

Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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Fire company celebrates 125 years

James Rada, Jr.

Since the founding of Emmitsburg, whenever there's been a danger of fire in the area, residents of Emmitsburg have come running—first with buckets, then pulling hand reels and now driving high-tech engines.

On Sunday, Oct. 25, more than 100 people gathered at the Vigilant Hose Company building on West Main Street in Emmitsburg to celebrate the 125th anniversary of the fire company and to dedicate the newly rebuilt section of the fire house. Representatives from local fire companies, the National Fire Academy, the U.S. Fire Administration, the Emergency Communications Centers in Carroll and Frederick counties, regional fire companies, the town of Emmitsburg, the Frederick County Sheriff's Office, the Maryland General Assembly and the Frederick County Commissioners were on hand to recognize Vigilant Hose's contribution to the community.

The event featured the Fire Brigade Pipes and Drums of Greater Baltimore, ringing of the historic bell on the old fire house, an anni-

versary painting recognition and a viewing of a commemorative DVD about Vigilant Hose Company.

Tim Clarke, the master of ceremonies and a member of the company, said, "There is a strong desire that permeates throughout the community to serve and help others."

And it always has.

Emmitsburg was founded in 1785 and it's believed that there were volunteer firefighters even back then. The earliest record of the volunteer firefighters is a notice sent to John Bader in 1829 saying that all men in the town had to report to the fire house for training on the fourth Saturday of each month and they had to bring their own buckets.

That was the primary way to fight fires for the next century—bucket, hand reels and wagons. It wasn't until 1929 that Vigilant Hose Company got its first piece of motorized equipment, a Ford pumper.

Vigilant Hose Company was organized in 1884 when Emmitsburg got a reservoir and fire hydrants installed. Since that time, the company has continued to grow and become a family tradition.



Rebecca Pearl unveiling her watercolor commenting the 125th anniversary of the Vigilant Hose Company.

U.S. Fire Administrator Kelvin Cochran called Vigilant Hose Company "the model of what volunteer service should be for the rest of the communities in America."

Vigilant Hose Company services two states, five counties and roughly 100 square miles of territory with around 100 active members plus social members and a ladies auxiliary. Clarke called the auxiliary, "simply the most significant group any organization can have in support of operations." Since their organization in 1975, the Ladies Auxiliary has

donated \$549,000 and one SUV to the fire company.

The dedication events marked the culmination of a year's worth of events and activities to recognize the fire company's contributions to the community. It also recognized the continued growth of the all-volunteer fire company.

"[The new section of the station] suits the men and women of today and will suit the men and women of tomorrow very well," said John Damskey who headed up the committee in charge of the construction.

Carroll Valley balances budget

The members of the Carroll Valley Borough Council got their first look at the proposed 2010 borough budget and found a way to turn the red ink into black ink. And they did it without raising taxes on borough residents.

During a special meeting between the Borough Council and the borough finance committee on Oct. 26, the two groups looked at ways to resolve a \$14,131 budget deficit in the proposed 2010 budget. The projected revenues for next year are \$1,669,217 and the projected expenses are \$1,683,346.

While both revenues and expenditures are projected to be less for next year, the percentage decline in revenues is nearly twice as much as the decline in expenses, which is what created the deficit.

Nearly two-thirds (65 percent) of real estate taxes paid by Carroll Valley Borough residents go to the school system. Another 23 percent goes to Adams County for services provided to borough residents and 12 percent is used for Borough provided services.

The proposed budget contained no increase in real estate taxes and the Council chose to keep it like that so they began looking at additional ways to cut expenditures next year.

Cutting the cost-of-living raise for

Borough employees was discussed as an option to close the deficit. Borough Manager David Hazlett explained that employees had only received a 2.8 percent cost-of-living raise this year when the actual cost-of-living increase should have been 5.8 percent. So the 3 percent raise is actually making up for the insufficient cost-of-living raise from this year.

Councilmen Daniel Patton suggested that borough employees should be challenged to find savings in their budgets and base their cost-of-living raise on how much savings can be found in the budget. However, it was decided that this would wind up encouraging the departments to cut essential services in order to get all of their cost-of-living raise so the idea was dropped.

The police department budget is expected to fall 13 percent next year. Part of the reason for this decline is that department is not fully staffed. The department is budget for four full-time officers, but it has three full-time officers and a part-time officer. The borough is seeking a grant that would provide the town with \$200,000 over three years to fund the part-time officer, but the borough hasn't received a decision on the grant.

