

# Cooking with Julia



Julia Hansen

Alas! This will be the last "Cooking with Julia" of the school year. It's funny that this column came about after I casually mentioned it to my editor after Winter Break. It has turned into something I look forward to writing every week. I have very much enjoyed writing this column and am excited to continue it again next year. This summer I will be moving home to Columbia, Mo., do an internship, to hang out with my family and friends and do a lot of cooking and baking. I cannot believe next year I will be a senior, so in theory this is my last real summer. Because this is the tragic case, I am determined to make this one heck of a summer. Hence, I will make a short list of things I would like to do.

5. Road trip somewhere to see a concert.

4. Go to a Royals game, get a hot dog and a beer and feel

very American.

3. Read a good book or two, or 10.

2. Hike and camp in a Missouri national park.

1. Gather my hometown high school friends for a backyard barbecue.

What is better than a backyard barbecue in the middle of the summer with a group of friends? Not much. For this week's column, I found two recipes that are essential to any barbecue. With next week being finals week, keep in mind that fun is in your future. If you're having a particularly stressful moment, take a minute to make a list of things you would like to do this summer — I promise it will make you feel better. Whether you are working, vacationing, taking classes or just lounging on your parents' couch, I wish you all the best for this summer, and I will see you next year!

## Kickin' Potato Salad & BBQ sauce



### New Orleans Kickin' Potato Salad ingredients:

- 2 pounds red potatoes cut into 3/4-inch chunks
- 3/4 cup Hellmann's Real Mayonnaise
- 1/3 cup chopped celery
- 1/3 cup chopped green bell pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup sweet pickle relish
- 1 to 2 teaspoons hot pepper sauce
- 1 teaspoon white vinegar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped

### Instructions:

In four-quart saucepan, cover potatoes with water. Bring to a boil over medium-high heat. Reduce heat and simmer 10 minutes or until potatoes are tender. Drain and cool slightly. In a large bowl, combine all ingredients except potatoes. Add potatoes and toss gently. Serve chilled or at room temperature. Serve, if desired, with additional hot pepper sauce.

Recipe found at [www.bestfoods.com](http://www.bestfoods.com)

### Neely's BBQ sauce ingredients:

- 2 cups ketchup
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup apple cider vinegar
- 5 tablespoons light brown sugar
- 5 tablespoons sugar
- 1/2 tablespoon freshly ground black pepper
- 1/2 tablespoon onion powder
- 1/2 tablespoon ground mustard
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce

### Instructions:

In a large saucepan, combine all ingredients. Bring mixture to a boil, reduce heat to simmer. Cook uncovered, stirring frequently for two hours.

Recipe found at [www.foodnetwork.com](http://www.foodnetwork.com)

Design by Andrea Bailey/Index



Lauren Miller

## Students urged to take risks, enjoy life

"Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing worth knowing can be taught," Oscar Wilde said.

My formal education will come to a close in less than two weeks. I have filled my head with French pronouns, Enlightenment philosophies, AP style rules, rhetorical criticisms and random mathematical equations.

However, my informal education never will come to a close.

During the past four years, I learned far more important, interesting and valuable things about life, love and happiness outside of the classroom. These experiences and observations have nothing to do with developing my critical or analytical thinking but everything to do with developing my "joie de vivre."

I plan to dispense a tiny bit of this knowledge here in this last column. It probably won't apply to everyone. Some of it comes from personal experiences. Some of it comes from professors, famous authors or movies. Some of it comes from the random people I have met along the way.

I guarantee you none of it will be groundbreaking, but I think it's at least worth sharing.

The best experiences sometimes only appear after the fact. I spent five months in France intensely homesick. I did not master the language. I did not wear skinny jeans. I did not love French food.

In October I ran, or more apropos, jogged, the Chicago Marathon. I did not love every mile. I don't know if I even loved half of the miles. I did hate, with a burning passion, the last eight miles.

I learned more about myself during those five months and 26.2 miles than during any other point in my college career, meaning that hindsight is everything. Things might not always go as wonderfully as you plan or hope or expect, but make the most of it. I muddled through the language barriers. I wasn't until the next semester's French classes that I realized how much my French improved. I muddled, and walked a bit, through the last eight miles of Chicago. It wasn't until my next run two weeks later that I realized how short 10 miles now seemed.

However, France and Chicago would not have been the peaks of my college career without my friends. Maybe because I just watched "Across the Universe," but you get by with a little help from your friends, you get high with a little help from your friends.

I was the last of my friends to cross that finish line in Chicago. My friend Charlie, who rocked it out, was my inspiration and mentor. Lauren, who finished five minutes in front of me, was the infallible running buddy from high school. Grace and Megan, who came to cheer us on, were the constant positive presence. I owe all of them big. I might have finished behind them, but I would have never even started without them.

It was a friend in France who taught me that "je suis excitée" does not mean "I am excited," as much as it means "I am excited ... in a sexual way." I also owe her big, otherwise I could have gotten myself in a lot of trouble.

Rules aren't meant to be broken as much as they're meant to be bent.

And of course, there are exceptions to every rule. Sometimes you can start a sentence with "and." Sometimes you can start a scholarly paper with a personal anecdote. Sometimes, despite the formal structures within academia, you will find a professor who rewards creativity.

During a creative writing course, we read a story. I don't remember the plot or the characters, but I remember "Love is not a pie."

"Love is not a pie," meaning that your love is not divided into a fixed number of slices to hand out to those whom you deem worthy. Love is like an infinite amount of pumpkin pie — you have as many slices to give as you have people to love.

Or apple pie, depending upon your preference but never cherry.

Give the slices to the people you care about the most. Love deeply and often.

Finally, everyone should take a risk. Drink blackberry tea, take a nap in a hammock, read a new book, take a road trip to somewhere new and buy a killer pair of shoes. Some of my best memories from here are the little things.

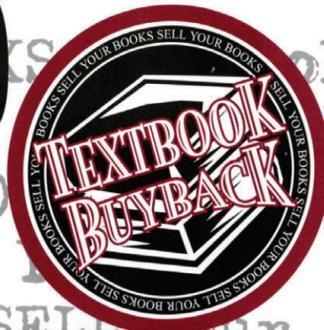
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