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Her Classmate a Princess

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Tell Me a Story—A New One
by Eva Harms

Tell me a story . . . . not that one; tell me a new one.

Homely experiences are usually the most interesting to children. From observed experiences at the nursery school, students in the play and play equipment course in child development, under the direction of Miss Lydia Swanson, wrote stories and verses that met the qualifications of good children’s stories.

Any child would like this story, written by Mary Ella Snyder, of Mt. Vernon, herself a mother.

HELPING MOTHER

Mother said, “It is time to get up, Sally. Would you like to put on your apron and help mother get breakfast?”

“Oh yes,” said Sally and hopped out of bed.

Sally put on her underwear. Sally put one stocking on one foot and the other stocking on the other foot.

Sally said, “See mother, how fast I’m dressing! Here goes my dress over my head. You can’t see me now!”

Mother laughed and said, “I can’t see your face, but I can see your feet.”

Sally pulled the dress on and put her arms in the sleeves. “Now you can see my face, mother.”

Sally put on her apron and when she had it tied, her feet went pitter, patter, pitter, patter across the floor.

Her feet went pitter pitter through the front door, and there on the front porch were three bottles of milk. One for Bobby, one for Sally, and one for mother and daddy together.

Pitter patter went Sally’s feet and one bottle of milk was on the kitchen table.

Pitter patter went Sally’s feet, and two bottles of milk were on the kitchen table.

Pitter patter went Sally’s feet again, and three bottles of milk were on the kitchen table.

“See, mother,” said Sally, “what a good helper I am! What can I do next?”

Mother said, “Here is the silver and here are the plates. One plate for each of us and a knife and fork and spoon.”

Pitter patter went Sally’s feet, a plate for Bobby, a plate for Sally, a plate for mother, and a plate for daddy. Pitter patter, a knife and spoon on one side of each plate and a fork on the other. Pitter pitter, pitter pitter—it’s fun to help mother!

A POEM with jingle and repetition appeals to any child. Here is one written by a major in Child Development—Beatrice Orning of Ames. Any little boy would be sure to like it:

DIGGING

Oh! Let’s go and dig With a spoon for a snout Then like little pigs We can rout and rout. There are things in dirt We’ll find these things For a little-boy-pig, If we dig and dig.

Children are always wishing, and so a junior in home economics—Jane Dunlap of Rochester, Minn. put “I Wish” into verse:

I WISH

I wish I were a little bird
I’d fly away up high,
And watch the fluffy fleecy clouds
As they go sailing by.

I’d find the little sleeping stars,
And to them I would say,
Why do just move out at night
And stay in bed all day?

I know I’ll never be a bird,
But maybe by and by
I’ll have a yellow aeroplane,
And then I’ll fly and fly.

Her Classmate a Princess
by Mabel Laurence

Not many can boast of being a classmate of a princess, but we Iowa Staters can say we know someone who was! And it’s not only a princess, in this case, but the bride of the past year, Princess Marina of Greece.

Mrs. Marguerite Hopkins, a member of the textiles and clothing staff, studied with the illustrious lady in the Paris Branch of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts.

Being of a more reserved nature, Princess Marina, according to Mrs. Hopkins, was not the type with whom one could immediately become well acquainted. Although she was of a pleasant and amiable nature she mingled very little with her fellow students. She created a much stronger feeling of aloofness than did her younger sister, a jolly and democratic person, who entered the art school later.

Princess Marina displayed no particularly outstanding ability in the designing of costumes but she did show genuine interest and enjoyment in the work, Mrs. Hopkins recalls. Who knows—perhaps some of the plans carried out in her elaborate English wedding ceremony were originally inspired in this class with Mrs. Hopkins!

A splendid cleaning compound for removing dirt from painted walls—mix together rain water, kerosene and vinegar. Use it like any soap.