A new pavilion was scheduled to be built next year to replace the cur-



Carroll Valley Council and Finance Committee members discuss proposals to balance the Borough's 2010 budget

rent pavilion on the borough park. The current pavilion is showing signs of age, and while structurally sound, is in nevertheless in need of replacement. The new pavilion would be built alongside the current pavilion and then the current one would be torn down. The cost for the new pavilion would be \$25,000. The Council decided to delay the construction of the new

pavilion for at least a year. Additional savings were made by a reduction in employee health benefit costs and a reduction in property and liability premiums. Taken all together, the identified cost savings took the proposed 2010 budget from a deficit to a \$22,000 surplus.

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NEWS

From the editor

As if finish this edition of the paper I have to admit I really, really miss the Dispatch! Every other week I would open my mailbox and there the Dispatch would be. Like many of you, I eagerly looked forward to reading it. Everything in it was new. But for me at least, that thrill is gone.

The day after the October issue came out I sat and watched as my wife leisurely flipped through the paper. After reading a couple articles she put the paper down, the next time I saw her, she was reading it again, having picked up where she had left off. For her, all the articles were new.

In my case however, I've read everything in the paper at least once, if not twice. When articles come in I always do a quick read before I send them off to the 'Kates' to be

edited. When I get them back, I usually read them one more time before sending them off to Brian for placement in the layout. So when the paper finally does come out, it's all old news to me.

While I no longer get the thrill of reading a 'new' paper, I do get the enjoyment of interacting with all the writers. With each e-mail exchange I learn a little bit more about each of them, and they learn about me. For me, developing friendships with them is the best part of being editor.

This edition marks the one year anniversary of my decision to start up the Emmitsburg News-Journal, so it fitting that with this edition we're expanding to 36 pages with the addition of a 'Creative Writing' page in which we will showcase the creative writing tal-

ent of a Mount St. Mary's English Major.

In addition, we're adding one more page the 'A Mountain Perspective' to allow us to cover the Cultural and Arts activities at the Mount, and one more page to the 'Stages of Life' section to give our teens a full page to express their views.

We're also expanding the 'Pets Large and Small' section to two pages and the 'Fitness and Well Being' section to two pages with the addition of a health column by Emmitsburg's very own Dr. Bonita Krempel-Portier.

I hope you find the additions worthwhile. The writers who make up the Emmitsburg News-Journal are dedicated to bringing you the finest community reading paper we can produce. And while I may not have the pleasure of spending hours leisurely flipping through a 'new' paper, I look forward to watching my wife do so!

Around the Borough: Lock your car doors

Carroll Valley Mayor Ron Harris says that crimes of opportunity are on the rise in the borough. These crimes involve residents leaving their cars unlocked. Thieves notice the unlocked vehicles, enter the cars, take items that in the vehicle and leave.

"We have seen some more activity than usual," Harris said.

To protect against this, the easiest thing residents can do is to simply roll the windows up and lock the doors in their vehicles.

Illegal hunting

As different hunting seasons come and go, residents should be on the watch for illegal hunting. Hunters will sometimes come into the borough and see deer and hunt them, but hunting is illegal within the borough's boundaries.

Some members of the Carroll Valley Borough Council have had problems with illegal hunters on their property.

Councilman Ken Lundberg said he had at least five instances of illegal hunting on his property last year. "I'm very tired of finding arrows stuck in the side of my building."

The concern is that by hunting that close to residences if the shot misses the deer, it could hit a resident. If residents see hunters hunting within the borough, they should call police.

Leaf disposal

Residents of Carroll Valley Borough have three options for disposing of leaves this fall. The leaves can be taken to the Washington Township Transfer Station and dumped. They can also be dumped within the borough at the Ranch Section. Leaves dumped

at these locations can be in bags unless they are biodegradable bags.

Leaves can also be burned within the borough, but precautions need to be taken. Leaves can be burned from dawn to dusk and must be under constant supervision while they are burning. The fire cannot be within 50 feet of a building or a road right of way. You must also obtain a permit from the Adams County Department of Emergency Services before burning the leaves. Call 334-8101 for a permit.

Cell phones

Residents in the area should finally be getting cell phone reception with the activation of the new cell phone towers in Liberty Township and Fairfield Borough. The towers were expected to go active at the end of October.

Around the town: Commissioners consider consolidating town committees

James Rada, Jr.

In the light of poor member attendance at many of Emmitsburg's citizen committees, the town commissioners are considering combing the town's parks, water and street committees into a single community advisory board.

Last year, when it was suggested that the town commissioners disband the water committee, Mayor James Hoover began an effort to fill the vacancies on all the committees. While he was successful, many of the members have failed to attend the quarterly meetings. Without a majority of the committee members in attendance at the meetings, the committee can't vote on any recommendations to send to the town commissioners.

