1934

Teachers May Be Nervous...

Bernice Borgman

Iowa State College

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

Part of the Home Economics Commons

Recommended Citation
Borgman, Bernice (1934) "Teachers May Be Nervous...," The Iowa Homemaker: Vol. 14 : No. 2 , Article 8.
Available at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker/vol14/iss2/8
Teachers May Be Nervous . . .
But It's a Pet Peeve of Coeds
By Bernice Borgman

"O NE of my instructors has a habit of sneaking from one place in the room to another while he lectures. I never know where he is and it bothers me." This is the comment of only one coed, a senior, taking chemical technology, but in general it represents the chief annoyance—nervous mannerisms—which coeds at Iowa State observe in their instructors.

Instructors who laugh nervously, fidget with their class cards, watch chain, eye glasses or what have you, pace back and forth before the class, follow each comment with a sniff, frequently clear their throats with much gusto, bite their lips, back and forth while lecturing—all these have nervous mannerism habits.

After nervous mannerisms, the popular complaint voiced by the girls interviewed concerns the way the instructors present subject matter in class. "It takes some professors so long to tell anything," they grumbled. "Or they explain things so as to make them seem 16 times as hard as they really are."

Girls don't appreciate instructors who digress far from the subject nor those who try to entertain the class for an hour with funny stories and never have time to discuss the lesson. Constant unnecessary talking during labs is especially annoying to one senior.

The instructors, however, will need a fine sense of discrimination to know where to find the happy medium because the girls also objected to the teacher who reads a lecture from a notebook and expects the class to copy it verbatim. "I hate to have an instructor talk over my head," said a graduate student in foods and nutrition. "One I have in mind assumes too much, so that nothing is comprehensible. I dislike being lost all during a course."

PECULIARITIES of speech don't go over big with the coeds. Complaints were registered concerning squeaky, whining, harsh or shrill voices, "ahs" and "uh-uh-uh-uh" and other means of fishing around for the next word, and talking too loudly or too rapidly. "One of my instructors talks on and on as fast as she can until her breathlessness almost worries me," laughed one home economics senior.

"The way our math prof shouts at us is both funny and annoying," remarked a junior in home economics. "He talks in an under tone except when he suddenly booms out in a voice that makes all the class jump."

Several of the girls interviewed said that they expected their instructors to be broadminded and have a sense of humor. "I've been in classes where the instructor refused to see the student's point of view or lost his temper when the student contradicted his statements," said a member of Omicron Nu, home economics scholastic honorary. "I have n't much respect for one who does that."

A freshman said it irked her to have a teacher so exagerrate little things that even the major ones appeared unimportant.

Then there were complaints brought against the prof who restates the student's answers as if they were incomplete or slightly incorrect and the one who continues haggling until somebody in the class chances to answer in the exact words the instructor had in mind when he asked the question.

The teacher who acts as though his course were the only one the students were taking was certainly unpopular with the coeds.

What is it that keeps an instructor from looking at the class when he talks to them? The girls reported that some professors look out the window, others glue their eyes to the floor as though their lectures were written there, still others scan the ceiling—anything but look at the class. One girl said that one of her instructors even closed his eyes while he lectured. "Before long all of us have closed ours too," she added.

The college girls were rather critical of their instructors' personal appearances. They wanted them to be well-dressed, well-groomed and have good posture.

Even teachers are unreliable but it doesn't increase their popularity with the students. "If an instructor has predicted an exam for the next meeting of the class, it is disgusting to have him put it off," said one girl. "It is equally disgusting to have an assignment made and then never mentioned again."

It aroused the girls' ire to have a teacher promise to have some material ready at the next class but forget to do so.

The Iowa State coeds want their instructors to be fair and square with them. Here are some questions they would like to have answered. Why should an instructor insist that students hand in all work on the dot but he take his own sweet time about returning it? Why does an instructor take up all the time explaining things students don't need to know so that there is no time left for essentials? Why do instructors put catchy questions in an exam just to see what students can do with the questions, but flunk the student if he can't answer them? Why do they keep classes over time until it is impossible to be on time for the next class which is on the other side of the campus?

The girls are anxious for the instructors to feel that the students are being fair with them. Several girls said they felt it was an insult to be constantly sermonized on cheating or to have the person in charge during an exam patrol the aisles like a policeman on his beat. They also added that such tactics only stimulated their desire to be dishonest.

Three young ladies emphatically declared that they disliked sarcastic profs. One, a special student in food chemistry, said, "Sarcasm makes me feel like a nickel waiting for change."

THERE is probably nothing more flat than a stale joke yet it is reported that some faculty members tell the same jokes each quarter and some even get off the same ones several times in one quarter.

The coeds vary in their opinions of tardy instructors. Some are much annoyed by them and others say they rather enjoy the little talk fest which the instructor's tardiness gives them.

A member of the home economics honorary, Phi Upsilon Omicron, says, "I am annoyed by having an instructor take roll in class. It seems to me that it's only my hard luck if I'm not there."

Several girls say they dislike indefinite statements regarding the subject matter. Some objections are: "The answers are obscure, the unusual answers are unanswered questions left hanging in the air, asking the same question of several students without making any comment as though each answer were incorrect, and finishing a statement with such an indefinite expression as 'and things.'"

Other annoying idiosyncrasies men—

(Continued on page 16)
Take Off at Eight
(Continued from page 2)
serve coffee and rolls or bouillon and crackers.

“THERE is Savannah. See over here the straight, prim streets, the square red brick houses with white pill­ared porches?”

I see a very black cloud rolling across the western sky blowing out to sea. It is directly in our path by the time we reach Daytona Beach and suddenly the storm hits the ship. At the first drop of about 50 feet there are several startled passengers. A thunderstorm in the air can be a thrilling experience; these drops caused by currents of air of different temperatures may vary from 5 to 100 feet. The rain drives against the windows as a few streaks of lightning race past and thunder hurls itself at us. We are jolted a bit more as the storm moves on out to sea, leaving a swept sky, and taking daylight away with it.

The surf is only a line of white and Palm Beach a dotted line of glowing lights. Then a beacon flashes at Ft. Lauderdale to be answered immediately by the green and white signal of the Miami airport. It is 8:40 p. m.—just 12 hours since we left New York. As we walk into the hangar, I find more questions to be answered and so I must tell something more of this job. Forced landings are not common; interesting people and delightful conversationists are common. New cities to prowl about in can be found on every trip; people living in traditions new and strange; dialects with foreign tangs or soft slurred accents are heard in queer streets. There is always the exhilaration of flying over soft hills or along the edges of blue and white beaches. Summer and winter may be interchanged in a day—just this day we leave zero weather behind us and find a warm soft evening in Miami.

Coed’s Pet Peeve
(Continued from page 7)
tioned are wild gestures—one history prof has the distinction of having ruined some illustrative material in the classroom by his irrepressible desire to gesture—eating in lab—yes, some instructors have been known to do that—and sleeping during an exam—probably this prof was trying to show the class that he didn’t doubt their integrity, but nevertheless the class doesn’t like his method.

And now lest some conscientious instructor, after reading of his faults, should deem himself entirely unworthy of filling his position, the coeds wish to assure him that their complaints are made with no ill feeling but with only the best intentions of giving some helpful suggestions for improvement.

--- by PHOENIX
You’ll adore this smart spring hosiery color created to wear with new corals, rust tones and cinnamon browns. You’ll also like the comfort of Phoenix Custom-Fit Top and the “long-mileage” too. $1.00

STUDENT SUPPLY STORE
NEXT TO AMES THEATRE