

"READ BY MOST EMMITSBURGIANS"

VOLUME 98, NO. 4

EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE ★ EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND ★ MAY 2009

FREE

Scout Troop Takes First in First Aid Meet

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

Beating a team with a long history of wins, the Emmitsburg Warrior Patrol of Troop 727 took first place out of 32 teams competing in the Annual Frederick County First Aid Meet held March 21 in Walkersville.

Scoutmaster Larry McKenna said it was a particularly gratifying win for the boys because a patrol from Troop 268 in New Market has taken the top honors for several years.

Members of the Warrior Patrol included Jack Downham, Alex McKenna, Chris McKenna, Cody Lowe, Nathan Poetzsch and Keegan Wright.

The troop's second team, the Spartan Patrol, placed sixth in the competition, and included Cameron Dixon, Michael Holt, Brendan Isaacson, John Paul McGlynn, Matthew McKenna, Herby Milligan and Brandon Poetzsch.

The Warrior Patrol will have the patrol's name permanently engraved on the trophy, and all participants received a patch commemorating the event. The top six place finishers, which included both Emmitsburg teams, received a ribbon for their



L-R: Keegan Wright, Jack Downham, Cody Lowe, Alex McKenna, Nathan Poetzsch, and Chris McKenna.

patrol flag for participating.

Warrior Patrol Scout Christopher McKenna said the team worked for months to learn to recognize and treat snake bites, frostbite, hypothermia, broken bones and to administer cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR).

During the competition, each team was asked questions by judges

who moved from one team to another. The teams were given a "case" to diagnose and treat, and then the judges would ask more questions, Christopher said. Once they were finished, the judges might give them suggestions on how to improve before scoring them.

Scoutmaster McKenna said the level of first aid skills required

are based upon requirements for Tenderfoot, Second and First-Class scout ranks, as well as those skills required to obtain the First Aid Merit Badge.

In addition to injuries that may occur while on an outdoor adventure, Scouts also learned to identify and treat emergencies including diabetes and insulin

shock, epilepsy, drug use or abuse, and more. There were 10 problems for each patrol to solve — five that cover basic first aid situations and five that require more advanced diagnostic and technical skills, McKenna said.

Warrior Patrol member Jack Downham said the boys wanted to do well for their scoutmaster Larry McKenna, who was retiring after the event.

"I'm pretty sure it was a close competition, and we did our best for our Scoutmaster (who was) retiring that night. So we wanted to do our best for him," Downham said.

Christopher McKenna said he wasn't sure where his team would place, but thought they would do well.

"As we were going along, we beat fourth place, then we got better and better. And at second place we kind of went, 'We might have won,'" Christopher McKenna said. "I'm still trying to believe that it happened."

Warrior Cody Lowe said the hardest part was learning to work as a team — deciding who would specialize in what things and learning not to waste time arguing over what to do. Team work was a very

SCOUTS, Page 7

Catoctin Forest Alliance Kicks Off Preservation Effort

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

Over fifty people met at Camp Greentop on April 21 to launch the Catoctin Forest Alliance (CFA), a non-profit organized to preserve the Catoctin Mountain forest and accompanying watershed areas.

It was not an accident that the organization met on the 39th anniversary of Earth Day.

But they were not there to celebrate that birthday, but rather the birth of an alliance of private landowners, businesses, non-profit organizations, and local, state, and federal agencies working together to "preserve and promote the health of the Catoctin Mountain forest for the enjoyment of present and future generations," announcements of the event stated.

Michael West, CFA's president, told everyone that about 80 percent of the region is owned by private landowners. Only 20 percent is dedicated to park land and protected

watershed areas like the Frederick City watershed. The Catoctin Forest area served by the CFA runs the length of the mountains north to the Pennsylvania line and south into the Ballenger Creek area.

The event was a "meeting of minds" during which attendees brainstormed about how this new organization, an outgrowth of the former New Forest Society, would accomplish its mission. The New Forest Society, started by area resident and artist Elizabeth Prongas, had its final meeting in March. Prongas said the CFA is a collaborative effort with which the New Forest Society has merged.

Discussion topics for the eight small group sessions included environmental education, accessibility and recreation, watershed protection, wildlife diversity and preservation, and plant diversity and preservation.

Deputy Secretary of the Department of Natural Resources (DNR) Eric Schwaab, a featured speaker at the meeting, told the attendees that the place-based work they were doing in the CFA will be the history of the environmental movement.

He talked about the challenges the environmental community is facing, noting that the Catoctin Forest is recognized by his agency as a "significant ecological area" and promising the DNR will work with the CFA.

"One of the things we recognize is that we can very strategically and



A new non-profit, Catoctin Forest Alliance — committed to preserving the Catoctin Forest for future generations — held a brainstorming session at Camp Greentop with just over 50 members of the community and local and state officials on the 39th anniversary of Earth Day, April 22, 2009.

very effectively in a lot of ways help support you in addressing the local challenges that you have identified, that you face, and that you are working on here today," Schwaab said.

Among the attendees were Schwaab, Catoctin Mountain Park superintendent Tom McFadden and current superintendent Mel Poole, Maryland Magazine publisher Ross Peddicord (a CFA board member), County Commissioner Kai Hagan, former Frederick Mayor Jennifer Dougherty, Elizabeth Prongas — CFA board member and president of the New Forest Society, and Frederick County Tourism Council Director John Fiesler.

As a tribute to the work done by

Prongas regarding preservation and protection of the watershed and forest, Catoctin Forest Alliance's board of directors created an award named in her honor, and presented that first award to Dr. James H. Gilford, a columnist for the Frederick News Post, a fly

fisherman, scientist, educator and a strong voice for conservation.

For more information about the Catoctin Forest Alliance and its first public meeting slated for May 31, go to <http://sites.google.com/site/catoctinforestalliance/Home>.

Most
Anything
at a Glance

BY ABIGAIL

Abigail is taking a break this issue. Her column will return when the *Emmitsburg Chronicle* resumes publication.

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Emmitsburg Chronicle to Suspend Publication

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

After only four editions since the Emmitsburg Chronicle resumed publication, the newspaper will suspend printing after the May edition.

Publisher Lisa Elder and Editor Michael Hillman said they wanted to ensure the community did not go long without a paper following the closure of the Emmitsburg Dispatch at the end of 2008. That led to a rapid decision to resume printing the Elder family's paper the Emmitsburg Chronicle again starting in February 2009, with Elder as the publisher and Hillman as the editor.

Their roles were not strictly that of the traditional publisher and editor, though, as Elder's background is printing and editing, and she had many ideas regarding style and content. Unlike the typical editor, Hillman set out to raise most of the money to begin publication and had very particular ideas about the content and style of the paper, too.

Consequently, during the first four months of printing, the lines between Hillman and Elder's roles often crossed, leading to complicated and sometimes challenging efforts to merge their respective visions and styles.

Both Elder and Hillman began to see significant differences in their goals and direction for the paper, they said.

From the start, Elder said her vision was the same as the "vision, spirit and operating style" of the Emmitsburg Chronicle with which she grew up.

"When Michael and I originally agreed to undertake this endeavor

together, we did so with the best of intentions, trying to get things up and running as quickly as possible for the sake of the community. Unfortunately, over the past several months, the differences in our vision and management styles emerged leaving no option but to part ways. I am remaining true to my original vision; he is pursuing his by starting a new publication. I wish him the best," Elder said.

Hillman agreed it was his change in vision that led to a desire to go in a different direction. It was not a matter of one of them being right and the other wrong. It was just two different approaches to the final product, he said.

"With each issue, my view of where I wanted to go with the paper became clearer. As the print news business was new to me, I found myself making mid-course changes in direction with each issue, tweaking the paper in a direction that I felt it needed to go, both in the content and length of the stories," he said. "While I wish this didn't have to happen, the reality is I've learned a lot over the last four months, and I need to take those lessons learned and move on with them."

Elder said the decision to suspend printing the Chronicle was a very difficult and painful choice.

"I would love to continue publishing the Chronicle," she said. "However, given that Michael is starting a new newspaper, I do not want to put our community, staff and advertisers in the difficult position of having to either support both newspapers or choose between them. So, I'm trying to do what I believe is best for all concerned by suspending publication. This has

been a very difficult decision but appears to be the best course at this time for the Chronicle and the community," Elder said.

As both Elder and Hillman have other jobs and did not take a salary from the newspaper, Hillman said personal satisfaction over their labor of love was perhaps most important in getting through the often very late nights and the stresses of running a newspaper.

Elder is the co-owner with Christopher J. Price of Chronicle Press, on South Seton Avenue, and Hillman runs Emmitsburg.net, a website featuring local writers and news — a sideline to his regular work as a nuclear engineer.

"As both Lisa and I are putting in hours of sweat equity, it's only fair that we both be satisfied with the final product. Unfortunately our visions of the paper are mutually exclusive," Hillman said.

Elder said in reflecting on the last four editions that she is most proud of how the community demonstrated "incredible support, encouragement and enthusiasm for the newspaper."

"Despite a recession and tough economic times, Emmitsburgians rallied behind the Chronicle with a spirit second to none. It has been a beautiful and heartwarming testimony," she said.

Hillman agreed and added that he was "particularly impressed by the number and quality of writers in the community who volunteered to write for the paper, as well as the many donors, sponsors and advertisers who helped fund the Chronicle."

Going forward, Hillman said he intends to start a new paper in

Emmitsburg Chronicle Inc.

D/B/A EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE

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News, events, history, humor and culture for the Emmitsburg area. Published the first week of every month by *Emmitsburg Chronicle Inc.*

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Copy for advertisements must be received not later than the 15th of the month prior to publication. Advertising rates are furnished upon request. Newspaper mailed free of charge via Standard U.S. Postage to residents of Emmitsburg 21727 and Rocky Ridge 21778. Subscription rate for patrons outside of distribution area is \$30.00 per year for shipping and handling.

Letters to the Editor and articles are welcome and may be submitted via regular U.S. Mail to P.O. Box 372, Emmitsburg, MD 21727 or by email to *editor@emmitsburgchronicle.com*. The *Emmitsburg Chronicle* reserves the right to refuse or edit submissions deemed offensive to or inappropriate for its readers.

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June called the Emmitsburg News-Journal, adding that he feels the name reflects the kind of paper he is planning.

The new paper will include local news, but also feature interesting and creative articles, historical information and longer stories than the typical paper's news bites. All of the Chronicle's writers, except one columnist, have agreed to write for the News-Journal, he said.

Elder and Price will continue operating Chronicle Press, the

commercial printing and graphics firm they have owned for five years. Emmitsburg Chronicle Advertising Manager Lori Stromberg will continue to work with Chronicle Press as a production assistant and graphic designer.

In the interest of full-disclosure, the author of this article is the News Editor of the Emmitsburg Chronicle and is also slated to fill a similar position in the Emmitsburg News-Journal.

about TOWN

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

Town Faces Another Cut in Income

At the first town meeting in April, Mayor Jim Hoover predicted there will be no tax increase in the coming fiscal year and that he would recommend the cuts necessary to avoid one.

And though some unforeseen circumstances — such as further reductions to the town's revenue stream — have occurred since his original prediction last month, he still plans to present a proposed budget to the town's commissioners that does not include a tax increase.

However, there will be an impact on town services.

For fiscal year 2010, which begins July 1, 2009, Emmitsburg's Capital Improvement Plan (CIP) will only have about \$30,000 instead of the approximately \$150,000 it might usually have, Hoover said on April 24.

That is due, in no small way, to a decision by the Frederick County

Board of Commissioners on April 23 to cut the tax equity program by \$1.6 million. It meant the municipalities in the county would receive a great deal less to manage their respective town budgets.

The tax equity plan requires that tax income received by the county be allocated back, in part, to municipalities so that residents of towns do not pay twice for services the town and county provide.

Other cuts from government sources have also contributed to the dilemma. Income to the town usually comes from Project Open Space (POS) funds and highway user fee money from the state, both of which are significantly reduced this year and will cause substantial reductions in what is normally done around the town, he said.

For example, the town would normally allocate about \$50,000 a year to repaving and road repair from the CIP fund. Now Hoover said they will be lucky to have enough money to repave two roads. Everything else will only be patched

throughout the year, he said.

And due to the numerous decreases in revenue sources, Hoover announced that he was not recommending a Cost of Living Adjustment (COLA) for town employees this year. And the hours of the Community Pool will be cut this summer.

The pool usually opens on the weekends from Memorial Day until after the last day of public school. But this year — to save money — the pool will not open at all until after that last day, which is June 16 for students.

The good news is that other improvements will go on as planned, such as designing and paving trails in Community Park, because the town received POS money previously that was designated for that project.

And the town office is now open late on Tuesday evenings until 7 p.m. Services available during the extended hours include bill paying, obtaining fishing permits, making park pavilion reservations and picking up or dropping off zoning permit applications.

But the mayor's main concern is not this year's budget.

"The major cut this year is out of CIP. Because of the economy and already having to cut so much this year, it's obvious 2011 will not be much better and may be much worse and we may see some drastic service cuts. Hopefully things will change for the better," Hoover said. "The scariest thing is we might ride this storm out but in 2011 if something doesn't change I don't know if we can weather that storm without some drastic cuts or some radical change."

The mayor's proposed fiscal year 2010 budget will be presented to the town commissioners at 7 p.m., May 4, at the town hall, but it is at future meetings during which the board will fine tune the budget with public input.

Water Conservation Recommended

Commissioner Glenn Blanchard told town meeting attendees that the Water Committee sent out an

insert in the last bill reminding everyone about conservation, which will also save families money.

Commission President Chris Staiger said water used in the home is the town's responsibility and about 250 gallons a day is the average consumption for those purposes. However, the town is not obligated to provide water for outdoor purposes, he said.

Staiger added that watering flowers or a freshly seeded lawn in a new housing community is also not a town priority. Commissioners at the town meeting recommended a rain barrel system for collecting rain water that can be used for those purposes.

Town Manager Dave Haller said it was also important to note that leaving a hose to run for just 30 minutes could run out up to 250 gallons of water, which is equal to the average home's daily use.

Staiger said a miscommunication in his house led to a soaker hose that was left on for days and racked up "quite a bill."

St. Joseph College Alumnae Celebrate Bicentennial Reunion



Photo by Kathleen Graham

The St. Joseph College Alumnae Association Memorial Mass in the Basilica of St. Elizabeth Ann Seton was a highlight of the 121st annual reunion.



Photo by Kathleen Graham

A plaza outside the former college chapel, now the Fallen Firefighters Chapel, contains bricks inscribed with the names of women who attended or taught at St. Joseph's College, St. Joseph's High School and St. Joseph's Academy.



Photo by Kathleen Graham

Members of the Class of 1969, marking 40 years since graduation, enjoy tea at the home of Mount St. Mary's President Dr. Thomas Powell and his wife Irene during the reunion weekend.

Kathleen Graham, SJC '68

More than 300 graduates and former students of St. Joseph College gathered here and in Gettysburg April 16-19 for their 112th alumnae reunion. Although the college closed in 1973, the alumnae of St. Joseph's are an active, philanthropic group and return each year to renew ties with one another. This year's assembly celebrated "Two Centuries of Women Learners in St. Joseph's Valley," and many of the weekend events revolved around that bicentennial theme.

The college evolved from St. Joseph's Academy and Free School, founded in 1809 by Elizabeth Ann Bayley Seton and her Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph, the first community of Roman Catholic religious women native to the United States. Mother Seton was elevated to sainthood in 1975 and her remains are enshrined at the basilica in Emmitsburg that bears her name.

One of the first reunion weekend activities took place on April 17, when a large group of St. Joseph alumnae gathered in the museum of the Seton Shrine Center to dedicate a memorial scone and plaque donated by the St. Joseph College Alumnae Association through its Women Learners' Fund. "This

beacon represents you and me and every woman learner in St. Joseph's Valley for the past two centuries," said Kathleen Graham, Class of 1968, who led the service. "May all who pass by this light learn of the women of St. Joseph's, and may our flame never be extinguished."

A picnic at the log cabin on the former college campus followed the dedication, and that day and throughout the weekend, alumnae, some escorted by their husbands, other family members and friends, toured the campus, now headquarters of the U.S. Fire Administration (USFA), an entity of the Department of Homeland Security's Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA).

On Friday afternoon, alumnae visited St. Joseph's Provincial House, where they sponsored a tea for the Daughters of Charity, who were affiliated with the college. Early that evening, the alumnae's golden jubilee Class of 1959 gathered for Mass in their former campus chapel, now the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Chapel. During the liturgy, classmates spoke endearingly of their deceased members and presented roses in their memory. Afterward, they gathered at the Carriage House for dinner

and viewed a video of their class, a project begun by classmate Barbara Saganowich Quinn, and completed by her two daughters, after their mother's sudden death last year.

On Saturday, the women learners gathered for lunch at the Eisenhower Inn, where they heard from Sister of St. Joseph Carol

"Friendship's links may
n'er be broken
Bright is its chain
Tho' the parting words
be spoken
Through the years we'll
meet again."

— From "All Together" (St. Joseph College alma mater composed in 1926 by the Dorothy Graham SJC Class of 1926)

Jean Vale, president of Chestnut Hill College, Philadelphia. Sr. Vale, who attended St. Joseph College for one year, spoke about Catholic education, which traces its roots to Emmitsburg and the first free school founded by Elizabeth Seton.

Later that afternoon St. Joseph alumnae were the guests of Mount St. Mary's University President Dr. Thomas H. Powell and his wife Irene, at a tea in their home on Old



Photo by Kathleen Graham

Sister Juliana Kowal, DC, a member of the Class of 1938 and a former science professor at St. Joseph College, chats with Susan Flanigan Conrad, Class of 1965, during an Alumnae Association tea at St. Joseph's Provincial House.

Emmitsburg Road. The annual event helps to maintain the close ties that the women of St. Joseph's have with the Mount, through marriage to Mount graduates and the education of their children and grandchildren at the Mount.

The weekend's spiritual highlight was a Mass Saturday afternoon in the Seton Basilica, planned by an alumnae committee and celebrated by Archbishop Harry J. Flynn, retired head of the Archdiocese of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Archbishop Flynn, who graduated from Mount St. Mary's Seminary and later served as its vice rector and rector, is well known to many St. Joseph's graduates. Clergy and seminarians from the Mount, joined the archbishop at the liturgy, and St. Joseph Alumnae served as

greeters, banner-bearers, readers and ministers of Holy Communion. The Mount St. Mary's Chorale and singers from the St. Joseph's alumnae were accompanied by professional musicians during the Mass, which memorialized deceased alumnae and commemorated the legacy of St. Elizabeth Ann Seton.

Following Mass, a banquet was held at the Eisenhower Inn. Janet Reed Buckley of the Class of 1939 received a standing ovation, as she marked the 70th anniversary of her graduation from St. Joseph's. Members of the 50th jubilee class and the 60th anniversary class presented generous financial gifts to Sister Claire Debes, provincial superior of the Daughters of Charity, to benefit the sisters of the Emmitsburg province.

At the banquet's conclusion, the alumnae of St. Joseph's College stood and sang their alma mater, "All Together." Somehow, some way, the time they spent as students in Emmitsburg has kept them all together, kept them returning to the Valley of Emmitsburg. Women Learners of St. Joseph's, keep coming back!

Publisher's note: To listen to "All Together," recorded in 2008 by the Mount St. Mary's University women's chorale, please visit http://www.sjcalumnae.org/about_song.php and click on the "Listen" icon.

To learn more about the St. Joseph College Alumnae Association, visit their website at www.sjcalumnae.org.



Photo by Kathleen Graham

Archbishop Harry Flynn of Minneapolis, former rector of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, greets Pat Hultberg Hyde, St. Joseph College Class of 1948, after Mass at the Basilica of St. Elizabeth Ann Seton.



Photo by Kathleen Graham

Members of the Class of 1972 celebrate with 300 other SJC Alumnae during the Saturday evening banquet.

From the desk of...

JOHN L. "LENNIE" THOMPSON JR.

Frederick County Commissioner

The public appears to be in an uproar over the decision of Congress to give taxpayers' money to American International Group, Inc. ("AIG"), a company that paid its top officers and directors hundreds of millions of dollars in bonuses. While the public certainly has a right to be upset, we've had a similar occurrence right here in Frederick County that caused hardly a stir. The only difference appears to be the terminology used to describe a transfer of wealth from public to private coffers. If the transfer is called a "bailout," bonuses are deemed to be an outrage. However, if the transfer carries an "economic development" label, bonuses are apparently OK.

In 2006, the prior Board of County Commissioners ("BOCC") enacted an ordinance and resolution that set the state for a \$5 million tax increment financing ("TIF") arrangement for the benefit of Medimmune, a Delaware corporation. In early 2007, Medimmune paid \$386 million in golden parachutes to 18 of its top officers and directors.

Believing that government economic development benefits should not go to an out-of-state private business entity that pays its top officers and directors hundreds of millions of dollars, I proposed the repeal of the \$5 million Medimmune TIF arrangement. I was alone in my belief. Under pressure from the local Chamber of Commerce, none of my colleagues supported the repeal. The TIF arrangement still stands, waiting for Medimmune to walk into Winchester Hall to claim it.

A TIF is a roundabout way of transferring wealth from the public coffers to a private business entity. It is a mechanism so convoluted that even an astute observer of the process will have difficulty comprehending what is going on. That is why politicians like it.

The public infrastructure that TIFs purportedly finance would have been paid for by the builder/developer in the absence of a TIF deal. Does anyone really think a builder is going to construct a

multi-million facility without access to adequate roads, public water, public sewer, etc.? I believe the builder/developer, rather than the general public, should bear the cost of extending or expanding public infrastructure to accommodate the facility. TIFs allow builders/developers to avoid paying those costs that, in the absence of a TIF, they would have been willing to pay.

Here are some illustrations of how TIFs operate. If you throw up your hands in frustration trying to comprehend them it would be understandable, but keep in mind that TIFs are set up to do just that.

Illustration 1 - No TIF

Daniel Developer ("Dan") decides to build a \$40 million factory in a Maryland county on land that has inadequate road access. Improving the roads in the area to accommodate Dan's factory will cost \$5 million. Dan bears the cost of the \$5 million of road improvements.

The factory will also increase the assessment on Dan's land by \$40 million. Assuming a general real property tax rate of \$1 per \$100 of assessed value, the incremental increase in Dan's annual general real property tax bill will be \$400,000, calculated as follows: (\$40 million / \$100) x \$1 = \$400,000. The \$400,000 incremental increase in Dan's annual property tax bill will go into the County's general fund, as would the incremental increase in your property tax bill if you built an addition to your home.

Since Dan does not get a TIF from the government for the road improvements, Dan bears the \$5 million cost of the roads. Dan will also pay \$400,000 more per year in property taxes when the factory is built.

Dan has factored the \$5 million cost of the roads and the \$400,000 annual increase in property taxes into his business plan. Even after these costs, Dan will still make economic profits commensurate with the risks involved and the returns available on competing investment opportunities.

This is how things work for those who build new commercial/industrial/retail facilities and who do not receive government benefits.

Illustration 2 - With TIF

The facts are the same as in Example 1 except that the County government wishes to provide \$5 million in economic benefits to Dan. Simply handing Dan a check for the \$5 million is out of the question, as it would

create a justified public outrage. Instead, the County employs a labyrinthine mechanism reminiscent of a Rube Goldberg contraption.

The County issues a \$5 million TIF bond and use the bond sale proceeds to pay the \$5 million cost of making the road improvements needed to accommodate Dan's factory. Assuming the annual interest rate on the bond is 7% for 30 years, the annual debt service on the TIF bond will be about \$400,000. The County pledges the \$400,000 incremental increase in Dan's property taxes to pay the annual \$400,000 debt service on the TIF bond. Instead of the incremental increase in Dan's property taxes going into the general fund (the destination for the incremental increase in your property taxes if you put an addition on your home), the incremental increase in Dan's property taxes will be used to pay the debt service on the \$5 million TIF bond. Assuming that all goes as planned; the TIF will end after 30 years when the bond has been repaid.

The economic benefits Dan's realizes as a result of Illustration 2 can be analyzed in several different ways:

A. For the next 30 years, Dan gets to earmark the incremental increase in his property taxes (present value of \$5 million) for his own benefit (the road improvements), something that no one else gets to do; or, alternatively

B. For the next 30 years, Dan gets to earmark the incremental increase in his property taxes (present value of \$5 million) to pay down his business debts, something no one else gets to do; or, alternatively

C. The County (meaning the general taxpayers) built the road for Dan, something the County does not do for other builders/developers.

No matter how the TIF deal is analyzed, the economic incidence is the same: Dan's bottom line is \$5 million better off (and the County's general fund \$5 million worse off) than it would have been without the TIF. The substance of the arrangement would be no different if the County government had dispensed with the TIF charade and simply handed Dan a \$5 million check.

We should offer business prospects a handshake, but not a handout. I retain the old-fashioned and apparently outdated belief that entrepreneurial capitalism (where investors use their own money), guided by the invisible hand of the marketplace, is a preferable means of financing private business entities than the government (where politicians use the taxpayers' money), guided by the invisible hand of lobbyists, political action committees, and campaign contributions.

I acknowledge that my views may be out of touch with the modern political economy where profits of business entities are privatized (in the form of salaries, bonuses, stock options, golden parachutes and deferred compensation) while losses are socialized (in the form of TIFs, loans, grants, tax credits, and other kinds of economic development assistance). My views remain the same, without regard to whether the deal is considered a "bailout" or "economic development."

From the desk of...

DENISE ETRIS

Emmitsburg Town Commissioner

"Dreams Fulfilled"

Long before wanting to be a Commissioner, or a Lion, or even working in drug safety, before wanting to be a nurse, and even before wanting to drive a car, I had a dream of being a journalist and writing for a newspaper. Sometimes dreams and wishes of our youth don't come true, but once in a while, not always in the way envisioned, they do happen.

When Mike Hillman asked me to write an article for the new paper as a commissioner I had about 30 seconds of panic that was quickly replaced with a chance to make one more dream come true. I was going to get my chance to write for a newspaper. And just that quickly, thinking of fulfilled dreams and wishes, I knew what I was going to write about.

Thirty-some years ago, driving back from a mini vacation in Canada with my mother, we came to a small town in upstate New York, about the size of Emmitsburg. It was the tail end of an early evening summer downpour. As I drove past a small park I noticed lots of cars parked with their lights madly blinking on and off. I was curious to know what was happening, so I drove around the park and opened my window. I could hear music and realized that in the middle of the park a small group was playing. As they finished their song, car lights blinked on and off as a form of applause. The rain soon stopped and families began to get out of their cars with chairs and coolers. Soon the park was full of people — some old, some young, some having a picnic, kids chasing fireflies and the music playing. Several people said hello and told us where there were benches if we wanted to get out and join the small crowd. We were reassured it was a safe town and the music was free. Feeling a little out of place, we sat in the car and listened to the concert in the park. After all I was a city girl, born and raised in Philadelphia, where we didn't sit in the park at night. I remember turning to my mother in absolute amazement saying, "This is like something out of a movie; the way things were at one time in America. I didn't know places like this existed anymore." It was then that I started to dream about living in a small town just like that one.

Five years ago I moved to Emmitsburg and I now live in a small town just like the one I dreamed about living in long ago. People are safe walking the streets and sitting in the parks in the summer evenings. People are friendly and say hello in the food store or on Main Street and yes, there are concerts in the park too! (Now at this point I'm sure you're wondering what all this has to do with a column written by a commissioner but there is a connection so bear with me.)

As the Commissioner liaison for Parks and Recreation, I know that the committee members work hard to bring the people of

Emmitsburg the Concerts in the Park every summer. We try to get various types of music to appeal to all age groups, keep musical traditions, encourage our own local talent to entertain and do it all within a tight budget. Sometimes we can't get what we really want (we keep trying for a Salsa or Reggae band for example) but we do try. I have seen young and old enjoying the concerts and families having a picnic dinner, kids chasing fireflies and playing on the swings while their parents listen to the music, just like that concert long ago in a small town that made a lasting impression on me. Maybe the attendance is low sometimes, but the people who do come enjoy the free concerts.

