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Good Time Had by All...

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Good Time Had by All . . .

Magic is Prescribed
By Claire Chadwick

IT'S fun to be fooled but it's never to know,—not only in sleight of hand tricks but in the selection of materials as well. There are only five fibers—cotton, linen, silk, wool, and rayon—out of which our clothing and home furnishings could possibly be made and yet a manufacturer can fool his customers as easily as the magician who has his audience believing he pulls rabbits out of tall silk hats.

The determination of fiber content is not limited to the microscopes of textile laboratories; for the average person, with a few simple tests on a small sample, can soon determine the composition of the material she intends to purchase.

To the inexperienced eye, the difference between the new rayons and real silk is hardly apparent, but moisture is an infallible test for rayon. When wet, rayon fibers break down so that the material can be torn with little effort. Boiling a sample in a lye solution is another check. The lye dissolves protein fibers such as silk and leaves rayon unaffected.

For further proof, the burning test can be used. All one needs for this is a package of matches. Silk and wool burn slowly into a beady ash with an odor like that of burnt hair or feathers. Chardonnet, cupra-ammonium, and viscose rayons flash like cotton and smell like paper or burnt grass. Celanese, a fourth kind of rayon, beads like silk, but the bead is tough and waxy.

Iowa State College was the first college in the country to offer a course in domestic science. Kansas Agricultural College followed in 1873 and the Illinois Industrial University offered a course in 1874.

If It Passes These . . .

By Elizabeth Brann

Choose a freshman girl, right out of high school, who has just paid her registration fee and is now a full-fledged Iowa State coed. High school has been a lot of fun, and this summer vacation just over with has been more fun yet.

There have been some slick orchestras playing about 40 miles from home and dances simply had to be attended. Then, after a person has danced until after midnight, an appetite crops up from some place or other and there must be food . . . good, heavy, filling food. And so to bed, to sleep late in the morning. Repeat at leisure during the summer, interspersed with hot fudge sundaes and long hours on a davenport with a book.

That's what happens just lots of times. But when this little girl who's had the big time gets to college? Well, she's in for a bang-up change. In the first place everybody else around school will be going to bed regularly, and there's really nothing to stay up so terribly late for anyway. Late hours are cancelled.

Food? Well, there are three splendid meals served each day in the dining table, the hamburgers and sundaes just don't appeal. Funny how much more this girl is going to enjoy than she's been doing. In the first place everybody else around school will be going to bed regularly, and there's really nothing to stay up so terribly late for anyway. Late hours are cancelled.

Sleep late in the morning? Nothing doing. In the first place, Miss Coed will be rested and ready to get up without finding herself half wakeful when she tries to stumble out of bed. She'll really be surprised how nice mornings are when she really tries a few. They're worth paying attention to!

It may be that all of this sleep, these wholesome good times and the food—to say nothing of the brisk walks between classes—just can't seem to snap the high school girl out of this slump that she's in. No tragedy in the offering at all. Over at the College Hospital she'll find Dr. Sara Kalar, and what she can't do for a case of listlessness or overworked nerves isn't worth mentioning.

Should she find that the schedule is too heavy, a few hours can be chopped off to give a little more rest time. It may be that the old red blood corpuscles aren't working properly and something needs to be done about that. Whatever it is, it will all be worked out, and no matter how backward the health beginning of this new student may have been, she'll be up to par just as soon as it is possible.

Which is just a little of the reason that "skinny girls" are out at Iowa State. There just isn't such a thing. And the girls are proud of the weight they gain, proud of the way in which their cheeks brighten up, proud of the vitality they acquire that they never dreamed was lying dormant just wanting to be brought out. The college formula is better than any other one in the world. Try now and see for yourself.