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Before Ordering . . .

Refresh Your French

By Regina Kildee

HAVE you ever, when in a beef-steak-and-apple-pie mood, been completely crushed by being confronted in a restaurant with a French menu card? It's extremely confusing, and one does not usually enjoy confessing his educational shortcomings to the waiter. Under these circumstances, most of us shut our eyes, point, and trust to luck and the chef.

There are, however, a few terms which, if known, will at least countenanced on menu cards written, for the most part, in the King's English.

abriocit—apricot
au gratin—dressed with breadcrumbs
béchamel—very rich white sauce
boeuf—beef
café noir—black coffee
canard—duck
désert—dessert
dessert—dessert
demi—half
épinard—spinach
émulsion—emulsion
fondue—cheese
fricassée—meat
fromage—cheese
fromage à la crème—cream cheese
gâteau—cake
gelée—jelly
lait—milk
laïque—lettuce
lyonnaise—a sauté dish seasoned with onions and parsley
macédoine—dish consisting of medley of fruits or vegetables
miel—honey
monton—mutton
navet—turnip
pain—bread
pain bis—brown bread
paté—a shell made with puff paste
peche—peach
pêches—pêches
pêches—pêches
påtes de foie—pastry
pomme—apple
pomme de terre—potato
porce—porc
potée—sweet potato
pudding—pudding
pudding au raisin de Corinthe—plum pudding
potage—soup
potage à la julienne—vegetable soup
potage à la printanière—soup of early vegetables
poulet—chicken
purée—vegetables, cooked until tender, then puréed through a sieve.

rissotto—minced meat fritter
salade—salad
saucisse—sausage
the—tea
tomate—tomato
tortue—a fruit pie
veau—veal
vinaigrette—vinaigrette

OF COURSE that doesn't help much with the pronunciation. But it makes one feel debonair and sufficient unto oneself merely to have a faint suspicion of what to expect when ordering from a French menu card.

Presenting . . .

Mrs. McLean

By Laura Christensen

WITH the offer of a job such a rarity these days, a person who can call down offers of two very promising positions in 1 day must be a very accomplished individual. Mrs. Beth McLean, part-time instructor in the foods and nutrition department, did just that. Mrs. McLean was formerly Beth Bailey and taught here some 10 years ago. She started both the meal planning and entering courses in the Home Economics Division. After her marriage Mrs. McLean moved to the West Coast, but two years ago, following her husband's death, with her two children she returned to the campus.

The thing that impresses people most about Mrs. McLean is her level-headedness. Different people have different names for it. A fellow instructor describes her as "the most sensible person I know." Another woman says of her "she is always calm and collected." But however you say it, she most certainly is not the type of woman so many men object to in business— one cannot imagine her breaking into tears or hysterics when things go wrong.

The position she accepted is with the Southern Rice Millers in New Orleans, La. It consists of training a corps of demonstrators who will go out on the road next summer and conduct cooking schools, thus advertising cereal products. The company first asked her to come to New Orleans for a personal application—at their expense. Speaking of the trip she said, "I had a perfectly lovely time, although I did worry about the children a bit at first." (They had been left in Ames.) "They asked me how I liked the city of New Orleans, and I told them it was a lovely place, but I couldn't feature myself living there; so they put a taxi at my disposal and let me ride all around the town and see it for myself." When asked if she wasn't thrilled about the position, Mrs. McLean smiled and said, "Of course, but I have so little time to prepare in." She was to be there by March 1.

SHE herself claims that first among her virtues is being a good cook. The girls in her food classes, while they cannot vouch for her actual cooking, never having had a chance to taste it, say that if she meets her verbal presentations it would certainly be delicious. "We always come away hungry," they say, "because Mrs. McLean is bound to launch into a palate-tickling description of a lovely baked red salmon, swimming in melted butter and dotted with tartar sauce and parsley, or a large chocolate angel-food cake with piles of gooy white frosting. One of her pet theories, she says, is that color is much more important in food than in clothes. In looking through a magazine, she always looks first at the pictured advertisements of foods; the stories and articles come second with her. "The advertisements alone are worth the price of the magazine," she says.

Her movements are all quick and purposeful—she never nervously taps her fingers or idles with a pencil. Her very step generates efficiency, and the swish of her white starched uniform spells action. Her iron-grey hair is short and combed neatly back in smooth waves.

"I will certainly be busy until March 1," she said before she left for her new job, but you can be sure that whether she is planning to move across a continent to a new job or doing something else she will always be busy.

Men Expect Courtesies

(Continued from page 7)

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If you want to curl your strips of bacon, give them a quick flirt of the fork as you take them from the pan.