

The Munchies

by c. toder

Each week I hope to publish in the C.C. Reader, a favorite recipe that is a product of a muchie raid in the kitchen. A prerequisite for these recipes are their succulent and tantalizing affect that they have on your taste buds. These recipes are designed to take into account those of you whose skills are limited when it comes to culinary feats.

This week's tasty tid-bit is Peanut Butter Cookies. The ingredients are:

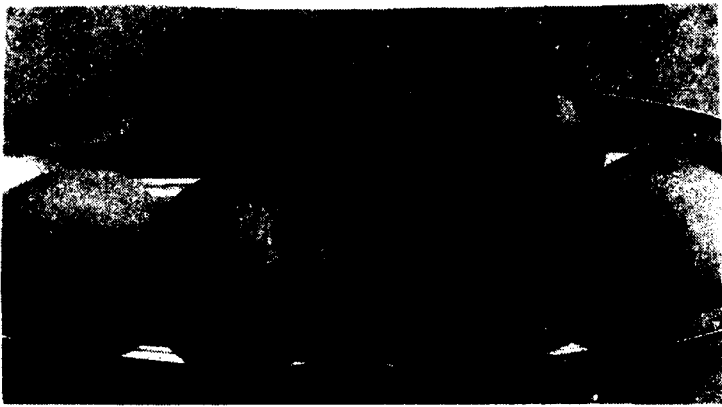
- 1/2 cup fat (like butter, margarine or shortening)
- 1/2 cup peanut butter (for those of you who are peanut butter freaks try using crunchy style peanut butter - it adds a dimension to the final product)
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg (if you use small sized eggs add a few drops of milk)
- 1 1/4 cups of all purpose flour (sifted, but if you're lazy it's not all that necessary)
- 3/4 teaspoon soda (that's baking not club)
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- a few drops of lemon juice (optional, but it adds to the taste)

Now that you've gotten all that together, here's what you do with it.

1. cream fat and peanut butter together
2. cream in sugars
3. sift in flour and powders and mix thoroughly
4. add well beaten egg while mixing
5. now get your hands into it and roll the dough into the size of big marbles or small ping-pong balls
6. place on cookie sheet and flatten with fork so you have a crisscross pattern
7. bake in preheated oven at 350 degrees for 15 minutes
8. remove from sheet as soon as cookies are taken from the oven.

This should yield about 2 1/2 dozen cookies. When using campus ovens you may have to adjust the time of baking. A test of their readiness is when removed from cookie sheet they should not crumble.

If anyone has a Munchie recipe they would like to share please submit it to the C.C. Reader office W-104.



To Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

Fortune forced you from that so-called paradise;
Misfortune keeps you silent on its vice:
Your wife and children still must be
Protected from the KGB.

You risked all, even in your native land
To champion human liberty and take a stand -
Not only for your fellow citizens,
But for all oppressed and troubled men.
Few had your courage, few are
As selfless as you were:
Socrates, Confucius, Jesus - they have been,
And martyred unknown men.
Your cause was ours, and will be;
Your victory is our victory.

I from China, you from Russia are outcast;
But tyranny will not last.
Together we shall see -
In Russia, China, Cuba -- mankind set free,
And we will drink Mao-tai and Vodka in a toast
to resurgent justice burning like sunrise from
coast to coast.

Shih-chuan Chen
1974

Man has divided into three
All divided in life
Blaspheme man has his misery
Bless man has his generosity
Meditative man has his preception and peace
Yet each is a man
My flesh counterpart linked by
The eternally flowing soul of the divine.
Charlie

A flower turns into head
Eternally to the sun
Never bending to see its shadow.
Charlie

BLOOD SHED ON CAMPUS!

The week began as usual for most of us here at Capitol Campus, but by Monday afternoon the first of the signs and posters began appearing on the hallway walls. A group of sometimes boisterous student had begun to cluster around a table in Vendorville where they would remain for most of the week asking their fellow students, faculty, administration, and staff of the campus to join them in their effort and sign their petition. Word began to spread quickly -- Thursday was to be the big day -- everybody to gather in the T.V. Lounge and then go to the front of the main building - and the word was, 'from a reliable source,' that there was going to be bloodshed. There was no way it could be avoided, things had already gone too far to turn back now!

There had been an article in the campus newspaper and the radio station was announcing it every half-hour, but by Wednesday things had quieted down somewhat. An uneasy calm prevailed. No one know what to expect.

Thursday morning started slow, but soon nurses in white were seen scurrying around the first floor hallway getting prepared, and by 9:00 the first group of students gathered in the T.V. Lounge for instructions. At precisely 9:15 a.m. the first three students, slightly pale and obviously nervous, walked slowly down the hall, past the roundtable, and out the front doors. Fifteen minutes later all three were laying bleeding, and before the day ended a total of forty-nine students, faculty, administration, and staff would have lost blood in the activity!!

A protest?? Riot?? Confrontation?? Not Really!! Just the fall term blood drive of the Capitol Campus Blood Bank.

The overwhelming support and response from this sometimes apathetic campus during the blood drive surpassed all previous records. Never since it's beginning have so many people volunteered to donate blood, and never before, here at Capitol anyhow, has so much blood been collected for our Blood Bank in one day. With the record 49 pints collected November 15th, rumor has it that we now have the largest Blood Bank of it's kind in Central Pennsylvania, but we have no official conformation at this time.

