

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," said Dorothy Dix. But I know better than that. I believe that the way or the shortest way, rather, is by way of the kitchen. It is in the kitchen that a housewife concocts the food that caters to the gastronomic whims and caprices of the lord of the house.

Webster defines the kitchen as a room set apart for the preparation of food. To me it is more than that. To me it is the stage where the marital drama starts. It is the room where the young husband recites his famous speech, "You do not know how to cook the way my

*You'll perk up
when you scent*

mother does." It is also the place where young husbands discover to their dismay that what their wives have really studied is not home economics but home extravagance. Now-a-days wives cannot be contented with a kitchen without an American stove. "Why in heaven's name can't they cook with the old native stove, when just a short time ago Nancy could do wonders with one?" is the common complaint of many husbands.

The kitchen is sometimes the barometer of one's financial status. One can always be sure of something broiling if he sees smoke emanating from the kitchen of a house. Or have you been once invited to a town or barrio fiesta and approached a house with misgivings and fear? What if the host has given you the vanishing act? But you felt relieved when actually you noticed culinary activities with spiced smoke coming out from the kitchen.

But alas! most kitchens today are no more than a showroom where the housewife displays her smart kitchenware, up-to-date imported American stove (most probably bought on the installment plan), and the newest thing in gadgets, for the people of the house mostly sit it out in fashionable restaurants and the well-appointed kitchen is used only once in a blue moon.

by Purificacion N. Lim



The Smell that Fills

It is in the kitchen that the male of the little woman as a cook rests. It is the place where the anxious young wife sweats it out either to dish out a masterpiece or bring out a burnt offering.

This part of the house is not so romantic as others have thought it to be. On the contrary it is the place where the romance of the kitchen maid and the handy man around the house begins. It is where the Jack-of-all-work whispers sweet nothings to his kitchen love, and presto! the next thing you know your home will be minus a maid and handy man when the romantic pair so decide to take French leave.

So many people think of the kitchen as a lowly room, unworthy of their notice and attention, where nothing ever happens. On the contrary it is from this very room where exciting things happen, where the thrill of the party is first felt. "What if the soup is not right? What if they won't like the way this studded chicken is cooked?" are some of the questions the lady of the house will ask. In fact many people want to be near the kitchen when a party is going on just to be on hand in

case something turns up from that direction. Who says that a kitchen is not glamorous? It is and I think that many will agree with me that as a culinary objective, it is as glamorous and as exciting as Hollywood itself.

THE ROVING EYE

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Here's something for the professors' books:

Some instructors disregard the individual rights of pupils and treat the students as inferiors. Many instructors even hate to be asked questions by their students regarding their lessons. They consider the asking of questions as an insult to their abilities as instructors.

We wonder if instructors refuse to be questioned not because it is insulting but because they themselves do not know the subject matter well enough — blind leading the blind.

The Roving Eye is but an eye and can rove only so much. The strain is getting us and so, we take time out to inform you that, God willing, we shall be seeing you again in print some school year 1953-54. In the meantime, our eyes will continue to rove or, to quote our Ed, eyes were not made for seeing.