The first concert this year will be in keeping with traditions. Our very own Emmitsburg Chorus will be singing on June 26 (the evening before the 27th Annual Community Day sponsored by the Lions) as they have for many years now. The first time I heard them I was pleasantly surprised. I thought that people were asking them to sing just to be polite but believe me they really are good and their concert is always one of the best attended of the summer. The second concert will be on July 17 and will feature something a little different. The Lindy Hop dance group will entertain us with music and dance. If you think it is some dance from back in the good old days you're sort of right, but it is also a dance featured on *Dancing with the Stars* recently. It is energetic and lively and maybe we will have some of our own "dancing under the stars." On August 14 the third concert will take place. Pickin' and Grinnin' will entertain with a comedy variety show with Appalachian style clog dancing and music. This group is popular locally and always provides a good time for the audience. The last concert will be on August 28th and will feature the Al Parsons Band. The band features a diverse collection of music from the 50's, 60's and 70's with acoustic and electric rock, and country music and have performed before in the park.

I didn't move to Emmitsburg for the free concerts in the park, none of us have. However, the concerts are just one of the many community oriented activities that the Town sponsors (pool parties, ice cream socials etc.) that makes living here special. If you have never come to a concert in the park try to make at least one this year. Come out for a free evening of family fun or some of the other opportunities the concerts provide: a chance to make memories for you and your family, meet your neighbors, and have a chance to experience a part of Americana that doesn't exist in many places anymore. I know I will be there reliving memories of another summer night with my Mom and thinking about a dream come true, living in our wonderful town.

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OPENING DAY!

On Sunday, April 26, Emmitsburg Baseball and Softball opened its season with a day of fun in the sun. Despite temperatures in the 90s, it was a parade, a steady breeze, some old-time barbecue and a lot of laughter, that made the event a time to remember.



Nursing Center Volunteers Recognized

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

St. Catherine's Nursing Center spent the evening of Monday, April 20, recognizing their volunteers, some of whom were presented with Presidential Award Volunteer certificates.

Volunteer Elaine Schmidt was recognized by the center with the Presidential Gold Award for volunteers who have contributed more than 500 hours in one year. In fact, Schmidt was previously recognized with the Presidential Call to Service Award because she has donated more than 4,000 hours since she started volunteering for the center in December 2001.

Established in 2003, the President's Council on Service and Civic Participation (the Council) was created to "recognize the valuable contributions volunteers are making

in our communities and encourage more people to serve," according to the organization's website. The Presidential Award program was created to recognize those individuals who inspired others to volunteer.

Mary Grist, Volunteer Director of St. Catherine's, announced the award and described Schmidt as a "dynamo when it comes to volunteering."

"Elaine is a treasure. She brings laughter wherever she goes. Elaine helps wherever there is a need... She assists with lunch, she goes on doctor's appointments, she holds prayer services and distributes communion, she assists with mass — and the list goes on and on," Grist said. "Elaine calls coming to St. Catherine's her job, but it is not a job for Elaine. It is a labor of love. She wants to spread joy because she has it in her heart. You are in our hearts as well, Elaine Schmidt."



Elaine Schmidt received the Presidential Gold Award for volunteering more than 500 hours in one year at St. Catherine's Nursing Center. Since 2001, she has donated more than 4,000 volunteer hours to the Center.

During the evening, Presidential Silver Award recipients were recognized for volunteering 250 or more hours during the year.

Isabelle Falcone was recognized for helping in the dining room or

wherever she is needed. "She fills ice pitchers, hands out trays and advocates for all residents. She is a good woman who wants to help others. Giving just comes naturally to her. She extends her helping hand wherever she can," Grist said.

Cathy Pittinger also received the Presidential Silver Award. Grist said Pittinger will do whatever needs to be done.

"...One evening she cooked a baked potato and made a grilled cheese sandwich for two residents. She is the kind of volunteer that is dependable and a second pair of hands and eyes when they are badly needed. You know when Cathy is around and there is work to be done you can count on an extra pair of hands and support."

Bronze level award winners, with 100 or more hours over the year, were also recognized.

Clayton Bogart, Kathleen Cogan, Mary Fogle, Agatha Foscatto, Gloria Grabenstein, Garnette Grimes, Barb Lowrie, Jim Lowrie, Loretta Sprankle, John Wyvell, Brandon Gilbert and Bailee Shank.

Grist said there are many others who volunteer for the center, including: Pastor Jon Greenstone of Elias Luther Church, Pastor Dale Williams of Lower Marsh Creek Presbyterian Church, Father Paul Murphy of St. Joseph's Church, Linda Duffy, Susan Bedell, Mary Buchheit and the Jr. Legion of Mary of St. Joseph's Parish, Robert Dinterman, Clarence Favorite, Peter Foscatto, Mary Haley, Lena Johnson, Betty Ibex, Alice Kabatt, Pat Long Pat, Lillian Martin, Maxine Medaglia, John Trobaugh, Kim Mixon, Veronika Reida, Paul Smaldone, Jean Steinhour and Beverly Utz.

"Meat" Lorne Peters

Caroline Trevorrow

Meat, Emmitsburg, and hunting. These three things are what Lorne Peters, co-owner of "Jubilee Foods" in Emmitsburg, is passionate about. The question is, who is Lorne Peters and why does he love Emmitsburg? To know him is to know his store, the "Jubilee." When I first met Lorne, all he wanted to do was talk about the store. A shy look crept across his face whenever I asked him about himself. I kept having to steer him back to the topic at hand which was Lorne Peters! He's a humble guy. He seemed downright surprised that I wanted to know more about him. Lorne is a very salt of the earth, outdoorsy type. His handsome, flashing eyes and quiet confidence convey a true spirit of

what every man in America wants to be. In other words, Lorne Peters is a man's man, living the dream. He knows what he wants, expects the best and makes no compromises in everything he does.

When he puts his mind to something, he does it big. He doesn't just talk the talk, he really does walk the walk. Just take a look at the "Jubilee." He and his business associate, Steve Trout, bought the store back in September of 2000 and have worked hard to improve it ever since. That is a huge undertaking. His store is his baby, and it really shows. Just come on in and take a look around and you will see what I mean. You won't find prettier meat or seafood cases anywhere else.

Store employees regularly greet you with, "Hi, how are you today?"

And a smile. And where else will you find gigantic, thought provoking, sepia-toned pictures of beautiful, old-town Emmitsburg adorning the walls? And that's just the beginning! Lorne Peters is much more than just a local business owner. Even though Lorne lives in Biglerville, it's clear that his heart is in Emmitsburg and the betterment of the community. He loves Emmitsburg's quaint, small town, historic atmosphere and the locals, which constitute Emmitsburg, Thurmont, Fairfield and surrounding areas.

He was a big part of the Emmitsburg Community Association and is a champion of Emmitsburg history. He is one of the most vocal promoters of the town's history. Lorne is a very young looking "thirty-something," but his steadfast values of hard work, dedication and community are more often found in someone with much more life experience. In other words, I was surprised when I met him because I expected him to be much older.

Lorne Peters was born and raised in Biglerville, Pennsylvania, and still lives there with his lovely wife of nine years, Michelle. They have no children, but they do have two yellow Labrador retrievers, Aspen and Angus. It takes Lorne seventeen minutes to get from Biglerville to the "Jubilee" (if he's mad). A bit longer most of the time. He loves to spend his spare time hunting and has been on safari in Africa hunting kudu, gemsbuck, impala, waterbuck, bushbuck and zebra to name a few. Two years ago he went to New Zealand on a helicopter hunt and brought home a red stag, tahr, and a chamois. All of which are horned, goat/deer type creatures. He also enjoys claybird shooting, which is his passion at the moment. You will find him in the "Jubilee" every day, making sure things are done right, the old-fashioned way.

Since meeting Lorne and finding out about him and his store, I only want to buy my groceries at the "Jubilee" from now on. It's that simple. Lorne is dedicated to quality food and the spirit of the old community grocer. He runs "Jubilee"



like an old time store bringing the best of what local farmers have to offer the community and that is a rare and beautiful thing these days.

Why is meat so important to Lorne? To get to the "meat" of the matter, he started out on the kill floor and as a meat cutter for twelve years with the prior owners back when it was "Super Thrift." The backbone of the store is its meat and seafood department. You can get a can of corn anywhere, but meat, that's another story altogether. His pride and joy is the fact that "Jubilee" has the freshest meat you will find unless you kill it yourself. Unlike other area grocery stores, "Jubilee" cuts and packages their meat right there at the store. I had to admit, the meat case is a thing of beauty. It's refreshing to meet a person who is so deeply committed to something that he whole heartedly wants to share it with the community. It's clear that he has really put a lot of thought and planning into making his store the best. That says a lot about Lorne. He is also open to input from the town about ways in which he can improve the "Jubilee" and make it a better shopping experience.

Thanks to Lorne and his business partner Steve Trout, "Jubilee" is much more than just your convenient, local market. It is a place where a person can find out what is going on in Emmitsburg by checking out the community boards. "Jubilee" supports local farmers by buying fresh, local

produce whenever possible. He is one of the largest employers in Emmitsburg with approximately sixty employees. Lorne gives high school kids their first opportunity to get jobs. The "Jubilee" is a proud sponsor of www.emmitsburg.net, Emmitsburg's non-profit community website. He also supports local clubs and organizations like the Fire Company.

The Food Bank is benefited by change boxes at all of the registers. Want more to like? You don't need one more silly membership card crowding your wallet to be able to get the deals and discounts like every other store. "Everyone gets the lowest price everyday." His goals for Emmitsburg is to keep it a wonderful place to live a raise a family. That means, in part, that no large box stores like Wal-Mart or Costco find their way here. He wants to keep the store competitive.

There are very few independent grocery stores left anywhere. Lorne's heart and soul is in the "Jubilee" and he doesn't want Emmitsburg to end up like many nameless, faceless, sprawling towns and cities like Rockville or even Frederick. He believes that would spoil the close knit, small town community spirit and he's right. He and his partner Steve Trout also own "The Butcher Block" which sells meat and seafood and a mini-storage facility, both of which are in Biglerville. Check out the Jubilee's website at www.shopjubileefoods.com.

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100 Years Ago this Month

☞ May 7, 1909 ☜

One of the Most Pleasant Functions Ever Held in This Vicinity

The reception tendered Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Hoke, at the home of Mrs. Hoke's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Eyer, was one of the most enjoyable affairs given in this community in years. The Vigilant Hose Co., of which organization Mr. Hoke is a member, attended in the body. The Emmitt Cornet band was also in attendance as were many others from town and the immediate neighborhood.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoke received in the parlor of Mr. Eyer's residents. They were assisted by Miss Fanny Hoke, and Mr. Robert Kerrigan.

Almost the entire population of Liberty Township besides the town folks took this occasion to express their goodwill for the young couple. As soon as the formality of the reception was over the guests were entertained in a style particular to the host and hostess. The refreshments were delicious and bountiful. Speeches were made by several visiting gentlemen and songs were sung to the accompaniment furnished by the band. At a reasonable hour the guests paid their respects to the host and hostess, said goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Hoke and the delightful evening was over.

One of the guests showed his appreciation of the pleasures that had been given him, and in a way voiced the sentiment of all who attended the reception when he said, "I wish John Eyer had six or seven daughters to get married." Mr. and Mrs. Hoke are to be congratulated that they began their married life under such circumstances and make their home where they have so many friends.

Presbyterian Congregation to Consider Mr. Craig's Resignation

On Saturday, May 15 at 3 p.m. at the close of the preparatory service to the Holy Communion, a meeting of the congregation of the Presbyterian Church will be held to consider and act on the request of the pastor Rev. Mr. Gray to concur with him in asking the Presbytery of Baltimore to dissolve the pastoral relation now existing between him and the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Craig has been here for four

years and in that time became a citizen of the United States, and won for himself many friends. A call he has recently received to an important field elsewhere has constrained him to take this action.

Corporation Officers Elected

QUIET VOTING AND LITTLE INTEREST TAKEN IN RESULTS

The Corporation election was held on Monday. The same interest was not taken this year as last: 168 votes were cast; this year the figure was 127. The following is the results, the first name being elected;

For Burgess: M. F. Shuff, 88; T. E. Zimmerman, 33

For Commissioners: T. Bollinger, 99; O. D. Frailey, 98; J. D. Caldwell, 97; J. H. Rosensteel, 95; H. M. Ashbaugh, 95; J. T. Long, 94; (Elected). G. T. Gelwicks, 33; W. Zurgable, 33; G. T. Eyster, 33; J. Mac. Foreman, 31; B. I. Jamison, 29; F. A. Kreita, 27.

There were only two tickets in the field and the one marked "People's Ticket" was elected. Complementary votes were given to several people not mentioned in the above list.

Emmitsburg W.C.T.U. Organized

A local branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized last Friday night in the Methodist Church. The Union consists of 16 members with Mrs. O. A. Horner, president, and Mrs. E. E. Zimmerman, vice president. Mrs. Emma Dietrick, of Lockport New York, a noted lecturer of the National W.C.T.U., and who is generally well-known in all temperance unions, gave a very interesting address. Reverend Mr. Glock and Reinewald presided. The attendance on the occasion was large.

☞ May 14, 1909 ☜

New Constable and Lamplighter

Mr. John Sirwill has been appointed Constable and Lamplighter to take the place made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Hospelhorn.

Old Nome Coming Week Committee Appointed

As stated in the *Chronicle* on several previous occasions the executive committee of the Old Home Week celebration has been hard at work making the preliminary arrangements for the big time to be held

in July. It will also be remembered that the town committee, which is one that is really to make Old Home Week a memorable occasion, would be named as soon as possible. Living up to this promise the names of all those persons selected are published this week, and it is earnestly hoped that each one on the list will be present at the meeting to be held in the Opera House on Monday evening May 17, at 8 o'clock. At this meeting certain plans that have been formulated and others that have been thought of will be discussed in full and for the first time the public will be informed just what arrangements are to be carried out.

☞ May 21, 1909 ☜

Over 100 Ladies and Gentlemen Gathered at the Opera House to Hear Plans for Old Home Week

Over 100 ladies and gentlemen attended the big committee meeting at the Opera House on Monday night to consider various matters pertaining to Old Home Week. The attendance was not as large as might have been expected but the interest was there that will make the celebration in July a success.

Several social functions held on Monday evening in the short notice of the meeting account for the comparatively small number who attended. Many have expressed a regret for their unavoidable absence.

Fatal Accident at Academy

On Wednesday afternoon at half past one Walter Fewster of Baltimore, one of the carpenters employed at St. Joseph's Academy, fell from a scaffold he was directing at the kitchen building and sustained fatal injuries. The platform from which he fell was 16 feet above the ground. He had just finished nailing in a support and was standing on it when it gave way. In his fall his body turned and he landed on his head on the concrete pavement below. The board that caused the accident fell and struck him in the back. Blood gushed from his nose and ears. Physicians were summoned and Dr. Stone was the first to respond. He found the man's condition so critical that he ordered him taken to a hospital at once. The skull was fractured and a collar bone broken. Doctor Stone set the latter

and dressed the skull. He was taken to Baltimore on the first train. He died before 10 o'clock.

Mr. Fewster, while in Emmitsburg, boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Brown. He enjoyed a splendid reputation here and in Baltimore. He was a sober, industrious and popular man. He is survived by a widow and six children.

☞ May 28, 1909 ☜

St. Joseph's Academy Donates Old Home Ground

Through the courtesy of the Sisters of St. Joseph College and Academy the prettiest grounds in the whole neighborhood had been made available for the celebration of Old Home Week. These grounds contain 20 acres of level turf splendidly fenced in, and approachable in every direction. The beautiful scenery on every side will form an unusual setting when the various booths, tents and floats and other attractions are in place. The field lies immediately east of the baseball grounds, extending from there to the Bruceville Road. The main entrance will be from Main Street just west of Troxell's store.

No Excuse Now

Although much has been said about paper throwing in the neighborhood of the post office, up to this time for a little has been done to date the nuisance. It must be admitted by all that the habit of opening mail and newspapers and carelessly throwing envelopes or wrappers into the street is a very objectionable one. This refuse litters the sidewalks, blows into the roadway or collects in basements, making unnecessary trouble for property owners and giving an unsightly aspect to the most prominent thoroughfare in Emmitsburg. Consideration for the appearance of the town, a little thought for those in front of whose premises this trash accumulates should have prompted everyone long before this to be careful about what disposition was made of waste paper. But now that a receptacle has been provided in place just outside the post office, it is to be sincerely hoped that all the people will be courteous enough to make use of it.

Veteran Honored by Troops

Three troops of United States passed through this town this

morning and paid a very fitting tribute to a true soldier who is making a brave and we hope a winning fight for his life. Mr. Samuel McNair, than whom there are none braver, when he heard of the expected troops, expressed a desire to hear once more the inspiring tones of the bugle. Those in command of the passing troops gladly consented to the request and the soldiers gathered around his residence and the bugler sounded many calls. Those in command paid their respects to the veteran and the men took up their march to Gettysburg.

No one in Emmitsburg is more deserving of such attention and the crowds who gathered out of respect for the brave man, listened quietly. The reveille, which notifies a soldier that it is time to rise, was sounded by the buglers, voiced the prayer and wishes everyone gathered around Mr. McNair's home.

Shortly after the troops passed through town, two batteries of field artillery filed past the square. The soldiers will help at the unveiling of the monument to the memory of the regular soldiers who took part in the Battle of Gettysburg.

Automobile Line Working

One of the two automobiles that are to make regular runs from Gettysburg to Emmitsburg into Thurmont arrived here on Wednesday evening charge of Mr. Annan and Bert Hospelhorn. The other machine is in Thurmont. It will be in charge of Mr. O'Toole.

The machine is a 30 hp one and geared to speeds up from 10 to 15 miles an hour. It will comfortably seat twelve passengers; it has a top that will be weather-proof.

The two automobiles were consigned to Thurmont and when delivered had evidently been tampered with. The canvas cover was cut and the tools stolen, even as spouts to the oil cans have been removed. It is not known whether it was done at Thurmont on or en route. The first run from Thurmont to Emmitsburg was made on Thursday afternoon. The cars are starting on their regular runs today.

To learn more about the history of the Greater Emmitsburg Area, visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net



SCOUTS, continued from page 1

important part of the competition, he said.

"I was nervous at first. We were training for a couple months prior so we knew going into it what we had to do. We just had to really work as a team," Lowe said.

And it was worth all the long hours of practice, he said. "I had a lot of fun doing it.... It was worth it."

The Troop has been preparing for the event since early January, Scoutmaster McKenna said. In addition to McKenna, the team working

with the boys included Assistant Scoutmasters Eric Isaacson, Sheila Gray, Jonathan Carroll, and Herb Milligan.

McKenna said it's important for the community to know that the Emmitsburg Scouting program is "flourishing."

"The boys are having a lot of fun in scouting, while learning skills that they will be able to use through their lives," he said. "They worked very hard for this, and can be very proud of what they have accomplished."

Front Row L-R: Spartan Patrol: Brendan Isaacson, John Paul McGlynn, Michael Holt, Brandon Poetzsch, Herby Milligan, Cameron Dixon, and Matthew McKenna.
Back Row, L-R: Warrior Patrol holding their First Place trophy: Jack Downham, Keegan Wright, Alex McKenna, Cody Lowe, Nathan Poetzsch, and Chris McKenna)

All in the Family



Pets Large & Small

My Perspective on Common Sense and BEAR

A good dog, but “there isn’t anything behind those eyes”

Shannon Bohrer

While I was at work, some years ago, a coworker asked me if I wanted a puppy, a chocolate lab to be exact. My coworker knew the owners of the puppy and the people were moving and could not take the dog. The dog was described as six months old, chocolate in color and very friendly. At that time my wife and I were dog less. Our old dog had passed away and I told my wife of the offer — and she said no. As a happily married man I knew that we were not going to take the dog.

About a week later my coworker brought he dog to work and I brought the dog home. I really had no choice; the puppy was going to the shelter so I had to take him. The six month old puppy was a chocolate lab and he weighed about 90 pounds, a conservative estimate, and his name was Bear. When I arrived home my wife was still at work, so I had at least 30 minutes to introduce Bear to the horses, barn cats, peacock, chickens and cattle. To my surprise Bear had never seen another animal, other than humans, and he believed that these animals were carnivorous. Bear did not come right out and say this; this was my interpretation of his actions. You would think that a dog, that is carnivorous, would know things like this. To ensure that Bear did not have a nervous breakdown, I brought the dog in the house.

When my wife arrived home, almost immediately she asked me what was in the basement. I told her nothing, at least nothing that I knew of. When the basement door was opened and Bear entered the room my wife jumped to conclusions and immediately suspected that I put

the dog in the basement. Why do women assume that if something is amiss that it is always because of something that a man did? After some brief introductions my wife immediately became attached to the dog. If you know my wife, she may refute this, but she sometimes lies, in fact many of her family members lie. Please don't tell her I said this. After a while my wife took a long look at the dog, while holding his head between her hands, she then looked at me and said, “There isn't anything behind those eyes.” I was not sure what she meant, but since she did not seem in the best of moods, I just nodded my head and replied, “Yes, dear.” “Yes, dear” is the first standard answer one learns in husband school. My wife sometimes comments that I failed husband school!

After a short while Bear became acquainted with his new surroundings and liked living on the farm. Bear did not actually say this, but his smile and tail did. I gave him some lessons on the different animal species and explained to him that he was in no danger of being eaten by anything on the farm. Bear was living in an apartment before moving to the farm and even for a puppy was not in good shape. For the next several months, he was on a strict diet, meaning he ate the dog food we gave him and anything else he could find (that's another story). He lived outside and always came when called, unless he was busy or otherwise occupied. If you did call him and he did not come, you knew the routine. The routine being, get the truck keys and drive around the roads looking for him. Bear was often very considerate and

would not be too far from home and just sitting next to the road waiting for his ride. All you had to do was stop the truck, exit the driver's door, walk around to the passenger door, open it and the dog jumped in. You then closed the passenger door and re-entered the driver's side. Every time you re-entered the driver's side, you had to move Bear from behind the wheel. For an unknown reason he liked sitting in the driver's seat, even though he did not know how to drive.

When I was young and living with my parents, we had a dog named “Hobo.” You may be thinking that this is out of place with the current story, but since I am the writer I reserve the right to insert other materials into the manuscript. Besides, this side trip does relate to Bear. Hobo was a good dog but like many dogs he liked to dig in the flower beds next to the house. In the summer, Hobo would dig out the loose dirt and then lay in the cool earth just below (dogs refer to this as K-9 air conditioning). My father explained to me one day how he taught Hobo not to dig in the flower beds. My father said that when he heard Hobo digging, he would get a glass of water and pour it out of window onto the dog. Hobo would be surprised, stop digging and walk away. My father then added that after training the dog he was walking home one day and when he got close to the house he observed Hobo, get up from the flower bed. It seemed that the dog knew who was pouring the cold water on him and knew when he was home. And my dad then added that man thinks he is smarter than a dog!

Now back to Bear and his

walkabouts. Reflecting back on my father's experience I began to wonder if Bear was just running away to get a ride in the truck. He really liked riding in the truck. After one particular walkabout, instead of opening the door for bear, he could not open it himself, so I just left the door shut and drove slowly and made him walk home. We often think that as humans we are so smart and yet sometimes our pets are training us. It did work and after several walks home Bear seemed to take fewer walks. I think it was fewer?

After several months we took Bear to the vet to be neutered. We had no plans of breeding him and he was beginning to wander a little, sometimes a lot. This was also when I was training him to walk home. When we took him to the vet's office, the vet told us that we should not have the dog neutered because the dog had cancer and would not be around very long. My wife and I were both offered advice from family and friends, and maybe a stranger or two, about what to do. The majority of the advice was to put the dog to sleep. The reason most given was generally that we would get attached to the dog and then when the dog did die it would be hard on us. My wife, being very considerate of my feelings inquired about my thoughts on this. I told her that I strongly believed whatever she decided would be the best course of action, (husband school 201).

Bear did live for awhile and Sue became very attached to him. Bear was the smartest, kindest and friendliest dog she ever knew — her words, and I am not lying. I reminded her of what she had said about nothing behind those eyes, and she just smiled. Yes,

Bear was a good dog unless he was digging in her flower beds. Of course when he started digging in the flower beds, I stepped forward and told her that I could train him not to dig in the flower beds. I tried the water trick, moth balls, dog-away products (not all of them, just a couple of dozen) and even had a long talk with him, with no luck. I was frustrated and then one day the light came on, the light being how one feels when you run into an electric fence. It did not work either!

After a while Bear slowed down and we both knew, without saying a word that the end was near. One day when I came home my wife told me that Bear could not move his hind legs. After a day with no improvement we had to take him to the vet. His illness may have caught up, but so did old age, he was 14 when he went to sleep for the last time. It may sound dumb, but my wife and I still think he is around sometimes. Every now and then you can smell him, and when you do it makes you smile. I really can't say why, his personal odor was not that pleasant, in fact it was often offensive. But he was one good dog — we learned a lot from him and we miss him. He's buried in the fence line next to the woods, very close to one his favorite horses.

For those that have pets it may seem very cruel that they have such short lives and it is hard when you lose one. However, having known Bear, and a few other pets, you can sometimes feel sorry for the people that don't have them. My wife and I feel that we are better people for having known that dog. He wasn't just a good dog, he was a real friend.

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The Sounds of Music

Christine Maccabee

I am a peculiar musician. I rarely sit around listening to the radio or a CD. I work and function best in silence, for in silence I find the best music.

Today as I sit here to write, I am hearing a bird song. I am not the best at identifying birds by their songs. All I know is, this one is likely calling for a mate, or perhaps he is just happy. So the silence is not really silent, especially in the spring. I love spring the best, especially after a long cold winter like the one we've just had.

I believe that our love connection with the natural world is as important as our love connection with people. At least it is for me. I can be feeling gloomy and depressed about something, but the instant I walk out the door, smell the clean air, and hear the sounds of birds and frogs, even my ducks and chickens, I am soothed. Of course there are days when I have barely gotten dressed and the ducks are noisily clamoring for their food, much as my goats did when they were still here with me. At those times I must admit the music is a bit discordant and demanding. "I'm a comin'! I'm a comin'!" I always say as I quickly braid my hair and shove my feet into my muddy boots.

I wouldn't have it any other way. Since my twenties, when I first became fully aware that the ways of



the human world were threatening the well-being of all the plants and animals, bees and butterflies that I have loved ever since I was a very young child, I have been very concerned. Does that make me an environmentalist? Maybe, but for me it goes even deeper. Some people call it "deep ecology." I am not the first person to have these feelings. My mind goes back to my reading of Albert Schweitzer's passion about reverence for all life forms (and don't forget about St. Francis of Assisi), Rachel Carson's studied scientific words in her book *Silent Spring*, and of course the amazing connection the Native Americans had with nature although they were so wrongly judged by the white man.

"What is man without the beast?"

If all the beasts were gone, mankind would die from a great loneliness of spirit. For whatever happens to the beasts happens to man. All things are connected."

Whether these were the actual words of Chief Seattle are irrelevant. All I know is that they resonate with my spirit. All I know is that I am hearing the twittering of songbirds in joyous harmony with the earth and that the voice of the mourning dove in early morning and twilight hour thrill me. Their songs help me know I am indeed connected to all this wonder — I am a part of it, not apart from it. For me they are the most important sounds of music and for me there is no greater symphony than this.

Spoken as a real musician, I dearly love the music of all the great composers, so don't get me wrong, for I am a composer myself!! So excuse me as I prepare to teach my dear piano students and then prepare for the glorious Palm Sunday concert which in essence is a tribute to another man who lived simply, walked lightly on the earth, and who no doubt, spent time listening to the glorious song of God's Creation.... you know who I mean.

