Courtesies Mark the Man...

Virginia Garberson

Iowa State College

Follow this and additional works at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker

Part of the Home Economics Commons

Recommended Citation

Garberson, Virginia (1934) "Courtesies Mark the Man...," The Iowa Homemaker: Vol. 14 : No. 1 , Article 6.
Available at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker/vol14/iss1/6
Virginia Garberson Says
That for Girls

Courtesies Mark the Man . . .

TIME: 12:15 of a Saturday night.

Place: Dorm room, sorority house, any place sheltering a few girls just in from the evening's dates.

Girl in the Pink Flannel Pajamas: Never again! He may look all right but (mournfully) he just doesn't know how to treat a girl! And he's dumb besides.

Girl with the Magnifying Mirror and the Pained Look: Did the brute step on your feet?

Girl in the P. F. P.: No—he's just so stupid about those little things that make us women feel so—well (fluffs her back hair out more becomeingly) you know—sort of precious—and he wisecracked all evening long.

Girl with halo of Metal Curlers: You mean he's just dumb enough not to play Sir Walter every time you spot a mud puddle.

Girl in the P. F. P.: (plaintively) You needn't be nasty. After all, if you have any self respect at all, you have to expect some things from a man.

AND so you do—with good old fashioned gallantry and a little cooperation in keeping the evening from sinking off to a miserable death both right at the top of the list.

About the gallantry business first. There's nothing more flattering to us weak women than these:

Guiding us gently over curbs and bumps with a respectful hand at our elbows. Nothing like it to make us feel fragile and appealing. Also nothing worse than having the guiding hand linked through our arms in a chummy way while walking up the street or on the dance floor.

Opening doors of all kinds, and handing us in and out of cars with that certain air. Too many boys just lean over, open the door latch, and give a jolly little push that about lands us on our ear in the gutter.

Hopping up like he's discovered a stray thumb tack when we come into the room.

SOLITICIOUSLY inquiring our preferences as to forms of evening nourishment, and then relaying the information to the waiter. Deliver us from the man who rattles off his own order and then sits back to let us make known our poor little wants all by ourselves.

Asking approval of any dances he wants to trade, instead of thrusting us into the arms of the world's worst without a minute's warning.

PlANNING the evening's festivities is the man's privilege and duty, most girls agree. It's a bit disconcerting, to say the least, to have the lad call 10 minutes before he comes over and yawn casually into the phone, "Well, what are we going to do tonight?" After all, he knows how much money he has to spend, and that so often governs the program.

Another thing—the man absolutely must be able to talk. That is, talk with interest and a moderate amount of intelligence about some things other than school and the weather. Without conversational ability of some sort it doesn't matter whether he has a new Ford or can dance divinely—he's bound to be neatly packaged and labelled "dumb—to be shelled."

Girls move, second, and shout "aye" unanimously that they don't like the man with a "line." Conversation degenerates into cheap vaudeville dialogue with the girl playing "feeder," with the man whose remarks are limited to a series of bright cracks. The sad part of it is that his sayings are so seldom original and practically never to the point.

Still along the lines of the man's part in making a date entertaining one girl says she's looking for a good sport. That sounds like it belongs on the other side of the page, but she insists that it doesn't. She says that more men ought to pretend they're having a good time at exchanges—even if they do come from pure duty—and shouldn't let a poor orchestra completely ruin an evening at a dance.

Breaking dates, of course, is out. Once in a while it's unavoidable, perhaps, and then most girls are reasonably gracious about accepting a sincere excuse, but beware of the fishy ones! Men really ought to know that any excuse, sterling or solid gold, sounds weak over the telephone when relayed by some friend of the date-breaker.

There are a countless number of little things that girls like and don't like in men, but it isn't necessary to go into it more deeply. Two things stand out, and with them Frankenstein or anybody could be assured popularity—observance of small courtesies and the ability to talk.

The Ten

For Men

1. Thou shalt be able to talk, with no small amount of ease and interest, of kings and cabbages and all that lieth between.

2. Thou shalt have no other stars to guide thee in proper courtesies than Emily Post and the edicts of the Joint Social Councils.

3. Thou shalt not ask for dates at the last minute.

4. Thou shalt not lie nor flatter, but thou shalt cultivate the blessing of the barren, for it shall stand thee in good stead.

5. Thou shalt pull out our chairs, and open for us the doors that lie before us, for which we shall bless thee, although we be husky enough to perform the task alone.

6. Thou shalt not be a wet blanket. If dost not like us nor the program of the evening, thou should have remained in thine own dwelling place.

7. Thou shalt not covet the repartee of Cantor, Penner, or Wynn.

8. Thou shalt not hear false witness against the other girls with whom thou hast had dates.

9. Thou shalt not break dates.

10. Thou shalt not be loud and noisy in the public places to cover the heads of thy companions with shame.