out with his generals at least three nights every week. And so it has been down through history to the present time

children to the neighbor's, grabs her golf clubs, and heads for the Country Club. Another housekeeper sighs the sigh of a relieved dishwasher and settles down to read the book she started the night before. The newlywed picks a soft chair, a big handkerchief, and sits down to cry, bemoaning her husband's neglectfulness, and spitefully resolving to have the new stenographer at the office fired immediately. After a sufficient number of sobs have shaken her sorrowing body she makes up her mind, with cold, calculating decision, and begins a frantic search for those ads saying that a sure-fire way to

with his money or bashful about "sponging," but he would rather not destroy his masculine dreams while romance is yet unclouded. Too often the girl is deeply hurt by the never-ending string of excuses and refusals, but perhaps she has forgotten the old maxim that "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," and not via the leaden biscuit or tough pork chop route.

But there are other influences which send armies of men to the lunch counters every day which cannot be directly blamed on them. These are the influences which cause the hurry-up calls to the office at that critical point in every man's daily life when he tightens up his belt another notch and dreams, between conferences, of the tasty meal that is awaiting him at home. These are the influences that fill the grill room of the Union day after day with long lines of hungry, disgruntled professors who have about them an air of genuine neglect. It is no wonder that men bite off the ends of unsmoked cigars, throw \$10 fountain pens about mercilessly, or grumble at innocent classes when wives call to inform them sweetly that they are going to bridge club, to play golf, or to the Woman's Club and for them not to come home for lunch. Theirs is the fate of the "lunch counter exiles."



when Iowa State's eds and coeds drop in at the Memorial Union Sunday nights for their weekly cup of coffee and cheese sandwich.

Wives have wondered why their husbands take lunch at the hamburger shop near the office every noon; sweethearts have wondered why their boy friends have had pressing business when asked to try some of their own cooking. Husbands have wondered why they have received hurry-up calls at 11 in the morning telling them not to come home at noon; they have wondered, too, why their wives suggest every Sunday night that dinner and a show would be nice.

Join the columnist and peek in at the scenes which result when the telltale "I'm too busy this noon to come home. I'll get something downtown . . ." comes over the wiser. One message receives a joyous "whoop," and the "missus" sends the

win back a man is by feeding him gingerbread.

At the other end of the wire the husband is tearing his hair, swamped by a forbidding pile of documents and bills. He grabs his hat and hurries out for a hurried noon repast, with or without the stenographer.

THE modern, practical minded boy friend, who reads everything from "Red Book" to "Liberty," has heard only too often that beautiful romances are washed on the rocks by a tough piece of beefsteak or a leather-crust pie. Not wishing to mar love's enticing picture he simply has to study or attend a meeting of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, or if he is less artful, he suggests dining and dancing at the club when Mary or Martha invites him to sample her own cooking. It is not that he is wasteful

BUT there is a chivalrous chord that must be struck in playing the marching song of men going out to eat. Even after courting days are over, after the first burned potatoes and fallen cakes have been set down as memories, men and women still go out to eat now and then. Perhaps it is to relieve the wife of dishwashing; perhaps it is to relieve the husband of dishwashing. It may be to give the wife a chance to taste someone else's food after the husband has had Spanish rice three days in a row.

Perhaps the "Men Must Eat" column in our own "Student" is the beginning of a movement to keep men from going out to eat, by making them stay at home and do the cooking themselves, or perhaps it is a broad hint on the part of the future housekeeper to make men want to eat out oftener by showing them what a job it is to cook.

Men do go out to eat! There is nothing in the situation to moralize on or to philosophize about. Women can bake better cakes, broil finer steaks, or fire more stenographers—but men will still do it. Men can condemn bridge clubs, take the

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This Man Cooks His Meals . . .

By Grace Raffety

IF a few fellows would cook their way through college maybe they would learn to appreciate the failures of their wives' noble experiments." This is the opinion of Everett Clocker, junior forester, who for the last three years has cooked most of his own meals, while carrying 18 to 20 hours of school work and working many hours as "handy man" at the Memorial Union.



"There is a tendency for fellows to eat too heavy and too much fried food," says Mr. Clocker. "I don't think I would like to cook with anyone, unless I could get him to throw away the frying pan."

Mr. Clocker's meals are very light in comparison to most men's. His breakfast consists largely of fruit and plenty of it. At lunch time he eats soups or salads and drinks milk. His dinner takes the most thought and care. Meat is included in his diet only two or three times a week.

"The cottage cheese from the college is very good and I use it for my protein. I like eggs, too, but I never fry them," he said. He scrambles the eggs in milk or poaches them in salt water.

