

Cooking with Julia: Apple Pie



Julia Hansen

"He walked the forest pathways with a bag of apple seeds, Plantin' for the settlers to supply their apple needs. Said he didn't need no thanks and he didn't need no pay. Just a rest beside the fire and he'd be on his way."

Can you guess who the subject of this song is? Well, if you're American and you had a childhood you probably can guess the song is about an American legend, Johnny Applesseed. Did you know he was

a real person and not just some fictional character your kindergarten teacher invented to make you eat some fruit?

Mr. Applesseed was born John Chapman in 1774 in Massachusetts. At 18 he traveled west by foot as a pioneer nurseryman and missionary. He planted apple orchards throughout Indiana, Ohio and Illinois. He was said to be strong in faith, simple and kind to all people and animals. It is said that he wore a pot for a hat and that he never wore shoes, even in the winter! He died in 1845 but left a legacy of farming and tales of his adventures. True or not, a tale I enjoy about Johnny was that one night when he was sleeping outside, a rattlesnake tried to bite him on the foot, but it couldn't break through his skin because it was tough from years of walking without shoes.

I guess it's obvious that fresh apples are the theme for this week. Now is a great time to head out to a local apple orchard with friends or family and pick some fresh, healthy and tasty apples. Check out the article on apple orchards around Missouri on page 9 for a few locations near Kirksville, St. Louis and Kansas City if you're heading home for Mid-term Break. Just remember to pick, wash and enjoy!

Ingredients:

- 1 box pre-made pie crusts
- 6 cups thinly sliced, peeled cooking apples (about 2 1/4 pounds)
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice (optional)
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg
- About 3 tablespoons milk (optional)
- About 3 tablespoons sugar (optional)

Directions:

1. Line a 9-inch pie plate with half the pastry.
2. If desired, sprinkle apples with lemon juice. In a large bowl stir together the sugar, flour, cinnamon and nutmeg. Add apple slices. Gently toss until coated.
3. Transfer apple mixture to the pastry-lined pie plate. Trim bottom pastry to edge of pie plate. Cut slits in center of remaining pastry to allow steam to escape. Place over filling and seal by crimping edge.
4. If desired, brush the top pastry with milk and sprinkle with additional sugar. To prevent over-browning, cover edge of pie with foil. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 40 minutes. Remove foil and bake an additional 20 minutes or until fruit is tender and filling is bubbly. Cool on a wire rack.

Recipe courtesy of "Better Homes and Gardens Cookbook"



British welcome defies Truman Week custom



Franklin Cline

Hello again from Edge Hill University in Ormskirk, England, where this week is "Freshers Week," which is essentially the British equivalent of Truman Week. There are two interesting differences, however, that illuminate what appear to be fundamental differences between the academic cultures.

Firstly, alcohol is not only allowed on campus, but a few of the school-sponsored events actually advertise and promote the consumption of that devil drug. A couple of nights ago there was a bar crawl in Liverpool, and tomorrow's event, "Spring Break in Cancun," features massive quantities of — you guessed it — tequila. (The University also sponsors alcohol-free events every day, and only very subtly implies that it's uncool to drink.) I realize that many Truman students hazily recall a booze-drenched Truman Week at illicit, illegal parties which were only sanctioned by Truman inasmuch as everyone knows they're going on. Can you imagine how different

Truman Week would be if those sort-of-fun SAB functions proudly featured a bevy of alcoholic beverages? One can't help but wonder how certain social organizations would function without a week of being the primary source for cheap, gross beer and jungle juice. Of course, the American drinking age would have to be lowered to compensate, and then Truman would also need to become a wet campus — neither of which seem likely to occur in the near future. But there is something almost wholesome about hundreds of sweaty, sexually frustrated teenagers cramming into the campus pub when compared to the skeeze surrounding any given Truman Week party.

The second major difference between the orientation processes is the way authority figures treat the incoming students. Instead of the way American authority figures basically play dumb regarding any and all "extracurricular activities," so to speak, and pretend that the only value to higher education is that which is learned in the classroom, British fig-

ures have an understanding that the college experience includes a wide variety of episodes, each having its own emotional or intellectual value. Of course, each wishes that you attend classes — in fact, here they are even more strenuous about perfect attendance in the classroom — but it seems as though the authority figures I have encountered here, even the policemen, have not forgotten the hedonism necessitated by being a young intellectual.