Town Manager Dave Haller said a single advisory committee could work

and even be more effective than the separate committees. Haller listened to the commissioners concerns and ideas. He and town staff will now put together recommendations that will be presented to the town commissioners at a future meeting.

Sweeney, O'Donnell sworn in

Clifford Sweeney and Tim O'Donnell were sworn in as town commissioners on Oct. 5. Sweeney was elected to his fifth term in September and O'Donnell won his first term. Chris Staiger will remain the president of the town commissioners. Sweeney was named to the new position as vice-president and Commissioner Glenn Blanchard was named the treasurer of the board.

Town Christmas party cancelled


The Town of Emmitsburg has begun to tighten its belt with regards to

closing a budget deficit created when the State of Maryland reduced revenues its sends to counties and municipalities. Emmitsburg's expected \$126,883 in highway user revenues will be reduced to \$12,688, according to the Maryland Municipal League. The loss of \$114,145 represents more than a 7 percent reduction to budget that was already expected to be tight. State aid for police has also been cut by 35 percent. This affects municipalities like Emmitsburg that provide police protection. The town will see a \$12,603 reduction because of this.

One of the ways the town is going to save some money is by eliminating the Christmas party it usually throws every year for town employees.

Bids reviewed on Lincoln Avenue water and sewer rehab

The Town of Emmitsburg is planning to install a 4-inch wa-



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Letters to the Editor, notice of upcoming events, news stories, and interesting and creative articles are welcome and may be submitted via regular U.S. Mail to P.O. Box 543, Emmitsburg, MD 21727, by email to editor@emmitsburg.com, or at our office on the square - 1 East Main Street.

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Final public comment heard on comprehensive plan

The Emmitsburg Town Commissioners heard their final public comment on the proposed comprehensive plan for the town on Oct. 19. Now the commissioners will need to make their final decisions about what to do and have the staff incorporate any changes into the plan that will serve as the guiding document for town growth for the next few years.

Town staff grows prize-winning pumpkin

Emmitsburg town staff recently grew a 105-pound pumpkin that won the award for the biggest pumpkin at the Emmitsburg-Thurmont Community Show in September. The pumpkin also won an honorable mention for the best-looking pumpkin at the show.

ter line along Lincoln Avenue that will bring water from well J to the Emmits Gardens water plant and relocating part of a sewer line that bisects the Reaver property on the east side of Creamery Road. The sewer portion of the project will be paid for by Greg Reaver. New lines will also be laid under Flat Run.

The town received five bids for the project. The original estimate for the project was \$1,000,050. The low bid was JHG Contractors with a bid of \$991,949. Town staff reviewed JHG's bid, found it acceptable and recommended that the commissioners accept it. Once the town accepts the bid, the Maryland Department of the Environment will have to approve it as well because it is offering grant money to help with the project.

Dance to benefit wounded soldiers' fund



The public can help raise money to help wounded soldiers and have an enjoyable time doing it. On Sat., Nov. 14, there will be a dance at St. Joseph's Parish Hall on DePaul Street in Emmitsburg from 8 p.m. to midnight. Proceeds will benefit The 1LT Rob Seidel Wounded Soldiers Fund, a component fund of The Community Foundation of Frederick County.

1LT Rob Seidel was a 2000 graduate of Catoctin High School, where he played football and baseball and excelled academically. Rob graduated from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point and served as a platoon leader with the 10th Mountain Division in Iraq before being killed in action in Iraq on May 18, 2006.

To honor his memory and his commitment to others, parents Bob and Sandy Seidel established The 1LT Rob Seidel Wounded Soldiers Fund to support charities that provide direct services to military veterans of the war against terrorism. The Fund provides assistance with medical treatment, housing, psychological counseling, physical and occupational therapies, companionship, mentoring, and employment training. To date, \$25,000 in grants from the Fund have been distributed in 1LT Seidel's memory.

Denny and Elaine Ebaugh of Classic Affairs D.J.'s will provide the music for the event. Doors open at 7:30 p.m. and attend-

ees must be age 21 or older. The event is BYOB, with setups and light fare provided. Tickets are \$10 per person and may be obtained by calling Sandy Seidel at (717) 334-5761 or Arlene Pittinger at (301) 447-3368.

You can also mail a contribution to: The Community Foundation of Frederick County with the Fund's name in the memo line may be mailed to 312 East Church Street, Frederick, Maryland 21701.

Ridgefest apple butter is a hit

James Rada, Jr.

Though Colorfest in Thurmont gets most of the attention the second weekend in October, a few miles away Rocky Ridge celebrates Ridgefest.

This year's Ridgefest was held on Oct. 10 and 11 at Mt. Tabor Park, home of the giant wooden slide.

