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A Letter Home

The Iowa Homemaker

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It's Saturday afternoon letter-writing time again, so I'll dash off a few lines before I'm caught in the throes of another Iowa State week.

These autumn days are beyond description...it's ideal football weather, really. Saw a veteran with tears in his eyes during the flag-raising ceremony at last week's game. How many veterans must secretly feel a thrill at such times.

Life is busy these days, but fascinating! The mysteries of a souffle were unfolded to me this morning in foods lab, and I'm overflowing with enthusiasm to try a French omelet. Just think, one egg supplies 10 per cent of our daily protein requirement...obviously it pays to know something about how to cook them.

Almost bought a torrid red dress the other day, but common sense plus a few tips I picked up in costume design last spring weighed the scale the other way. I'm convinced the course is well worthwhile to a good percentage of Iowa State women, including myself...especially those who blissfully persist in wearing two-piece dresses in favor of the one-piece which would do them justice!

I visited Iowa State's trailer village last week. The more I see of Pammel Court the more I'm convinced that no amount of drawbacks can quench individual initiative. In one trailer a hammock slung across the bed served as baby crib for a one-year-old. Rearing these offspring should be an easy job from now on. The babes sleep with radios 2 feet away from their ears, lights in their eyes, conversation in the same room carried on at a normal level and the thundering racket of freight trains which shakes the floor and temporarily terminates all audible discussion. Contrasted to many problem children who can't sleep in an adverse condition and who wake up at the drop of a hat, these youngsters have won my commendation. Or perhaps it should be the parents who deserve praise.

There's quite a bit of comment about milk costs these days, without off-setting the budget balance! I always remember the chart we were shown in our first foods course which diagrammed the enormous amount of vegetables or fruit we would have to consume to equal a quart of milk a day. You can't beat that calcium intake.

In recent weeks it seems more weddings have taken place among people I know than ever before. So many 1946 fall brides have designed, fitted and constructed their own bridal gowns, and a nice job they've accomplished too.

Speaking of weddings, numerous ISC coeds are playing it smart and making their own wedding presents. I've talked to a few applied art majors who have taken a quarter or two of crafts, and they're designing gifts in hand-hammered aluminum or in woodwork, such as wall shelves, lapel pins, simple tables, book ends and belts. The results are well worth the time, and if I were a bride I'd love to receive such an individual and attractive present! I've always been fascinated by the pieces of jewelry some of these students have made.

A touch of the cosmopolitan has invaded Iowa State. Women students from India are gracing the campus with oriental garb...flowing ankle length gowns styled in the Indian manner. One Panamanian woman I talked with the other day was quite astounded at our dating systems in this country. She has been reared in an environment of chaperones, balls, mansions with many servants, most of whom have been family employees for generations. She in turn astounds me with her readiness to accept our customs and attitudes and her willingness to follow our routine of living.

Well, it's time I stop. An all-college dance is on the program for tonight, and if the sunshine holds, a picnic tomorrow. Must sandwich in a round with the books, too, so here I go.

Your loving daughter,

Suzy