

# THE IOWA HOMEMAKER

"A Magazine for Homemakers From a Homemaker's School"

Published monthly during the school year by the home economics students of Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa. Price \$1.00 per year. Advertising rates on application. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Ames, Iowa

VOL. XIV

JANUARY, 1935, AMES, IOWA

NO. 6

## This Year Make Your Resolutions on the Run

by Helen Clemons

CHRISTMAS EVE with its merry bells, twinkling trees and crunchy walks had gone. New Year's Eve with even gayer gongs had arrived. All too soon the old was going out and the New Year coming in. Miss Modern Collegian, in the midst of a confetti festival in the home town, was lost in serious thought. For the first time in her 4 college years she was disturbed. She wished to do something original—fresh—and call it "Resolution." She knew her friends would gaily bring to the light from the dark closet shelf their old resolutions, dust them off, and cry triumphantly, "Here they are, all fresh, my 1935 resolutions!"

It was such an old joke. Perhaps resolutions weren't meant to be taken seriously. If not, why waste time thinking up a few good ones? It was an old custom gone wrong. But, New Year's just wasn't New Year's without resolutions. What to do?

Suddenly the dawning spark lit her eyes. "I know—this New Year's Eve—I resolve to have resolutions for a day." A year is too long to plan for—tonight. Each day of the New Year on the campus will be a resolving day. I'll gather daily resolutions from campus contacts—my professors ought to be good subjects.

"This is really fun," she thought, back at school on Thursday. "My resolutions begin to vibrate with life. I'll be reminded every day of my good intentions by walking, talking resolutions. I have my first already: 'I shall be prompt for all class and social engagements.' Here in Central Building dwells an inspirator—a trim doctor of words, whose white hair suggests much experience. She is wise, this teacher, in literary lanes. Punctuality counts with her."

Miss Collegian walked out of class and down the straightaway between

Central and Ag Hall with a fellow classmate. He was good company. The second resolution for the day flashed into form: "Be freely friendly." It seemed to involve cheerfulness, interest and sympathy in large measure.

Out again into a colder wind at 1 o'clock, chin and nose buried in fur. At the corner she joined a fellow coed who strode down the snowy walk as though she liked the feel of the gale. Resolutions were popping up every-



Seated in a Vocational Education Forum she marveled at the similarity of the professors of the department. What was the quality which made the tall, well-groomed man before her like his colleagues, but different... Oh, yes,—mental health. Resolution number three charted itself on her mind—"I resolve to have vibrant mental health through scheduled living—regular food, sleep and study hours."

HOME for lunch over slippery walks. The food was plain, but good—because she ate with girls who talked intelligently on concerts and plays. Ah, number four appeared on the horizon. "Be a good table companion. When talking, talk on late, new news. Bore not yourself and others with comments, reeking with stality, on food or weather."

where—in most unexpected places. It will be interesting tonight, she thought, to note these I've gathered today. Wonder how many I'll have by next New Year's if every day proves as fruitful? I'll have enough to publish a book on resolutions. My friend besides is an unwitting contributor—"Make the most of the weather—sun, shower, wind, snow—they make the world go round."

Into the great halls of Home Economics she came. A stately lady swept by; she had initiative—directing power. "I resolve to have those qualities of leadership without losing the common touch." She paused, awed by the sudden disappearance of the lady.

She passed on up the stairs to an art laboratory. What will I find here? She was not disappointed. She had felt

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## Book of What-to-do

## At Meal Time for "2 to 6"

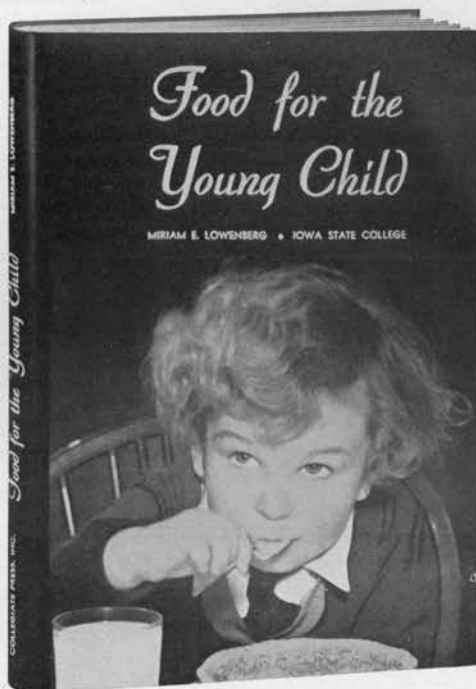
*Food for the Young Child, Miriam Lowenberg. The Collegiate Press, Inc., Ames, Iowa. 1934.*

HERE is an admirable book dealing with that most interesting of subjects—food for young children. Miss Lowenberg uses a vast amount of experimental data regarding children's reactions to foods as secured from several years' study and serving food at the noon meal at the Iowa State Nursery School.