Support and volunteers came from every area of the campus, from the Provost (yes, he really does have blood just like the rest of us) to the lowliest of students (in this case the blood drive chairman). Without your interest, concern, and continuing support, this vital benefit to all of us here at Capitol would not be possible. THANK YOU!!!

This blood is available 'free of charge' to any student, faculty, administration, staff member, and their immediate families who might have need for it. You need not have donated blood in order to receive it should you ever have need of it.

Our thanks to the XGI Fraternity who started the blood bank and sponsors the activity each fall and spring term, and to Dave Miller, who is serving as this year's chairman. (The only guy we know on campus who was out for everybody's blood.) Most of all, our biggest thanks to each of you who contributed to this term's record success.

A Morgan Breeder



John Greenall guiding Topfield's Distlefink enroute to blue ribbon at the Allentown Horse Show. The vehicle is an 1890 gentleman's morning carriage.

by
John Bradford Langdon

Most Americans hold their week-ends in near sanctity, whether it be for football, hunting, shopping or working around the home. John Greenall is no exception. He breeds Morgan horses, refinishes antique carriages and runs a riding school, in addition to being a full-time business major at Pennsylvania State University's Capitol Campus.

Every Friday at 3:05 p.m. John begins his journey to Thorny Hills Farms, his parents' farm located near New Tripoli, Pa. School has remained a four and one-half day occupation for him.

Although the Greenall family has owned horses for about 20 years, John's interest in Morgan horse breeding and showing was not sparked until a Morgan horse farm started near his home nine years ago. Reminiscing, John said, "I started visiting farms all over and hung around alot, as any child would, gaining as much knowledge as I could."

His other highly-rated interest, antique horse carriages, was spurred on by the acquisition of his first Morgan, a stallion named Topfield's Distlefink. "The Morgans," he explained, "are ideal for pulling carriages for they're even-tempered, easily trained and really a 'family' horse." The coupling of Morgans and carriages has created a dual obsession, about which his entire life revolves.

Time is a premium to be paid in collecting antique horse-drawn carriages. The 26 year old collector admitted, "I've spent many hours looking for the 'real' find (a well-preserved carriage) and have discovered them in some unusual places. For instance, while I was traveling in Canada, I purchased an 1880's ladies formal wicker carriage from a hotdog stand that had two dummies sitting in it!"

Numbering over 25 horse-drawn vehicles, John's collection was begun by his father, Rodger K. Greenall, in the Fifties. Time has drastically affected buying prices of carriages. John explained, "The Fifty-cent sleigh at an auction has jumped the prices of antique horse-drawn carriages and sleighs in very rough condition, up to the \$75 - \$200 bracket."

Refinishing the carriages can be an expensive enterprise, so the young collector does most of the painting and repairs himself. However, the Amish of Lancaster County put on new rubber tires and do the upholstery work, some of it using patent leather.

Distlefink, the Morgan stallion, has also afforded John the opportunity to join the Mid-Atlantic Morgan Horse Club. A few years after joining the Club, a European tour for Pennsylvania horse-breeders was being arranged by Penn State's

department head of Animal Husbandry, James Gallagher, in co-operation with the People - to - People Exchange Program. John was invited to join the tour which represented every breed of horse raised in Pennsylvania. The U.S.S.R., Poland, Austria, Hungary, France, Germany and Ireland were visited by the horse-breeders.

"By far, I was the youngest member of the tour and was quite fortunate to gain clearance from Washington to visit the Communist countries, for at the time I was in the Coast Guard," John noted.

Continuing, he stated, "Our purpose was to exchange ideas about horse breeding and tour selected farms. One of the dramatic differences was the upkeep of the farm grounds. Unpainted and unkept buildings, as compared to our 'manicured' buildings and grounds, were common. However, their products, the horses, were of excellent quality."

The Irish and Russians gave a new look of horse racing to the touring Pennsylvanians, who were accustomed to super - commercialized and emotionally - wrought contests. The young breeder remarked:

"The Irish run races on UNLEVEL turf and in surroundings which lack the glamour of our tracks. They view horse racing as a sport to be enjoyed, rather than a huge money making endeavor.

"At a track outside Moscow, we encountered a strange situation: Spectators weren't cheering or showing any emotions as the horses neared the finish line, even though they were betting! All the Americans started cheering anyway, and by the end of the eighth race, the crowd was beginning to cheer too! Who knows, maybe it caught on! They seemed to never have experienced that kind of outward show of enthusiasm."

Since the European trip, John's stallion, Distlefink, provided him with another warm experience - winning on the show circuit.

With a touch of pride, the 26 year old competitor commented, " Distlefink and I won a whole shelf-full of silver and various cash prizes last year, until an injury forced my Morgan off the circuit." He added, "After riding his mare throughout her 11 -month pregnancy, and raising him from a colt, winning blue ribbons is quite a thrill!"

Last September, however, misfortune nearly cost John a valuable 1885 buckboard surrey, while on his way to Gettysburg, Pa. The surrey tore loose from his flatbed truck and flew back on top of the horse-trailer, narrowly missing obliteration at 60 mph.

On week-ends when he's not showing on the circuit or looking for buggies, John's managing the family farm, conducting his riding school and . . . looking forward to graduation in June.