The big draw of Ridgefest is the apple butter boiling demonstration on Saturday morning. Soon thereafter, people begin buying up the fresh-poured pints of apple butter. Rocky Ridge's two church's benefit from the proceeds, which help them maintain the popular community park.

"We got 60 bushels of apples and started peeling them on Friday," said Kathy Sixx with Mt. Tabor Church.

Preparing to make 1,380 pints of apple butter requires a lot of volunteers. Five church volunteers peeled apples, four volunteers chopped them and 35 more cored them. Then

additional volunteers were needed to boil the apples on Saturday morning and more the finished product.

The result is worth it. Nearly all of the apple butter sells at \$3 a pint and the proceeds help the church maintain the park and cover other expenses.

Ridgefest started in 1980 and has been growing since then. More than 500 people attended this year's festival despite overcast conditions and cool temperatures.

"We started out at Colorfest in 1974, but it got so crowded, that we decided to do something on our own," Sixx said.

Now it is a popular stop for visitors on their way to Colorfest. Jen LeFaiver lives in Manchester, but she stops in at Ridgefest to check out the deals on her way to Thurmont.

Ridgefest is a large community yard sale with people selling second-hand items and new crafts.

Kathy Arminger of Taneytown agrees. "When I moved up here, a girlfriend told me about it [Ridge-



est]," Arminger said. "Now we come every year. It's a mix of yard sale and craft show."

People also come for the food, according to Sixx. "Rocky Ridge is known for its soup and fried ham sandwiches," she said.

Food stands feature home-cooked foods with the sales benefitting local organizations, including the Rocky Ridge Volunteer Fire Company.

Grand opening of Rebecca Pearl Gallery on Nov. 13

James Rada, Jr.

Rebecca Pearl has had her new art studio on West Main Street in Emmitsburg since late July, but she will have her official grand opening on Friday, Nov. 13. From 6 p.m. to 9 p.m.

The event will be a wine and cheese party catered by the Carriage House. She will also unveil her new painting that she has been working on featuring the churches of Emmitsburg. Some of the proceeds from the sale of this painting will go to help the Emmitsburg Food Bank.

Pearl has already featured Emmitsburg in some of her pieces such as

Winter at Mount St. Mary's, Trinity Church, St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg Square 1886 and "All of This, And Heaven Too."

"The new building is really nice," Pearl said. "It used to be a pharmacy and it was originally built in the 1870's."

The new gallery features paintings by Pearl and other local artists, including Elizabeth Prongas and Janice Farver. She also has ceramics by Judy Ott and jewelry by Debbie Noonan.

"We're starting to expand and bring in some new artists," Pearl said.

The gallery will also continue to offer a wide selection of custom framing and art classes. She is teaching oil, pastels and watercolor paint-

ing for children and adults.

Growing up in a family of artists, Pearl has been drawing and painting since she was a child. She started on her career as a portrait painter when she 25 after receiving training at Schuler School of Fine Art and the Maryland Institute College of Art in Baltimore. Her paintings feature landscapes, architecture, historical scenes, animals, people and florals.

The hours for the new gallery are Thursday through Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. or by appointment at other times. For more information on the new gallery, call Pearl at (301) 271-2348 or visit her web site at www.rebeccapearl.com.



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NEWS

Seton Center seeks Thanksgiving and Christmas sponsors for deserving families

With the economy in a recession, families in Frederick County are more in need of help than in any time in recent memory. The Seton Center, a non-profit agency that provides services for people in need, primarily in northern Frederick County, is again seeking sponsors for families this Thanksgiving and Christmas.

"With the economy down, and many people being unemployed or under-employed, this year's holiday program will be especially crucial to many families," explained Sister Carol Durkin, administrator of the Seton Center. For Thanksgiving, sponsors provide non-perishable food items plus a gift certificate for perishable items. Christmas sponsors can provide either toys and clothing, or food, or all three, for a family. Cash donations are also needed for both Thanksgiving and Christmas.

"We have a clearance process so that we know that the families we serve are only receiving aid from the Seton Center, not from two or three agencies," added Durkin.

When people call to volunteer to sponsor a family, they are matched with a family according to their resources. For example, a business or church group may want to sponsor a family with a number of children, whereas a single person may choose to sponsor a single parent with one child.

The Seton Center, which has been serving northern Frederick County for more than 25 years, is a sponsored work of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. The sisters and volunteers are known for their quality service and simplicity, and for serving clients with respect, genuine care, advocacy and creativity.

The Seton Center's Outreach Services include emergency and temporary financial assistance

with items such as rent, heat, utilities and prescriptions, a dental program for adults, the "Jump Start Your Job Search" program in that fall, plus referral and information services, supportive counseling, advocating for the needs of the poor and the only thrift shop in the area.

