

The Impossible Housewife

By Demaris Klicka

Her house-dress is faultlessly tailored. She wears sheer hose and high heels. Her sleek, upswept hair-do is in shining order at 6:00 a.m. Her house, which was a tumbled-down shack bought for almost nothing, has been remodeled with only a few dollars and quantities of ingenuity into a decorator's dream; most of the furniture, deep, hand-rubbed mahogany, was found in a back street second-hand shop for a few pennies and refinished. Her house is in ship-shape order (Navy style) not later than 8:00 a.m. She does a weekly laundry for seven people before breakfast without marring her manicure. She prepares meals which are delectable, nutritious, economical, and original; her table appointments are correct and her centerpieces distinctive. Her children are intelligent, punctual, handsome, and always neat; her husband adores her. She is, of course, the model in the magazine ads, and frankly, I am very weary of her smug and everlasting perfection.

Today's housewife is a harried individual exhausted by the effort of trying to keep up with Mrs. Jones, the model. It seems peculiar that we flesh-and-blood housekeepers are beset with hundreds of little problems attendant on rearing youngsters into socially accept-

able humans. Our housework schedules are upset constantly by skinned noses, drinks of water, falling off the swing, getting sand in eyes, fighting, and running into the street. We have no magical powers that enable us to do eight loads of laundry in the Bendix, hang them outdoors, dress ourselves and several children, prepare breakfast, pack a lunch, kiss hubby good-bye, and do a week's marketing all within an hour. Our children, strange as it seems, are just ordinary mortals on a small scale; they are often contrary, sassy, disobedient, untidy, and belligerent. There are days when we can't get anything done as endless streams of salesmen and collectors ring the bell. After an ordinary, usual, hectic day our hair straggles, our noses shine, our legs are weary despite the sturdy oxfords.

But, nevertheless, we are forever plagued with the subconscious, omnipresent portrait of the smiling, well-groomed, tireless standard of feminine perfection which the hucksters, in their more sadistic moments, have created to make us feel dowdy, untidy, inefficient, and inferior. We can't escape it, for it screams at us from the magazines, bill-boards, newspapers, radio, and movies. Our limitations of budget, background, personality, and education are inconsequential to this fantastic criterion. I think the hucksters have made life too difficult for us homemakers.

My Utopia

By Kenneth Ryan

Do you want to be a hermit? Of course you don't. But! Do you awake in the morning feeling irritable and tired after a hard double-feature the night before? Does your head buzz and do your feet ache after hours of shopping through crowded stores? Does the world of modern man rest heavily upon your weary shoulders?

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