To read other articles by Christine Maccabee visit the author's section of Emmitsburg.net

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Emmitsburg Council of Churches Enlists Carlisle Medical Team for Mission Trip to Kenya in July

*Rev. Jon Greenstone, Pastor,
Elias Evangelical Lutheran Church*

On July 12, 2009, the Emmitsburg Council of Churches Mission Team of eight departs for Kitale Kenya. The Kenya Mission trip is a first-ever event for the Emmitsburg Council of Churches (ECC). The team is made up of me, Rev. Jon Greenstone, pastor; Sam Valentine, pharmacy manager and woodworker; Phyllis Kelly, school teacher; Audrey Hallinan, nurse practitioner; Dr. Bill Currie, oral surgeon, and his daughter Clara; and Dr. Holly Hoffman, pediatrician, and her daughter Marie. The latter four team members all reside in Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

It is interesting to see how this team has come together as we prepare to go and serve our Kenyan brothers and sisters in a place some 8,000 miles away and in a culture, geography, and economy remarkably different from the way of life here in Emmitsburg. There will be hardships for the team, like the lack of water for bathing, but also great blessings to find in friendships, smiles and laughter of the children and absorbing the wildlife, human history and spirit of Africa. I, as leader of the team, can't help but comment on the ecumenical spirit of the Mission Team and note how God is leading us in this project being shared by Lutherans, Methodists and Catholics who make up the Mission Team. We are receiving the fullness of the prayers, moral support and economic gifts for the trip from all of the ECC members including Emmitsburg Presbyterian, Trinity United Methodist, St. Joseph's Parish, Incarnation United Church of Christ, St. Anthony's Parish, Elias Lutheran and Toms Creek United Methodist. The Holy Spirit is definitely at work in our midst. Connections are being made that literally span the globe, including the Daughters of Charity who are also lending support, advice and communications through members of their Order already on mission in Kenya.

There is a unique connection between ECC and the medical team members from Carlisle who are offering their medical expertise, Christian faith and servants' hearts. Let me try to explain. First of all, Dr. Holly Hoffman and her daughter, Marie, signed up to join the Mission Team because Dr. Hoffman and I became good friends when I did my Seminary internship at St. Paul Lutheran Church located in Carlisle, back in 2001. Then, several years later, Dr. Hoffman discerned a calling to the Diaconal Ministry within the Lutheran Church and enrolled in the Lutheran Seminary at Gettysburg. During her seminary studies Dr. Hoffman was "assigned to Emmitsburg" where she learned from and served at Elias for two semesters.

Dr. Bill Currie, through his wife Sally, has a historic connection with Emmitsburg. Sally Currie was Sally Jones, whose mother was "Petie" Shorb. "Petie" was born at 211 N. Seton Avenue in the house which is now Shorb's hairdressers. Sally's parents are remembered in a plaque on the front of the American Legion. I have become quite fond of telling everyone I meet these days that all roads lead back to Emmitsburg. And this has proven true on more than one occasion. No doubt somewhere deep in the bush country of Kenya, the ECC Mission Team will meet some other Emmitsburg descendants while serving in Africa!

The most recent and final Mission Team member is Audrey Hallinan, whose family resides in nearby Carroll Valley and are members of St. Joseph's Parish. Audrey grew up attending the ECC annual Vacation Bible School, and remembers many of those special VBS programs that continue each summer through the efforts of the ECC. Presently, Audrey is a board certified family practice nurse practitioner in a rehabilitation hospital in Allentown, PA, providing internal

medicine and rehabilitation needs to a wide population of patients. Previously Audrey was an ER nurse and has prior experience as a volunteer while in high school with a medical mission trip to Honduras in 1997. It is truly amazing that such a dynamic and experienced medical team has come together. While they don't expect their medical services to be desperately needed, nevertheless, the team will be prepared for a wide range of field medicine and will be carrying several suitcases filled with medicines for malaria, dehydration, malnutrition, antibiotics and much more.

The ECC Kenyan Mission Team has three objectives to accomplish:

1. Provide a 500-watt solar power system that can supply basic lighting for students to study at night, plus run about six laptop computers in the Pathfinder Academy School — where there are some 300 children in attendance — and possibly to power a new deep well pump.
2. Provide a Vacation Bible School experience for the children at the Pathfinder Academy.
3. Provide medical and dental services for the children and families at Common Ground Project/Pathfinder Academy, as well as have the medical team volunteer at Sister Freda's clinic/hospital in Kitale, Kenya.

I want to appeal to the good people of Emmitsburg to contribute their prayers and financial support. This is a tremendous undertaking for the team to minister in the name of Jesus and to share their faith with their new Kenyan friends, young and old alike. I am leading the effort to acquire and assemble the components for the solar power system, which is projected to cost about \$13,000. The small system we will supply and assemble at the Common Ground Project/Pathfinder Academy will be based on the same components I have assembled here at my home. My 500-watt home system presently acts as a back-up power

supply should the grid fail. I can also power a Ham radio in the case of an emergency with the solar-powered battery bank. Where the team is going, electricity is very expensive and often unreliable. The people there have never had refrigerators, freezers, or the numerous appliances and conveniences we take for granted.

Nevertheless, having a small but constant source of electricity can provide many benefits that bring about improvements in education, safety, communications and health. All of this equates to raising one's quality of living. Joshua Machinga, our Kenyan host, is very pleased to have the team bringing the solar system to the Common Ground Project. He sees that just having the solar panels on the same site as the school is going to have a powerful educational impact on the children who attend school there. The mission team's work and contributions can be viewed as a matter of establishing justice in a global way, i.e., sharing what is considered the most advanced technology we have and can (almost) afford, with those who have (almost) nothing, but everything to gain. Recently, the Educators for Justice Society from Mount St. Mary's University offered to assist the ECC Kenya Mission by raising funds to aid the trip. This is another one of God's unexpected but most welcome blessings. The group recently made a presentation at the ECC meeting and turned over their recent collection of \$170 with a hope of raising that much more.

The team will be carrying at least 20 5-watt LED bulbs that will run exclusively on the solar power (at 240 volts AC) to provide light for students living in clay brick dormitories at the school. The two 14-year old team members, Marie and Clara, will also be teaching an environmental class for their new Kenyan friends about solar power and proper disposal of used batteries. When the children complete this class each one will be given a solar flashlight along with a life-saving mosquito net to prevent malaria. These indeed are life preserving gifts. When one 14-year old can bless another with gifts of life and learning a world away — great things are going to happen!

The team is hopeful that fundraising will take them over and above the \$15,000 goal for medicine and solar components. If there is additional funding, then more solar panels can be added, making the system more powerful and possibly able to run the new well pump at the mission site. We're trusting God for

each step of the way. We are already beyond the halfway mark toward our financial goal, and things are looking hopeful on all fronts.

The Pathfinder Academy is located within the 5-acre compound that makes up the Common Ground Project. Joshua's family also resides there. The school provides basic education to some 300 children — about half of whom are orphans and live full time in the dorms on the site. The school's program is unusually rigorous for such young children. The school day begins at 5 a.m. and goes into the evening hours. But the school's intensity is paying off as the children are scoring far above the average of other Kenyan schools. The students and their families also learn techniques for growing their own food, using a method called Bio-Intensive mini-farming, which is based on a concept of growing food for the maximum caloric value and for the amount of carbon materials that can be composted and returned to the soil. This is sustainable agriculture done in a scientific and culturally viable way. Families also learn about ways to enhance their economic status with small business skills, personal health care and survival skills to enable them to rebuild or resettle in a worst-case scenario. The team will be seeing all of this first hand, and hopes that the emphasis on faith, health and a sustainable future through solar energy will encourage the children to strive even more to learn and give back to their own villages, community and country.

What an amazing experience lies ahead for the team. There will be approximately nine days to do mission work; then the other days will be taken up with traveling and resting, ending the trip with a safari. I can't wait to see the wildebeests after seeing them on television for as long as I can remember!

Here are some upcoming events where you can participate or donate to help the ECC Kenya Mission Team accomplish their goals. Several fundraising events are coming up: Spring Yard Sale at Elias Lutheran on May 1-2 (donations are welcome); Bake Sale at Jubilee, May 9th 8 a.m.—12 noon; Chicken Dinner at Elias Coffee House on June 12th, 5-7 p.m. Outright gifts may be made payable to: Elias Lutheran Church, memo: ECC Kenya Mission Trip. Thank you for all your support.

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The Blessed Virgin Mary in the Month of May

Father Jack Lombardi
Pastor, St. Anthony Shrine
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Therefore the heavenly organs sound
and all earth wonders, praiseworthy

Mary,

because God loved you so much.

Stem and diadem of regal purple,
Blooming, you flourished in another change
when Adam brought forth the whole
human race.

But dawn, from your womb
a new sun comes forth you
who offered new light to mankind
the limbs of your son to heavenly
harmony.

These are the beautiful lyrics of the medieval mystic, poet, disciple and artist, St. Hildegard of Bingen.

*Virgin Mary meek and mild, lead us to Jesus,
your Divine Child* — That's a favorite prayer of mine to Mary and Jesus

One of my favorite statues of Jesus and Mary is right where I work, at Mary's Mountain Grotto, here in Emmitsburg, in the little chapel on the hill by the cave. It is called Our Lady Help of Christians, which depicts Mary in regal fashion, standing tall, slender and poised, holding the Child Jesus ever so suave and handsome. Both Mary and Jesus have crowns on their heads, signaling the royalty they have by nature and that we are all called to as disciples. The statue is pure gleaming-white marble and subtle beauty. (See Rev. 12: 1 describing a woman clothed with the Sun and crown on her head).

One of my favorite writings on Mary is Gerard Manley Hopkins' poem "The Blessed Virgin Mary Compared to the air We Breathe," which includes the lines, speaking of Mary: "Be thou then, O thou dear, Mother my atmosphere." Even Hopkins' title evokes a love and devotion to a great Creature of God, Mary the Mother of Jesus (see Jn. 19:28 where she is described as a "mother"). One of my favorite quotes of Mary is by St. Irenaeus, early Church father who said, "The knot of Eve's disobedience was undone by Mary's obedience." And another favorite quote is often called the best spiritual advice ever given — by Mary to Christ's attendants: "Do whatever He tells you" (Jn. 2:5) which, incidentally (or not!), calls for the miracle of wine at Cana.

One of my favorite paintings of Mary is called *Our Lady of Vladimir*, a famous thousand-year-old icon, which I saw in Russia one time. Mary is depicted in a dark veil holding a tender small child Jesus, both staring at us the viewers (or disciples), with gold background, holding hands and cheek-to-cheek in an entrancing yet simple-one-dimensional beauty. Thing is, when I saw it in the museum, unlike any other museum experience ever, anywhere, there was a bouquet of flowers at the base of the icon! This was not, then, really, a museum piece but a living icon evoking devotion. The Russian Soul's desire for Jesus and His Great Mother would not be dismayed or downplayed.

May is Mary's Month and we think of her like the beautiful Maryland spring all around us. She herself was all around Jesus: He was formed in her womb by the Holy Spirit and took flesh of her (Lk. 1:34ff). Therefore she is called The Mother of God. However, contrary to popular belief, Catholics (and others, including more and more Protestants) do not worship Mary (that would be against the First Commandment: idolatry). Rather we venerate her. Rather like honoring others



— whether baseball players or Hollywood starlets or (one hopes) our own mothers and fathers — we thank God for the person He has given us. So we give them our special affection and, sometimes, adulation, if appropriate (think of adoring fans of rock stars lighting and holding up lighters and kids seeking professional athletes. So, the flowers in Russia to Mary). We may perhaps have a picture of a favorite person in our home or wallet; or recall at special times of the year their effect on us or honor them at graduations or weddings. We thereby "venerate" them — which means to "respect deeply" — with loving praise and birthday cakes, honors and parties or sending flowers — all because we are grateful. Why not, then, the same and more to the Mother of God?

So, in this month of spring and Mary, following are some themes and meditations on Mary.

Mary as "spiritual adventurer": Mary was a Jew, beautiful and youthful (Lk. 1:26-7). Those attributes may have been "three strikes against her" in that culture and time, so, let's remember, she was not a plastic statue saint but, rather, a really gritty-girl-lady who allowed God to lead her in life. And despite "troubles" — she "did not know man" in becoming pregnant — read her human reaction to being called to be the Mother of God; imagine her sorrow at the foot of the Cross at seeing her Son die; all this shows us a rugged-beautiful-saintly-lady who trusted in God and despite all trials and tribulations, abandoned and surrendered to God's mysterious Will; and she was ever-faithful. Aren't those attributes we need to both adulate and imitate today?

Family Spirituality: Mary was a Jew, and as a Jewish girl she was part of a family, a tribe. God wants to save us and He wants us to be in a family — as Mary was in a Jewish

family and brought Jesus up. Although we each must choose God and be saved individually, community and family are all important. Mary shows us that she was part of a family, which we call The Holy Family — Jesus, Mary and Joseph — and The Virgin Mary can help our families in our struggles since she knew many struggles herself. Apparently this Family was together thirty years until Jesus' public ministry. Mary was married and thereby knew marital love, joys and sorrows. She was a Mother, and knew child-raising and ultimately experienced great sorrow at the Death of her only Son. So, try to pray to the Holy Family and Mary — knowing they are not plastic saints or "above it all" but experienced helpers for our plights on earth.

Mary is Real: She was only a teenager, and single, and was frankly troubled by the angel telling her she would be the Mother of God (Lk. 1:29). The Virgin Mary is not an ethereally-enlivened statue of otherworldliness or pre-programmed puppet who is mechanical and in-human, and even though we may be enamored and inspired by her — she actually had to choose God's Will and did — thank God, precisely to show us we all will be in difficult situations and, with God's Grace, we can choose what is good and right and just.

Mary and Sexuality: In today's overly sensualized world, especially of young girls (think of sex trafficking not only in Thailand but also the internet of America and elsewhere), this gritty-godly woman can help us all to respect feminine life and beauty, to honor it without manipulating it. Mary shows the balancing of two difficult attributes: beauty and blessedness. Part of the tradition of Mary implies that the inner beauty radiates into the outer body. Obviously not everyone is "beautiful" in a classic-model-statuesque sense. While much of our culture emphasizes external

beauty, the Virgin Mary is an example that virtuous internal beauty is more important, and other types of beauty secondary.

Queen of Contemplatives: Twice in Luke's Gospel we read, "She kept all these things in her heart," (Lk. 2:19, 51) symbolizing a great prayerfulness of this Lady. She is often depicted (especially in the Annunciation scene) with hands folded over her chest, leaning over a Bible, and with eyes closed — all these cues signaling interiority, meditative love, soul-power — which are challenged by a busy materialistic world today. So, like Mary, get off the treadmill and internalize God's Word and Love within!

First Disciple: She was the first to hear the Word of God — in Jesus her Son. Just imagine being with Mary, along with St. Joseph, in their home at Nazareth, and the Baby Jesus preaching to them! So, Mary is traditionally seen as first to hear Christ's Word and she was the last to hear Him speak, "Woman, behold thy son" (Jn. 19:26), symbolizing that we are all children of Mary, as she was at the foot of the Cross. Mary leads us to Jesus — she does not detract from Him. She is a disciple of the Divine and our friend!

WWJD: What Would Jesus Do? Just think: If Jesus honored His Mother, then shouldn't we? That is, honor her the right way — venerate her, not worship her. Obviously Jesus respected the Commandment "Honor thy father and mother" and thereby honored His mother, so, why not us? You may honor the Virgin Mary by thanking God for His creation, for her example of discipleship and for her faithfulness to the very end — following Jesus to the Cross

The Rosary: This is a prayer-form, almost a thousand years old, which enables the prayer to learn about and enter into the twenty mysteries which depict Jesus' life from His Birth to Preaching the Good News, Miracle of Wine at Cana, to His Death. The Rosary helps people to pray together; mystically chant in religious rhythm. It has been a useful weapon against the Culture of Death, especially abortion. Whenever I go to minister at a local drug treatment center I end each session by inviting any client to a "deliverance prayer" and welcome them to receive a rosary. Virtually everyone wants one. They know it is special — a sacred item — even though they may not understand all its prayers or history. The Rosary has a cross on it and reminds us of Jesus' Divine sacrificial love and also Mary's closeness to Him.

Highest title of Mary: Of all the descriptions and titles of Mary — such as Star of the Sea, Vessel of Purity, New Ark of the Covenant, Our Lady Most Beautiful — the most eminent and important is that of Theotokos-Mother of God. At the Council of Ephesus, 431, this title was given by St. Cyril of Alexandria and emphasizes Jesus as Divine as much as it denotes that Mary is the Mother of Him according to the flesh. We have a heavenly mother who helps us and she is most beautiful and spiritual — she leads us to Jesus!

How To Respond:

Begin by looking up Marian poetry paintings and writings befriend them as God speaks to us through His family

Surround yourself by Beauty: Icons of Mary and Jesus, the Holy Family and saints.

Pray the Rosary slowly — begin (with your family/friends) with one decade and meditate on the life of Jesus and Mary.

In conclusion, a priest friend reminded me of the Hopkins-poetic lines describing the Resurrected Jesus: "May He Easter in you!" Jesus the Christ was first in Mary and so may she help us come to His Glorious Resurrection!

M^{The} Master Gardeners

Return of the Victory Garden?

Master Gardners Sue Williams, Betty Jakum, Dee Lawrence, Kay Hinkle, and Madeline Wajda

Many of us remember the World War II-era Victory Gardens and the popular TV series "Crockett's Victory Garden." It took a time of national emergency to bring citizens back to the earth. Americans were encouraged to grow gardens to help support the war effort. Millions of people planted gardens. In 1943, over 20 million households set up gardens supplying more than 40% of the nation's produce (from *Eating for Victory* by Amy Bently, 1998). Colorful posters, Department of Agriculture pamphlets and State Extension Service classes promoted gardening as a civic virtue. First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt's White House Victory Garden promoted the effort. The goal was to produce enough vegetables through the summer for the immediate family and neighbors. Excess produce was canned and preserved for the winter and early spring. Frank Williams' stories about his family's Victory Garden in Garden City, NY and Brown University were full of facts and a bit of fiction as he, his dad and brother planted and harvested Golden Bantam Corn, Bush Blue Lake Beans and Beefsteak Tomatoes — now heirloom vegetables still available. Many families planted a large vegetable garden where they first learned about self-sufficiency, weeding, and putting up literally hundreds of jars of tomato sauce, beans and so much more for the winter feasting.

Now, in our dismal economic climate, a new victory garden movement has gained interest for a variety of reasons: economic, environmental and political. Gardeners want to lessen their reliance on imported foods, save on grocery bills, and teach their children and grandchildren the benefits and joys of backyard gardening. This current movement may have the urgency of the victory gardens of the 1940s. This year you may find some seed companies packaging "victory garden seeds." In fact, there is such a demand for these that companies are now out of seeds but promise more soon.

Garden Rotation

Even in vegetable gardens, there needs to be a plan and purpose. Understanding the needs of plants, from nutrition to water, enhances our success of a good harvest. Knowing the purpose of your

garden, for example, whether it's being used for fresh food, or preserving the harvest for winter use, will help determine the size of the garden as well as selection of vegetables.

Understanding vegetable families becomes important in the planning stage. Crop rotation can restore soil nutrients and control insect pests just by simple planning. Crops vary as to the types and amounts of nutrients they extract from the soil and are thus classified as heavy feeders, light feeders or soil builders. A few of the heavy feeders are corn, cabbage, cauliflower, squash and greens. Some light feeders are potatoes and other root crops. The soil builders include beans, peas, alfalfa and clover. If you plant a heavy feeder in an area where you grew a legume like beans or peas last season, there will be plenty of nitrogen and other nutrients for the new crop to thrive. The next season, there should still be enough nutrients left over for a light feeder to do well. In the third year you should start the sequence over again by planting a member of the legume family. This is the basic concept of crop rotation.

Crop rotation is also one of the most effective ways to control insect pests and diseases in the vegetable garden without using chemicals. The theory is simple. Disease organisms such as club root fungi attack a crop (cabbage, for instance) during the growing season. During the winter, the organisms may overwinter as spores in the soil or in plant debris left in the garden. The following year, they will re-infest a new planting of cabbage or another member of the cabbage family like cauliflower or broccoli. The disease will become increasingly severe as the spores build greater and greater populations. By planting vegetables that belong to the other plant families for several years, the club root dies out because it lacks the desired host plant.

In controlling insect pests, a similar theory works. Each type of insect tends to feed on a few favorite plants. They feed all season, lay eggs and die. In the next season, the eggs hatch and the larvae emerge, feeding off the same host plant. Rotating plantings, even if they are relocated just 4 or 5 feet away, can reduce damaging insect populations.

Since plants from the same family tend to be hosts for the same insects or diseases, knowledge of plant families is necessary. It is not a true rotation if you follow a plant with a member of the same plant family.

Below are the main vegetable families and some of the plants they include.

- ★ Compositae: Chicory, Endive, Salsify, Dandelion, Jerusalem & Globe Artichokes.
- ★ Cucurbits: Cucumbers, Gourds, Melons, Squash.
- ★ Goosefoot: Beets, Chard, Spinach.
- ★ Grasses: Rye, Sweet Corn, Popcorn.
- ★ Legumes: All Peas and Beans.
- ★ Lily: Garlic, Onions, Leeks, Shallots, Chives
- ★ Mallow: Okra.
- ★ Mustards: Cabbage, Collards, Brussels Sprouts, Kale, Cauliflower, Broccoli, Kohlrabi, Turnips, Cress, Radish, Horseradish
- ★ Parsley: Carrots, Parsley, Celery, Parsnips
- ★ Solanaceous /Nightshades: Eggplant, Peppers, Potatoes, Tomatoes

To design a rotation, you need to have a sketch of what was grown in the garden and where it was grown last year. The simplest way to get started is to divide the garden plot on paper into four or five main sections. Then by referring to the vegetable families, you can place the plants you want to grow in a space that was not used last growing season by any member of its family. Plan to plant a heavy feeder such as corn, tomatoes, or cabbage the season before light feeders such as root vegetables, bulb crops, or herbs. Plant a soil-building crop such as a legume the third season.

Other rules about rotating crops to consider are:

- ★ Wait 3 to 6 years to plant related crops in a rotation to effectively break disease and insect cycles.
- ★ Never rotate within a family. Peppers following tomatoes is not a rotation.
- ★ Rye cover crops secrete an enzyme into the soil, which inhibits the sprouting of small seeds. Follow such crops with large seeded vegetables such as sweet corn, squash or cucumbers.
- ★ Precede tomato, okra, carrots, or potatoes with a member of the grass family because the grasses suppress root knot nematode, a condition caused by microscopic worms in the soil.
- ★ When turf is plowed under for new garden space, avoid following it with root crops because sod may harbor soil pests such as grubs or wireworms, which would damage the root crops.
- ★ Follow sweet corn with heavy

crops such as legumes or cucurbits. They help to decay residue.

- ★ Keeping crop rotation records from year to year will make your garden planning easier, your soil more productive and your plants robust and disease and insect free.

Plant Varieties

Now that you have an understanding of crop rotation and choices you can make to increase harvest, the next step is to choose plant varieties. There are many options to choose, both ornamental as well as for production. Every spring, garden centers and greenhouses offer more color varieties of standard vegetables like beans, peas, corn, tomatoes, cabbage, broccoli, beets and carrots. Purple cabbage, yellow-striped tomatoes, pink-stalked Swiss chard and rows of early spring loose lettuce in shades of maroon, chartreuse and bronze can enhance the beauty of a garden. Add yellow-fleshed watermelons and white and grayish-green pumpkins, and you have a garden that is colorful all season. Vegetable gardens are no longer the dull, utilitarian patches whose main function is providing food for the family table, but places that provide a treat for the eye as well.

Lettuces, especially the loose-leaf varieties, are some of the easiest vegetables to grow, and today we find them available in more colorful varieties than ever before. Standard varieties of green lettuces are still available, but now there are red, burgundy, lime-green and bronze varieties with names like Red Velvet, Red Rapids, Rubin, Sunset, Flame, Mascara, Pablo, Gold Rush, and Bronze Arrowhead. To highlight a few, Red Rapids sports red-tipped leaves with lime-green interiors and Rubin, Sunset and Mascara all provide the dark rich red color and textured leaf surfaces that make salads look so appetizing. Most seed companies also offer packets that mix together seeds of different-colored lettuces with names like Summer Glory Blend, Sweet Salad Mix, Salad Fresh Cutting Mix, and Mesclun. A row or two of a mix every spring, and the lettuces are as pretty in the garden as they are on the plate.

Rivaling lettuce for color are the different-colored tomatoes on the market today. So you think all tomatoes are bright orange-red? Get to know some lovely yellow varieties known as Sweet Tangerine,

Yellow Pear, and Roman Candle. Then there's Big Rainbow with its large bright yellow fruit streaked with scarlet. This variety is almost too pretty to eat. Tomatoes can be green, too, and not just when they are underripe. Green Zebra comes in shades of yellow and yellowish-green stripes. Green Sausage produces elongated 4-inch green fruit with yellow stripes. There are tomatoes that are purple-black in color with telling names like Black Grim, Cherokee Purple and Purple Russian. There is even a tomato variety known as Wapsipinicon Peach which produces 2-inch peach-shaped fuzzy yellow fruit. It's an heirloom variety which means it is an open-pollinated cultivar commonly grown during earlier times. Many of the varieties can be found in heirloom seed catalogs, so it's possible that a much wider variety of color was available in the gardens of earlier times, and we are just now reintroducing that variety into our gardens today.

Practically all commonly-grown vegetables are sporting new colors these days. Peppers are not just green anymore but orange yellow, purple, chocolate and black. Green beans now can be yellow, purple, and speckled, and when dried the bean color combinations are fascinating and too numerous to mention. Traditionally purple, eggplant now comes in a range of shades, including bright magenta, cream, green and white-striped with rose and violet. You can find a red corn called Bloody Butcher as well as blue, black, and multi-colored varieties. Most members of the Cole family (cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, kale) now come in purple in addition to the ordinary green. White potatoes now share garden space with their blue, red, yellow, and purple relatives.

It's a veritable riot of color available on the market, making gardening more exciting and food choices more appetizing. St. Ignatius Loyola once observed: "It is not enough to cultivate vegetables with care. You have the duty to arrange them according to their colors . . . so they appear like a well-laid table." Choosing different colors for the vegetables we usually eat will make this duty a lot more satisfying and fun.

Herbs in a Vegetable Garden?

Why not? The rules for growing herbs are few. Most require full sun and a well drained soil. Most like neutral to slightly acid soil.



Most are quite drought tolerant and are not troubled by pests and diseases. Many of our culinary herbs are perennials, a few are biennials, and some are annuals. You can start herbs from seed or buy them as young plants from nurseries and other stores that sell plants.

Herbs should not be fertilized with a high nitrogen fertilizer. Fertilizing them produces lush growth of the foliage at the expense of taste. If you are growing herbs for their leaves, you should prevent them from flowering as long as possible by cutting off the flower buds. The taste of the herbs is at its best just before they flower. If you are harvesting herbs for daily use in the summer, just cut what you need. If you are harvesting stems or leaves of herbs, harvest them in the morning before the sun becomes strong and draws out the essential oils. Put the herbs in a glass of ice water and refrigerate until you are going to use them, or you may wrap the stems in a damp paper towel and refrigerate them.

If you are harvesting herb seeds, like dill or coriander, harvest the seeds on a warm day, when they are fully ripe but have not started to fall. Usually the seeds are hard and the pods are paper dry.