"Needs have been increasing the past few years, and this year needs are greater than ever because of higher gas and heating costs, plus the employment situation," explained Durkin.

Last year at Thanksgiving, Seton Center sponsors provided 80 families (which included 157 adults and 160 children) with food baskets. In addition, sponsors helped 137 families at Christmas (233 adults and 243 children). In 2006, the Seton Center provided for 60 families at Thanksgiving and 130 families at Christmas.

To sponsor a family, make a cash donation or volunteer to



help at the Seton Center, call Sister Carol Durkin at (301) 447-6102 from 9 a.m. to 12 noon and 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. Monday through Friday. You can also e-mail your interest in sponsoring a family to setoncenterinc@doc.org.

Thanksgiving donations must be delivered to the Seton Center at 16840 S. Seton Ave. Emmitsburg, MD 21727 by Friday, Nov. 20, and Christmas donations must be made by Friday, December 11, 2009.

Strawberry Hill to host fundraising auction

Strawberry Hill Nature Preserve is hosting their 8th Annual Auction Dinner, "Art from Nature," on Nov. 14 from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. at Liberty Mountain Resort in Carroll Valley. The auction dinner is a fundraiser for Adams County's only non profit environmental education center and preserve. The event primarily consists of a social hour, silent auction, dinner, raffles, and a live auction.

This year the live auction will feature art items inspired by nature. A four-paneled stained glass

of Strawberry Hill's Historic 1798 Log Cabin, in all four seasons, will be the featured item. However, there will also be handcrafted woodwork made from trees found on the preserve, along with various paintings, pottery, and nature photography.

Also new for this year is a photo contest focused on nature found at Strawberry Hill. Donated photos will be used for a raffle, the silent auction, and the live auction. The five top photos chosen by the event committee will be enlarged, framed, and displayed

at the event and around Adams County. These photographs will be voted on by those who attend the auction. The photograph that receives the most votes will be featured in a half page article in the 2010 January/February edition of Celebrate Gettysburg Magazine. Strawberry Hill is open to anyone submitting a photograph! They just ask that the photograph be taken at the Preserve.

Strawberry Hill is still looking for artists who would be interested in donating some of

their work for the event. All proceeds from the donated art will be used to support Strawberry Hill's environmental education programs.

If interested in attending the Auction Dinner, would like to make a donation, or would like participate in the photo contest, please contact Strawberry Hill for more details at (717)642-5840 or info@strawberryhill.org.

For more than 23 years Strawberry Hill has protected 600 acres of land, two high quality stream corridors, and numerous

wetlands. The preserve has provided recreational opportunities through our various cultural and environmental programs and by maintaining ten miles of trails that are open to the public. Strawberry Hill's environmental education programs have enriched Adams County's local school programs by providing interactive exploration of natural life cycles, plant animal relationships, ecology, and habitat to over 5,000 school children annually.



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November 5

Halloween Vandalism

Fences, Steps and Other Property Injured- Several Caught and Paid Damages

Last Saturday night the spirits of several boys got beyond restraint and they indulged themselves to excess in their so-called Halloween pranks. The fence in the rear of Mr. E. L. Rowe was torn down and a wagon belonging to Mr. James Slagle, loaded with dirt, was taken down to Flat Run and turned upside down. A barrel of loose ashes was emptied on the front of the porch and steps of the residence of Dr. Eicheberger. Several boys tore down the new wooden steps at the highschool building. These lads were caught and made to pay the damages. Mr. J. Shuff was greatly annoyed by the throwing of gravel and stones in his store. Several signs were also pulled down in front of his store.

First Trip to Baltimore

Yesterday Mr. Robert Paterson, a lifelong resident of this community left for Baltimore accompanied by Mrs. Maggie Arnold, for his first visit to a large city. He will visit his old friend Mr. Joseph Flautt and relatives. All these 78 years, for that is his age, he has lived just across the line and aside from a few trips to York and nearby places, he has never been away from home, nor has he ever been in a steam car. He is uncle of the enterprising Paterson Brothers, among our leading business man.

Fire Near Rocky Ridge

On Thursday night fire in a piece of woodland a mile and a half this side of Rocky Ridge threatened the railroad property and an engine and track hands were hurried to the place and averted injury to the track and the dwelling house occupied by Mrs. Ann Whitmore.

Suffers Severe Indigestion

On Monday night, Isaac Annan came down with a severe case of indigestion. Dr. Eichelberger was called and administered a tonic which settled Mr. Annan's stomach. On Tuesday Mr. Annan was feeling much better and a full recovery was expected.

