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Aquatic Pranks Precede
The Parlor Buzzer

Just When You’re Ready for a Date

By Laura Christensen

There’s quite a step—in circumstances, time, and distance—from the setting of that old girlhood favorite, “When Patty Went to College,” and present day Iowa State College. But a little delving into the black depths of escapades right here in our own halls prove that essentially girls are the same everywhere. Be it private boarding school or state college—a dormitory plus a group of lively girls equals fun and pranks.

Tubbing of girls and “stacking” of rooms are two old classics handed down from time immemorial, as may disgruntled coeds can adequately testify.

Another pleasant stunt along the cleaning line is that of shaking scouring powder in a pal’s hair—also along about date-time. And then to sit back and laugh and laugh and watch her fume and fuss. She doesn’t have time for anything but threats and glares then, for she’s too busy getting rid of the unwelcome hair ornaments.

Soap chips have varied uses. One quality that I haven’t noticed emphasized in advertisements is their excellent scratchiness when sprinkled between sheets. They’re really as good as sugar or cracker crumbs, say those who know.

To get back to the older standby—stacking. This seems to be getting un-popular and is frowned upon by most dormitory inmates. But occasionally some malicious, cruel-minded inebriate will take this means of settling an old score or chalking up a new one and will ransack, tear up and tear down, dump, mix and otherwise thoroughly disarrange her p. p.’s (pet peev’s) room.

Such tricks require no originality, but once in a while some one has a brainstorm and a new stunt is invented. This incident of a few years ago is an example of a disgruntled freshman who was looking around for some way to quiet her garbular neighbor. Over at the greenhouse she encountered a so-called “dumb” plant—and a bright light broke. This plant, it seems, has a peculiar characteristic; if eaten it makes talking impossible for a while. (If this is ever published various and assorted males will probably mob the editor for information.) So the disgusted coed, No. 1, fixed a sandwich for the talkative neighbor, No. 2, put in a little of the magic plant, and gloatingly watched her eat it. But the desired effect failed to occur, and instead of shutting off one noise it started two, for one girl stretched on one bed and wept—because her throat hurt and she was frightened, and the other girl who was responsible for the dreadful deed stretched on the other and wept—because she was also frightened and remorseful.

Like most good stories, however, it all ended well. No. 2 revived, but tried not to talk so much, and they became true friends and lived happily ever after—so far. I could tell who No. 1 is, but won’t as she is a very prominent person on the campus, being one of the home economics members of Mortar Board. To remove all unjust suspicions, however, she is not the president of W. A. A., A. W. S. or the Y.W.C.A.

Well, there are other various and sundry tales—the menagerie that struck Welch East, for example. There have been certain weeks when girls in certain corridors couldn’t have gone home had they wanted to, for their suitcases and bags were all in very important usage—they were around beds keeping wild animals from roaming around halls and corridors and frightening timid souls. One corridor was hard pressed for enough bags, for it boasted a member of the canine family, a feline, and even two white rats.

Nocturnal adventures are always thrilling, and one of the best is told by a senior who haltingly and hesitatingly, and with much prodding confesses that she and several other freshman pals once went for a walk with only their pajamas under their coats. When asked where their saunterings led, she blushed, and, at the mention of South Side blushed even more and evaded the question, so drew your own conclusions. All went well until they were home, but woe upon woe, they had barely reached the safe haven of their room, when the senior sponsor chose this inopportune time for a visit, and they had to sit non-chalantly as one could under such circumstances—and chat pleasantly of this and that with the sponsor.

This same senior let off another bit of gore. She once knew girls, she said, who ordered refreshments “after hours.” The deliverer was instructed to approach a certain window, and the food was drawn up by means of sheets. The food arrived safely via this strange means, but not impossible route, and probably tasted twice as good as any legitimate sandwich or ice cream ever eaten.

They say Iowa State “ain’t got no culture”, but things are coming to a pretty pass when they won’t let a feller eat his vittles like he wants. The dining room of Welch Hall has probably witnessed some moving scenes, but one of the best must have been when two dainty coeds astonished the assembled eaters, waiters and what-nots by calmly eating their peas with a knife. Needless to say they were severely reprimanded, although even those whose duty it was to punish probably chuckled inwardly.

(Turn to page 10)
Mrs. Elizabeth Morill Gibson, who has served part time in the clothing and home furnishing department of the Extension Service, resigned May 15 to devote her time to her own home.

Gladys Adams, formerly home demonstration agent for 5 years in Linn County, began May 1 as clothing specialist in Mrs. Gibson's place. Miss Adams was a student at Iowa State College during the winter quarter.

Housecleaning

(Begins on page 1)

In this place, where every prospect now pleases, only man is vile, and he won't remain so very long. Already the bath is hot and Father has started his soaking. The rest will follow in order, appreciating more than ever the beauty of cleanliness. But appreciating more, perhaps, tired and hungry as they are, the call of the approaching supper hour.

The kitchen is so clean that nothing is left in it for supper. Besides, no one cares to make the effort to get it anyway! The thing to do is to send to the noodle shop on the corner. A steaming bowl of buckwheat strings in savory broth, with a relish of chopped onion sprouts, will fill those aching empty corners and give comfort and relaxation.

Pranks

(Begins on page 2)

"Lights out" is one of those phrases so meaningful to dormitory people, but it was brought about voluntarily by one little mischief-maker who swept all light bulbs from her neighbors and then collected them and herself under a bed to lie laughingly listening to their stumblings and mumbled threats, which she can assert were not in vain when at last she was discovered.

These and many more pranks, some more serious, some inconsequential, all go to make up a part of that life a college woman never forgets. It is as much a real part of her college days as Chemistry and English.

Alumni Echoes

(Begins on Inside Cover)

Eva Mintle, '28, has accepted a position for next year as assistant instructor in the household arts department of Teachers College, Columbia University. Miss Mintle has been studying at Columbia University during 1934-35 and was awarded the Lydia Roberts fellowship for next year but decided to accept the teaching position at Columbia instead.

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