Some easy-to-grow herbs are:

- ★ Parsley — A biennial. The plant produces only leaves first year and you may harvest as many as you want. The second year the plant flowers early in the season and then dies. Use leaves only before the plant flowers.
- ★ Thyme — There are many kinds of thyme, ranging from very flavorful to mostly ornamental. Rub your fingers on the leaves and smell them in order to pick an aromatic thyme that you like. Thyme is a perennial. In addition to being a fine culinary herb, it makes a great ground cover.
- ★ Oregano — There are many kinds of oregano. Some more flavorful than others. Some are only about 6 inches tall and others can grow up to 18 inches. The classic culinary oregano is Greek oregano. Some of the taller oreganos, while not as flavorful, make great ornamental plants because of their beautiful flowers. Oregano is a perennial.
- ★ Basil — Basil is an annual. The most common basil is about 18 inches tall with large green leaves. There are also short globe basil, purple basil, and a wonderful lemon basil. Make

sure you cut your basil back regularly in the summer keep it from flowering. You have not lived until you have eaten fresh home grown tomatoes and basil, with a little pasta or cheese.

- ★ Chives — a perennial. There are onion flavored and garlic flavored chives. The leaves and flowers are edible. They are great in scrambled eggs, cheese dips and salads.
- ★ Cilantro or coriander — The leaves are called cilantro and the seeds are called coriander. Don't ask me why. Cilantro is a very trendy herb right now, used extensively in Mexican and Thai cooking. It is what is called a cool season annual. That means it does great here in the spring in fall, but is hard to keep going in the summer, when it goes to seed very quickly. The trick is to plant a few plants in the spring and let them go to seed in the garden. Then you should have plenty of seedlings coming up all summer and enough cilantro leaves to harvest.
- ★ Dill — another annual that does best in the spring and fall. There are two kinds. The old fashioned kind of dill grows to about 3 feet and is grown mostly for seeds used in pickling. There is also a short dill that produces more leaves. The leaves are great in salads, cheese spreads, and with fish or chicken.
- ★ Sage — Sage is a perennial that is sometimes hard to keep going. I find I have to plant new sage plants about every three years. If they do survive longer they become woody shrubs. You must keep pruning the shrub in order to get fresh tender grown of edible shoots and leaves. Sages come in a variety of leaf colors, from solid green, variegated white and green, and variegated purple and green. I find the all taste pretty much the same. Of course they are wonderful in bread stuffings and with pork and chicken.
- ★ Tarragon — Tarragon is a perennial and easy to grow. Make sure you buy French tarragon, as that is the only truly aromatic one. Also purchase it as a plant. True French tarragon is propagated only by cuttings; so tarragon seeds will not be the true culinary French tarragon. Tarragon is the herb that gives Béarnaise Sauce its distinctive flavor. It is also wonderful with fish and chicken, and in potato salad.

Raised Beds

Victory gardens of the 1940s cries out "Big Garden!" but vegetable gardens do not have to be large. Many of us have small spaces, but would still like to reap the benefits of growing our own food. In a raised bed garden design, we can take advantage of small spaces by planting close together, and allowing vining plants to grow vertical. Raised beds are typically made of 2x8 lumber, making a rectangle that is about 4 – 5 feet wide, and as much as 25 feet long and 8 inches deep. The width allows the gardener to work from both sides without stepping into the garden area. This reduces soil compaction and allows for closely planted rows. The benefit of planting closely is the vegetable plants will shade the weeds, reducing the labor involved in pulling competing plants for water and nutrients.

Constructing vertical structures allows more horizontal space for bush plants, like bush beans, and root crops, such as onions. These can easily be constructed simply with chicken wire and 2"x2" posts or as elaborate as wooden frames with string for support. Pole beans, cucumbers, squash and peas are just a few vegetables that can benefit from this system. It not only keeps more surface space for other low crops, but also reduces the amount of diseases that may affect these vegetables by allowing more air circulation and keeping the fruit off the ground. It also makes for easier harvesting.

Making use of the rotation of crops, such as growing peas and lettuce at the beginning of the season, then as these cool season crops fizzle, replacing them with green beans, zucchini and maybe corn, harvest these in August, and replacing these plants with garlic and beets, could make for a great harvest all season long. So plan, plant, weed and water. Then enjoy the benefits of a beautiful garden and a wonderful harvest!

To learn more about bees and other beneficial insects, visit the gardening section of Emmitsburg.net

To learn more about how to become a Master Gardener call Mary Ann Ryan at 717-334-6271 (Adams County Master Gardener Coordinator) or Susan Trice at 301-600-1596 (Frederick County Master Gardener Coordinator)

Grow Your Garden Knowledge at the Annual Green Thumb Seminar

Patricia Simpson

What is a rain garden? How do I construct a rain barrel? What in the world is vermicomposting?

These are among the questions that will be answered by Adams County Master Gardeners at the annual **Green Thumb Seminar** on Saturday, May 9, 2009 from 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon. This year the seminar is being held in conjunction with the yearly Master Gardener Perennial Sale at the Agricultural and Natural Resources Center in Gettysburg.

Three presentations are scheduled: water conservation in the garden; rain water reserve practices in the garden; and an alternative composting technique called vermicomposting or worm composting. Here is the schedule, so you can plan to attend these interesting sessions.

► 9:00 a.m.

Water Conservation in the Garden

Summer droughts are becoming more frequent and the price of water is rising, so gardeners are looking for ways to make a little water go a long way. This presentation will show you how to establish watering priorities. It will teach some watering techniques that help you conserve water, thereby helping the environment and, hopefully, your pocketbook.

► 10:00 a.m.

Rain Gardens

As gardeners we are becoming more concerned every day with clean waterways, water infiltration, and keeping water in our reserves instead of running downstream. During this class, you will learn about the role a rain garden can play in your yard, how to construct it, and what plants you would choose for that purpose.

► 11:00 a.m.

Vermicomposting

Many gardeners who have compost bins in the garden are only fair-weather composters, including this instructor. With a compost bin 200 feet from your house, a special trip with potato peels in the middle of January doesn't hold much allure. An alternative is worm composting, which can take place in your basement using the same kitchen scraps you toss into your outdoor compost bin. Worm compost is a magical potion you can spread in your garden to provide nutrients and improve your soil's water retention. Learn how simple it is to raise worms and give a boost to your garden! We will be providing worm bins and worms for start-up.

The registration fee of \$8.00 covers all three workshops and start-up worm bins and worms. Pre-registration is required. You can pick up a registration brochure at Adams County Extension Office, 670 Old Harrisburg Road, Gettysburg; or call 334-6271 to register by phone.

Perennial Plant Sale

The annual Master Gardener Perennial Sale will be in progress during the Green Thumb Seminar. Participants can take advantage of the breaks between presentations to shop for new and old varieties of perennials, reasonably priced and ready to plant. The Perennial Sale will also be open for business on Friday, May 8th from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Master Gardeners will be on hand both days to answer your perennial or other gardening questions.

Other upcoming Master Gardener events include the ever popular Composting Classes which include the black bins from D.E.P. Learn the ins and outs of composting to make your own top-notch organic matter which is essential to the health of plants, forests and meadows. These workshops are free and include one composting bin for each family. These classes will be held on the following dates:

- Wednesday, May 20 at 7:00 p.m.
- Thursday, May 21 at 7:00 p.m.
- Friday, May 22 at 10:00 a.m.
- Saturday, May 23 at 10:00 a.m.

Pre-registration is required. Call 717-334-6271 or email AdamsExt@psu.edu to register.



ROBERT CHAMBER'S

The Book of Days

M A Y

brings with her the beauty and fragrance of hawthorn blossoms and the song of the nightingale. Our old poets delighted in describing her as a beautiful maiden, clothed in sunshine, and scattering flowers on the earth, while she danced to the music of birds and brooks. She has given a rich greenness to the young corn, and the grass is now tall enough for the flowers to play at hide-and-seek among, as they are chased by the wind.

We see the progress spring has made in the cottage gardens which we pass, for the broad-leaved rhubarb has now grown tall; the radishes are rough-leaved; the young onions show like strong grass; the rows of spinach are ready to cut, peas and young potatoes are hoed up, and the gooseberries and currants show like green beads on the bushes, while the cabbages, to the great joy of the cottagers, are beginning to "heart."

The fields and woods now ring with incessant sounds all day long; from out the sky comes the loud cawing of the rook as it passes overhead, sometimes startling us by its sudden cry, when flying so low we can trace its moving shadow over the grass. We hear the cooing of ringdoves, and when they cease for a few moments, the pause is filled up by the singing of so many birds, that only a practiced ear is enabled to distinguish one from the other; then comes the clear, bell-like note of the cuckoo, high above all, followed by the shriek of the beautifully marked jay.

In the rich green pastures there are sounds of pleasant life: the bleating of sheep, the mooing of cows, and the musical jingling of their bells, as they move along to some fresh patch of tempting herbage.

Every way bees are now flying across our path, after making 'war among the velvet buds,' out of which they come covered with pollen, as if they had been plundering some

golden treasury, and were returning home with their spoils. They, with their luminous eyes—which can see in the dark—are familiar with all the little inhabitants of the flowers they plunder, and which are only visible to us through glasses that magnify largely. What a commotion a bee must make among those tiny dwellers in the golden courts of stamens and pistils, as its great eyes come peeping down into the very bottom of the calyx—the foundation of their flowery tower.

Then, as we walk along, we remember that in those undated histories called the Welsh triads—which were oral traditions ages before the Romans landed on our shores—England was called the Island of Honey by its first discoverers, and that there was a pleasant murmur of bees in our primeval forests long before a human sound had disturbed their silence. But, beyond all other objects that please the eye with their beauty, and delight the sense with their fragrance, stand the May-buds, only seen in perfection at the end of this pleasant month, or a few brief days beyond.

All our old poets have done reverence to the milk-white scented blossoms of the hawthorn which throws an undying fragrance over their pages. Rarely does anyone return home without bringing back a branch of it, for there is an old household aroma in its bloom which has been familiar to them from childhood, and which they love to inhale better than any other that floats around their breezy homesteads. The refreshing smell of May-buds after a shower is a delight never to be forgotten; and, for aught we know to the contrary, birds may, like us, enjoy this delicious perfume, and we have fancied that this is why they prefer building their nests and rearing their young among the May blossoms.

The red May-bud, which is a common ornament of pleasure-grounds, derives its ruddy hue from having grown in a deep red clayey soil, and

is not, we fancy, so fragrant as the white hawthorn, nor so beautiful as the pale pink May-bud, which is coloured like the maiden blush rose. It is in the dew they shake from the pink May-bud that our simple country maidens love to bathe their faces, believing that it will give them the complexion of the warm pearly May-bud blossoms, which they call the Lady May-bud. What a refreshing shower-bath, when well shaken, a large hawthorn, heavy with dew, and covered with bloom, would make!

The nightingale comes with its sweet music to usher in this month of flowers, and it is now generally believed that the male is the first that makes its appearance in England, and that his song increases in sweetness as the expected arrival of the female draws nearer. Nor will he shift his place, but continues to sing about the spot where he is first heard, and where she is sure to find him when she comes. We have no doubt these birds understand one another, and that the female finds her mate by his song, which was familiar to her before her arrival, and that she can distinguish his voice from all others.

Butterflies are now darting about in every direction, here seeming to play with one another — a dozen together in places — there resting with folded wings on some flower, then setting off in that zig-zag flight which enables them to escape their pursuers, as few birds can turn sudden enough, when on the wing, to capture them. What is that liquid nourishment, we often wonder, which they suck up through their tiny proboscises; is it dew, or the honey of flowers?

Examine the exquisite scales of their wings through a glass, and then you will say that, poetical as many of the names are by which they are known, they are not equal to the beauty they attempt to designate. Rose-shaded, damask-dyed, garden-carpet, violet-spotted, green-veined, and many another name

beside, conveys no notion of the jewels of gold and silver, and richly-coloured precious stones, set in the forms of the most beautiful flowers, which adorn their wings, heads, and the under part of their bodies, some portions of which appear like plumes of the gaudiest feathers.

By the end of this month most of the trees will have donned their new attire, nor will they ever appear more beautiful than now, for the foliage of summer is darker; the delicate spring-green is gone by the end of June, and the leaves then no longer look fresh and new. Nor is the foliage as yet dense enough to hide the traces of the branches, which, like graceful maidens, still show their shapes through their slender attire — a beauty that will be lost when they attain the full-bourgeoned matronliness of summer.

But trees are rarely to be seen to perfection in woods or forests, unless it be here and there one or two standing in some open space, for in these places they are generally too crowded together. When near, if not over close, they show best in some noble avenue, especially if each tree has plenty of room to stretch out its arms, without too closely elbowing its neighbour; then a good many together can be taken in by the eye at once, from the root to the highest spray, and grand do they look as the aisle of some noble cathedral.

In clumps they are "beautiful exceedingly," scattered as it were at random, when no separate branch is seen, but all the foliage is massed together like one immense tree, resting on its background of sky. Even on level ground a clump of trees has a pleasing appearance, for the lower branches blend harmoniously with the grass, while the blue air seems to float about the upper portions like a transparent veil.

Here, too, we see such colours as only a few of our first-rate artists succeed in imitating; the sun-shine that falls golden here, and deepens into amber there, touched with bronze, then the dark green, almost black in the shade, with dashes of purple and emerald — green as the first sward of showery April. We have often fancied, when standing on some eminence that overlooked a wide stretch of woodland, we have seen such terraces along the sweeps of foliage as were too beautiful for anything excepting angels to walk upon.

We have now a great increase of flowers, and amongst them the graceful wood-sorrel — the true Irish shamrock — the trefoil leaves of which are heart-shaped, of a bright green, and a true weather-glass, as they always shut up at the approach of rain. The petals, which are beautifully streaked with lilac, soon fade when the flower is gathered, while the leaves yield the purest oxalic acid, and are much sourer than the common sorrel. Buttercups are now abundant, and

make the fields one blaze of gold, for they grow higher than the generality of our grasses, and so overtop the green that surrounds them.

Sweet woodroof now displays its small white flowers, and those who delight in perfuming their wardrobes will not fail to gather it, for it has the smell of new hay, and retains its scent a length of time, and is by many greatly preferred before lavender. This delightful fragrance is hardly perceptible when the plant is first gathered, unless the leaves are bruised or rubbed between the fingers; then the powerful odour is inhaled. The sweet woodroof is rather a scarce plant, and must be sought for in woods, about the trunks of oaks—oak-leaf mould being the soil it most delights in; though small, the white flowers are as beautiful as those of the star-shaped jessamine. Plentiful as red and white campions are, it is very rare to find them both together, though there is hardly a hedge in a sunny spot under which they are not now in bloom.

Several of the beautiful wild geraniums, commonly called crane's-bill, dove's-bill, and other names, are now in flower, and some of them bear foliage as soft and downy as those that are cultivated. Some have rich rose-coloured flowers, others are dashed with deep purple, like the heart's-ease, while the one known as herb Robert is as beautiful as any of our garden flowers.

Historical

May was the second month in the old Alban calendar, the third in that of Romulus, and the fifth in the one instituted by Numa Pompilius — a station it has held from that distant date to the present period. It consisted of twenty-two days in the Alban, and of thirty-one in Romulus's calendar; Numa deprived it of the odd day, which Julius Caesar restored, since which it has remained undisturbed.

The most receivable account of the origin of the name of the month is that which represents it as being assigned in honour of the Majores, or Maiores, the senate in the original constitution of Rome, June being in like manner a compliment to the, Juniores, or inferior branch of the Roman legislature. The notion that it was in honour of Maia, the mother by Jupiter of the god Hermes, or Mercury, seems entirely gratuitous, and merely surmised in consequence of the resemblance of the word. Amongst our Saxon forefathers the month was called Tri-Milchi, with an understood reference to the improved condition of the cattle under benefit of the spring herbage, the cow being now able to give milk thrice a-day.

It is an idea as ancient as early Roman times and still prevalent in Europe, that May is an unlucky month in which to be married.

To read more of Robert Chambers' *The Book of Days*, visit Emmitsburg.net.

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Emmitsburg High School May Day Queens

Ruth O. Richards

The vernal equinox had passed. Days were getting longer. Signs of the arrival of spring were everywhere. Spring peepers could be heard. The yellow heads of daffodils were nodding in the wind. The robins were building nests, and the buds of the lilacs were bursting. As a favorite Golden Book of my children said, "Everything is in a hurry when it's spring!"

Throughout the years, from the thirties until the closing of the Emmitsburg School in the sixties, springtime was often greeted by a joyful festival there. With intricate May Pole dances and ceremonial coronations of May Queens, the school shared with the community the magic of the season. Turning backward in time, we can almost see and hear the special moments of preparation:

For students and teachers alike, excitement is in the air. They are all getting ready for the May Day celebration.

"Under, over, under, over!" shouts Mrs. Scott, over the strains of "Country Gardens." What is going on? The sixth grade students are practicing the winding of the May Pole and Mrs. Scott isn't going to rest until it is done perfectly. The other elementary classes are practicing the dances prescribed by the Board of Education for the dance celebration in Frederick's Baker Park later in the month.

The members of the high school home economics classes have been working all year toward the day when each of the girls who has sewn a dress will walk across the stage in a Style Show that follows the outdoor crowning of the Queen of May. When will she again have the auditorium stage to herself as she shows off her handiwork, pointing out the details that helped to make her dress beautiful? When will she ever again have a whole auditorium full of onlookers to admire her?

Finally, after all the practicing

and the sewing, comes the day to choose a Queen — a senior girl, pretty, friendly, and cheerful. She will be chosen by the entire student body. But it's a secret. No one except the chosen girl herself will know who it is. She must tell her mother, though. She'll run to the phone to tell her the news. She'll need a beautiful white dress. Where will she get it? Emmitsburg? Gettysburg? Frederick? Will she or her mother make it?

Who will be the Queen? Will it be Mamie? Leeanna? Becky? Jeanne? Or one of the other girls who is also beautiful, friendly, and cheerful? The Queen will have to choose her court, girls from her class, and these girls must have as escorts young men from the senior class, all dressed in their finest.

As the great day approaches, other boys will gather flowers from all over the county — armfuls of lilacs and any other flowers in bloom. They will set up chairs in the auditorium and out of doors. They will borrow a pastoral chair from one of the churches in Emmitsburg. Don't forget the artificial grass and the arbor. Oh, but these boys are busy!

At last, the time has come. Parents and grandparents, sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles are all seated. The glee club sings; the band starts to play. Down the front steps of the school comes the beautiful Queen carrying a bouquet of fresh flowers, two first grade girls carrying her train, and behind them the court of the classmates that she has chosen.

As the Queen stands before the pastor's chair, now transformed into a throne, she is crowned by the principal, sometimes with a wreath of flowers, other times by a creation of the Art Department. She sits. More singing. The stage is set. Let the festivities begin.

The festivities do indeed begin. Music is furnished by both the glee club and the band. The dances are performed by the elementary

students, and as a finale, the May Pole is wound. The outdoor part of the celebration is over, and all of the celebrants and patrons accompany the Queen and her court into the auditorium for the Style Show. The Queen reigns over the Style Show from a corner of the stage. And to close out this memorable day, refreshments are served in the auditorium by the home economics classes.

All of the May Day celebrations with a few variations continued through the years. Altogether, there were 23 May Queens: six in the 30s, none in the 40s, eight in the 50s, and eight in the 60s. The first Queen was Mamie Kelly, 1932, and the last Queen was Connie Seiss in 1968. Connie closed out forever this welcoming of spring because the high school was moved to the present Catocin High School on the outskirts of Thurmont.

I asked Jeanne Sharrer Angleberger to contact as many "old" Queens as possible and ask them for memories of the occasion. Because most of these women had probably been in a previous May Day Style Show, I also wanted to know if they had made their dresses when they were May Queen. The answer to that question was "no." Most of them had bought their dresses in Gettysburg, Frederick, Hanover, or at Houck's on the Square in Emmitsburg. Of the others, one was borrowed, one was an altered borrowed dress, and one was made by the Queen's mother.

Some of the Queens' memories follow:

Leeanna Franklin, '34, remembered that she was surprised to have been elected Queen. She also remembered that her picture as Queen was in the *Baltimore Sun*.

Janet Hoke Schmidt, '36, sent a letter saying that the girls' basketball team won the Frederick County Championship that year. She also sent a picture showing Gladys Keilholtz and Jane Bollinger as two of her attendants.

Gladys Valentine Keilholtz, '37, remembers that she got her dress from a mail order catalog for \$5.00.

Phyllis Hahn Dickey, '39, especially remembers Mr. Jones, Charles and Jessie Eckenrode, and Mary Higbee.

Darlene Brewer, '53. Although Jeanne listed Doris Wastler as Queen for '52, Darlene said that her class revived the May Day celebration.

Becky Naill Kile, '59, remembers that the music for her processional was played from a recording through the first grade room's open window.

Jeanne Sharrer Angleberger, '62, felt very honored to be queen. May Day was sponsored by the Student Council as a climax to Courtesy Week. Jeanne was president of the Student Council.

Margie Masser Baker, '68, remembers being pleased her grandparents were there. She also remembers stumbling a bit as she ascended the throne.

Bonnie Saylor Hess, '66, remembers practicing in her winter coat. It was the first time she ever had her hair done in a beauty parlor.

Linda Keilholtz Umbel, '67, beamed when I talked with her. She had been very excited because her mother had also been a May Queen. "The best things that ever happened in our school were May Day and *The Sound of Music* production."

Connie Seiss Hahn, '68, remembers that that day was the last May Day celebration. It was held inside because it rained.

There have been many, many May Day celebrations over the years. The villages of England wound the May Pole every spring. In South Dakota when I was a child we hung May Baskets with flowers and candy on doors of our friends. Women in other places washed their faces in the morning dew so that their skin would be beautiful. And those that were chosen to be

May Queen were just as excited in the days of long ago as were the Queens of Emmitsburg High School. As Tennyson so aptly wrote:

*You must wake and call me early,
Call me early, mother dear;
Tomorrow'll be the happiest time
Of all the glad New-year, mother,
The maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May!*

[Please note: Jeanne Angleberger has given untold amounts of time in gathering the information about the May Queens. I could not have done this piece without Jeanne's unflagging energy and enthusiasm for the project. If I have omitted anyone who responded to Jeanne about that day, I apologize.]

May Queens:

1932	Mamie Kelley
1934	Leeanna Franklin
1935	
1936	Janet Hoke
1937	Gladys Valentine Keilholtz
1938	Nel Randolph Bollinger
1939	Phyllis Hahn Dickey
1940-48	No May Day Activities
1949	No graduating class
1950-'52	
1953	Darlene Brewer McCleaf
1954	Thelma Bollinger Miller
1955	Dorothy Fisher Favorite
1956	Jane Bollinger Nolan
1957	Myra Hess
1958	Sue Eyster
1959	Becky Naill
1960	Shirley Hahn
1961	Judy Kay Valentine
1962	Jeanne Sharrer Angleberger
1963	Sue McClain
1964	Diane Null
1965	Margie Masser
1966	Bonnie Saylor
1967	Linda Keilholtz Umbel
1968	Connie Seiss Hahn

Do you have your own memories of Emmitsburg of old? If so, send them to history@emmitsburg.net.

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Hand crank phone that once hung on the wall at the old Shank's Mill



44F was the number one gave the operator to contact Shank's Mill

“My phone number

*Greater Emmitsburg Area
Historical Society*

Occasionally, and becoming rarer by the day, you can hear one of Emmitsburg's senior citizens use Hillcrest-7 when asked their telephone number. Hillcrest, for those who don't know, was the designation given to the Emmitsburg phone exchange when dial-up service was introduced back in 1954. Eventually its use fell out of favor and it was replaced by the current “44”, a victim of society's never ending rush to throw out the old and make way for the new.

The “44” used with today's Emmitsburg phones still represents Hillcrest. The Hillcrest exchange, as was the case for all “named” exchanges, was dialed as “HI” which is “44”. This system was true for the entire Bell Phone Company. The third number “7” (447) was added as more phone customers were placed on line.

While most everyone agrees that having the ability to pick up a phone and dial anywhere in the world is wonderful, some do miss the nostalgic era of the switchboard operator, where your voice was instantly recognized and all you needed to say was “Gimme out home,” and you were connected to your house.

The first legal record that mentioned telephones was in 1895. In that year, the first telephone poles were installed in Emmitsburg, which were promptly ordered to be removed by the town government.

The first telephone was installed in Emmitsburg in 1882. Unfortunately for the early promoters of the local Emmitsburg phone company, few in town subscribed to the new service, and in 1891 it ceased operation.

On February 26, 1903, out of concern over the proliferation of power and telephone poles, the town passed Ordinance No. 104 which gave it power to regulate the placing of telephone poles and wires in the streets or alleys of the town. The ordinance, according to town

minutes, specifically prohibited poles on the main street of the town.

How early phones worked

In 1893, the first central office exchange with a common battery for talking and signaling began operating in Lexington, Massachusetts. This common battery arrangement provided electricity to all telephones controlled by the central office. Each customer's telephone previously needed its own battery to provide power. Common battery had many consequences, including changing telephone design. The big and bulky wall sets with dry batteries providing power and cranks to signal the operator could be replaced with sleek desk sets.

A basic manual switchboard for magneto telephones was provided with magnetically-released “drops” so that the operator would not have to watch constantly for the transient indication of a lamp or anything similar, and the calling line could be easily identified. A party desiring a connection would call the operator by several turns on the magneto, and the ringing current would release a drop at the switchboard. When a drop fell, the operator would plug the answering end of a patch cord into the jack. Then, she would manually close the “drop.” The caller would then tell the operator whom they wished to be connected to. The other end of the patch cord was then plugged into the jack for the called party, and the phone “rung” by the operator. When the called party answered, the connection was complete, and the conversation could take place. When the caller, or the called party, rang off, the drop would again fall, and the operator would remove the jacks connecting the two.

When a new common battery switchboard was installed, all the subscribers were able to reach the operator just by lifting the telephone handset. Telephone numbers became colorful, with the

party lines being referred to as red, green, blue and white. Most residence lines were shared by three or four families, but this situation was much better than what the rural subscribers endured. The rural farmer lines had eight-to twenty party service, and users were still required to crank the telephone in order to reach the operator.

The multiple-party farmer lines were quite special. The rural subscribers were reached by coded ringing. For example, someone's telephone number may have been two longs, a short and a long. To reach an individual, the operator or calling party would have to turn the crank on the telephone for two seconds, pause, turn the crank again for two seconds, pause, crank for one second, pause, then crank again for two seconds.

The long ring was considered a multiple of ten, i.e., two longs meant twenty. Using this rule, Bill Garner could give his family's ring of two long and two short as 22. While Polly Baumgardner Shank could give out her parents ring at their great Fort Henry mansion: two long and three short as 23. Of course, it was up to the operators to remember what party line to ring the number on.

This system of multiple-party lines, with coded ringing, had its own unique phone number system. The number for Thornton Rodgers (in the 1940s) according to his son, Don Rodgers, “was 134F4; ‘134’ indicated the line and the ‘4’ was the number of rings.” There were four homes on N. Seton Ave. on the line with the Rodgers' but four is not a large number compared to some who lived outside of town. Don had a good friend who lived outside of town and his number was 36F13. “That meant there were at least 13 people on the line all of whom could (and often did) pick up the phone and listen to your conversation. More important was the fact that if one phone out of the thirteen was

busy you couldn't get through and there wasn't anything you could do about it except, in an emergency, ask the operator to break in.”

If you were calling someone on your own line, you didn't need to go through the operator, but ring their “ring” directly. You only had to go through “central”, as the operators were called, if you wanted to call someone not on your line. People would call central with any kind of information, from death announcements, weddings, fires, accidents, and so on.

To connect to someone in another town, you had to tell the operator the town's name and the phone number of the person you wanted to connect to. If the town you were calling was local, the operator could connect to their counterpart in that town, and once they contacted the person being called, you were connected. If you were calling a distance town, you might have to be connected through several operators before your call was connected.

Whenever anyone on a party line would receive a call, everyone on the line knew it because his phone would ring as well. Everyone was able to quickly distinguish his ring without much effort. Anyone on the line could also “listen in” on the conversation and even participate.

