

Aspiring Young Senior Chefs Find There's Fun In Cooking

By Connie Murray

It was an ordinary Wednesday afternoon, or at least it started out as such. The bell rang for the four o'clock class, and students swarmed out over back campus. And like about fifteen other seniors, I headed for the Science Building to a class in cooking.

I started the long climb to third floor, when I saw Molly Quinn and Jean Shope on the second floor landing.

"Chicken katch-a . . . chicken kat-cha . . . chicken kac-ta . . . gosh, what is it?" said Molly.

"Don't ask me," replied Jean. "I never knew anything but fried and baked chicken."

Leaving these scholars to ponder the puzzles of poultry, I entered the cooking lab. Behind a table piled high with cups, pans, boxes, and food, I saw Miss Hodges.

"Now, girls, today we're going to cook meats. Tyler and Williams, I want you to do lobster hoochee-coochee."

Betty looked at Lu; Lu looked at Betty. They both turned and looked at the cold brown lobster tail lying on the table.

"Yes, ma'm," they chimed.

Miss Hodges continued. "I thought today we'd do a few other things besides meats. So, Harrison and Hudson, I want y'all to do potato salad, and make your own

mayonnaise."

"And McGlaughon and Huffard, y'all make Sally Lund. It's on page 18 in your cookbook."

"Make who—I mean, what?" questioned Boop.

"Sally Lund," answered Miss Hodges. "It's a soft, sweet bread—you cook it in a pan."

Miss Hodges finished the class assignments, and we headed for our kitchens.

I donned my overall apron—so called because it covers everything but the back of my knees—and got out the flour to start a pie crust. I carefully measured the salt and put it into the flour. Not until later—much later—did I realize the error. While I looked for Wesson oil, Laura Mitchell, my cooking partner, also carefully measured the salt and put it into the flour.

On the way back to my kitchen, I noticed Boots was crying.

"Hey, what's wrong?" I asked. "Nothing, sniff! It's just these onions."

And she was right. The odor sifted through the air, right into my pie crust dough.

I was busily kneading the dough when the cry arose from the opposite side of the lab. "He's alive—I know he is—look at him!"

Tyler pointed at the lobster tail—the frozen lobster tail—as it slid off the drain board into the

sink with a clunk.

Miss Hodges calmed her, as the other members of the class went back to work.

Boop and Nanny got Sally in the oven after a short struggle; Boots and Sue began to beat the mayonnaise; Alison and Bonnie were peeling apples and fingers. Things seemed to be going fine.

Ever hear of salt-rising bread? Well, we got our salt-rising pie in the oven at last, after getting the lettuce off of it. Carol and Anna Katherine were making a tossed salad, and they had really tossed it.

Having put the pie to rest, I wandered over to kitchen four, where Edith Tesch and Joan Shope were pouring over their cookbook.

"Maybe it means to beat, then add the liquid, and heat," offered Joan.

Edith looked up at me in confusion. "They say anyone who can read a recipe can cook. It's just that reading it doesn't mean you understand it."

I gave them a few words of my sage advice, to wit: ask Miss Hodges, and returned to the smoky corner of the lab. Yes, our pie was done . . . or finished, should I say?

It is customary at the end of each lab period for us aspiring young chefs to sample our products. I passed the pie (so did the rest of the class, passed right by it) and it was enjoyed by all. We sampled lobster, and onion salad flavored with potato, and Sally—was she ever real gone!

Campus Shots

Jane and her non-speaking voice . . . Sue returning to school in a hearse . . . Barbara Smith's hunting trip during Thanksgiving . . . Vee's new haircut . . . Kinston calling "Cleopatra Marsh" in Salisbury. P. J. raving about her good time at West Point . . . Diane's new SPE pin . . . Prospects being lined up for the Christmas dance . . . Marie's wild tales in the basement of Strong . . . Frankie with a cold and she has been taking cold shots . . . All the juniors (and Emily) getting ready for the Christmas Banquet . . . Ann took New York by surprise during Thanksgiving . . . Carol had a great time at the Duke-Carolina game . . . so did everyone else . . . Bitting was "fumigated" during Thanksgiving . . . Ann Mixon gaining 7 pounds while visiting Jane . . . Old-fashioned flannel night gowns being worn in Clewell . . . Sally Reiland advertising for Piedmont Airlines . . . Will Sally ever catch up on everything she has to do? . . . Don't forget to sign-up for Junior Breakfast every Sunday morning . . . Thirteen more days to vacation—again . . . All Music Method students making drums . . . Sara Sue flew to Winston and saw Vernon . . . the new Italian hair-cuts, on Maggie and Betsy . . . Eleanor's pin and necklace . . . "Gertie" going

into the fortune-telling business . . . Another Fike due in this week-end . . . Get Lee Henley to show you her burn . . . Bryan finally getting things straight with Martin . . . Strong loses another male—Frank's going into the Army and Nancy's in tears.

First Things First

By Frank Kinney

The most important thing you wear is your hair. No fine frock, no trick foundation garment, no ensemble of jewelry can mean so much toward your over-all appeal as your hair. No hat, regardless of cost or workmanship, can sufficiently cover an ungroomed head of hair. No, nothing can take the place of a beautiful head of pliant hair, dressed in becoming fashion.

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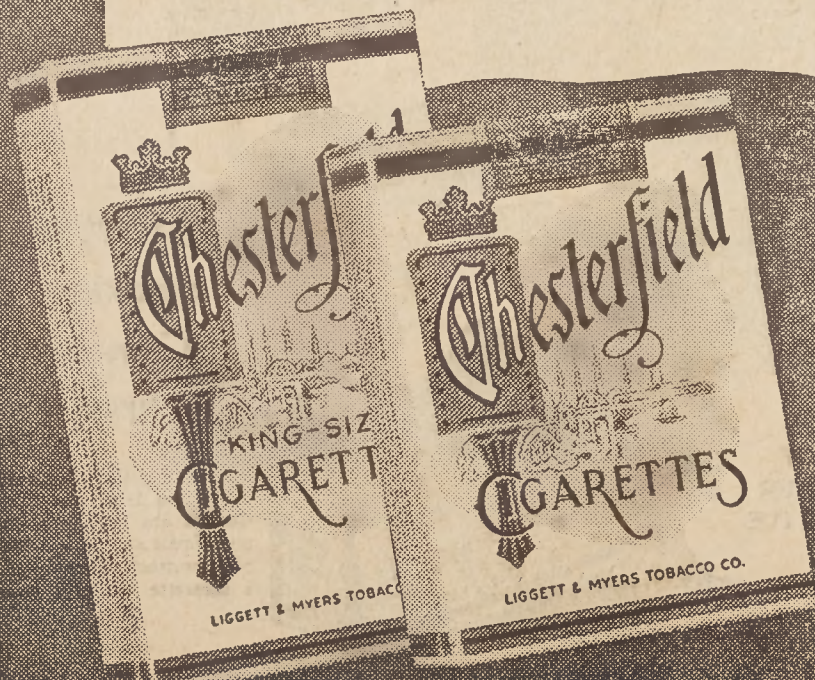
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