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Recommended Citation

Available at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker/vol11/iss2/4

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Pots and Pans Are Rather Fun...

By Prudence Tomlinson

Mary is a little blond, with big, blue-gray eyes that always seem to be turned wistfully toward some far-away place of dreams. Mary wears blues and soft pastels, and looks angelic in white. Her disposition is one of those remarkably rare utterly tranquil ones, without flaw. Everyone adores her. Her taste is accepted and praised as artistic, and she runs to delicate things in color and simplicity in design.

Not long ago Mary was married to a handsome young man, a dark and dash- ing business aspirant, who promised ven- humerently to love, honor, cherish and obey our darling Mary. This happy and charming young couple bought a little house in one of the popular suburbs of our town, and settled down to domestic bliss.

Don't think that there wasn't a com- motion in our set over their marriage. Not that they weren't suited to each other, and quite terribly in love, and all that, but you just couldn't imagine Mary doing all the work involved in house- keeping herself... at least not for very long!

We felt to talking about it the other day when we were having lunch together at the Maranac, and Joan pretty well summed up the opinions of us all when she said:

"Well, I can imagine Mary getting all thrilled about furnishings and prints and ruffly curtains and nice linens; and may be I could see her putting around the kitchen making a crispy salad or a fluffy dessert, but, my dears, now honestly, could you imagine Mary washing dishes?"

"Well, as far as that goes, after see- ing the lovely Lenox and Spode and Fos- toria crystal that her family gave her, I should think that even Mary wouldn't mind washing them so awfully!"

"May be so, Joan offered, but I bet she never would scour a pan or wash a pot!"

A short time later I went to visit Mary at her new little house. She met me at the door in a crisp, light blue house dress, looking more like a doll than ever. Her home was just as you knew it would be, delightfully charming and in good taste. The walls were soft greens and grays, the windows curtained beauti- fully, and the furniture arrangements were attractive and convenient and adapted to the room. Everything was somehow just right.

And then she took me out to her kitchen. The color scheme carried out in her curtains and furniture was pink and blue and just suited Mary. Even her glass and tea towels had the same note. And then she brought out her kitchen ware. But instead of grim rows of un- romanitic grays and blacks in tins and iron pots and pans, here was a colorful array of enameled ware, the softest gray and lovely rose ("pink pearl", she called it). And here was Mary telling me what fun she had in working with such pretty as well as practical utensils.

"Why, it's even a joy to wash them and keep them nice and shiny," said Mary. "At first I just expected the color to fade, it was so delicate a blue, but it didn't!"

So when, later in the summer, while we were on an eastern trip, my older sis- ter, who is in house-furnishings in a large department store, dragged me on an inspec- tion trip to see an enameled-ware factory, I didn't object half as much as she expected me to. (She never can get over my being an Industrial Science person, since she is a loyal Ames H. Ec.)

That trip was a revelation to me. I wonder if women over the country, cooking three meals a day, ever wonder or stop to think about all that goes into the making of the utensils they use.

Approaching the plant, the largest of its kind in the world, I was impressed by the huge amount of space covered by the factory. The area covered a number of city blocks, and the buildings were large and airy and most of them only one story high.

The offices at the front of the main building were nothing to speak of espe- cially, but nice enough as factories go. It was the plant proper in which we were interested. Back through the show rooms and sample displays we were led. Here were tables of bright colored enamels, blues and greens and ivories, and the more brilliant reds and yellows, grouped monochromatically in attractive exhibits. There was everything in size and color, ranging from babies' bath tubs down to drinking cups, with coffee pots and sauce pans predominating. From there we proceeded through the stock rooms to the factory. The stock room itself was very extensive, and row after row of shelves reached endlessly toward the ceil- ing, each one packed tightly with neatly- wrapped brown paper packages, cataloged and indexed for efficiency.

Entering the factory, we went first to the pattern shop, where the designs are made and the forms for the patterns con- structed. This department was the only one in the plant where apprentices were engaged, the younger boys learning the process of making the dyes.

When we went on, going through the foundry, and stopping to watch an indifferent workman turn the form for what was later to be a tea-kettle, noting the nonchalance with which another man stamped out the pattern of a hospital wash basin, his hands playing in and out of the stream of sparks and the roaring jam of the giant machine.

It was hard to imagine that these dull, blue-black, nondescript pieces of steel were soon to become attractive cooking utensils to adorn the colorful shelves of the modern homemaker's kitchen.

In another part of the plant we found women working at small soldering opera- tions. Handles and spouts were securely attached to the primary forms with care- ful precision. These girls and women worked swiftly, apparently careless of the intense flame and menacing drift of the machinery which they operated. Some of them did wear glasses to protect their eyes, and some wore sheveldets and aprons. While these operations are exacting and difficult, women are employed because of their skill and efficiency. Most of them were paid at piece work rates, we were informed, and they all seemed happy and smiling in their more or less routine and monotonous jobs.

But the most thrilling operation of them all was in the lacquering depart- ment. Here every article is given first a

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HOLLYWOOD FROCKS
of Sports Material Silk and Wool
The cleverest flare skirt styles you could ever imagine.
Eggshell, maize, flesh, palest Nile
$18.75
THE RIEKENBERG CO.
STYLE SHOP
WEST AMES

ELECTROLUX

THE Gas REFRIGERATOR

Electrolux is the one automatic refrigerator that makes cold and freezes ice cubes without using any machinery at all.
Silent when you buy it, Electrolux remains silent forever after.

Iowa Railway and Light Corporation
131 Main Street Phone 11

"Springtime" is Here!
The New, All-Occasion Shade in Phoenix dul SHEER Hosiery

For your loveliest new spring frocks the new "Springtime" hosiery shade! An entrancing warm grey beige... that distinguished your costume as surely as the sleek lines of Phoenix dul Sheer flatter your ankle.

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primary coat of a sort of cream colored haze before receiving the final color coating. Then the girls dip theware into baths of the colored enamel, or spray the substance on with "air brushes" or "guns." Each motion that they make in the operation is systematic and well timed, and there is not one bit of wasted energy.

Vats of the enamel make such a colorful array, I couldn't help asking the guile if the introduction of color hadn't been effective in eliminating much of the monotony of the job. I should imagine that no one could help liking to work with such lovely stuff. He laughed and disillusioned me by saying that to the girls it was just a long day of hard work, and one or another was all the same to them.

After the pans are dipped they are hung on racks to dry and the racks are taken to the baking rooms. Here expert "bakers" operate the ovens. A great amount of skill and experience is needed in regulating the exact temperature and timing the baking process. These men take a great deal of pride in their work, since so much of the success of the product depends upon their performance.

The finishing process is the last, and the articles are polished, inspected carefully for any possible flaws, then wrapped, packed and shipped or booked for storage.

The plant employs a technical staff to conduct experimental investigations in testing the finished products and developing new ones for the market.

And so we see them in attractive displays on our department store tables, are enticing, fall, and carry them proudly home to complete our color scheme. And my little set of canary yellow mixing bowls goes on the shelf as one of my treasured possessions, along with a WESTERN cream pitcher and a gay Cheecho-Slavavian plate.

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chair covering. Both printed and plain pillows were used, some blue-green and violet linen ones for the blue davenport, with two very attractive printed ones bringing out yellow and more green. As a last finishing touch, an interesting printed cotton textile was hung on the wall in a space formerly occupied by a heavier tapestry hanging, which was entirely out of place with the new array of color.