If the operator received a call asking to be connected to “Hillcrest-X,” she knew it was an out-of-towner. The word would spread quickly, and others on the party line would pick up their receivers and listen in. “Of course,” Polly added with a smile, “I never did that. My mother, however, occasionally listened in, and one day she heard them talking about her listening in on phone calls. She laughed out loud upon hearing this, which of course gave her away.”

Listening in on other people's calls was considered impolite, but everyone suspected it was done. Ruth Richards, in her story, “The Women of Main Street,”

recounts that a “Miss Warthen, a most efficient woman, thought I was listening in on other people's conversations.”

The best time to listen, if you were so inclined, said Polly, was late at night. That's when all the boys would call their girlfriends. Unfortunately, you just couldn't pick up the phone and talk to her, but had to ring her...a ring everyone on the line could hear.

As Don Rodgers mentioned, party lines did have another down side, someone invariably was on them! When asked how this was resolved, Bill Gardener chuckled “You just picked up the phone and told the people talking you needed the line, and if they didn't hang up, you would tell them ‘Get off!’ You didn't mince any words or you would be forever waiting to get on.”

For Betty Gardner, the era of the old phone system is a nostalgic one. “I can picture myself in my grandmother's dining room where the phone hung on the wall at the foot of the back stairs.” Don refers to the “lack of privacy in the neighborhood.” Well, there was no privacy in the home either. And there was no whispering into the phone; you had to talk loudly and clearly. You may as well have had a speaker phone!

The era of switchboard service

The telephone exchange for the first phone company was opened in Emmitsburg in the Adolphus Harner building on West Main street in 1884. The switchboard operator was Mrs. Theresa Ziegler, the daughter of Mr. Harner.

When a second try was made at introducing telephone service to the town, the Harner building was once again selected. It remained this until 1921 when it was moved to the front room of the Felix house, 200 West Main Street (just west of the present Laundromat, which at the time was Troxell's Feed and Grain run by Chick, Hen and Peep Troxell).



Matches from the Green Parrot Tea Room



Location of the old phone office. Operator switchboard was in the downstairs room to the right.

er is Hillcrest 7...

The exchange was by the three Felix sisters, Anna, Nellie and Mary. The room quickly became a favorite gathering spot, as it was the one place you could go to get the very latest on who was doing what, with whom, and where they were doing it.

In a 1954 interview, Mrs. Nellie Felix Sullivan, one of the three Felix sisters, recounted some of her memories, "[When I first started], there weren't many telephones and there weren't many calls, and a lot of the time we had time on our hands. That idyllic existence changed though, as more phones were put into service as the demand increased. Eventually the one panel board, which had served for many years, had to be increased in size and another panel was added."

As a little girl, Polly Baumgardner would often wander out of her grandmother Helen Morrison's house (now the funeral home) and go next door to the Felix house, where she would sit quietly and listen to the operators talk. "At the time they had two switchboards. If things were slow, one girl would work both boards while the other girls would sit and chat with visitors. When things got busy, another girl would take a seat and they both worked together. They were constantly reaching across each other's boards, but they never seemed to get in each other's way."

The girls would time the length of each call with a clock, and the call's length noted in a legal ledger. At the end of every month your calls were totaled and a bill sent.

In the days of the switchboard, answering machines came in the form of your neighbors. They frequently helped each other by answering calls for one another. It was not unusual to have a neighbor tell you the person you were calling was making hay or had just driven by on his way to town.

The Felix girls and those that followed them, performed similar services for the businesses and

residents in town. From the window in the front of the house, the girls could monitor the coming and going of the town's residents. A calling party might be told by the one of the girls that the person he was calling was not in his office, but was seen going to Troxel's shop, so the call would be connected there. Mary Hoke remembers, "We were even told of calls that came for us when we happened to be out, if they were from a distance or important." Polly Shank can remember picking up the telephone and calling into the switchboard and asking to be connected to such and such. "The operators always knew who was in or out of town."

If the person being called didn't have a phone, then the person closest to them with a phone was called, and a message was left with them.

Another use of coded ringing was known as the line ring. Some of the consistent users of the line ring were grocers who would come to the telephone office each week to line ring each party line to give his grocery specials of the week. This same line call also was used to distribute news and call attention to special events:

"I remember standing next to my mom on the back porch of the farm," reminisced Polly, "listening to all the church bells ringing. Dorothy, my oldest sister, came racing up to the farm on a wagon pulled by two horses. I can still remember her pig tails flapping in the air she was going so fast. When she ran into the house, my mother told her to call the operator to see what was going on ... that's how we found out that the First World War had ended."

Businesses were the first to embrace the telephone, as it soon became a necessity of doing business, and depending upon where your business was located, you might have more than one line. Shanks Mill for example, had one line connecting them to the Emmitsburg switchboard, and

another connecting them to the Fairfield switchboard.

William Hays, in his shop at the end of the Emmitsburg Line, fondly remembers the switchboard era: "We had a telephone, although not in the house. It was in the shop. At the Exchange, the operator was Miss Nellie Felix, who lived some nine or ten houses down the street. Her switchboard was in the front room of her home, with her chair near the window, so as to be able to report whether or not a particular person was in town. Papa never really came to terms with the phone. He didn't ask for a certain number; he simply asked 'Miss Nellie' to get him the freight office, or the College or what have you."

"I recall one man from out of town, I think his name was Dick Stull, who would come to the shop and, while there, would use our phone. But, instead of trusting it to do its work, he thought he should shout loud enough to be heard without it. Apparently, the person on the other end was so stunned by the shouting that his attempt to answer never got through to Dick, and this resulted in his turning up the volume and ultimately to curse the damned thing 'to Hell and back.' It was a splendid performance."

"Then there was Miss Georgia Moore, who lived near the college. Miss Georgia had all sorts of problems, mostly minor household ones, and not necessarily limited to plumbing, but each of which led her to call the shop. If Papa answered, which he avoided if possible, dear Miss Georgia would tell him of some terrifying thing that had happened and would he come right away. Once she said that a strange man had just walked past her door, and asked what she should do and 'Please, Mr. Hays, you must come right away, etc., etc., etc.' At this point, Papa would, if he could spot one of us, hand the telephone over saying it was Miss Georgia and to just keep listening."

While business and town residents were well served, the cost of running a line to rural customers often far outweighed the return to the phone company, so it was up to rural residents to fend for themselves when it came to procuring phone service. John Fuss, in his story "The Life and Times of John and Helen Fuss," recounts how his father became:

"...involved in a business relationship with the telephone company. An association called the Locust Grove Telephone Company provided telephone services for eight subscribers in the Harney Road area. J. Rowe Ohler had been one of the founders. This line connected to the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company lines at the Taneytown Road. That company sent only one bill to the Locust Grove Telephone Company. When John moved to the Locust Grove farm, he was appointed head of the association. He received the bills from the telephone company and had to pay them in their entirety. Then he would have to collect from the individual subscribers. Sometimes the subscribers claimed they hadn't made the call and then John would either have to work it out with the telephone company or pay it himself. He did not relish this function."

Over the years, the Emmitsburg exchange saw many operators, in addition to the Felix girls. These included the wife of Thornton W. Rodgers, Lucy R. Bollinger, Inus J. Glass, Betty Ann Glass, Margaret V. Bouey, Darlene J. Brewer, Marian E. Boyle and Virginia Wageman.

The switch over to dial-up service

Through the years, as business increased, Emmitsburg remained an "agency office," that is, Mrs. Sullivan, hired, aided, handled business and was reimbursed by the telephone company. Only in 1953 did the office become company-owned, with the company paying

operators directly and employing the young ladies who handled the exchange.

Dial phone service in Emmitsburg officially went into effect on Wednesday morning, January 7, 1954 at 7:00 a.m. The old switchboard was replaced by modern switching gear located in a newly erected building at the intersection of Potomac Street and Chesapeake Avenue (the plain cinder block building behind the post office). The manual exchange passed out of existence on January 27, 1954.

Dial-up service brought with it the idea that one had a "phone number" not "ring." Three new exchanges were created to serve the area: HI (Hillcrest) to serve the residents of Emmitsburg and the areas to the east; HU (Hubbard) for residents along old Tract Road; and ED (Edgewood) for residents north of Emmitsburg along Route 15.

At first, it was not necessary to dial the first two letters of the exchange if you were calling someone locally, but only the last five digits. However, when dialing for long distance, the exchange letters had to be given. Only after further "improvements" were made did it become a requirement to use all 7 digits. Of course, today, after the most recent round of improvements, you have to dial 10 digits — or is it 11? — and cross your fingers that you did it right.

Frankly, if given the choice, I think it would be nice to just pick up the phone like Tom Gingell used to do and simply say "Nellie, Gimme out home!"

To learn more about the history of the people and places that shaped Emmitsburg, visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net.

The Historical Society invites everyone to join them at their next meeting, May 17, at 7 p.m. at the Emmitsburg library for a discussion of the great fire of 1963.

We're Not in Kansas Anymore, Toto

Katherine R. Au

I first saw the golden statue of Mary from Interstate 15 in 1992. I was coming to Mount Saint Mary's for an admission interview. I had decided to wear comfy clothes rather than my interview outfit for the 3 1/2 hour drive from home, and so as I approached the campus I was looking for a place to stop and change before heading onto campus. I had grown up around a college town and had my own expectations of how the community around the college could be, and so I was a bit surprised to drive up the interstate and not see any restaurants or anything else around campus. As I passed the campus, I saw the Getty Mart that is still there today, and so my first experience in Emmitsburg was stopping at the gas station and changing in the bathroom. Back then Mount St. Mary's was a college and not a university, there were a few less buildings on the campus, and the athletic center across the interstate was a wee bit smaller; but it still was, as it has always been, a center for education that is affiliated with the Catholic faith and although I knew this when I applied, it was still a surprise for me to see for the first time the statue of Mary overlooking the campus.

I was raised Protestant, and although I was thoroughly aware I had been accepted to a college that was Catholic, the time I attended my first mass provided for a new and interesting experience for me. The first time I went to a mass on campus was for our ring ceremony junior year and I found I was lost as

to what were the proper procedures — I didn't know most of the prayers or calls and responses and I wasn't sure when exactly to sit or stand (luckily, I was able to follow the lead of others who did know as most all of my friends were Catholic). The one prayer I did know was the Lord's Prayer, but it too, I soon found out, was a bit different than the one I had learned growing up, and although most all of it was the same, the few words that were different really did stand out to me at the time. I remember before attending the ceremony I was most worried about communion. Being raised Protestant meant communion was something only for certain days of the year like Easter or Christmas and it was a new experience to me that communion was offered with each mass. My biggest fear during the mass was that I would be the only one staying in the pews while communion was offered, but that of course was not the case and no one singled me out as the minority during the ceremony, so my fear was all for naught. I have since attended several masses during weddings or funerals, but none have ever been as much of a shock as that first mass during the ring ceremony.

My junior year at Mount St. Mary's was also the year that I branched out into the community of Emmitsburg. Although the campus is just a few minutes from the heart of Emmitsburg, sometimes it felt like it was a planet away from those of us on the campus, and I really knew nothing much about the community my first two years of college. During my junior year

I did an internship with Bo and Jean Cadle who ran the original Emmitsburg Dispatch. Bo and Jean Cadle had been gracious enough to accept me as a part of their team — I had no newspaper experience, but I did enjoy writing and I wanted to learn, and they encouraged me to get involved with the town of Emmitsburg and write about the community. I also learned quite a bit more about writing. I remember distinctly several discussions with their editor regarding commas — I wanted to put commas in here and there and she kept taking them out. And although I still carry some of the comma lessons with me today, I didn't just learn about where and when to use commas appropriately in journalistic writing — I learned a lot more about the ebb and flow of Emmitsburg and its community.

One of my assignments was to attend the town meetings. I think I learned more attending those meetings than if I had read a book on the community of Emmitsburg. Granted, the first couple of meetings I was a bit lost as I didn't know the background to much that was being debated, but as I kept going I got to learn the stories behind the stories that were being shared. There were the people who attended every meeting religiously, and not because they needed to since they were on the council, but because they were citizens concerned about their community and wanted to be aware of what may come, and wanted to participate in lending a voice to the decisions being made. And, there were folks that only came to specific meetings

for reasons of lending a voice or may voice to a specific proposal that they were interested in or involved with. The meetings were not just a social event, as truly important work was being done during each meeting, but I found that the town meetings were a way for citizens to tap into a social vein of Emmitsburg and stay abreast of where the town was heading and keep acquainted with whoever was trying to head the town in a direction.

I also went around the town talking to people for specific articles. I wrote about the Emmitsburg Ambulance Company and found that their 50th anniversary year was the same year I was scheduled to graduate. I wrote about a peaceful rally held in response to a Ku Klux Klan rally held in Thurmont. I wrote about the Up-County Family Support Center moving to a new building. I wrote about Emmitsburg being the site of the National Emergency Training Center and its association with FEMA. All the articles I wrote were merely snapshots of the community at that time and although I learned quite a bit about aspects of the community of Emmitsburg by writing the articles, what I enjoyed most were the people who included me in their lives while they shared their stories, triumphs, challenges, and insights. I discovered what a unique community Emmitsburg is, quiet and introspective in ways, and yet fully connected to the world at large in very profound ways — all of which I would have missed had I remained merely a student at Mount St. Mary's.

I am grateful for the semester I spent with Bo and Jean Cadle, and over the years at Mount St. Mary's I made connections with a few in the community of Emmitsburg that are still maintained, even today these many years later. I have a couple of very dear friends who live outside of town and I come to visit them as often as possible. And, each time I come up Interstate 15 and see Mary still watching over Mount St. Mary's, I smile and remember my surprise the first time I saw her. And, in many ways, she symbolizes to me how I learned more than what a college education could ever provide. For when I first saw her, I realized I was about to interview at a college that was associated with a faith completely different than any I had experienced before and what a new experience that would be. And, while attending the Mount under her watchful eye I learned to expand my own boundaries, to try new experiences, to look further than my own viewpoint, and look deeper into the community of which I was a part — all lessons I still value today. So, although there were moments I wanted to clap my ruby red heels together and wish for home, I am truly grateful for Mary's inspiration to keep walking on the yellow-brick road, no matter how strange or foreign it may seem.

Kate Au is a 1998 graduate of Mount St. Mary's University where she received degrees in English and History. Kate and her dog, Harry, currently call Upperville, Virginia home. To read other articles by Kate, visit the Authors section of Emmitsburg.net

Daily Life at the Mount

Ananda Rochita
Class of 2011

Rhetoric and Communications Major

The average Mount St. Mary's student usually wakes up, showers, eats, goes to class, eats again, goes to class again, nap, eat again, homework, and then to bed. However there are many things that go along in my personal schedule.

I am originally from California and the Mount is another place I can call my home. I came to the Mount in search of my own path and just to get to know a little bit about myself before heading into the "real world," aka the world where I can't call my mom when I need money or cry when someone denies me a job.

It is now the month of April. April always signified spring with love in the air and flowers blossoming to my friends. It's the complete opposite for myself. Have you ever seen people that seem to have those heart attack sneezes when they walk with their loved one around a park and bring a box of Kleenex with them wherever they went? Well that's me. I'm not lucky in the love department nor have I ever found love in the spring. I may blame that on my ability to sneeze continuously for about half an hour straight and call the attention of the hottest boy on campus to look at me, laugh, then walk away and make fun of me.

It also doesn't help that my school basically holds ten people and my encounter of the "hot boy" would be on a facebook status stating "hot boy" is laughing at the girl that stood by herself in the corner of the AC (academic building) sneezing herself into winter."

Even though I do hate the springtime, there aren't many seasons that do well with me. Summer hates me and I end up sweating eight gallons of sweat from my body, which not only causes me to load up on anti-perspirant, but also causes sweat stains on each part of my body. Attractive, I must say. Not only do I become the "sweaty girl," I also spend three times as much money on anti-perspirant that doesn't even work. Summer just loves me and loves my money as well.

As for winter, I do somewhat enjoy that. I love the snow and I've always had the image of snow being associated for being romantic. Couples, young and old, would walk around while it's snowing, wearing peacoats and talking about life while sipping hot chocolate. But the reason for that may be the chick flicks I choose to watch every night before I go to bed, which have a huge effect on my interpretation of relationships. I also don't know how to operate well during the winter. I always seem to be the girl out of my group of friends who

overloads on jackets and mittens, using an umbrella when it snows. A typical winter morning attire for me would be a sweatshirt, a North Face jacket, and a peacoat with jeans and mittens and doubling on socks. I would also slip a minimum of two times while walking to class and fall at least once a day while wearing a white jacket resulting in mud across the side of it.

As for a season that I could not go wrong with is fall. I do enjoy the fall, because school is beginning to start and also golf season at the Mount. I also have better luck in the fall with school and also people. I'm not so bitter and don't go through tantrums over the mud on my clothes and I can hold eye contact without sneezing every other second. Fall does love me and I also love it.

However, today is an April Tuesday morning. I wake up to the sounds of an unknown noise, which I blame on aerial noise in the distance and also to the ear-splitting noise of an old grandfather clock. I drag myself to the bathroom, which I share with my two good friends. After I wash my face, I brush my teeth and put my contacts in. I then grab my scale from below my bed and weigh myself, because every Tuesday that is what I do. I check to see I have gained yet another three pounds and decide to head to the gym after my 9:30 Philosophy class.

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THE (RETIRED) ECOLOGIST: Of Trees and Life

Bill Meredith

March, if you define it as the windy month, came early this year. It started in the middle of February, when we had a windy period that lasted several days and produced gusts in the range of 40 mph. After a few days to recover, the cycle was repeated and re-repeated well into what really was March. On one particularly windy Thursday, after the garbage crew had finished their appointed rounds on Lincoln Avenue, the garbage cans apparently decided collectively to bolt for freedom before their owners had a chance to bring them in. Encouraged by a westerly wind of 35 mph or more, the cans rolled merrily off down the road past the pool, clattering gleefully to each other as they bounced off parked cars and speed bumps, frightening dogs and cats, and ignoring stop signs with abandon. Owners eventually recaptured most of them, but one particularly exuberant can managed to vault over the chain-link fence into the playground of the elementary school, where it basked in the sun for the next week or so before being hauled back into servitude.

Garbage cans may have enjoyed it, but the wind was a more serious matter if you were a tree. As I drove around the local countryside, some of the woodlands looked like war zones. Limbs were broken off, trunks were split, and whole trees were uprooted where the ground had been softened by frost-heaving. Much of the damage will be long-lasting; insects and fungi will enter where branches broke and bark was stripped away, and tissues that are now healthy will rot over the coming years. The worst damage was in places where formerly open areas such as roadsides and abandoned farms are being colonized by the succession process that leads toward a forest ecosystem. The trees found in these areas include species such as locust, silver maple, tree of heaven and mulberry; they grow fast, and often have shallow roots that make them prone to fall over, or soft wood that is easily broken. These species usually do not live a long time anyway; eventually they will be crowded out by native hardwoods like oak, beech and hickory, which have stronger trunks and root systems. Wind and ice storms are normal components of the environment; the trees that will make up the permanent forests must be able to survive them. But even the oaks sustained damage; broken limbs that heal will give them the gnarled character that we associate with old trees. Eventually they too will surrender to wind or disease; it just takes longer. Nothing lives forever.

Around 1970 we planted 300 white pine and 200 Scots pine seedlings in the field behind our house. It seemed like a good idea at the time; I envisioned a stand of stately trees providing habitat for birds and wildlife, and my wife dreamed of making a fortune in the Christmas tree business. But it was not a good place for pine trees; the shallow red clay soil was too wet over most of the area. The Scots pines quickly



One white pine got a head start and outgrew all of its neighbors, and that proved to be its undoing.

succumbed to disease; only one or two still survive, with their bark scaled off to reveal a sickly orange color. The white pines did a little better; at the upper end of the field where the soil is well drained, they grew well, but at the lower end

“Now is the winter of
our discontent made
glorious summer....”

Shakespeare, Richard III

where the soil is waterlogged, they died. The effect was so striking that I used to bring my ecology classes in to see them; we would measure the trees from the top of the slope to the bottom and make a graph of their height, which correlated perfectly with the water content of the soil.

At the upper end of the field one white pine got a head start and outgrew all of its neighbors, and that proved to be its undoing. Being tallest, it was exposed to the worst of the wind, and it was uprooted by the

“I will go to my shop and
make me a bowl, and only I
will judge its beauty, and only
those I love will share it.”

*Vannevar Bush,
Pieces of the Action*

February windstorm. Its diameter at ground level was 15 inches and its circumference was 50 inches. Its height was harder to measure precisely because the top got caught in another tree and broke off when it fell; as best I could determine, it was around 70 feet tall. Looking at it as it lay there on the ground, I reflected that growing almost two feet per year in less than ideal conditions was a respectable achievement.

Respectable, perhaps, but not remarkable; white pines can grow more than 3 feet per year when soil and climate are ideal. They are reported to attain the greatest height of any tree east of the Rockies. The tallest living specimen, the

“Boogerman Pine” in the Great Smoky Mountain National Park, is 188 feet tall; it was 207 feet before its top broke off in a hurricane in 1995. White pines cut from virgin forests in colonial times were said to reach 230 feet, and to be over 400 years old. And, of course, Paul Bunyan claimed trees in Michigan that were hundreds of feet taller....

In Shakespeare's play, Richard III is using winter and summer as metaphors for his own prospects for becoming king when he speaks of “the winter of our discontent.” I recall President Kennedy using that phrase in a news conference when asked about some political event that had not turned out as he had hoped, and many other people have used it more or less correctly. But trees are literalists, and not much given to metaphors. To them, every winter is a time of discontent, and summers with their droughts and pests are not much better; spring is their time to celebrate. If the tallest tree is king, the pines in my field will look at their fallen monarch and say, “The king is dead; long live the king,” and pass the crown on to the next-tallest one in the grove. Then they will get on with life and enjoy spring while it lasts.

Looking at my pine tree, my thoughts went back to 1940. I was learning to whittle with my first pocket knife, and white pine wood from orange crates was the ideal material to work with. I reminisced about assorted cut fingers and wooden chains that never got more than three links long before breaking; and then my mind segued to Vannevar Bush, who was President Roosevelt's science advisor during the Manhattan Project. Bush liked to putter with a lathe in his shop, and when writing of his approaching retirement in his autobiography, he probably came as close to poetry as an engineer can hope to. I quoted the line at the head of this column at my own retirement dinner, and the fallen pine tree brought it back again. So as soon as the ground dries out enough, I will cut a slice from the base of the trunk and take it to my shop, and I will make me a bowl. Pine is not the best wood for turning, but with patience it can be used; and with luck, it might even be beautiful. If it is, those I love will share it.

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Thoughts of Mushrooms

“In the spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.”

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Donna Sterner

Everybody knows the finish to that. But when I was a little nipper, my dad’s fancy turned to mushrooms. That’s right... MUSHROOMS! We would watch eagerly for the crocus, and then the robin and then my mom’s tulips, daffodils and narcissus flowers so lovingly tucked into the ground the previous fall and covered with Mother Nature’s rich blanket of soil. It was something my adopted mom, Mary Needy, did every year until her eyes went out in the late sixties. After that she would supervise my adopted dad, Gilmore Needy, making sure that each flower went into exactly the right place. She was legally blind for the rest of her life but she never lost the flair for beauty. But I digress. Let me get back to the mushrooms.

Dad would scout for the May apples, those lush green plants that look somewhat like a shredded umbrella. When they began to open and cover the woods floor with little lakes of green, it was time to look for just the right stick, grab a sack of some sort and head off into the woods to hunt mushrooms. Nowadays the chefs on the Food Network will tout the rich woody flavor of the high-priced morel mushroom. It’s three to four bucks for a 3-ounce pack of dried morels. The fresh can go for hundreds a pound in some markets! They’re the American equivalent of the truffle and just as elusive. And, like the truffle, there were two prized colors. The blond honeycomb was found primarily around fruit trees. My adopted grandmother, Mary Motter, particularly favored the ones we found around apple trees. The color was like golden honey and they were slightly fruity in flavor. The coffee-colored brown ones were more common, found in the woods next to our house and up around Rainbow Lake. There were honeycombs and the common dogleg mushroom that was mostly stem with a little brown cap that looked like the hair of Moe Howard of Three Stooges fame.

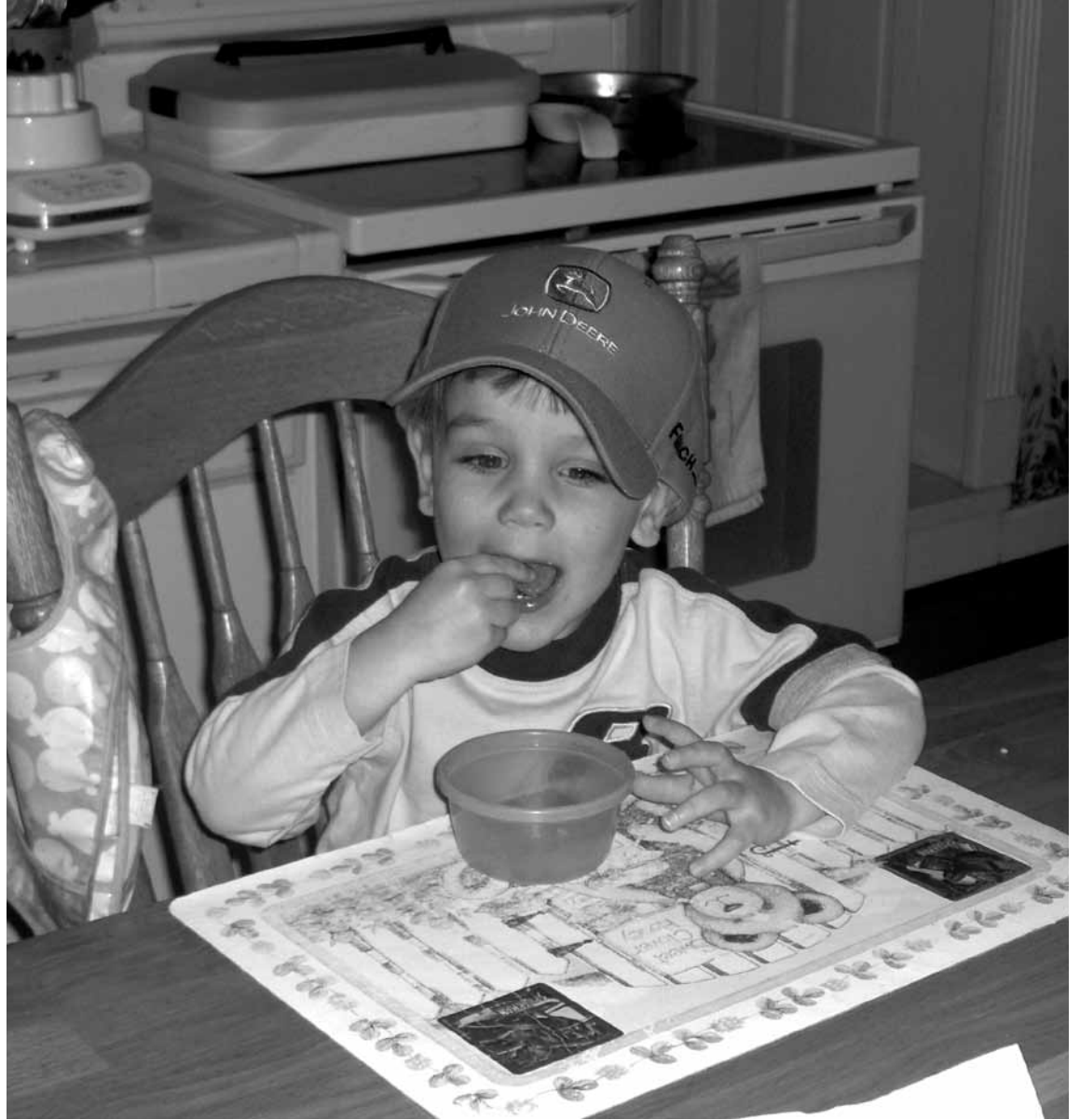
My dad would carefully search for just the right stick, even if he had to cut one for each of us. It had to be just right in length and girth. He always made a big deal of the stick and of how to use it properly. It was technically a magic wand. You used it to carefully brush aside the ground cover and dead leaves and the mushrooms would magically pop up to reveal themselves. To a little kid, it was power. And I knew from a very early age that mushrooms clustered. If you found

one there were more in a circular pattern. It was every bit as much fun as an Easter Egg hunt. There was also the chance that you’d find more than mushrooms. One year my dad uncovered an old buggy spring from 1905 in the woods right across from Rainbow Lake. It was so cool!