So what can we glean about the two cultures from these two interesting tidbits? Well, both seem to apply a fair amount of pressure on an incoming student to go out at least once and have a few drinks, but I really can't decide if the University's sanction upon imbibing the devil drug makes it easier or more difficult for one who wants to abstain from doing so. Granted, only three of the 10 evening events directly mention how the alcohol will flow, but the majority of them take place at The Venue, our campus pub. I suppose that both communities fairly straightforwardly are divided into drinkers

and non-drinkers, and just as those who choose to go out during Truman Week tend to bond with likeminded freshmen, the same thing happens here. (Hey, I never claimed to be a sociologist.)

As far as the authority figures go, it seems to me that the British authority figures command far more respect because of their wider understanding of what is typically referred to in an all-inclusive manner as "the college experience." It's easier to believe that someone is on your side when they seem genuinely sympathetic to the hugeness of higher education. Granted, I wasn't paying much attention when President Barbara Dixon was introducing herself to our freshman class, but I'm 99 percent sure she kept it erudite. Then again, she could have been doing bits from a Mitch Hedberg stand-up routine, for all I know. The students here listen more strenuously to the authority figures, but whether or not they actually heed their words is impossible to predict.

That's all for this week. Wish you were here!

Facebook wreaks havoc on relationships

Whether we know it or not, our favorite social utility is wreaking havoc on the relationship scene. The tendencies and expectations of healthy relationships, romantic and otherwise, are being altered as this virtual privacy-buster takes hold of our personal lives and destroys them.

There's no need to get defensive — I love Facebook just as much as the next person. I, too, spend a ridiculous number of hours on it every day looking at pictures and keeping in touch with friends. But it cannot be denied that the superhuman capabilities it bestows upon us, including the power to see into each other's private lives and stalk our friends' (and enemies') minute interactions, are just too much for us to handle sometimes.

Beyond the obvious luxuries that we as users are given, more subtle tools are at our disposal for whatever manipulative purposes we can contrive. By this I mean to say that

the harmless actions we can perform using Facebook — writing on walls, tagging pictures and commenting on various items — can be used to achieve ends that are not quite so harmless. Even if we do not intend for any problems to arise, they can and do.

Facebook affects romantic and platonic relationships. When it comes to defining relationships, there has been no catalyst like this tool that makes you invite your sweetheart into a relationship and broadcast it over the Internet among everyone each of you has ever met. Back in the day, it was all right to be together and be happy with whatever definition a relationship seemed to fit, whether it was casually dating or exclusively going out. Now, little distinction remains as far as your social sphere knows.

Of course, the option to be "in a relationship," "in an open relationship" or "in a complicated relationship" exists, but the differences

between these categories do not accurately convey the real qualities they are meant to. In the case of two people dating casually, frequently they do not get involved with Facebook, eliminating the usefulness of publicizing that they are "in an open relationship." The inherent meaning of this title conveys that the relationship is not an exclusive or serious one, so there would be no point in making it official. Similarly, what would be the point in letting everyone know that you are "in a complicated relationship"? All relationships are complicated, so this distinction is superfluous in itself. All it does is portray the image that the relationship isn't stable enough to be normal, which leads all those busybody friends to wonder what exactly is so complicated about it.

And if anyone thought beginning a relationship online was hard enough (being bombarded with messages inquiring about all the details, receiving requests to be friends with

strangers who think friendship by association is cool), ending one is even worse. The day a user ends a cyber relationship with someone else, he or she knows that hundreds of friends will open their home pages and see a little broken heart revealing that the relationship has been cancelled. It's almost enough to stay in the relationship for the sole purpose of avoiding the aftermath.

However, people who choose to avoid the chaos and keep their relationships off their profiles do not completely evade disaster. They run the risk of being hit on by interested singles or facing countless questions from confused friends who can't believe a relationship is real if it isn't Facebook-official.

There is no clear solution or common ground. In short, people who want any sort of personal space should not use Facebook, but almost all of us do. It's a paradox that will continue to affect us until we either forget what privacy is or go insane.



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