November 12

Death of Isaac Annan

Of the numerous deaths in Emmitsburg within the last few years non caused a greater shock than that of Mr. Isaac Samuel Annan which occurred on Wednesday, the tenth. For seventy-seven years Mr. Annan, who was born on the very site where stands the beautiful residence he occupied during the later part of his life, was identified with Emmitsburg. All of his interest were here and his name is linked with the most important and sub-

stantial institutions of the town. He was a pioneer in the improvement and advancement of the community, and he and those associated with him in various successful enterprises built solidly and well. For half a century the business of which he supplied the needs of many a score of families and the building where he breathed his last was a familiar and a cherished spot of generations gone by. It was he who brought to the town the greatest boon it enjoys today - the mountain water. In the face of stubborn opposition he years ago organized the Emmitsburg Water Company, of which he was also President, and which is a lasting memorial to him. The Banking House of Annan, Horner, and Co., of which he was also President, is another example of his progressive spirit. For years it was the only financial institution in this part of the country and its continued prosperity is an additional evidence of his business sagacity and foresight. He was deeply interested in the W.F. & G.R.R. He was one of the promoters of this new enterprise and he looked forward to the day when it would be a direct line of communications between the capital city and the place where the greatest battle of the Civil War was fought. As a forerunner of this cherished idea he inaugurated the Auto Car Company. Mr. Annan was a most progressive and enterprising citizen. Without him this town would not be what it is today, and the people of Emmitsburg may indeed count themselves fortunate in having had such a valuable citizen in their midst.

Broom Factory to Resume

The Emmitsburg Broom Company, recently reorganized, and which has been shut down for sometime, will resume operations within a few days with Mr. Eugene Zimmerman as president and general manager. The business outlook for this company is very bright and the stockholders are very much encouraged.

Jimmy Gets Free Berth in Coop

"Jimmy" Ferrell got on one of his jamborees on Wednesday and landed in the "coop." After decorating the pavement for several hours with his recumbent person a few of his friends came to his rescue and gave him a ride in a two-horse wagon.

November 19

Heavy Wagon Crushes Out Life of Harry Hardagan

Yesterday around 11:45 in the morning, the ten-year-old son of Mrs. Helen Hardagan, Harry Hardagan, was the victim of a fatal accident on Frederick Street opposite the home of Mr. George Lingg. The lad tried to get on the 'lazy board' of a heavy four-horse wagon driven by John Eyler and in his efforts slipped under the wheel

and was so seriously hurt that he dies fifteen minutes after.

The boy had previously accompanied the driver on his trips for lime which he was a hauling for Rev. Dr. Murry and on Thursday he went as usual but evidently became tired riding on the wagon and thought it would be easier on the 'lazy board.' It was while changing his position that the accident happened.

His body was immediately carried to the house of Mr. Lingg and Dr. Stone was summoned but nothing could be done to save his life. His death was due to internal reapture, probably of the liver. There were no broken bones.

His widow mother who is employed at St. Joseph's was notified of the sad affair. The boy was ten years old the 12th of September. He is survived by his mother, one brother, and four sisters.

High School Items

Two months and a half have passed since the doors of the public schools of this place were again thrown open and admitted their 'vacation-tired' scholars to their ever interesting and profitable work. During these months renewed activity has been shown by pupils and instructors both in what had been previously installed and also what has recently been installed.

By the untiring efforts of our school commissioner, Mr. Harry Stokes, the laboratory has been fully reequipped so that the work of science can now be readily carried forward. The libraries have been added too and the school now has a thriving literary society which meets every Friday afternoon.

Business Men's Association

A large, enthusiastic and harmonious meeting of the Business Men's Association of Emmitsburg was held at the Firemen's Hall on Tuesday night. A constitution and by-laws were formulated and various committees were formed and members elected. The executive committee was ordered to inquire into the proposition for lighting the town, either by electricity or acetylene and report the results of their work at the next monthly meeting which will be held the third Tuesday in December. A special committee was also appointed to draw up tentative plans for a new charter for the Borough and they will also report back at the next meeting.

November 26

Established Orphan's Home at Harney

By the will of the late George Hoffman, during his life a resident of near Harney, Carroll county, the Potomac Synod of the Reformed Church of the United States has fallen heir to two excellent farms situated between Harney and Littlestown, and \$5,000 for the es-



Isaac S. Annan general store. Now home of the Ott House

establishment of a orphan's home.

The synod elected a board of directors to take charge of the farm and fund and empowered them to establish an orphan's home according to the terms of the will. The estate consists of 190 acres of land and each farm has its complement of farm buildings in good repair. By the text of the will all male children are to be taught farming and all the girls housework. Other courses of study usually pursued at such institutions will also be given at the home. When established this will be the only orphan's home under the care of the Synod. Heretofore all orphans taken in charge by the churches in this synod have been sent to homes outside the state.