The goal was always to find a gallon or more. My mom’s cousin, also our neighbor, Eddie Wantz, always got more. Maybe he had a better magic wand. Maybe he just had a nose for mushrooms. But it didn’t matter because the fun was in the hunt and hunt we did so we could bring home the prize. If we got more than a gallon Mom would carefully wash them and put them into the old half gallon paper milk cartons and place them in our big chest freezer down in the basement. Then we would have mushrooms whenever we wanted until the supply ran out and the cycle would start over. I loved those times with my dad. Sometimes we’d spot a fawn and its mother grazing peacefully in the woods and we’d stop and go silent so as not to frighten them. Other times the woods’ silence would be split by the squeal of excitement from the little girl who’d just found the first mushroom of the season. Dad would never be out of sight but he would rush to my side to help share in the mother lode of morels that we knew was under the next leaf. Sometime it was there, sometimes it wasn’t. It was the luck of the draw and time well spent together.

Even if we only found a sackful, we’d rush back home. Mom would carefully take the root off each prize, split them and soak them in water for up to a half an hour. All the little bugs and silt would float out and she’d rinse them and heat up her trusty old cast iron frying pan. A big hunk of butter, sometimes the good stuff from Castle Farms Dairy, would sizzle in the pan and the mushrooms would follow. Nothing has ever tasted as good as that fresh mushroom sandwich. Now they are used to accent a steak or an omelet. But back then, they were lunch all by their little selves. The texture, the flavor and the fun of the hunt... nothing can come close. And unlike a snipe hunt, you actually brought the prize home from a mushroom hunt — if you were lucky. And I got exercise doing it and quality time with the dad who taught me to fish, shoot a .22 rifle and ride a bike on the old go cart track on the other side of Route 15. I can sit here and gripe about how bad things are these days, but then I’d turn into my grandparents. I prefer to relive the good times in the video album that is my mind. Which would you prefer to do? Think about it.

Editor’s Note: Donna Sterner was born and raised in Emmitsburg. While she physically resides in Dallas Texas, her heart still resides in Emmitsburg.



Gavin — the little man with the big appetite

TODDLERS IN TOW

Please Don’t Feed the Animals

Layla Watkins

First let me say, I love my children. Both are sweet, smart, funny, loving, and beautiful kids. That said, they each have their own, shall we say “challenging” characteristics. Kara is typically the temperamental one — she can go from giddy to grizzly bear in the blink of an eye. On the other hand, she has always been very good about following the rules and staying out of trouble. Gavin is the laid-back one. Not much rattles him and if it does, he gets over it pretty quickly. But he likes to test the limits and tends to be more adventurous than his big sister. Lately, though, Gavin has taken “adventurous” to whole new heights — it seems my son has officially become...a boy.

Gavin’s metamorphosis began so gradually that I didn’t even realize what was happening. We went from “Gavin, please sit on the cushions, not the arms of the couch” to “Gavin, you sit on the couch — we don’t jump on it” to “GAVIN! Stop jumping off the back of the couch!” Yes, I know, couch-jumping is a skill that all children must master, hopefully without any broken bones. It’s the other “skills” he’s working on that have me pulling my hair out.

At first it was really cute. One morning I was upstairs helping Kara get ready for school. I heard Gavin downstairs in the kitchen but didn’t think much of it. When Kara and I walked into the kitchen, Gavin was oh-so-proudly smiling at us. He’d laid the placemats out on the table, gotten the Cheerios and the milk out, and even had the bowls ready. “Oh Gavin, you made breakfast! Thank you sweetie! What a

great helper you are!” In hindsight, I think that was my first mistake — I had inadvertently encouraged my budding chef. The next morning, he did it again. But this time, he decided to *open and pour* the cereal, which wouldn’t have been so bad if he’d tried to pour it into bowls. Instead, he poured the whole box all over the table and floor. Hmmm, maybe it was time to replace that broken latch on the cereal cabinet.

With the cereal cabinet out of play, the poor child had to find something else for breakfast. And what could possibly go better with milk than...cookies! This time, Gavin had taken every single cookie out of the cookie jar, lined them up along the counter, and was eating his way down the line just as happy as could be. Oh boy, I better find another place for the cookies.

The next morning, I’m on my way downstairs for coffee — Gavin is awake and in his room. I poke my head in and he says “Mommy, I got you a candy bar!” Uh-oh, this can’t be good. The night before, my husband Wayne had opened a bag of Hershey’s Miniatures, eaten two or three, and put the bag on the top shelf of the top cabinet — right next to the newly “hidden” cookies. I get downstairs, open the cabinet, and find FIVE minis left in the bag! Gavin had single-handedly eaten almost an entire bag of chocolate! To his credit though, he threw all the empty wrappers in the trash. And yes, he really did get one for me — there was a mini Mr. Goodbar waiting for me in his room. I told Gavin that while I appreciated the gesture, what I really wanted was for him to stop getting into stuff and that it just

wasn’t safe for him to be climbing on chairs and countertops. “OK, mom.” Since I’d heard that one before, I added a new latch to that cabinet. Now it would be perfectly clear that I didn’t want Gavin to “make breakfast” for me anymore.

The next morning, Gavin didn’t make me breakfast — he made breakfast for “Cow-Socks” and “Guy-Guy,” his favorite stuffed animals. And what a feast it was! There on the table were three half-eaten frozen Eggos complete with butter and syrup, peach yogurt, meatloaf, a frozen pizza, and the chocolate lollipops I’d made for Kara’s birthday party (lucky for him, he didn’t get them opened!).

Oh, dear God, now he’s feeding his stuffed animals!

That night, we pulled the baby gate back out and blocked off the kitchen. That worked until he figured out how to take the gate down, at which point “Pooh” and “Geoffrey” joined the party. The “five” of them proceeded to eat an entire tub of whipped cream, half a bowl of tomato soup, and a cheese stick.

Let’s just say I know when I’ve been beaten — this is one of those times. I’ve started leaving a snack out for Gavin and his party animal friends. Tonight, in hopes that he stays out of the Jell-O, I’m putting out some animal crackers.

Update: For those of you who read last month’s column, Kara’s birthday party turned out to be a lot of fun. We had 14 beautiful little princesses laughing, smiling, and eating lots of cake. Happy Birthday, Princess Kara! Mommy loves you!

A TEEN'S VIEW

"You're Sixteen...What Do You Know?"

April Hildebrand

I often hear the remark, "She is sixteen years old; she knows everything. Didn't you know?" I cannot express how much anger rises inside of me when I hear that line! It's like fingernails on a chalkboard, or the little dog yelping all night long in the next apartment over. "I remember when I was sixteen, I definitely knew everything," they say, followed by a smirk and a sarcastic chuckle. Some parents just assume we have the mindset of arrogance and cockiness, when really we are only actually beginning to express our opinions and learning to become young adults. Then there are those parents who have so many rules their teens become rebellious. These are the stereotypical out-of-control teens who dye their hair purple, yellow, and green and pierce their bodies multiple times.

On several occasions when dealing with parents or adults in general, I have tried to justify my own opinion, but got looked down upon because, "What do I know? I am only a teenager." I often wonder if I expressed the same opinion the day I turned eighteen, would that suddenly make it a knowledgeable fact, because as of one hour before I had become an official adult? People assume that because we are young, we are immature and unreasonable, when really some of us are extremely smart and may in fact know what we are talking about. What a crazy concept! I know, but it's true.

Relax, you may have to sit down for this. Are you one of those adults, when a teen says something to you, you disagree with her, you laugh because, "...oh, what does she know anyway? She's so young." Let's say your daughter came home and said, "Mom, Dad, guess what?!" "Yes, Dear?" "A fruit is an ovary of a tree!" What is your immediate response? You laugh, you wonder where she heard such a thing. You think, "Well, we don't eat ovaries; that's just taboo," and you disagree with her, saying she is wrong. And now you are chuckling because you are realizing if your daughter came home and told you a fruit was an ovary of a tree... you would have a similar reaction — well, if you didn't already know this! (Yes, it is true!). But she goes to bed with a

frown on her face because she really thought her opinion was justified and true, but you told her it wasn't and she is confused.

And then there's the rebellious teen, who shuts himself out and turns the music up and if you approach him he slams the door in your face. Obviously, he was once a young, innocent boy, but over a matter of months he has turned into an unapproachable madman. So maybe he won't ever be so young and innocent again, but it's not impossible to re-establish a relationship. Sometimes, parents don't realize that they shut their children out even though it's purely unintentional. The teen comes to them with the truth one night, and it's something the parents really don't want to hear: "Mom, I am sexually active... Mom, I got drunk last night... Dad, I think I might want to get my belly button pierced!" The parent immediately resorts to yelling and punishment, rather than handling it in a more appropriate fashion, which may be talking it over and reaching an AGREEMENT, so it's not such a one-way street. By continuing the yelling pattern, soon your teen just won't tell you anything and will lie about everything they do.

So there are some parents thinking, "Well, my teen never came to me with the truth, not even once." Some teens are so scared of a negative reaction, they start off lying and cheating their way around things. The major problem? There are too many rules. So where is the fine line between too many rules and not enough? There should be a few major rules, rather than nit-picking little ones like, "no sleeping past 10 a.m. or you can't stay at Johnny's house because we have church in the morning." Rules to be expected may be the following, "Curfew is 12, no drinking, no illegal activities." Another major problem is when the rules are broken, parents don't make themselves approachable. If your teen DOES happen to drink and needs a ride home, wouldn't you rather pick them up than have them attempt to drive home? But they are too scared to call you because the consequence is grounding and isolation from society for two months.

People always say watch and

learn from other people's mistakes. Honestly, how many times has that been successful, particularly concerning teens? We need to make our own mistakes and learn on our own. So parents make all these rules preventing these minor mistakes which lead to larger ones. Petty rules intensify the problems because it just makes the teen want to break them, because they feel the rules are unjustified. The parent says, "Well, I got in trouble for drinking when I was a child," but what the parent doesn't understand is that the kid needs to learn on his own. We won't learn from "your mistakes."

Yes, we realize that we are young, we still live under our guardians' roof, and we haven't been thrown into the "real" world yet, as you all call it. However, that does not mean that sometimes, even 1% of the time, we are wrong just because you're older than we are and we are not adults yet. For example, just the other day I was expressing my opinion that antibiotics aren't meant to harm us, but help us when we are ill, so if the medication happened to spill on the floor, it wouldn't harm any living organism in the household. The immediate response? "Ha ha, oh that's right! I forgot you know everything because you're sixteen!" And what can I do? Absolutely nothing. I have to stand there and take the insult, another blow to my intelligence level. The situation sparks my interest and I wonder how many other teens this has happened to. If I were to argue back, I might spend a night in my room, thinking about "what I did wrong." And I wonder, "Was I just looked down on? No, I was *punished* for saying something mildly intelligent." What is that teaching me? I am learning to be a passive person, to put up with being told my thoughts mean nothing, and that I am not smart. Okay, so that's only one example. Another? I am currently looking for an internship at a law firm. I get some phone calls, they ask some questions and then they find out I'm a high school student. The phone goes silent. They don't want me as an intern because I am not as smart as the college "adults."

Now, not all adults are like this. Some adults such as our teachers,

coaches, or others recognize us for our intelligence and appreciate us for who we are becoming. They give us positive reinforcement, which is what we truly desire and which encourages us to be the best we can be. One day (maybe) we will learn to laugh about being insulted for our age, because it's the role of society, but as of right now, its horrible! We are constantly being nagged about how we don't know anything because we don't pay the bills and we don't deal with the events of life. Hello! Wake up! Have we not been learning for the last 10–12 years of our school life? We're observing adults' financial management and being taught ways to be successful? The people who are managing the events of life and finances, who are often the ones nagging, are the ones who shape our

lives the most and who teach us ways to be successful. We take after them, so in a sense, they are insulting not only us but themselves as well!

I hope I speak for at least some teens. Blame cannot be pointed at just one particular group of people, but at society as a whole because it simply doesn't know how to handle us. The whole idea of adolescence is a relatively new concept that the world is still adjusting to. Before there were adults, and children, not much of an in-between. Society can't decide if we're childish, mature, smart, dumb, wrong, right, adults or children. But please, adults, do make an effort to accept us as intelligent young people like you once were. And for those who have been using positive reinforcement from the get-go, keep up the good work!



April Hildebrand



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Effective Parenting: Cycles of Life

Zenas Sykes

May—The Character building for the month is Self Discipline: mental, moral and physical training in order to improve ourselves. The Activity for the month is Play: to keep our inner child active!

One by one, their postures so straight, so tall; their heads proudly looking straight ahead; smiles on every one of those little faces; dressed in their best Sunday outfits, the five and six year olds moved slowly to the center of the stage. A few of the more shy ones glanced nervously around. Although, really, there was no need for being nervous at this moment. All the children had been up on this stage in the past and had seen the sea of smiling faces out in the crowd before. Why, it wasn't that long ago that they had been up here singing their hearts out in the Easter program. And not too far beyond Easter was the Christmas show, where having dressed up in the clothing of the era, they all stood on this very stage to celebrate the new baby King Jesus.

Yes, all of their families, including parents, brothers, sisters and even grandparents, had shown up to share in this moment on stage. But this moment was different. *Very different.* For this time these five and six year olds were on stage to celebrate their own achievement. This was their time to shine. A cycle of life had reached its zenith. They had each spent what seemed

like an eternity improving their minds. Learning about A and B and C, not to mention x and y and z. Knowing how many were 1 and 2 and 3. And the difference between red and orange and yellow and gold and indigo and blue and violet. Lessons about sharing with others, washing your hands after you go to the bathroom, holding hands when crossing the street, remembering to say please and thank you, being kind, respecting your parents, saying your prayers before meals and going to bed, and most of all, taking time to smile some each day. Lessons from kindergarten that we so easily forget. Simple lessons that when used on a daily basis give all of us a moment to shine at our best.

With all the improvements to their little minds, each of them was taking their next step. They were graduating for the very first time! No more being known simply as "the kinderkids," they were now off to "big kid" school. First grade was waiting for them. Now was their time to take center stage, walk to the podium, adjust the microphone and announce what their life's work would be. I am not sure who needed the reassurances more, the graduating class, or their parents out in the audience. "Will my child be able to stand up there in front of this crowded auditorium and tell us what is in their heart?" was in the thoughts of every parent.

"A Fireman," was the response

from the first in line, chosen to be first in line because his last name started with an "A." Next came "a kindergarten teacher," "a scientist," "a balloon man," "a nurse," "a doctor," "a dentist," "a zookeeper," but the crowd came unglued when in the tiniest of voices, a very proud little girl, stood up to the microphone and spoke eloquently, "When I grow up, I am going to be a mommy!" Oh if you could only have seen the face of her proud mother sitting out there in the audience. First it was a gasp, then, with hands clasped over her mouth, a slow glistening in her eyes. Her husband's arm gently clutching her shoulder, while he too moistened up a bit. What a proud moment for that family.

For the better part of the next half hour, the parents and families in the audience witnessed what their graduating kindergartners planned to do with the rest of their lives; a librarian, a race car driver, a carpenter, a cook, a priest, a mechanic, a superhero, a mermaid, lots of dolphin trainers, horse trainers, truck drivers and on and on, each of those young men and women divulging their plans for how they were going to bloom into God's plan. Yes, they all had the courage to speak their hearts' intentions. Each of those young men and women were looking so brightly towards tomorrow, a tomorrow when all the passions inside would erupt into a presentation to the world at large.

And here all along I thought my duties as a parent had to do with teaching how to drive a car, plan finances and get married. Boy, how wrong I was. Those duties pale in comparison to what it takes to bring out the glory God has planted in each of His children. For every one of the children up on the graduation stage was setting out on a course that would ultimately result in their being just as God intended. Our real mandate as parents is very much like an Easter egg hunt. Consider each egg being potential within our child. As we discover the egg, think of our surprise at finding the potential and then think about our actions needed to nurture that potential to its full potential.

Some kids take years to discover what their real potential is. Some wake up one morning and just "become." In either case, as parents we need to supply the basics necessary for development. Love in the form of shelter, food, clothing, and lots of hugs when their knees get skinned or feelings get shattered. Even the lessons learned back in kindergarten have a place in their ongoing development. Be kind, share, say please and thank you.

Parenting never really does end. There is always some child out there, whether 3 or 73, just waiting to reach the next hill climb. And there is a parent in all of us, waiting to either catch the child falling off, or just help in dusting them off. "Hey,

you ok? You looked great up there! Get back out there and try again!"

But let's get back to the graduation. Life is a never-ending cycle of starting at the bottom, climbing a hill to its top, then falling back down to start all over again. Over and over again. More cycles for some of us, fewer cycles for others. Each time we pick ourselves up, dust ourselves off and get back to life, doing things just a bit different till we get it right. Being disciplined to sharpen that part of our self in need. Once we get it right, we climb to the top of the hill where its time to graduate again.

It's been a long time since ours were up on that stage, telling the world what they would grow up to be. For us, this graduation cycle is about high school and college. Our moment of truth is at hand as well. Did we spend the last umpteen years loving enough? Did we have enough of the right discipline to teach, train, and coach our children into being ready for their own set of cycles? Perhaps it is really we that are on stage now. Graduating as parents, reaching the top of our hill. And if we didn't get it just right.

I look lovingly at my wife. You all know "that look." "Now dear," she whispers into my ear ever so softly, "that's what grandparenting is all about!"

To read other articles on parenting by Zenas Sykes, visit the Authors section of Emmitsburg.net

The Personality of the Catoctin Mountains

Barbara Anderson

Moving to Emmitsburg made for a big change of environment for me. If you will, it was a "kinder, gentler" atmosphere (to quote a former president). The roar of traffic and the honking of horns were replaced by the sound of the breeze through the trees and the chirping of birds. One of the first nights I was here, I couldn't sleep because of the crickets chirping. The next morning some of the folks attending Mass talked about being kept awake the night before because of the sound of the jet protecting Camp David. I didn't even hear the plane.

I'm a city girl. I was born and raised around Baltimore and am very comfortable with the sounds and sights of the city. For me, the "mountains" are the buildings rising up in the distance as you approach from I-95. So, the Catoctin Mountains provide a very new experience for me. Each season seems to bring a different personality to them. They take on a different character with each turn of the calendar page.

I was officially appointed here at St. Anthony Shrine and Our Lady of Mount Carmel parishes in August of 2007. As I was driving along Route 15 the mountains seemed to guide my way north. Follow the curve of the mountains was the message. And as I arrived I realized that my new home was right at the base of the mountain range that I had been following.

In the fall of that year, the colors were muted but still shown forth

from the mountainside. Apparently there hadn't been much rain that summer and so the leaves weren't as bright in their waning days as they can be. But even so, the colors made such a difference. The mountain was still guiding me north, but was also saying stop, look at the backdrop being provided. Take a long look now because soon there will be nothing to see.

However, in the winter the bareness of the trees provided still a new character for the mountain. I saw the various houses and other structures that had always been there but had been hidden by the foliage. The mountain held hidden treasures of life that I hadn't seen before. This new awareness helped me to appreciate a season that has always been a struggle for me. Even more than a city girl, I'm a southern girl. I always say I was born too far north and I was born in Baltimore, certainly not considered a "northern" city. Cold weather is contrary to my idea of life. But life goes on and even when you are not aware of it, life exists. Not only exists, but thrives!

The first time I drove over the mountain, I gained an even better appreciation for all that is there. I felt as if I were entering a different world but one that was familiar. Driving through the park I noticed the streams and creeks that helped supply life to all creation on the mountain. The gentleness of the water flow echoed the pace that I wanted to embrace. I was surprised to find homes and farms embedded there. There was a randomness to

what I saw that was very different from the housing developments I had grown up with.

Before I knew it spring had arrived and once again the mountain took on another persona. New life was appearing and different colors made the view look like a Monet painting. Pinks, purples, greens, blues, and yellows were everywhere. The flowers and trees revealed a hopefulness of new beginnings. Animal life was abounding with baby birds, chipmunks and more lady bugs than I had seen in my lifetime. But this was my season. The mountain had once again changed and with it my perspective on life here in Emmitsburg. My own life was changing with my new ministry and responsibilities. What was ahead of me was full of the promise of new life. Change was the order of the season and opportunity was there for the taking.

Summer came and the mountain seemed to settle in. The trees maintained a coolness that was a refreshing contrast to the seasonal heat. While coolness in a person is often seen as a negative, the mountain was welcoming with its revitalizing atmosphere and challenging paths. The summer was very different in the shadow of the mountain. It projected laziness with a purpose. It seemed to say, relax in my shade and enjoy the re-creation that is plentiful. Take advantage of all that I can provide in this time of play and vacation.

Since I had been here for a full year and had experienced all the seasons I thought I was prepared

for what I had seen the year before but life and the mountain still held surprise and beauty. This fall was a very different one for me. My mother had a severe stroke and died early in November. As I was driving back from Baltimore to pick up some things I needed for the visitation and funeral I was driving a different route than the one I had taken a year before. I had learned the back roads through Libertytown and Woodsboro. I enjoyed the twists and turns of the roads and this particular trip allowed me to reflect on the twists and turns my life had so recently taken and was about to take. As I approached Creagerstown I was struck by the myriad of colors that had taken over the trees on the mountain that was looming before me. It was as if a huge quilt had been laid over the peaks providing a sense of comfort and tranquility. The colors were ablaze with the ending of life but there was a peaceful quality that had also accompanied my mother's passing. Once again the mountain was speaking to me of life and experience. It seemed to reflect my emotions.

Winter has come and gone and spring has once again sprung (though it seemed to me as if it would never arrive). The mountain continues to change and yet remains a stable influence in our community. My brief relationship with the mountain has been filled with wonderful experiences and it is not just a sight to be seen but a spirit to be lived. I no longer expect the same thing from the mountain

season after season. Like each of us it has a personality and a different aspect of that personality is shown during each time of the year. There are some similarities from year to year but the subtle nuances are worth noticing.

As the seasons come and go, so do the people in our lives. This year at St. Anthony's and Our Lady of Mount Carmel we will be having a reunion for all those who want to come back to the parishes or want to celebrate all that the parishes have been to those who live in the shadow of the mountain. The "All Are Welcome" reunion will be Pentecost weekend, May 30—31. Following all the Masses there will be time for fellowship to catch up with what's been happening with everyone and the parishes. It will also be a time to welcome anyone who may be interested in joining our parishes. I hope you will join us if you are so inclined.

Overall, I feel the embrace of the mountain. It seems to surround our community with its protection and fullness of life. My hope is that I will never take the mountain for granted and just have it be one of the things that I see everyday. I hope to take notice of the little things and all the mountain has to offer. My vantage point from the base is just the beginning of the heights it has to offer.

Barbara Anderson is the Pastoral Life Director of St. Anthony Shrine Parish in Emmitsburg and Our Lady of Mount Carmel Parish in Thurmont.



Pondering the Puzzlement

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

I'm a member of several Yahoo Internet groups — mostly oriented toward gardening, though from perspectives probably not too common here in Emmitsburg. One group is a collection of Liliun fanatics. Many of their number require microscopes, surgical instruments and petri dishes to tease lily embryos into active growth. Their "Photo" section is a wonder. Another group is a collection of pagan homesteaders attempting to live as independently of modern life as is possible for each individual. Some of them have gone to great efforts to settle themselves into situations where human contact is their choice, not a necessity. Probably the most useful Yahoo group I belong to is "Heirloom Growers Garden" (HGG).

HGG has membership reaching from Canada to Florida to Kentucky to Maryland to Oregon and most places between. There is at least one member in Australia who grew up in Europe and has forgotten more about gardening and food than most of us are likely to ever bother to learn. The members range from farmers with market gardens measured in acres to people who have simple window boxes. Some members are very well educated in botany, horticulture and agriculture, and others (such as myself) barely know enough to grow a bush bean. Some are fanatical seed savers while others just grow healthy food for their families. Some grow seeds for retail sales while others delight in gifting seeds to new gardeners.

What drew me to this group was a common urge — to plant a seed, tend it to maturity and harvest. Ethnicity, politics, religion, race or education are nearly irrelevant to this particular group. A need to garden and a willingness to share are probably the only requirements to be a member. Would that the rest of life were so simple.

With the economy tanking in so much of the country and around the rest of this rock, the HGG moderators asked that each member spread the word about our group. HGG has extensive files ranging from recipes to seed saving and gardening techniques. The group has also accumulated links to various information sources making it much easier to find what a gardener might need without long internet or library searches. As part of HGG's purpose is to spread gardening information as well as heirloom varieties, I figured the

Emmitsburg Chronicle is the best place to get the word out. Anyone can access HGG using an Internet connected computer: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/HeirloomGrowersGarden/>

Over the years I've been a member of HGG. I've sent pounds of seeds to Haiti, Florida, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, New Jersey, New York and Texas. Sharing them locally would be just as fulfilling. I've gotten seeds from Kansas, Kentucky, Florida, Texas, Minnesota and Bulgaria. But I haven't found anyone locally who has seeds they've been growing out for generations. Having local heirlooms would be so cool!

Most of the seed saving is of vegetables though there are members who maintain flower collections and a few members have "saved" fruiting tree varieties. At least one member collects orchids, going so far as to travel to tropical places to study them in their native habitats. Some of the farmer members also maintain animals considered "heirloom," breeds that have stopped being of commercial value and are nearing extinction. Various turkeys, hogs and chickens come to mind.

The HGG message board has slowed over the years. People come, ask questions, swap seeds, study what appeals to them and move on. The dedicated members are sometimes slow to respond to a question (everyone is busy especially during the planting and harvest times of their regions), but answers do turn up. I've read questions and answers ranging from how to stop an armadillo from digging in a garlic bed to how to avoid nicotine poisoning when harvesting tobacco. Quite a knowledgeable group!

One woman in Florida paints pictures for "the Heirloom Gardener" magazine put out by Baker Creek Heirloom Seeds, a major source for old varieties still available commercially. I occasionally send the Floridian homemade egg noodles and she sends me seeds, drawings and paintings, or books she thinks I might benefit from. Another friend in Minnesota has sent me seeds, homemade soaps and much advice over the years. I've sent her leather and plants she can't find locally. Others have gifted me seeds with no expectations other than I share with any who might make use of my surplus. I believe this group could benefit "would be" Emmitsburg gardeners and "old hands" alike.

Emmitsburg's Civil War Diary Maryland Invaded!

John A. Miller

Emmitsburg Historical Society
Civil War Historian

On August 30, 1862, after the battle of second Manassas found the Union Army, under the command of Major General John Pope, in full retreat, marching his army to the safety of Centerville, Virginia. On August 31st, the victorious Confederate Army under the Command of General Robert E. Lee, decided to send General Thomas (Stonewall) Jackson to Chantilly, Virginia and cut off Pope's Army from retreating to Washington. On September 1st, General Jackson engaged Union forces, but the battle of Chantilly proved to be a tactical setback as General Jackson's army's movements were foiled and he was unable to block the Union retreat or destroy Pope's army.

Cole's Cavalry remained in the Shenandoah Valley until September of 1862, when General Lee began his invasion into Maryland. As the Confederate Army began marching toward Leesburg, on September 2nd, portions of Cole's Cavalry engaged a superior Confederate force at Leesburg. They managed to push back the Confederate cavalry, at a severe cost and then fell back into Harper's Ferry. Several Emmitsburg men were wounded or taken prisoner by the Confederate forces during this skirmish.

