Do Formals Bore?

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Freedom Is Promised
Youngsters of 1955...

By Claire Chadwick

Approved entertainment may last beyond midnight for the fledglings, but automobile rides and walks in the moonlight must terminate before the magic hour. The girls were less lenient. Twelve o'clock was plenty late enough no matter what the occasion (did they forget their dorm days and the last minute rushes for food?).

Pros and cons for smoking were about equal. Only two boys and twice as many girls absolutely put a ban on smoking for their daughters. Rather, they preferred to let the young lady know that she was not meeting with her parents' full approval if she chose to indulge in the habit, and then let her go to it. The other half said that smoking was up to the children and added that nothing would be mentioned should they learn that out behind the garage suspicious actions were going on. These future parents would simply buy a fancy ash tray and invite the children into the parlor.

No one turned down dancing. In fact, they would encourage it. A boy who did not dance until he came to Iowa State said that it would be one of the first things his youngsters did—learn to dance. There was discrimination as to where and how the boys and girls should exercise the graceful art—public dance halls were out, but one boy said so may dancing be by 1955, so why worry too much?

You'd never think it, but there's a prominent young student on this campus—Iowa State campus, mind you—who says he won't tell his son he can't play football, but he'll keep him so busy doing something else—paddling vegetables, if necessary—that he won't have time for such foolishness. The girls were timorous about these athletic youngsters. They admitted the thrill that the campus heroes gave them in football games, but if it came to be a question of their own sons they would want the shoulder pads plenty heavy.

And so it goes. The future parents expect that they'll try to give their boys and girls the privileges that students have now, and perhaps they will grant a few that they've felt they missed.

Do Formals Bore?

By Clarine Durr
and Elizabeth Foster

Formal dinners—to have or not to have is not the question any more. After a year of absence, the formal dinner returned to the girls' dormitories on the Iowa State campus. All the freshman, sophomore, transfer, and upper-class girls sent up a hearty chorus of approval for more of these affairs.

Here's what a few have to say:

When asked her opinion, one diminutive dark-haired transfer exclaimed, "I thought it was marvelous! The dinner created a cultural atmosphere which Iowa State needs to balance its technical side."

"I wish we might have more of them," wistfully stated a curly-haired blonde who was used to more such things at home.

"I liked the formal dinner ever so much."

One and all mentioned that the manner of service and the quiet, candle-light atmosphere of the dormitory formal dinners gave girls who had little chance of attending formal functions an opportunity to get acquainted with and feel at ease at similar affairs.

A quiet little brunette thought the formal dinner was fine for girls who could not pledge sororities and had fewer opportunities to attend formal dinners.

The girls who stood in all the crisp whiteness of their uniforms to serve their formally-dressed guests and dormmates in the co-op dorms didn't mind the task. Says one, "Aside from the fact that I worried about dropping things, it was a lack."

"Formal dinners," quoting the house president of one of these co-ops, "are especially valuable in co-operative dormitories because they give the girls an opportunity to enjoy a type of entertainment which they might otherwise have to forgo because of lack of funds."

Formal dinners have shown the students that faculty guests need not always be associated with blackboards and quizzes. In this way, too, the girls learn how to invite guests and entertain them.

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Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

THAT’S the way the old nursery rhyme had it. For the 1934 college girl’s version, scratch out the “quite contrary” and substitute “clever very” and “houseplant.”

Mary, Mary, clever very.
How does your houseplant grow?
If Mary really is “clever very” about her plants they will be doing very nicely, thank you! Most of us aren’t gifted that way though, and we do well with our cleverness to have plants at all.

Plants are nice, any good will tell you, but they freeze up on us, or they get brown and shrivel away, or they go to stalk and never bloom. Poor little plants! The minute they get inside a dormitory their death rate seems to go up about 100 percent.

E. C. Volz, professor of horticulture, suggests that plants don’t grow in dormitories because they don’t get the proper temperature and moisture conditions.

Girls on the campus who have had failures buy their bad luck in the majority of cases to lack of sunlight. The exception to this rule is the still greater number of plants which freeze to death.

Many a plant has lost its tender life when it was left to itself in a vacant room by its mistress during vacation. Opening the window too far at night without in some way protecting the plant has the same disastrous results.

Not all of them die, however. Some of the hardier plants have lived through to downright senility. The favorites seem to be ivy, wandering jew, geranium and a large percentage of bulbous plants. Two roommates had between them this long list—begonias, ice-plants, foliage, geraniums, wandering jew and moss. Perhaps the most ingenious plant was one that twined in their room—a sweet potato which took root and its vines clambered up even to the ceiling.

These successes are encouraging. At least keeping plants in college rooms can be done. Perhaps you watered the geranium too often, or you kept your room too warm or too dry for it, or your soil mixture was not good. None of these mistakes are hard to remedy.

For your next adventure into the plant growing world, Professor Volz makes these suggestions in his book, “Home Flower Growing.”

The first requisite is good soil. The next time you have the opportunity supply yourself with some rich black Iowa dirt. To three parts of the loam add one part of well-rotted manure and one part of clean sand. A little bone-meal in addition will give plant food in the form of phosphorus and nitrogen. There is no need for extra fertilizer.

Mr. Volz does not recommend the use of fertilizer during the slushy autumn and early winter; those are the plants’ rest days. There will be time enough when the buds begin to appear. The little boost that fertilizer can give, may give increased foliage and stem development.

As a safe fertilizer, Mr. Volz recommends two teaspoons of nitrate of soda or ammonium sulphate dissolved in three gallons of water.

Un glazed, unpainted flower pots are best. Be sure that there is a hole in the bottom for drainage. The pot should be just large enough to contain the root system without crowding. Too large a pot means danger of overwatering and does not allow the roots to get a foothold along the sides of the pot.

THE temperature should average 65 or 70 degrees during the day and about 10 degrees colder at night.

The relative humidity is generally far too low. It is usually 20 or 30 percent in houses, while the green-house has a 75 to 80 percent humidity. A little more moisture in the air would be healthier for humans as well as plants. Mr. Volz suggests that this difficulty may be overcome by water pans which hook over the wall side of the radiator. But if this is impracticable, water may be vaporized from a pan under the radiator, or by wringing Turkish towels out of water and placing them over the radiator.

Plants usually get too much rather than not enough water. When the surface soil becomes dry, it is usually necessary to water them.

Do Formals Bore?
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A corn-fed lass asked if we didn’t think it would be interesting to have exchange formals?

Unanimous in their approval, the dormitory girls are anxiously awaiting the answer to the new question, “When is the next formal going to be?”

Indian Girls
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