Thanksgiving Day Dance

Emmitsburg society turned out in full last night at the dance given in the Opera House. Over seventy-five guests attended. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion and the affair was one of the most enjoyable ever held in Emmitsburg. The music was furnished by the Union Bridge orchestra.

To learn more about the rich history of the Greater Emmitsburg area, visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net or join us at our next meeting, Monday, Nov 16th, at 7 pm at the Emmitsburg Library.



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GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the desk of County Commissioner Weiker

Hello again neighbors in Frederick County Maryland. We here in Adams County, Pennsylvania we are getting prepared for the November 3 General Election. This year voters will be selecting several state wide judges. We will also be electing a new county court of common pleas judge. At the County level voters will also be selecting a Sheriff, a Treasurer, a Clerk of Courts and two Jury Commissioners. At the Municipal level we will select Township Supervisors, Borough Councilors, Auditors, Tax Collectors and Constables.

The Court of Common Pleas Judge will be the fourth such judge elected in Adams County over the years. Increased population leading to increased case load has tipped the scale toward the fourth judge. It would be money better spent, I think, if

we could all work out our differences on our own. That not being the case in today's society means added space and county staff to take on the work load and also additional real estate tax burden to help to pay the bills.

The County Sheriff in our state is tasked with security in the court room, transport of county inmates and serving warrants as directed by the court. Criminal and civil law enforcement including traffic safety are not a county mandate however our sheriff deputies do aide and assist local law enforcement when requested.

The County Treasurer is the primary depositor of all county revenues and the chief financial investment advisor to the County Commissioners. The treasurer's office also provides state wide hunting, trapping and fishing licenses. Dog licenses are also sold by the

treasurer. The County treasurer is also a member of the county salary board which is charged with hiring new employees and setting salary considerations.

The County Clerk of Courts over sees the office that handles all criminal court filings and records. Fines and judgments assessed by the courts are also collected in the clerk of courts office.

Jury Commissioners are elected to assist the court system with the selection of people to serve as jurors for county court of common pleas trials. Although now mainly a computerized process, these elected officials assist court administrators in the jury notification process.

Township Supervisors and Borough councilors maintain the county roads and town streets, and serve to provide for the health, safety and welfare of their constituents. Mu-

nicipal auditors verify municipal expenditures; tax collectors collect the municipal, county, school district and per capita taxes. Municipal constables serve outstanding warrants and also transport district magistrate court offenders.

The entire election process is coordinated by the County Director of Voter Registration.

This county office secures the 49 local election sites, maintains, tests and purchases all equipment and supplies needed to conduct two elections each year and assists the County Board of Elections in assuring a fair and accurate tabulation of each and every vote cast. The county utilizes paper ballots, hand marked with out chads and electronic scanning type voting machines. Votes are tabulated electronically, downloaded to computer and then manually veri-

fied by the County Board of Elections. Paper copies are used to verify possible equipment failures and court filed request for manual recounts. The annual cost for the election process generally is estimated at \$200,000.

You know I don't think it matters what type of ballot or machine you use to cast your vote or the name of the elected office you see on your ballot. What really matters is that you take the time to exercise your right to vote for the candidate of your choice. Do some research, attend the town meetings and debates and get educated about the candidates and what they stand for. If you find a candidate that shares your values and your ideals and is willing to stand up and step out to serve their community, support them with your heart and your vote.

From the desk of Carroll Valley Mayor Ron

November is definitely a busy month for all of us. The stores are already putting up their Holiday decorations. As a matter of fact some are skipping the turkey and going straight to the Santa Claus. But one thing is for sure, the trees are turning and because of all the rain we received, the autumn display should be spectacular. However, what to do with the fallen leaves. Some residents bag them and drop them at the Washington Township Transfer Station on Route 16. Others drive a shorter distance and dump their leaves in the designated borough leaf deposit area located at the Borough Municipal Service area in the Ranch section. You are asked to remove the leaves from the bag unless the bag is biodegradable.

As a reminder, if you choose to burn the leaves, you should refer to our ordinance #6-2008. Here are some of the highlights. You can burn yard clippings, leaves, shrubbery, brush, tree branches and tree trimmings (less than 6" in diameter). You are not allowed to burn garbage, plastic, Styrofoam, skid, chemically treated lumber, synthetic material, cardboard boxes, rubber-based materials or other hazardous materials. Burning must be performed between dawn to dusk. The property owner is responsible to assure the fire is under constant supervision control during the fire's duration. No open burning is allowed within 50 feet of an existing building or any paved portion of a public right of way. Under this ordinance, you no longer get your burn permit from the Borough office. You now call 334-8101 to get your permit from the Adams County Department of Emergency Services.