General Lee, planning his next movement, sent a dispatch to Confederate President Jefferson Davis asking for his approval to take the war north and enter Maryland. General Lee wanted to take the war northward into Maryland for three reasons. The first was to liberate the citizens who could possibly join his army. The second was to relieve war-torn Virginia so that the farmers could harvest crops without the threat of Union forces interfering. The final reason was that if General Lee could have a successful campaign in the north, England and France would be easily persuaded to recognize the Confederate States as a separate country with the end result of supporting the South in the war. The stakes were high for General Lee and the Confederacy and everything seemed to hang in the balance of the outcome of this campaign. With President Jefferson Davis's blessing, General Lee's Army began to cross the Potomac River near Leesburg on September 3rd. Once in Maryland, the Confederate Army concentrated on the city of Frederick. While in Frederick, Emmitsburg resident Edward Thomas McBride enlisted in the Maryland Cavalry.

While the Confederate Army was at Frederick, Union General Pope was relieved of his command and General George McClellan was given command of the Army of the Potomac. General McClellan re-equipped the army and marched out of Washington to meet General Lee head on. On September 9th, while Lee was at Frederick, he issued Special Order No. 191 to his division commanders, dividing his army in five sections scattered throughout Frederick and Washington Counties, and sending General Stonewall Jackson's wing to Harper's Ferry

by way of Martinsburg to lay siege to Harper's Ferry, protecting Lee's Army as it continued into Maryland. General Jackson laid siege to Harper's Ferry by September 12th.

As the rear of General Lee's Army left Frederick on September 13th, General McClellan entered Frederick where a sharp cavalry fight took place in the streets. During the morning, a copy of General Lee's Special Order No. 191 was found. That night General McClellan marched out of Frederick toward South Mountain knowing that Lee's Army was divided. General Lee had left General D. H. Hill to guard the mountain gaps of Turner's Gap and Fox's Gap. Further to the south, a portion of General Lafayette McLaws' division defended Brownsville Pass and Crampton's Gap near Burkittsville. Cavalry patrols were sent out by both armies during this period. In Emmitsburg, a Federal cavalry patrol entered and stayed for the night. While near Lewistown, a small portion of Confederate cavalry guarded Hamburg Pass on the Catocin Mountain and a Confederate Infantry regiment guarded Hamburg Gap on South Mountain.

At daybreak on September 14th, the battle of South Mountain erupted. The sounds of the battle were heard as far away as Emmitsburg and were noted by Rt. Rev. Monsignor James T. Dunn of Mount St. Mary's College. Marching to Boonsboro, members of the 9th Virginia Cavalry passed Hamburg, Maryland, and noted, "Both the men and women gave proof that they were free imbibers of the product of their stills, and it was not easy to find a sober inhabitant of either sex." The battle of South Mountain lasted a day and by the day's end, the Union forces had broken through Crampton's Gap, while Fox's Gap and Turner's Gap were barely held by the Confederate Army. By midnight, General Lee, determined to make a stand somewhere in Maryland, pulled his forces into Sharpsburg. This brought an end to General Lee's campaign, which up until this point was on the offensive. Now General Lee would have to make a defensive stand or pull back into Virginia by way of Shepherdstown or Williamsport.

While at Harper's Ferry, General Stonewall Jackson's Army had surrounded the town. On September 14th, when it became apparent that it was the intention of the garrison commander to surrender, Major Henry Cole of Cole's Cavalry informed the

commander, Colonel Miles, that he would not surrender his command. Miles then authorized any cavalry within the garrison to attempt a breakout if they chose to do so. That night, Cole's Cavalry along with the 12th Illinois Cavalry, 8th New York Cavalry, Rhode Island Cavalry and 1st Maryland Cavalry, slipped out of Harper's Ferry and crossed the Potomac River into Maryland, straight through the Confederate lines. As it were, this breakout put them right between Jackson and Lee's forces that were concentrated near Antietam. The Federal cavalry column, while moving around Lee's flank encountered General James Longstreet's ammunition trains moving south to rejoin the main body of the Army of Northern Virginia. The cavalry was able to capture a large portion of the wagon train and escorted it to Federal authorities. Cole's Cavalry escorted the ammunition train to Chambersburg.

With the surrender of Harper's Ferry on the 15th of September, General Lee decided to make his defensive stand on the banks of the Antietam Creek. If the Maryland Campaign could be saved for General Lee this was where he wanted it to happen. That night, the first clash of musketry took place. By daybreak on the 17th, General Lee and General McClellan met in a stalemate. The battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam as it is known today was the bloodiest day of the Civil War up until that point with a total of 23,000 casualties. The Maryland authorities petitioned the help of the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's of Emmitsburg, Maryland, to assist with the wounded who fell during the battle of Antietam.

At dawn on the 18th, Lee had used up his reserves and decided to pull his army back into Virginia at Shepardstown. There General Lee could move his army northward to Williamsport and continue back into Maryland and possibly march to Chambersburg. As General McClellan closed in on Lee at Shepherdstown on the 19th, Union forces attacked the rear of General Lee's Army. By September 20th, the Confederate Army had managed to push back the Union Army with a devastating blow. This rearguard action discouraged any further Federal pursuit. However, with much reluctance General Lee was also forced to completely abandon the Maryland Campaign and pull his forces farther back into Virginia.

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My Life Is My Career

During This Recession/Depression: Take a Mini Vacation (I Do)

Sandra Polvinale

There is no doubt that we are in stressful times nowadays. With the stock market hitting record lows, food and gas through the roof, we need to find healthy ways to cope. We can put our minds permanently on vacation. Why not? When life's a beech, you can pretend you're at the beach.

When I have had it, I know that it is time for Calgon to take me away. That is when I slide into a nice hot mineral bath. Now there's a visual. Ha! No, not at an expensive spa, but right in my own bathroom. Kick it up a notch by putting on ocean waves. Ahhhh a day at the beach right in the privacy of your own home.

The human body is composed mostly of water, and we are drawn naturally to water to soothe our own weary nerves. Placing epsom salts you can get right in the local Jubilee Store, in your nice hot bath, will soothe any body aches and pains and tired muscles of the day. Or try putting a little lavender oil or peppermint oil into the tub to naturally relax. Turn down the lights, light some tea candles and slink down in your mini spa tub. I receive some of the most creative ideas while I am in the tub. But don't let my secret out.

Another way to relax is to get out among God's creations. I tend to go for a stroll to my pond with my vocal cat that thinks she's a dog most of

the time. Put your nature ears on (hands held behind the ears) and just listen. As I walked to my pond today, my friends, I experienced the spooky creaking crackling sounds of thawing ice moving on the pond as if I were on a ghost ship, groaning, slowly moving, out adrift at sea. Let your imagination go and get into a "vacation mode." Do you really need to be in Ocean City to feel you are on vacation? Heck no.

I remember last summer being a little stressed out and decided in my mind to be "on vacation." So, I put on a Hawaiian shirt with shorts and flip flops, placed a Hawaiian Lei around my neck, picked up my circa 1964 ukulele in the colorful stickered violin case and headed out to town for lunch. People asked what I was doing. Where was I going or at what luau was I performing a gig? And I just smiled, squinted my eyes, flicked my hair to the side and said "none of the above. I'm on vacation!" People may think you are a little Meshugga, but, hey, you made them smile, right? (Meshugga is Yiddish for crazy.) When my husband was ill, he would get all upset thinking he had to do this and that, and I'd just laugh and say you don't need to do any of that. Why? Cause you're on vacation. (As I handed him a cup of coffee and a muffin from the hospital snack bar.) Just place yourself in a vacation mode

and your body will follow the mind, feeling quite relaxed.

I found a new spot for a mini vacation. Of all places, a local dental office. Huh? Yes. Here's my story and I am pretty much sticking to it. I call it one-stop shopping. You see what you call it. I went into this dental office on Rt. 34 in Gettysburg that looked like a ski chalet with an A-frame building. Looked interesting enough to stop in. I'm always up for an adventure or two. Opening the door I felt a wave of relaxing music flow over me and shafts of sunlight bathing what looked like a hotel in Florida with plants and a Zen type of mini rock garden on the counter. Hmm. Nice, I thought. Maybe I'm in the wrong place. I'm not sure if I entered the twilight zone or not, but maybe I walked into a film set from Star Trek. Everyone in there had on head phones that were communicating all kinds of activities of employees coming and going in a ballet of sorts. As usual for my dental anxiety, I was a little apprehensive to say the least. I think the prerequisite must have been to be relatively mellow and very easy on the eyes. In other words the employees are gorgeous and so helpful (as an artist, I notice these things) I really wanted to get to a day spa afterwards to chill out.

Sandi, will you follow me, please? Hmm. Sure. I was taken to a room that looked more like an ongoing

movie on the Nature channel on TV. Birds feeding outside, critters going in and out of the bushes and even kitties and foxes peeking down at you from the light coverings over your head that you see when you are back in the chair. That was a laughable surprise. Super mellow music that I had on a CD at home was playing too. Hmm. He has good taste. Ha!

As I did a little of my normal shaking in the dental chair like Citykitty when I take her to the vet's, I was daydreaming of getting a nice mocha coffee at the local coffee shop after I would leave. Well, just then the dental assistant asked me if she could make me a mocha coffee smoothie. I laughed and said, sure. Ha! She was serious. I thought, wow, this is like a spa. I sipped on the perfectly made coffee smoothie for a while enjoying the nature movie when she asked if I

wanted a massage. Su-u-re! And pigs do fly. She asked me to follow her and my eyes became wide. Before I knew it, my shakes melted away. She guided me with a beaming smile to a peaceful little room with a Zen sand garden and candles and asked if I wanted a warm waxed dipped hand treatment! No kidding! What was next I thought? After the hands were warm in gloves she gently escorted me to the massage chair that gave shiatsu massages. Then turning down the lights, I drifted off into a sea of peaceful ocean waves as I had my hands being treated with warm wax and a massage. Oh yeah, did I mention I was in a dental office? I thought, wow, I have just found my one stop shopping day spa dental office. Who would have ever thought of adding a spa treatment to a dental exam? I just hope they don't do any overkill by doing a face lift, for I have seen what my cat looks like when I hold her ears back tight. That is scary enough to keep me from craving any facial surgery forever.

On a spa vacation you would be given fresh carrot juice with fresh lemon and maybe fresh celery juiced into it with pineapple. This is a great springtime spa cleansing for anyone. And it tastes wonderfully fresh. And freshness counts. The local Emmitsburgians from old homesteads never called this healthy eating "spa food." They just called it good old fashioned healthy home meals. But juicing these veggies and fruits, actually pulls out the concentrated nutrients to infuse "live enzymes" to be easily digested by those of us that have had too much prepared processed foods that have the nutrients processed right out of them. The juice is pure concentrated form of live enzymes, which if taken in sufficient quantities, will continuously revitalize the body. Carrots are so full of beta carotene which is a safe form of vitamin A for the eyes, and especially the immune system. Get out there and start thinking what you are going to plant in your garden this spring. Try to plant a lot of yellow and orange fruits and vegetables. They have all the beta carotene we need. Think spring and think color, people. Don't forget your greens. The more colorful foods on your plate, the more nutrient rich the food with a higher amount of vitamins and minerals to naturally fight disease and reduce stress. God has given us so much to energize or relax. So, go take a mini vacation. You deserve it! —Aloha!



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Obituaries

Mrs. Nancy Camille LeGore Boyle

Mrs. Nancy Camille LeGore Boyle, 73, of Emmitsburg, passed away Friday, April 10, 2009, at St. Catherine's Nursing Center, Emmitsburg, after a lengthy illness. She was the cherished wife of Patrick B. Boyle, her husband of 50 years.

Born Oct. 21, 1935, in Frederick, Nancy grew up in LeGore, and graduated from Walkersville High School in 1954. She graduated from Centenary Junior College in Ohio with an associates degree, and from the University of Maryland in 1958, obtaining a Bachelor of Arts degree with Phi Beta Kappa honors. Throughout her scholastic years, she competed in many team sports and extra-curricular activities. After graduation, Nancy was employed by the Frederick Board of Education as a physical education teacher at Frederick High School and as a girls basketball referee.

Studious and an excellent listener, she had many and diverse interests. She excelled as a pianist, seamstress, artist and calligrapher. Nancy had an incredible memory for movie, TV and music personalities, as well as for local and world history.

Auction and yard sale attendance provided found gems and lifetime friends. The owner of many collections, she enjoyed the hunt for sheet music, salt and pepper shakers, jewelry, Snowbabies, cookie jars, cookbooks, Beanie Babies, Jim

Shore and Princess Diana memorabilia. She had her own extensive research library on antiques and collectibles. Nancy was renowned for sending greeting cards and her handwritten correspondence with all she knew. Her creative hobbies of sewing, tole painting, baking and canning won many awards at local, county and state competitions. She volunteered at the Mother Seton School in the art department while her children were in attendance. For many years Nancy created the weekly sale signs for the family grocery store in Emmitsburg; each was a work of art.

In addition to being survived by her husband, Pat, she was the beloved mother of Susan E. Boyle and friend, James A. Bowers, of Dover, Pa., Angela E. Buszinski and husband, David, of Slippery Rock, Pa., Christopher P. Boyle and wife, Lisa, of Frederick, and Timothy C. Boyle and wife, Patricia, of Fairfield, Pa.; the loving and doting grandmother of Erin Collins, Jennifer and Brett Boyle, and Patrick, Joshua and Kyris Boyle. She was the eldest sister of Trina Gelfond, Suzanne Moberly and Terrie Wills. Nancy was preceded in death by her parents, Wilbur and Susan LeGore. She is also survived by many cousins, nieces and nephews and will be sadly missed by her devoted friends, Karen and Howard, Betty and Mike, Peggy and Donald, and Carrol Ann and Joanne.

Mrs. Boyle was buried in the

Emmitsburg Memorial Cemetery. Serving as pallbearers were her son, Christopher Boyle; grandson, Brett Boyle; nephews, Lee Koontz, Daniel Sprankle and Brian Crabtree; and friends Steven Brenize, Kerry Shorb and George Buszinski.

in Gettysburg, Pa.

She was born Sept. 21, 1927, in Fairfield, Pa., as the daughter of the late Ray and Ruth (Hare) Wiekert. She was predeceased by her longtime companion, Joseph Yohe.

Dorothy was retired from Freeman Shoe in Emmitsburg, and was an avid Baltimore Orioles fan and enjoyed puzzle books.

Surviving her are daughters, Judy Ann Brown and husband, Maurice, of

Fairfield, Pa., and Donna Shriner of Emmitsburg; son, Donald Perry of Gettysburg, Pa.; grandchildren, David Brown, Heather Drumheller, Chris Shriner and Kaitlyn Perry; great-grandchildren, Samantha Brown, Danielle Drumheller, Brandon Drumheller and Emily Drumheller.

She was predeceased by brothers, Ray and Clair Weikert.

Interment was in Oak Lawn Memorial Gardens in Gettysburg, Pa.

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ASTRONOMY: The Night Sky of May

Dr. Wayne Wooten
Professor of Astronomy

For May 2009, the Moon will be first quarter on May 1st. This is the ideal phase for getting out your small scope or binoculars and noting the rugged lunar surface first imaged by Galileo 400 years ago. My own shot of the Moon is of the 8 day old moon, with the large crater Copernicus just appearing in sunlight. How startled Galileo was to see such imperfections on our "perfect heavenly companion." The craters and mare showed the Moon was a world like our own in some ways, and this discovery lead him to more research with his primitive telescope, finally making him the champion of the Copernican system. On May 4th, the waxing gibbous moon passes about 2.5 degrees south of almost ringless Saturn, and the full moon occurs on May 9th. It is the flower or Strawberry moon in tradition. On the 17th, the last quarter moon rises about midnight, and is about three degrees north of Jupiter in the morning sky. The waning crescent

moon passes by brilliant Venus on the morning of May 21st, passing six degrees north, and showing about the same crescent phase with the naked eye that Venus does in the telescope. The new moon occurs on May 24, and it will wax in the evening sky in the last week of this month. As the month began, so it also ends the first quarter moon occurs on May 31st, with it six degrees south of Saturn overhead.

While the naked eye, dark adapted by several minutes away from any bright lights, is a wonderful instrument to stare up at the Galaxy arching overhead, binoculars are better for spotting specific deep sky objects all along the plane of the Galaxy. For a detailed map of northern hemisphere skies, about April 30th visit the www.skymaps.com website and download the map for May 2009; it will have a more extensive calendar, and list of best objects for the naked eyes, binoculars, and scopes on the back of the map. Also available as the next month begins is wonderful video exploring the May sky, available

from the Hubble Space Telescope website at: http://hubblesite.org/explore_astronomy/tonights_sky/.

Saturn is the brightest object overhead as darkness falls. Its rings are almost edge-on at equinox now. You may also see some belts and zones on the planet's disk. The largest moon, Titan, will be seen in any small telescope, but smaller moons will need larger scopes to spot. As the planet is now only half as bright as when the bright rings are tilted more open, up to six moons may be spotted, in a straight line with the rings, with an eight inch telescope currently. To the west, Mercury puts on a nice display in the first week of May. It passes the Pleiades cluster on May 2nd, is at its highest in the evening sky at greatest eastern elongation on May 7th, then rapidly retrogrades between us and the Sun in the next week; it was not named for the speedy messenger god for nothing!

The winter constellations will soon be swallowed up in the Sun's glare, but Orion is still visible, with its famed Orion Nebula, M-42, seen below the three stars marking

his famed belt. Dominating the southwest is the Dog Star, Sirius, brightest star of the night sky. When Sirius vanishes into the Sun's glare in two months, this sets the period as "Dog Days."

The brightest star in the NW is Capella, distinctively yellow in color. It is a giant star, almost exactly the same temperature as our Sun, but about 100X more luminous. Just south of it are the stellar twins, the Gemini, with Castor closer to Capella, and Pollux closer to the Little Dog Star, Procyon.

Overhead, the Big Dipper rides high. Good scouts know to take its leading pointers north to Polaris, the famed Pole Star. For us, it sits 30 degrees (our latitude) high in the north, while the rotating earth beneath makes all the other celestial bodies spin around it from east to west. If you drop south from the bowl of the Big Dipper, Leo the Lion rides high. Saturn lies just east of the bright star Regulus, the heart of the King of Beasts. Note the Egyptian Sphinx is based on the shape of this Lion in the sky.

Taking the arc in the Dipper's handle, we "arc" SE to bright orange Arcturus, the brightest star of spring. Cooler than our yellow Sun, and much poorer in heavy elements, some believe its strange motion reveals it to be an invading star from another smaller galaxy, now colliding with the Milky Way in Sagittarius in the summer sky. Moving almost perpendicular to the plane of our Milky Way, Arcturus was the first star in the sky where its proper motion across the historic sky was noted, by Edmund Halley. Just east of Arcturus is Corona Borealis, the "northern crown," a shapely Coronet that Miss America would gladly don, and one of few constellations that look like their name. The bright star in the crown's center is Gemma, the Gem Star.

Spike south to Spica, the hot blue star in Virgo, then curve to Corvus the Crow, a four sided grouping. It is above Corvus, in the arms of Virgo, where our large scopes will show members of the Virgo Supercluster, a swarm of over a thousand galaxies about 50 million light years away from us.

It's Spring! Stay Healthy

Renee Lehman
Licensed acupuncturist
and physical therapist

I'm sure that you have noticed that we are moving from the season of winter into spring. Have you ever considered that we are a hologram of the universe, so what is happening in nature is happening within us? Can't see it? Well, how many of you have been feeling cabin fever and can't wait to get outside to do something? What about the new ideas and projects that you have planned for this spring?

Right now when you look at nature, spring is the growing season. It is a time of beginnings and renewal, flourishing, increasing light/brightness, and the temperature is warming up. The gifts that spring give us include flexibility, clarity and vision, creativity, new possibilities, decision making and planning, and hope. Now can you see the spring energy within yourself?

So how can you stay healthy (body/mind/spirit) with this spring season? By 1) feeling the new energy of the season within yourself; 2) doing some spring cleaning; 3) getting outdoors; 4) enjoying nature's bounty; 5) clarifying your plans and commitments; and 6) reaching upward and outward (just as the daffodils are doing).

Feel the New Energy. Creativity is the word for spring, as are new beginnings. Ask yourself, "What is new in my life?" or "What am I giving birth to — literally, metaphorically, or symbolically?" Listen for the answers and move forward with enthusiasm!

Do some Spring Cleaning. This is the season of rebirth. Ask yourself, "What do I no longer need in my life?" or "What no longer serves who I want to be?" Commit to cleansing your life

and your home — think purification.

What kind of spring cleaning is right for you? Take a two week break from alcohol and other substances like sugar and caffeine. By reducing your cravings and habits, you will enhance your potential for life vitality and creativity.

Clean and organize your home. Think of how this is the season of nature's *new year* in clearing out the old and bringing in the new. Look at your desk and go through your piles of papers. Look at your closets and go through your clothes. Give things away, have a yard sale, and recycle or recirculate what you can. Don't be afraid to let go of things and let things flow. Look at other areas of your life. Let go of what you don't need (physical, mental, and emotional habits that undermine your health), and bring in what you need anew (accepting positive health habits that will satisfy your soul). By doing this, life will feel and look cleaner and lighter at the end of your spring cleaning, *and* your life will have space for new things!

Get Outdoors. Give yourself time to be outdoors and play. Enjoy the spring winds and breezes. Rekindle your connection with the Earth. Plant a garden, walk outside and breathe in the fresh air, listen to the birds singing. This will enrich and relax you.

Enjoy Nature's Bounty. Seasonal greens and vegetables are wonderful. Try some spinach, lettuce, asparagus, and celery. Seasonal fruits include orange, lemons, strawberries, and avocado. Consume fresh, organic nuts like almonds, walnuts, pecans, and other seeds. Finally, be Earth-aware and Earth-friendly. Be conscious of where things come from and where they go, and the real cost of products you use, such as plastics and chemical

products. Re-use and re-cycle.

Clarify Plans. Begin to gently, yet seriously, re-evaluate the key areas of your life — work (career), relationships, and health. What undermines your potential in these worlds. Allow clear guidance, suggestions, and actions to arise in your being. Use the spring months to clarify your plans by keeping a journal to create the reflection and clarity that will deepen the potential spiritual awakening or progress. Ask yourself, "Where and how am I now?" "Where do I wish to be in a couple months?" "What will it take for me to move in that direction?"

Reach Upward and Outward. Do something that uplifts your spirit. Trust your heart and feed it joyful experiences. Doing for another builds community, which is good for our spirits. Lifting your own and others' spirits is good for the earth! So, *be spring*. Begin! Act! Grow! Root yourself *and* be flexible. Adapt. And finally, have hope!

If you are interested in learning more about how to stay healthy with the seasons, read the 2003 edition of *Staying Healthy with the Seasons* by Elson Haas.

Information in this article is provided for informational purposes only and is not intended as a substitute for the advice provided by your physician or other health-care professional. You should not use the information in this article for diagnosing or treating a health problem or disease, or prescribing any medication or other treatment.

Renee Lehman is a licensed acupuncturist and physical therapist with over 20 years of health care experience. Her office is located at 249B York Street in Gettysburg, PA. She can be reached at 717-752-5728.

FITNESS: Exercise & Kids

Linda Stultz
Certified Fitness Trainer/Therapist

Everybody thinks kids get enough exercise because they are always running around. Well, that may have been the case years ago before video games, DVD's and the internet. The number of overweight youth in our country is alarming, and getting higher each day.

Kids need to develop an exercise and healthy eating program when they are little. We, as adults, need to set a good example. I realize with today's busy lifestyle, it is very difficult to set aside time for exercise and a good balanced meal. It is much easier to grab fast food or pop something in the microwave and sit in front of the TV. We need to take care of ourselves and teach our children how important it is to take care of their health. People don't think much about their health until something happens to them or a loved one. Once they decide they need to do something, sometimes they jump in too deep and too quick. Health maintenance is the key to a long life. Keep your body fit before it breaks.

Exercise needs to be incorporated into our daily schedule just like brushing your teeth, taking a shower, or any other activity that we do to take care of our body. Our muscles need attention, too. The old saying "use it or lose it" really does apply to our muscles. If we sit too long, our muscles atrophy and it takes twice as long to build muscle as it does to lose it.

I am very interested in helping young people develop a good exercise program, so that when they get older they don't have to *feel* older. Baseball season is starting and having strong muscles is important for good performance as well as injury prevention. Young people under the age of 18 should not lift weights to bulk up, but strength training under trained supervision is good for any age. If you are involved with any youth groups, please think about adding exercise to your planned activities. Exercise can really be fun, as well as beneficial to the body and the team strength.

Keep Moving, You'll Be Glad You Did!

If you have any questions, please call Linda Stultz at 717-334-6009.

SENIOR NEWS

EMMITSBURG

Susan Allen

We loved those April showers (but not the February-like temperatures), so bring on the sunshine and May flowers. We hope the danger of frost is past so that we all can plant our gardens and begin to enjoy more outdoor activities.

Looking ahead: Nurse Steve will be with us on Tuesday, May 19 for blood pressure checks and a health discussion. We'll celebrate older Americans on Thursday, May 21. There will be an evening card party on Wednesday, May 27 at 7 p.m. **The center will be closed on Monday, May 25 to observe Memorial Day.** And remember that whatever the weather, it's always cool to come in and shoot some pool.

The seniors encourage all eligible persons (50 years and older) to join them for regular program activities and special events. Our lunch program is open to those 60 and older. Programs are held in the Community Center on South Seton Avenue. Call for lunch reservations 24 hours in advance. The Senior Center will close whenever county offices are closed. To register for special events or for information, call program coordinator Linda Umbel, 301.600.6350.

REGULAR ACTIVITIES

Bowling: Mondays at Taneytown bowling center. Carpool: meet at center at 12:30 p.m.

Strength Training & Conditioning: Tuesday and Thursday, 10 a.m. Dress comfortably, wear athletic shoes. Participants will use small weights. Free.

Bingo: May 6 & 20

Cards, 500, and Bridge Group: May 13 & 27

Men's Pool: Wednesdays at 1 p.m.

Pinochle: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

Canasta: Fridays at 12:30 p.m.

Shopping at Jubilee Foods: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

FAIRFIELD

Cathy Olson

The Fairfield Senior Center welcomes all seniors of the Fairfield, PA/Emmitsburg MD area. The Center is at the Fairfield Fire Hall, 106 Steelman St, Fairfield. Call for lunch reservations 48 hours in advance. The Senior Center will close whenever Adams County PA offices are closed. To register for special events, call 717.642.6170. Questions about activities? Call Cheryl Kulkusky, the site director.

SPECIAL EVENTS

May 6: Walk in Gettysburg Rec Park with kids and lunch. 10:30 a.m.

May 7 & 8: Lions Club Flower Sale at Fire Hall

May 25: Closed for Memorial Day

May 27: "Spring Fling" at Gettysburg College

REGULAR ACTIVITIES

Exercise: Monday, Wednesday and Fridays. 9:30 - 10:30 a.m. Dress comfortably and wear athletic shoes

Post-exercise Blood Pressure Checks by EMTs: Mondays. 10:30 a.m.

Exercise Light: Tuesday and Thursday, 9:30 - 10:30 a.m.

Needlework: Mondays. 10:30 a.m. - Noon. Bring your knitting, crochet or other project - beginners welcome.

Lunch: Monday - Friday at Noon, except for Special Events already noted

Card games: your choice. Tuesdays and Fridays, 9:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m.

Games and puzzles: Thursdays from 9:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. except for Special Events

Chat Time: Wednesdays. 10:30 a.m.

