1927

To Market! To Market!

Helen Theile  
*Iowa State College*

Follow this and additional works at: [http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker](http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker)  
Part of the *Home Economics Commons*

**Recommended Citation**

Theile, Helen (1927) "To Market! To Market!," *The Iowa Homemaker*: Vol. 7 : No. 2 , Article 3.  
Available at: [http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker/vol7/iss2/3](http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker/vol7/iss2/3)

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Publications at Iowa State University Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Homemaker by an authorized editor of Iowa State University Digital Repository. For more information, please contact [digirep@iastate.edu](mailto:digirep@iastate.edu).
EARLY on the morn-
ing of May 20, a hun-
dred or so mar-
ket ing students
b handedly to Des Moines on
that combination of
smells known as the
"Marketing Trip."
These business full of laughing,
noisy girls, under the
competent command of
Mrs. Blincks, Miss Mont-
gomery and Mr. Puck
left Home Eco nomics
Hall precisely at
seven-thirty — the mar ket-
ing course had reached its
climax.

In Des Moines, we
stopped at our headquar-
ters, the Savery Hotel.
While there, we were shown the
storage room and kitchens. I was im pres-
sed mainly with the magnitude of the
whole affair—the efficiency in arrange-
ment and operation. I am not forgetting
that this is a trip of smells—as we left
the hotel by the way of the Coffee
Room, the odor of that stimulating
brew tickled our nostrils tempting ly.
The packing house was disappoint-
ing. Nothing that we had anticipated.
At noon we started sniffing while half a block away, we
discovered that the odors were not
half as bad as they had been painted—
if odors can be painted. The speed
and efficiency of the packing and ship-
ning amazed us. I was fascinated by
the sharpness of the knives in the
skilled hands of the trimmers that
send the meat along with a speed that
is remarkable. The man who b o
nes the hams is an artist—a few swift,
dexterous twists and the ham bone
emerges, triumphantly clean of any
meat. A florid Jewish rabbi, who
killed the beef for the Jewish trade,
dont color to the situation.

From the packing house odor to the
spicy aroma of Tone Bros. was a
speedy jump in our bus. We saw spices
ground and packed, and coffee roasted,
packed and labelled. We heard the
romantic tale of the spices, and were
sneezeingly entranced by the story of
the pepper plant. We were forced to
leave; our red and watery eyes bore
mute evidence of our interest.

At Taft's we were introduced to the
mysteries of the storage of fruits and
vegetables. Each fruit and vegetable
in a different temperature—cold rooms,
colder rooms, frosty rooms and finally
the warmth of the rooms in which the
gazpacho plants are ripened in a
sickish ammonia atmosphere.

Of all the places we visited, the City
Market was the most delightful. Booth
after booth piled high with white-
tipped scarlet radishes, slender white
onions and curly green lettuce. Straw-
berries and asparagus were placed in
aristocratic seclusion. There were
many booths offering day plants—
cabbage, tomato, cauliflower and even
nuts for peanut butter
was particularly appeal-
ing, as were the open
bars of salted peanuts and pecans, to which we were
invited to "help yourself."
We were gratified by our
guide's comment —
"You can do pick
things up rapidly."

At Amend's Market we
were particularly inter-
est ed in the refrigerator
rooms of meat that were
being stored for the hotel
and restaurant use. We
saw the "cow beef" that
had been ordered for the
cheaper restaurants, and
the choice cuts for the
Wahkonda and Avenue
trade. We were interested in the
feeding facilities for the "milk fed chick-
ens."

Our visit to the Colonial Bakery was
rather ill-timed, as the day's work
was just about over. However, our guide
explained processes, and we saw the
storage rooms (where they lock the
doors to save the raisins from prema-
ture consumption), the blender, the
monstrous mixer, the large proving
troughs, the ovens where the bread
travels thru the various temperatures,
and the electric wrapping machine.

Expressed in a sentence, we had our
marketing facts securely clinched by
actual experience in a combination of
education and sheer pleasure. We
sang our way toward Ames in that de-
licious sort of weariness that comes at
the end of a full day pleasurably
and profitably spent.

To Market! To Market!

BY HELEN THEILE

Marketing Class at Iowa State

Divide the company into two sides,
each under a quick-thinking captain.
One side decides upon a certain letter
of the alphabet, say "S", and when
both captains are ready, one gives
the name of an animal beginning with
this initial and then starts to count up to
ten. Slowly and aloud. Before he has
reached ten the other captain must
announce another animal beginning with
the same initial. Then he begins to
count, and so the game proceeds until
one captain fails to announce an
animal by the time his opponent counts
ten. Said opponent then has the privi-
gle of choosing one of the opposing
captain's helpers.

Helpers are not allowed to announce
a word aloud, but must whisper is to
their captain, who announces. The
opposing captain must watch for the
most helpful of their opponent's helper-
s, so that he may choose them for
his own side whenever possible.

The letter "S" is easy. Squirrel,
skunk, sow, salamander, sparrow,
smeat salmon—one can go along in-
definitely if fish and birds are allow-
able as well as mammals.