The author discusses in the planning of menus, the texture, flavor and color of foods and the importance these factors play in the child's preference. She explains how to introduce new foods, when to give sweets, what food to serve for holidays and parties, and what to include when the family goes on a picnic. Miss Lowenberg believes that children are good judges of how well food has been prepared, and with this kind of an assignment in mind one may say safely that she has produced a surprisingly useful manual of answers to how much flavor and seasonings to use, how to prepare desserts and vegetables, and what the meal service should be like.

FOR the child's attitudes and habits regarding eating there is an entire chapter prepared by Miss Lydia Swanson, a nursery school teacher. There are actually dinner menus for seven days a week for one whole year! Then to delight the reader are recipes! These are arranged so that two proportions of ingredients are given, the first is for a quantity to serve four adults and two children. The second is for use in a nursery school where 30 portions are desired. 10 servings for adults and 20 for children.

The book is written so simply that a young inexperienced mother can follow it with ease, but its discussions are so fresh with pertinent knowledge that



an experienced teacher or nutritionist can also read it pleasurably and profitably. The chief value in the book lies in the stress that is laid on helping mothers and teachers raise their standards for the foods to be fed to children.

Not the least interesting feature of this well-made book are the little verses at the beginning of each chapter generously contributed by Lorraine Sandstrom Beckman. The pictures, most of which were taken when the children were engaged in one of their most important activities—eating—are most attractive.

## Miss Modern Collegian

(Begins on page 1)

the peculiarly dynamic force—a laughing movement—which radiated from her instructor on previous contacts, but not till now had she grasped it by the root, exposing it to light. Number seven came into port, "I resolve to gain and maintain excellent physical health."

Foods lab came around with the revolution of clock hands—girls all in a row, white aproned. The good teacher, well intentioned, rode her hobby up and down the room. "I will cultivate a natural interest in science and people without bowing to technicalities," this modern young woman murmured.

She rushed from the last class out into fresh air. A dog sat shivering on

the great stone steps of Home Economics, reminding her—oh yes—of a teacher who had surprisingly developed into a very human person upon frequent class contact. Why? She had a dog. Resolutions were coming almost too fast. "I would be human—kind." She stopped and gave the dog an encouraging pat, then turned toward the library.

There, in silent halls, she looked upon numbers of heads bowed over heavy books. What power lay behind the covers of a book! How helpless she would be without the friendship of books. They cleft the world into two great halves—revealing the depths of science, and heights of art and religion. "I shall drink deeply from good books."

This is going to be the most interesting New Year I have ever lived. Each day I'll make a masterpiece. If my friends knew how much fun this is—"I resolve to help others—however my eyes, voice, hands can be of service." She had heard in a classroom, "Beautiful hands are useful hands."

Near six she left the library and started down the circle past Central and the Union. There was suggestion of change in the air. A few late figures were hurrying toward warmth and food. The campus was quiet. Then, the first carillon bell sounded, and another resolution shaped itself. "I resolve to more fully appreciate nature." A twisted, crooked tree rose at the side of the walk. More beautiful, she thought, than a symmetrical one—because it had persisted through a greater struggle.

The dinner hour was always pleasant. Tonight, she was most impressed with the hostess—a girl who had a limited budget, but who showed uncanny judgment in her selection of clothes. She was well-dressed on the street, in class, at dinner, or at a dance. Miss Collegian was, in her presence, always round-eyed with admiration. "I shall use a budget planfully this year." Being well-dressed gives courage to face the work and play of each day.

The study lamp burned late that night, but she slipped between crisp sheets still enthusiastically alert, feeling satisfied with the world and herself. The crooked tree—"Ah, God, so to live that an inner personality will help others to discover that the true individual lies behind surface features." She slept, a smile curving young lips.

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