

---

"OPERATION STEW"

Did you ever make a stew? Believe me, if you haven't, you still have something to live for. I tried it once, and brother, what fascinating results!

It was a warm and sunny Saturday, the fourth and last day of our Sioux Patrol hike. As is always the case on the last day of a hike, the boys were hungry and wanted to "stack up" for the trip home.

Being patrol leader, I decided to treat the boys to a big dinner. You can be assured that the boys ate well, but thenceforth I was a very unwanted character wherever there was food.. That morning I told them I was going to prepare a special dinner. You should have heard the shouts of jubilee, of thanks and all the hearty praise that can come from a group of energetic fellows. Of course they didn't know that I couldn't peel potatoes or turnips and that I couldn't tell the difference between horse meat and tender filet mignon (not that we had such variety.) Were they in for it!

I started my task at 9:30, after eating a light breakfast of bread with no butter (we wanted to save the butter for the big meal), a little milk, and the usual Libby's pork and beans.

While the boys were out playing baseball in the nearest field, half a mile away, I started to gather firewood. There was so much of it around that I started to believe the whole business was child's play. My next stop was to find a good fireplace. Luckily, I found an ideal spot about one hundred feet from our tent. Next, I had to procure water, and this too was another easy job since we had pitched our tent about fifty feet from the St. Charles River.

Now I was getting to the more serious part of my chore—that of gathering and choosing the ingredients which, boiled together, would yield (I hoped) stew. I found we had four medium-sized potatoes, two small turnips, some peas, string beans, a can of sauce (to my consolation because I couldn't make this), some bread, milk, pepper and sugar, some butter, and finally some meat which smelt bad. Having these questionable ingredients certainly didn't add to the pleasure of cooking them. What further complicated matters was that we had no potato peeler and consequently I had to use an old pen knife my grandfather had given me before he died. One of the preliminaries was to take off the rust. Then I started to peel the "spuds" and I found that by adding a few peelings, there would be enough for the group (six in all). Besides, this was another way of getting the brown color that stews always—or usually—have.



To my astonishment, I found it was nearing 11:30. Dinner was supposed to be served at noon and still I was only half way through the preparations! I moved with unprecedented rapidity. First I tossed the spuds and some peelings into the boiling water; I added sugar, butter and milk with small slices of partially peeled turnips. Then I added sauce, peas and meat. Did it ever look tempting!

We didn't have a large spoon so I stirred the "goolash" with a clean stick. I observed that there was too much water for the contents; this led me to add a few slices of dry brown bread. This gave it an even deeper brown color.

Twelve o'clock struck and the hungry boys came rushing home.

"The P. L. did it again", they shouted and squatted on the ground while they stared at me as if I were an old witch stirring magic brew.

The big moment came when all the plates were served. We all tried it at the same time and we all reacted in the same way: we coughed and coughed till our sides were ready to burst.

That wasn't all. These boys were hungry and they were determined to eat—at all cost. From then on, they were running the show. We packed up immediately, left our equipment on the camp site, and proceeded to the nearest town, three miles away. There, I was unanimously chosen to handle the money end of a truly big and appetizing dinner.

Can you guess what they had? Sweet homemade stew!

Besides this, I had the very enjoyable task of taking the patrol equipment into our headquarters alone.

You can be sure that I haven't cooked very often since then, but I still insist on making my own toast.

GERRY BURNS, '58.

---

### ON BEING A SENIOR

---

Sooner or later a student arrives at that coveted year—Senior. It is coveted by those who have not yet reached the level of intelligence equal to the Seniors and so they try to belittle the Seniors without realizing the feelings, attitudes, and outlook of the Seniors. So, this is an attempt to explain to the ill-informed the situation in which the Senior so often finds himself.

First of all the Seniors are subject to more unusual situations than any other group on campus. They are expected, and rightly