India Serves Her Food From Shiny Brass Vessels

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India Serves Her Food
From Shiny Brass Vessels

by Julia Bartlett

A LWAYS smiling, Ruth Dudgeon’s face lit up with amusement as she recalled her life in India. Ruth’s father was a professor in one of the universities, so she spent a great part of her time in India until she moved to Ames. She is taking Landscape Architecture here.

“You’ll have to stop me when you’ve had enough,” she told me, “for I could talk on forever about India.”

To begin with Ruth described some of the Indian foods and customs. The mainstay in the every day food line is plain boiled rice with which they serve a thin, soupy sauce like thick soup. The sauce, commonly known as dal, is made of split peas and is flavored with salt and tumeric and also onions and other vegetables, and, of course, lots of red pepper. At this, Ruth recalled how she once stood with slivers of bamboo. At the same time she added that these are perfectly delicious. In fact, she said, “I could eat a dozen of them right now.”

CURRY is also one of the mainstays of any fancy occasion. It is usually made of some kind of meat—mutton or chicken makes the nicest curry—lots of clarified butter, potatoes, and other vegetables, and, of course, lots of spices, including a generous measure of red pepper. At this, Ruth recalled how she once stood with slivers of bamboo. At one of their Mohammedan cooks demonstrated his ability to eat several red peppers without batting an eye.

The proper thing to do is just to serve a vegetable stew—thick, rich syrup and the holes are filled. And Ruth assures one that these are perfectly delicious. In fact, she said, “I could eat a dozen of them right now.”

For cleaning furniture, wash wood with chamois skin wrung out of clear water. Apply sweet oil and polish with a cloth. Use carbon-tetra-chloride for removing grease spots on the upholstery. It is not explosive.

SLEEPING IN A SORORITY DORMITORY

Bang! a door.

“Keep back those words, for who can tell, Tomorrow night that one might well be you.”

“Whispers! two pales.”

There was a rule, “No Talking in the Dorm.”

The proper thing to do is just to scorn a rule.

Tick! a clock.

“How sweet is sleep, once broken, yet resumed Without a thought that once your ear was tuned to an alarm.”

—Karlyne Anspach.