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# On Attending College and Living at Home

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**A**TTENDING COLLEGE while living at home is a challenge to anyone. I speak not through ignorance but through personal experience.

While I am on the campus, I constantly hear of young coeds having difficulty in finding enough time in the day to engage in recreation, to fulfill all assignments of instructors, to present themselves properly at such functions as Wednesday night spreads at their sorority houses or to stay for the nightly group gatherings commonly called hen parties. I hesitate to mention more since my knowledge of campus life is so limited. All these I miss. Yet for human interest's sake, let me describe the seldom heard of routine belonging to the individuals who are, fortunately or unfortunately, living at home, particularly on a farm, while attending college.

Morning hours begin all the way from four o'clock to six o'clock. In my particular case, I manage to roll out of slumberland around six-fifteen. For efficiency it should be five-thirty, certainly not later than six, but I always lie in bed a few moments in order to pity myself for existing before I reluctantly rise to begin another day.

Because of the late start, I omit the daily morning trip to the cowstables. Instead, I stuff a slice of dry toast into my mouth and attempt to wash it down with black coffee or fruit juice. Thus is a breakfast completed in five minutes—a breakfast that would truly shock my home economics teacher.

My schedule is a close and very tiring one. I leave home economics class twenty minutes early to board a bus for John Herron

Art School. After arriving at this institution, I find myself following an identical pattern from day to day. First, I hang my coat in the lounge, comb my hair and straighten seams. I grope for my locker key and gather my drawing utensils for a class that has, generally, begun.

Since I am not the sturdy, athletic type, I am always fagged, breathless, and aching after I have carried a huge drawing board, portfolio, a two pound purse, and myself up four flights of stairs. Then my classmates wonder why I'm gasping!

A strenuous two hours is spent in the untidy, sky-window-lined studio. Class is over at twelve. Since I have a one o'clock English class, I must hurry to the basement, unlock my locker, put away all drawing supplies, lock my locker, wash my hands, comb my hair, check my seams again, and grab my coat, and catch the twelve-ten bus a block away and return to the Butler campus. Of course I haven't eaten yet!

Lunch is a minor problem since I have fifteen minutes before my next class. Seldom does my menu vary. It generally consists of ham salad sandwiches, a fruit salad, and chocolate milk. I am now so fagged that I care little about the appearance of my lipstick, seams, or hair. And because of a shortage of time, I proceed to English class.

By two o'clock my classes are over, but I have to wait one whole hour on the driver of the Butler Bus. This driver is another student who attends college with me. He is the one with whom I commute, and since his last class is later than mine, I have time to complete all collateral reading and library work. At three I am on my way home, twenty miles distant. At last I am back in the precise spot I was at six-fifteen in the morning, changing clothes.

After feeding horses corn, fodder, and water; gathering wood, hunting eggs, feeding sows and milking cows, I am ready to eat supper and help clean up the kitchen. By seven I manage to open some books for study. As my days go on, much the same, I feel that much time is lost in traveling, in living at home. Like most young ladies hailing from the countryside, I find it impossible to completely ignore the daily, the weekly, the monthly, the everlasting, unforgettable responsibilities of farmerettes. On the other hand, I do not have the homesickness or the readjustment problems that many students living away from home have.

Even though I miss much social life and campus activities, I am still within reach of my family relations; however, I sometimes wonder if this daily routine will permit me to continue college life four years.