Hagerstown Farmers Almanack



Gerald W. Spessard, Business Manager

MID-ATLANTIC REGIONAL WEATHER WATCH: Fair and cooler (1,2,3) with showers and STORMS (4,5). Fair and mild (6,7,8,9,10) turning stormy again with heavy rains (11,12,13,14,15,16). Fair and warm (17,18,19,20,21,22) with more showers (23,24). Look out for SEVERE STORMS (25,26) with showers continuing (27,28,29). The month ends with fair and warm weather (30,31).

"The world's favorite season is Spring. All things seem possible in May."

Edwin Way Teal (1899 - 1980)

TORNADO WATCH: *The Almanack* sees no tornado activity in the month of May.

FULL MOON: May has naturally become known as the FLOWER MOON because of the many flowers blooming after those April showers! It also has been known as the MILK MOON because cows appeared to produce more milk during this month. May's Full Moons occurs on the 8th at 11:01 p.m.

SPECIAL NOTES: In April, 1963, President John F. Kennedy met with the National Council of Senior Citizens and then designated May as Senior Citizens Month in recognition of the 17 million Americans who had reached the age of 65. In 1980, Senior Citizens Month became Older Americans Month.

HOLIDAYS: Cinco de Mayo is celebrated on its traditional day, May 5th. Mother's Day is celebrated on Sunday May 10th. The smallest gesture of bright flowers or a nice dinner out will tell her just how much she means to you. Armed Forces Day falls on Wednesday, May 20th and Memorial Day, on Monday, May 25th. Celebrate the start of the 2009 summer season but do not forget those who have served and are still serving in our armed forces. Without them watching over us, we would surely be lost. We owe them all so much for what they have done in the past and most importantly, what they will continue to do in the future to protect our way of life.

THE GARDEN: Now is the time to set out colorful annuals like geraniums, impatiens, marigolds, petunias, and zinnias. Prevent flowering plants from flopping over due to the wind or after they bloom by using interlocking metal plant stakes to support garden

phlox and peonies blooms. Taller plants like delphinium, foxglove and hollyhock will require taller, slender stakes. Trim up hedges and shrubs to shape and tighten them with new growth. Most flowering shrubs will respond to a light trimming at this time of year

"There is beauty all around us when there is love at home."

J. Grubers' Thought For Today's Living

but don't trim away too many of the emerging buds or you won't have as many flowers. Hold off mowing the lawn until it reaches a height slightly higher than recommended. This will give the lawn a jump-start, making it stronger. Adjust the mowing deck to cut back by about one-third. Then, gradually lower the deck until you are mowing at the recommended height for your grass type. When the ground temperatures reach 70 degrees Fahrenheit, it is safe to begin planting Okra, Pumpkin, Sweet Potatoes, Eggplant, Peppers, Peanuts, Watermelon, Cow Peas, Black-eyed Peas, Crowder Peas, Butter Peas and Butter Beans.



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COMMUNITY EVENTS May 2009

1 FRIDAY

► All Day
Spring Yard Sale
Elias Lutheran Church, Emmitsburg (donations are welcome!) to benefit The Mission to Kenya Trip.

► All Day
60th Anniversary Pennsylvania Poetry Society
Historic Gettysburg. Poetry Walk in downtown Gettysburg featuring the poetry of, for, and about President Abraham Lincoln. For information, email: pausetoread@yahoo.com

► 5 p.m.
Spaghetti Dinner
Tom's Creek United Methodist Church, Tom's Creek Church Rd. off Rt. 140 between Emmitsburg and Taneytown. 5 - 8 p.m. Adults \$5, children 5 -10 \$3, five and under free. Advance ticket sales call Bev Hood 410.775.7069. Benefit Church youth.

► 8 p.m.
The Smothers Brothers Show
Majestic Performing Arts Center, 25 Carlisle Street, Gettysburg. Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime season finale, starring 1960s television stars Tom and Dick Smothers as they celebrate 50 years of delighting audiences with humor and harmony. For information: 717.337.8200, www.gettysburgmajestic.org

2 SATURDAY

► All Day
60th Anniversary Pennsylvania Poetry Society
See previous description May 1

► 7 a.m.
Gettysburg Farmers Market
Lincoln Square, Gettysburg, Pa.

► 9 a.m.
54th Annual Apple Blossom Festival
South Mountain Fairgrounds, 615 Narrows Road, Route 234, Biglerville, Pa. Live entertainment, free orchard bus tours, wine tasting and sales, hundreds of arts and craft demonstrations and sales, wagon rides, agricultural exhibits and the presentation of the 2009 Pennsylvania Apple Queen. Children's activities include: free apple pie eating and apple bobbing contests, petting zoo, pony rides, puppet shows, and magic shows. For information: 717.677.7444

3 SUNDAY

► 9 a.m.
54th Annual Apple Blossom Festival
See previous description May 2

5 TUESDAY

► 7 p.m.
Open House
Mother Seton School, Creamery Rd., Emmitsburg. 7 - 8 p.m. Information meeting 7:15 p.m.

6 WEDNESDAY

► 10 a.m.
Open House
Mother Seton School, Creamery Rd., Emmitsburg, Md. 10 - 11 a.m. Kindermusik Activity for Preschoolers and Open House for Pre-School through Grade 8th grade. 11:15 a.m. Information meeting followed by Tours. For information: 301.447.3161

8 FRIDAY

► 9 a.m.
Annual Adams County Master Gardener Perennial Sale
During the Green Thumb Seminar. Take advantage of the breaks between presentations to shop for new and old varieties of perennials, reasonably priced and ready to plant. The Perennial Sale will also be open for business 9 a.m. - 6 p.m. Master Gardeners will be on hand both days to answer your perennial or other gardening questions.

► 7 p.m.
Elias' Coffee House Ministry
The Basement Coffee House, 7 - 9 p.m. featuring the "Children's Praise Choir" (CPC) and the "Shine a Light Christian Youth Choir" from Fairfield, PA. Come to the Basement for Emmitsburg's best contemporary Christian Music scene.

9 SATURDAY

► 7 a.m.
Gettysburg Farmers Market
Lincoln Square, Gettysburg, Pa.

► 8 a.m.
Bake Sale
Jubilee, Emmitsburg. To benefit The Mission to Kenya Trip.

► 9 a.m.
Annual Adams County Master Gardener Green Thumb
Seminar Agricultural and Natural Resources Center, Gettysburg, Pa. What is a rain garden? How do I construct a rain barrel? What in the world is vermi-composting? These are among the questions that will be answered by Adams County Master Gardeners at the annual Green Thumb Seminar. This year the seminar is being held in conjunction with the yearly Master Gardener Perennial Sale.

► 9 a.m.
7th Annual Plant Exchange
Emmitsburg Branch Library, 300 South Seton Avenue, Emmitsburg. Too many day lilies, tomato plants, or oregano? Exchange the excess plants you have for plants. For information: 301.600.6329

► 12 p.m.
Fried Chicken and Ham Dinner
Creagerstown Parish House. 12 - 5 p.m. Chicken pot-pie, ham pot-pie, vegetable and dessert. Baked items for sale. Adults \$13, children \$6.50, under six free. Benefit Cemetery upkeep and street lights.

► 12:30 p.m.
The Metropolitan Opera
Live at The Majestic Performing Arts Center, Gettysburg. LA CENERENTOLA Elina Garanèa stars in Rossini's bel canto Cinderella story, La Cenerentola. Lawrence Brownlee stars as her Prince Charming, Don Ramiro. Maurizio Benini conducts 717.337.8200 or www.gettysburgmajestic.org. Live matinee broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera from Lincoln Center shown on the historical Majestic Theater's screen.

10 SUNDAY

► 4 p.m.
Music Gettysburg Presents
61 Seminary Ridge, Gettysburg, Pa. Gettysburg Chamber Orchestra Colin Stokes performs the Dvorak Cello Concerto in this Mother's Day tradition. All concerts are free and open to the public. Offerings are received. For information: 717.338.3000

14 THURSDAY

► All Day
County bulk trash pickup.

► All Day
58th Semi-Annual Gettysburg Bluegrass Festival
Granite Hill Camping Resort, 3340 Fairfield Road, Gettysburg, Pa. Each festival features top Bluegrass and Traditional Country musicians, informative workshops and meeting and greeting fans. A bluegrass tradition since 1979! For information: www.gettysburg-bluegrass.com or 717.642.8749

15 FRIDAY

► 7:30 p.m.
CHS Safe-n-Sane Benefit
Come support Catocin High School Safe-n-Sane at the Ott House in Emmitsburg. Enjoy music provided by Secret Agent, and a silent and live auction. \$5 donation at the door

15 FRIDAY

► All Day
58th Semi-Annual Gettysburg Bluegrass Festival
See previous description May 14

16 SATURDAY

► 10:30 a.m.
VHC 6th Annual Spring Fling
Mount Saint Mary's Echo Field (behind the old gym) \$30,000 CASH GIVEAWAY to Benefit: Vigilant Hose Company, VHC Auxiliary & VHC Explorers Post. For Tickets and information: Vigilant Hose Company 301.447.2728, Chris Stahley, 301.447.3081, John Glass 301.447.3724 or Gabe Baker 301.447.2212

► 7 a.m.
Gettysburg Farmers Market
Lincoln Square, Gettysburg, Pa.

► 7 a.m.
Gettysburg Outdoor Antique Show
This one-day event features 125 antique dealers from 13 states displaying their unique pieces on the sidewalks radiating from the historic Lincoln Square. Downtown Gettysburg. Sponsored by the Gettysburg Area Retail Merchants Association This event is held rain or shine from 7 a.m. - 4 pm. www.gettysburg-chamber.org.

17 SUNDAY

► All Day
58th Semi-Annual Gettysburg Bluegrass Festival
See previous description May 14

► 11 a.m.
Annual Emmitsburg Lions Club chicken barbecue
We will begin selling chicken dinners at 11 a.m. Each dinner includes half a chicken, fresh roll, applesauce and potato salad. South Seton Avenue, near Route 15, across from Getty Gas Station. For Advance Orders with Home Delivery to 21727 zip code: Email Dianne Walbrecker at getwrite@aol.com with name, address, phone, and number of dinners before Friday, May 15, or call 301.447.6962.

► 11:30 a.m.
Basket and Money Bingo
Woodsboro Fire Co. Complex, 10307 Coppermine Rd., Woodsboro, MD. Doors open at 11:30 a.m., games start at 1:30 pm. Tickets: \$25 in advance, \$30 at door. Admission includes platter and 5 games. Benefit Woodsboro Vol. Fire Co. For information: 301.845.8406

18 MONDAY

► 5 p.m.
Annual Carnival
Mother Seton School, 100 Creamery Road, Emmitsburg, Md. Monday - Saturday 5 - 10 p.m. 301.447.3161

► 7 p.m.
Emmitsburg Historical Society
Regular monthly meeting

19 TUESDAY

► 5 p.m.
Annual Carnival
See previous description May 18

20 WEDNESDAY

► 5 p.m.
Annual Carnival
See previous description May 18

21 THURSDAY

► 5 p.m.
Annual Carnival
See previous description May 18

22 FRIDAY

► 5 p.m.
Annual Carnival
See previous description May 18

23 SATURDAY

► 5 p.m.
Annual Carnival
See previous description May 18

► 7 a.m.
Gettysburg Farmers Market
See previous description May 18

► 9 a.m.
Living History Voices of the Confederacy

General Robert E. Lee's Headquarters, 401 Buford Avenue, Gettysburg, Pa. A Civil War Living History Group which encamps in Gettysburg. Demonstrations of Civil War Tactics, Displays of Civil War artifacts, first person portrayals of Civil War soldiers and interactions with visitors. For information: www.civilwarheadquarters.com or 717.334.3141

25 MONDAY

► 2 p.m.
142nd Gettysburg Memorial Day Parade and Ceremonies
VFW Post, East Middle Street, Historic Downtown, Gettysburg. The Gettysburg Joint Veterans Memorial Day Commission hosts Annual Memorial Day observance. Activities will commence with a luncheon at 11:30 a.m. at the VFW Post, Parade at 2 p.m. and Service at the Soldiers National Monument in the Gettysburg National Cemetery will follow at 3 p.m. Sponsored by Gettysburg Joint Veterans Memorial Day Commission.

28 THURSDAY

► All Day
2009 Eastern Division Spring Meet
Gettysburg Region of the Antique Automobile Club of America will host the meet in Gettysburg, Pa. Thur., May 28, to Sat., May 30. All accommodations made by Gettysburg's Eisenhower Resort of AACA members and guests. 700 antique vehicles, local tours, seminars, automotive flea market and car corral. AACA judging throughout the day. Awards banquet at the Eisenhower Resort Saturday evening.

29 FRIDAY

► All Day
Spring Retreat for Laity
Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md. Retreat Director, Rev. Jack Lombardi, Chaplain of the Grotto, Emmitsburg, Md. Ever feel the sometimes wily world contradicts your Christian lifestyle? Find out solutions to the pollution of dissonance in your life through saintly solvents and examples. Learn how to blend Christic action and contemplation to form a daily rhythm of spiritual living.

30 SATURDAY

► 7 a.m.
Gettysburg Farmers Market
See previous description on May 16

► Noon
135th Annual Gettysburg Chili Cook-off
Gettysburg Moose Park, 100 Moose Road, Gettysburg, Pa. Don't miss the inaugural event at the Gettysburg Chili Cook-off. Brought to you by Adams Community Television. 717.334.3000

LIBRARY HIGHLIGHTS

EMMITSBURG LIBRARY

► 300 South Seton Avenue | 301.600.6329

Register online at www.fcpl.org

For Everyone

May 9 • 9 a.m.

7th Annual Plant Exchange

Sponsored by the Friends of the Emmitsburg Library. Trade excess plants you have for plants you want. No plants to barter? Make a donation to the Friends for your choice of plants.

May 9 • 9 a.m.

\$1 Bag Book Sale

Choose books from the Book Nook

For Adults

May 12 • 7:30 p.m.

Tuesday Evening Book Club

Call or e-mail for this month's title

For Adults and Teens

May 21 • 4 p.m.

Knitting Circle

Beginners and experienced knitters are welcome. Bring your yarn and needles or call us for more information. Monthly on 3rd Thursdays at 4 p.m.

For Teens

May 21 • 6 p.m.

Teen Book Club

Contact library for this month's title

For Children and Teens

June 26 • 6 p.m.

Anime Club

(ages 11 - up) Watch movies, play games and socialize with friends. No May Anime Club. June Anime Club will be held on the forth Friday of the month. Special summer programs planned for our teens.

May 1*

Registration begins for the Summer Reading Club

For Children

May 9 • 10:30 am

Kodomo no Hi Children's Day in Japan

(ages 5 and up) Celebrate this special holiday and create a beautiful "Carp" kite to take home.

Wednesdays • 7 p.m.

Family Storytime

Thursdays • 10:30 a.m.

Pre-School Storytime

May 11 • 4 p.m.

Dragons & Droids

(ages 8-12) Contact Library for this month's title.

May 20 • 4 p.m.

Book Bunch

(ages 6-11) This month's book is *Isabelle*.

May 25 • 10:30 a.m.

A.R.T. Books & Crafts

(ages 3-6)

Wednesdays • 7 p.m.

Family Storytime

For Babies

Tuesdays • 10:30 a.m.

Two Terrific Storytimes.

Wednesdays • 10:30 a.m.

Babies with Books.

Birth - 24 months with adult.

Coming in June

June 5 - 6 • 8 p.m.

Night Owls Program

(ages 6 & up) "Ham It Up" - Join us for a variety of theatrical games meant to embrace your inner ham.

THURMONT REGIONAL LIBRARY

► 76 East Moser Road | 301.600.7201

Register online at www.fcpl.org

For Everyone

May 2 • All Day

Bookfest

A jam-packed schedule of literature related activities for all ages, all day. Authors including children's author Katy Kelly, Flash-Fiction with Edie Hemingway, Blogging and Book Talkin' Teens.

May 16 • 12 noon

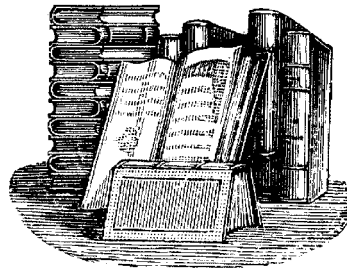
Live Music Event! FCC Flute Concert

Enjoy the sounds of the Frederick Community College flute choir under the direction of Prof. Jennifer Rundlett. The choir performs a variety of music including some numbers especially for young people.

May 21 • 7 p.m.

Film Debut: Greetings from Pen Mar Park

Documentary debut film about historic the Western Maryland Railway amusement park that operated from 1877-1942. Hear the voices of former workers, see film clips never before seen, enjoy the nostalgia of another time. Q & A session with the film's executive producer, Russell E. Richards Jr., CEO of Historical Entertainment LLC, will follow. Bring your memories and memorabilia to share. This is a unique and wonderful opportunity to relive the history of this fascinating park.



For Adults

May 9 • 10:30 a.m.

TRL Quilt Events

A custom art quilt designed and created by local award-winning quilter Rose Hahn exclusively for the Thurmont Regional Library will be unveiled. Following the unveiling, at 11 a.m., A Vintage Quilt Timeline features Mary Perini/The Cooper's Shed using her quilting detective skills to determine the age, condition & details of your treasured heirlooms. Quilts arranged in visual timeline to see historic progression of art form. Q & A session.

May 16 • 10 a.m.

ABC's of Homeschooling*

Interested in homeschooling your children? Join experienced homeschooling parents for a panel discussion to learn about schooling basics and what's involved in this important family commitment.

May 20 • 1 p.m.

Diverse Lives Book Discussion*

Look at people of a diverse, interesting, unique or ordinary nature. Afternoon time convenient for active retired adults seeking social, intellectual activity. May selection now available: *Della Raye: A Girl who Grew up in Hell and Emerged Whole* by Gary Penley

For Teens

May 9 • 2 p.m.

Make & Take Bath Salts *

Just in time for Mother's Day or a treat for yourself. Join the fun in making a decorative bag of natural lavender or peppermint scented bath salts.

*Registration required. Call or stop by the library.

For Children

Thursdays • 7 p.m.

Family Storytime*

The whole family can enjoy a special time at the library together. We share books, music, and activities that help foster a love of reading! Bring a picnic to enjoy on the deck before stories!

May 2 • 11 a.m.

Mother Goose Picnic*

Mother Goose is on the loose in the library! The fun begins with a Mother Goose puppet show and a special craft. Bring a blanket and your own picnic lunch to enjoy after the show. Ages 2-6 with an adult.

3:30 p.m.

Meet Author Katy Kelly in Person!

Meet Katy Kelly, author of the Lucy Rose series. Hear all about her latest book, *Melonhead*, and what it's like to be an author. Kids will enjoy seeing a live author in person.

May 12 • 4 p.m.

Curious Kids*

Are you curious about science and nature? Explore the world around you with simple, hands-on science activities for kids grades K-2 with a caregiver.

May 14, 21, 28

Born To Play

Free time in the Imagination Zone! Get to know other kids and caregivers while having fun at the library! Play in the Imagination Zone with activities, toys, and imagination starters for children ages 6 mos. to 5 years with a caregiver.

Sunday, May 17 — Lions Club Chicken Barbecue

It's time for the annual Emmitsburg Lions Club chicken barbecue on Sunday, May 17. The Lions will begin selling chicken dinners at 11 a.m. and won't stop until they're all sold. For just \$7.00, each dinner comes complete with half a chicken, fresh roll, applesauce and potato salad.

The barbeque will be held on South Seton Avenue, near Route 15 (across from Getty's Gas Station). Proceeds will help support the many community projects the Emmitsburg Lions Club conducts throughout the year.

For Advance Orders with Home Delivery to 21727 zip code: Email Dianne Walbrecker at getwrite@aol.com with name, address, phone, and number of dinners before Friday, May 15th. Or call her at 301-447-6962 with the same information.

2nd Annual Give Them Wings 2009



99.9 WFRE/AM 930 WFMD Radio and Grand Marshals Karlys Kline and Tom Lynch invite you to join the fun at the...

Charity-walk for Autism treatment!

Sunday, May 31, 2009

Registration 11 a.m. - 1 p.m.

Walk begins @ 1:30 pm

**Tuscarora High School's Fenced-in Track
5312 Ballenger Creek Pike, Frederick, MD**

**One-mile walk to benefit Teach Autistic Children Today/TACT,
a 501c3 non-profit helping children with autism get treatment!**

Fenced-in Track (strollers welcome, no pets please), Games and Crafts for the children, Food (some GFCF), Moon Bounce, Information Tables, Special Guest Keynote, Door Prizes and More!

PRE-REGISTRATIONS postmarked by midnight Monday, May 11, 2009

Adults: \$20, Children ages 11 - 17: \$10, Children 10 and under: \$2 (includes t-shirt!)

For more information e-mail TACTevents@yahoo.com
or call 240.401.5840 or 240.818.4613
or visit www.TACTMD.org to download the registration form and more!

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Recipes



Submitted by the Carriage House Inn

Spinach Salad with Bacon and Grapes

Ingredients:

2 bunches (10 oz.) spinach leaves washed and dried
 3 TBS balsamic vinegar
 ¼ virgin olive oil
 4 oz bacon
 ¼ c pine nuts
 1 c red seedless grapes
 ½ c thin sliced red onion
 ½ c grated parmesan
 salt and pepper to taste

Directions:

- ★ Place spinach in a bowl
- ★ In small bowl mix vinegar, olive oil, salt and pepper
- ★ Sauté bacon until almost crisp (5-7 min.) do not drain fat
- ★ Add pine nuts stirring constantly for one minute
- ★ Add balsamic dressing, bring to boil (about 30 seconds)
- ★ Turn off heat, pour hot dressing over spinach
- ★ Sprinkle with parmesan. Enjoy!

Submitted by the Adams County Master Gardeners

Deviled Eggs with Dill, Tarragon, or Chives

Ingredients:

6 hard boiled eggs
 1/4 cup mayonnaise
 1 teaspoon of herbal vinegar
 1/8 teaspoon of salt
 1 t prepared mustard
 freshly chopped dill, tarragon, or chives

Directions:

- ★ Halve the eggs lengthwise; remove yolk and mash with a fork.
- ★ Stir in mayonnaise, vinegar, mustard, and salt.
- ★ Stuff egg whites with yolk mixture.
- ★ Garnish with chopped herbs.

Submitted by the Adams County Master Gardeners

Green Beans with Pears

Ingredients:

3 medium Bartlett pears
 2 Tablespoons of butter
 2 Tablespoons of sugar
 1 Tablespoon of lemon juice
 1 lb cooked snap beans

Directions:

- ★ Pare pears, halve and core; cut each half into three lengthwise slices.
- ★ In a 10-inch skillet over moderately low heat, mix and heat butter, sugar and lemon juice.
- ★ Add pears; cover tightly and steam, shaking skillet a few times, for about 3 minutes.
- ★ Turn pears, cover again and repeat for another 3 minutes.
- ★ Mix in cooked beans and gently reheat. Serves six.

All ingredients for these recipes can be found at the Jubilee grocery store in Emmitsburg.



Jubilee515@comcast.net

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- ✓ Plates, cups & plastic cutlery
- ✓ Variety of Barbeque sauces & Marinades
- ✓ Ice cream & novelties
- ✓ Chips, pretzels & snacks
- ✓ Shurfine 12-pack soda
- ✓ Aquarius Spring Water 24/16.9 oz "Hot Price"
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MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

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CHAIR FOR CHRISTIAN ETHICS ANNOUNCED



MSGR. SWETLAND ALSO HOSTS THE POPULAR EWTN PROGRAM CATHOLICISM ON CAMPUS WHICH DISCUSSES QUESTIONS OF FAITH WITH COLLEGE STUDENTS. EWTN RECENTLY FILMED EPISODES ON THE MOUNT CAMPUS

The Reverend Monsignor Stuart Swetland has been appointed the Archbishop Harry J. Flynn Endowed Chair for Christian Ethics at Mount St. Mary's University.

The chair is responsible for investigating moral truth both in the light of human reason and the light of the Catholic faith.

Presently, Msgr. Swetland leads the President's Council for Catholic Identity that promotes on-going discussions about implementing faith in everyday life across campus. With the help of this council, Monsignor also created a series of one-day retreats for administration and staff based on interpretation of the Mount's four pillars: Faith, Discovery, Leadership and Community.

"Msgr. Swetland's work, creating discussion on our Catholic Identity, has had tremendous success," says Mount President Thomas H. Powell. "He has opened the door for on-going dialogue and he is one of our brightest and most valuable resources; students are lucky to have him as a teacher and we're lucky that he is a member of our community."

The Chair position, previously held by Dr. Germain Grisez, also is responsible for explaining and defending the faith with fidelity to the magisterium of the Catholic Church. According to Dr. Grisez, who continues his work here at the Mount, "Monsignor Stuart Swetland has already proved to be an excellent teacher of both seminarians and collegians, and is ready to undertake serious scholarly work of his own. So, I am delighted by his appointment and confident he will do outstanding work during the coming years."

A graduate of the United States Naval Academy and an Oxford University Rhodes Scholar, Msgr. Swetland was selected as Co-Chair of the Veterans Memorial Walkway project on the Mount St. Mary's University campus due to be completed by Fall of 2009. He is also a well regarded commentator for EWTN's coverage of the United States Conference of Catholic Bishops and hosts its series Catholicism on Campus.

Msgr. Swetland is a highly regarded and regular contributor to Catholic and secular media outlets in radio, TV, magazines and newspapers.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE SHOWCASE
MAY 3, 2009, 3 P.M.
KNOTT AUDITORIUM

The Mount Wind Ensemble will present their annual spring concert, including a tribute to Ralph Vaughan Williams as we close out the 50th anniversary of his death. Joining them for this afternoon will be the Mount Flute Choir and Percussion Ensemble. Donations will be accepted in support of the Catoclin Pregnancy Center.

SPORTS CAMPS

ROB RYERSON SOCCER SCHOOL

June 21-25 (Girls Advanced Ages 10-18)
June 28-July 2 (Boys Advanced Ages 10-18)
July 19-23 (Co-Ed Boys and Girls Advanced Ages 10-18)
July 26-30 (Boys High School Team Camp)

MILAN BROWN'S BOY'S BASKETBALL CAMP

NEW DATES!!!
June 16-19 (Individual Camp, Boys Ages 8-17)

BRYAN WHITTEN GIRL'S BASKETBALL CAMP

June 25-28 (Individual Camp)
July 31-August 2 (Team Camp)

ONE ON ONE SOCCER

June 28-July 1 (Boys and Girls Grades 9-12)
Call 301-447-3803

RAPID FIRE LACROSSE CAMP

Session I: July 8-11 (Girls Ages 9-14)
Session II: July 8-11 (Girls Ages 15-17)

SCOTT THOMSON BASEBALL CAMP

July 20-23 (Day Camp, Ages 7-12, 9 a.m.-12 p.m.)
July 26-29 (Overnight Camp, Ages 9-18)

THE ELITE 150 LACROSSE CAMP

June 29-July 3 (Boys Summer Day Camp, Ages 5-13)
July 17-19 (Varsity Tournament)
July 24-26 (JV Tournament)

Visit www.mountathletics.com for details.

MOUNT STUDENTS ADVANCE TO SIFE NATIONALS



The Mount St. Mary's University Students in Free Enterprise (SIFE) team won the Regional Champion award at the competition on Monday, 3/30/09. This advances the team to Nationals where we are set to compete against 140 of the best SIFE teams in the USA. The National competition is located in Philadelphia in mid-May.



SECRETS OF MARY'S MOUNTAIN SUMMER CAMP

FOR STUDENTS ENTERING GRADES 1-5
TWO WEEKS, MON.-THURS., JUNE 29- JULY 9, 9 A.M.-1 P.M.
COST: \$125, KNOTT ACADEMIC CENTER

Students will have the opportunity to participate in activities that will unearth the secrets and history of northern Frederick County. Hands-on inquiry activities will include archeology, oral history, lived traditions, walking tours, children's literature, art and more. **Registration deadline is June 12. Contact Laura Frazier at 301-447-5371 or frazier@msmary.edu**