JAMS and jellies prepared by his mother are essentials in his meals. His menus are planned from experience, from the suggestion of friends, or from information gained in reading.

"When I'm out visiting and I find a dish I like, I try to find out what is in it. A person has to be diplomatic, of course, but he can usually find a way."

Mr. Clocker found that pancakes were "too much trouble" until a New York friend gave him a recipe for delicious cornmeal pancakes, which take a minimum time to prepare. By watching "what is what" he sometimes is able to determine the constituents of a recipe himself.

"Even after I'm married I'm going to prepare a meal a week." Mr. Clocker thinks that too many homes are hectic because the wife has to spend all day Sunday cooking a heavy meal. "If a man eats no more than I, he shouldn't mind getting his own breakfast."

AFTER working with a large lumber company in the state of Washington, Mr. Clocker came to Iowa State to study in the Forestry Department. The crash of 1929, in which he lost his money for college, necessitated his working his

way through school. He enjoys working, for the time goes faster. He likes technical journalism, not as a profession, but as he said, "Journalism helps you to express your findings as you go along, to think and reason better."

He also enjoys music, and he finds the music appreciation course at Iowa State stimulating.

"My social life is limited," said Mr. Clocker. His duties at the Union usually fall on weekend nights when dance orchestras are there. He enjoys meeting orchestra leaders and thinks that his contacts with people at the Union are sources of his greatest happiness. In spite of spending his early days on the farm, he is looking forward to having a home of his own where he is not "so shut off from the world."

Prospects for Teachers

By Edith Fezler

THE home economics teaching field is not crowded in comparison with other teaching fields," according to Miss Hester Chadderdon, instructor in home economics education. "There are not too many good teachers, but there is a surplus of legally qualified teachers."

The teaching field in general is overcrowded. Educators and teachers are wondering just what will happen in Iowa since the 1913 law which required each high school in Iowa to offer home economics has been repealed. Some Iowa schools have dropped home economics permanently, some have dropped it temporarily, and some schools have increased the home economics courses, Miss Chadderdon explained. The demand for teachers will be greatly affected because of this law, she continued, but there is some little hope of national aid.

Two national acts provide funds for the teaching of home economics. The George Reed Act expires this year. This means that one-half the funds for vocational home economics will be discontinued this year. The Smith-Hughes Act of 1917 continues until repealed.

"We are hoping a new bill will be passed to take the place of the George Reed Act," she went on vigorously. "Of course, if that doesn't go through there is a possibility of fewer home economics vocational schools. At present there are about 65 such schools out of 900 high schools in Iowa."

When asked what occupations home economics trained teachers could enter, Miss Chadderdon said that with further training they could enter any home economics field, because as teachers they already have the necessary background.

"You know," she said, "most of the girls get married, if they don't teach. However, many of them do go into various fields—extension work, social service work or dietetics."

Now most high schools are trying to keep their program intact and still reduce the staff. This means over-working the teacher. In the future, home economics teachers will be called upon to teach more subjects. In many cases, there will be but one class in home economics and one or more other subjects. This means that education majors should be prepared to teach other subjects.

It is the choice of subject combinations with home economics that Miss Chadderdon feels is so important. "Some study has been made of the subject combinations asked for. Ruth Oelke, a graduate student, after a study in 1932-33 of 181 Iowa schools reported that the most usual combinations with home economics, given in order of frequency, are science, social studies, English, mathematics and commercial studies.

The present condition of home economics calls for a better qualified teacher than formerly—she must be more widely trained. All institutions are faced with the problem of selection and are particularly concerned with personality since it plays such an important part in teaching. The teacher must be interested in students and able to play as well as to work with them, she firmly maintains.

Salaries are considerably reduced, and therefore from the salary standpoint the position is not so desirable as it was a few years ago.

As to the future for home economics trained teachers, Miss Chadderdon hopes that the present conditions will result in elimination of poor teachers, without hindering the progress of the work, and will thereby serve to raise the standard of home economics teaching.

Men Eat Out

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car with them to the office, and smoke higher-priced cigars—but they will still be sent out to eat. If chivalry does not die or the "Men Must Eat" column's influence does not assume gargantuan proportions we will probably still find the cafes and restaurants crowded on Sunday nights.

Always leave the oven door open an hour after baking to allow the moisture which has collected as steam to evaporate instead of settling on the metal and rusting the oven.

Each man gets as much from adventure. As to the adventure he brings. For things don't happen to people—It's people who happen to things.

—R. McCann