Cooking with Julia: Chicken Salad Sandwich



Julia Hansen

Alas, Winter Break is over! As a senior this is an even bigger bummer because it was the last one before I graduate and move on to life in the real world. Although I am sad it is over, I am glad to be back with my friends and back in classes. I'm also

glad to get away from all the holiday food. The first three weeks of my break basically consisted of visiting family members bringing cookies, chips and casseroles that gradually made my pants tighten. I spent the last week of break in Mississippi. When we arrived in Shelby, Miss., where we would be doing volunteer work, the ladies of the town showed true Southern hospitality by cooking a delicious fried meal for our group. My diet consisted of good old Southern food like fried chicken, fried okra, yams, barbecue, cole slaw and mustard greens. Delicious? Absolutely! Fried? You bet!

It was a scrumptious week of unhealthy food, but as we traveled back to Missouri, I promised myself I would get back into my normal routine of mostly healthy food with big taste. This week's recipe is a variation of a Paula Deen recipe that I saw while in Mississippi. Deen is known for her Southern cooking and for putting a lot of butter in her recipes. This recipe, however, has a Southern twist but is healthy, cheap and

Ingredients:

- 2 cups cooked and shredded or cubed
- chicken 1/2 cup minced red bell pepper
- 1/2 cup corn, drained
- 1/4 cup minced red onion
- 1/4 cup olive oil 1 1/2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
- 1 1/2 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons parsley, chopped 1/2 teaspoon ground black pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon salt



Directions:

- 1. In a medium bowl combine chicken, red bell pepper, corn and
- 2. In a small bowl whisk together olive oil, mustard, mayonnaise, cilantro, ground black pepper and salt. Pour olive oil mixture over chicken mixture. Serve on bread with lettuce and tomato slices.

La chica rubia begins life in Mexico without ice cubes or ice cream

When I started planning my study abroad trip, I always assumed I'd be going to Spain. As a Spanish major, I was thrilled at the opportunity to speak the language while also getting to country-hop throughout Europe. When I applied to the International Student Exchange Program, I only added universities in Mexico and Chile to my list because alternate sites were required — I knew where I was going. My plans were set, but upon receiving my placement letter, I learned that I would not be sunbathing in southern Spain or touring Paris, London and Florence. Instead, I would be heading south of the border — not even leaving the continent. This week, I took off for the city of Puebla,

Initially, I thought I would be disappointed at this unforeseen change of plans. After all, I knew this school I applied to was a possibility (although a slim chance, in my mind), but I hoped its only purpose was to fill in the extra blanks

on my application sheet. However, aspects of the trip, like the food, I was truly surprised at my delight the sights and even the classes. I

when I learned of my destination. There are so many perks to going to Mexico, I rationalized, including the value of the U.S. dollar, the convenient lack of a time change and the shorter, less expensive flight, which I convinced myself would bring more visitors during Spring Break. Also, for you linguists, I was glad to completely avoid the variable dialects and pronunciations of Spanish Spanish (as opposed

to Mexican Spanish, that is). As can be expected, I am looking forward to many different

can't wait to see the

ruins, walk along the beaches and ride a crowded bus across "Regardless of my the country. But most trials, I, 'la rubia' of all, I want to learn or 'the blonde one,' about my neighbors to the south. Ameriwill attempt to cans frequently hold blend in and be a a prejudice against loyal correspondent this country and its people which simply of my insider's view disgusts me, and I for the duration of hope to prove their the semester. I will shallow judgments wrong. In my four report my excitemonths in Mexico, ments adventures I want to intimately and woes." discover the beautiful and unique culture

of this country and share it with those ignorant enough to have

negative, preformed opinions.

I'm still pretty nervous. I have

Although I'm very excited,

some irrational fears (What if no one understands me?), some that are common for someone who is heading off to another country for an extended period of time (What if I get lonely?) and some that are fairly unique to my experience (What if I accidentally drink some water?). Yes, I am going to try to avoid water, the most basic of fluids, as I've been inspired by horror stories of previous visitors to Mexico who warn, "Don't drink the water. Don't eat anything with unpurified water in it. No ice cubes, no fruit without a peel, no ice cream. Don't even wash your face with water. When I was there, I was sick for four days - I

thought I was dying.' What? I love ice cream! And I love washing my face with water! And sure, Kirksville is frigid in the winter, but that has never left me feeling like I was dying. This may turn out to be harder than I thought.

Regardless of my trials, I, "la rubia" or "the blonde one," will



Kelly Schute

attempt to blend in and be a loyal correspondent of my insider's view for the duration of the semester. I'll report my excitements, adventures and woes. I hope to share with you a new, unfamilian perspective of our border buddies and let your mind wander to a warmer climate while you shiver in Missouri, buried in ice and

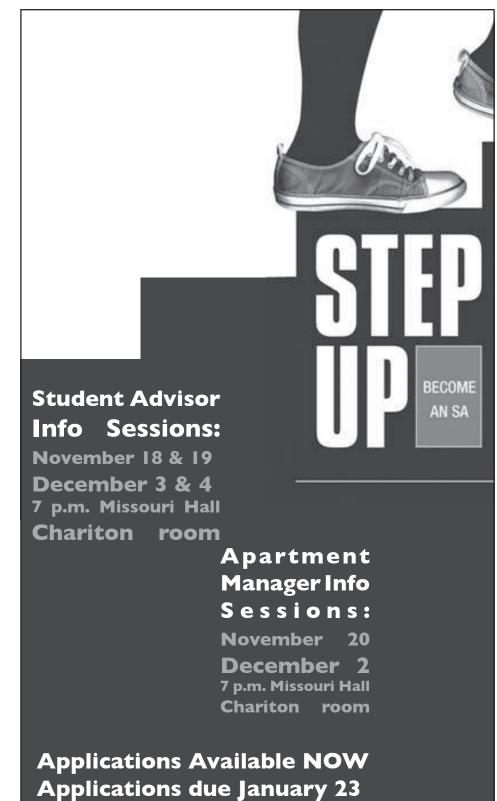
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