Have you received your seasonal flu vaccine? If not, you can contact the State Health Center located at 424 East Middle Street in Gettysburg. Their telephone number is 334-2112. By appointment, the

State Health Center provides flu injections on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. You need to call them to make sure that the vaccine is available when you arrive. With regards to the H1N1 vaccine, the Pennsylvania Department of Health is in the process of establishing the criteria for distribution based on the strategy of trying to reach those who are projected to be most affected by the disease.

Early recommendations are providing the vaccine to pregnant women, individuals 6 months to 24 years of age, healthcare providers and emergency medical service personnel, individuals who provide care for children less than six months of age and people under the age of 65 with underlying medical conditions. Approximately 2.5 million doses are expected in Pennsylvania by the end of October. If you are interested in more information, refer to www.H1N1inpa.com. The H1N1 in PA website provides information on how the virus spreads, what are the symptoms, how to protect yourself and family, information about the vaccine and what to do when you or a family member gets sick.

Strawberry Hill Nature Preserve is hosting their 8th Annual Auction Dinner, "Art from Nature," on November 14th from 6pm -10 pm at Liberty Mountain Resort. The auction dinner is a big fundraiser for Adams County's only non-profit environmental education center and preserve. The event primarily consists of a social hour, silent auction, dinner, raffles, and a live auction. This year the live auction will feature art items inspired by nature. A four paneled stained glass of Strawberry Hill's Historic 1798 Log Cabin, in all four seasons, will be the featured item.

However, there will also be hand crafted woodwork made from trees found on the preserve, along with various paintings, pottery, and nature photography. Strawberry Hill

is looking for artists who would be interested in donating some of their work for the event. All proceeds from the donated art will be used to support Strawberry Hill's environmental education programs. If interested in attending the Auction Dinner, would like to make a donation, or would like participate in the photo contest, please contact Strawberry Hill for more details at (717)642-5840 or info@strawberryhill.org.

November is a month about giving thanks. There is a group of unsung heroes in our area who deserve our thanks. They are the volunteers who make Meals on Wheels work. The Meals on Wheels of Fairfield and Carroll Valley is a non-profit organization that provides a hot meal each weekday (except on holidays) to clients who are unable to prepare meals due to illness or other reasons. The charge for meals, currently \$4.00 each, offsets the cost of preparation incurred by the meal provider, Village Book & Table Restaurant in Fairfield. Payment is made to the Treasurer, Hel-

en Maddox, on a weekly basis. If financial need is present, an application can be made through the Adams County Office for Aging in Gettysburg. If you want more information contact the current President Susan Stroehler at 642-5858.

There are 11 Meals on Wheels drivers who make the delivery. Thank you Caryl Austrian, Chieko Cameron, Ginny Ciliotta, Pat Harris, Marsha Hinkle, Ed and Nancy Kane, Nancy Neighbours, Gordon Russell, Tom Sanders, John Stroehler, and Charlie Vest. I would also like to offer my congratulations to Charlie Vest and his wife, Mary and Marsha Hinkle and her husband, Bill as well as Ed and Nancy Kane who just celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary.

On November 20th, the Carroll Valley Citizens Association (CVCA) is planning to hold a dinner meeting at the Carroll Valley Resort. Election of CVCA officers will be on the agenda. If interested, you should contact Leslie Bartlebaugh at 642-4270 and make a reservation.

Our Borough Manager wanted me to remind everyone that we are once again participating in the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve Toys for Tots Program. The mission of the program is to collect new, unwrapped toys during October, November and December and distribute those toys as Christmas gifts to needy children in the community. You can drop off your toy(s) or monetary donation at the Borough Office between the hours of 8:00 am to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Friday. If you want your child to receive a toy for Christmas, please contact Dave Hazlett at 642-8269. Your call will be kept confidential.

Keep well. If I can be of help, please do not hesitate to contact me at mayor@carrollvaley.org or call me (717) 642-8269 (Ext32). Happy Thanksgiving!

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GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the desk of County Commissioner Gray

Above is the title of the Frederick County Comprehensive Plan Update now being worked on by the Board of County Commissioners. Why should you care about it?

1. Are you concerned about conserving our natural resources and areas that are sensitive to abuse from ill conceived development or use?

Chapter 3 of the plan attempts to identify, designate and protect key natural resources, sensitive environmental elements and unique habitats. Separate sections analyze the "green infrastructure", streams and their buffers, wetlands, floodplains, the Monocacy River, forestlands, steep slopes, habitats of rare or threatened species and areas of sinkhole prone limestone rock.

2. Do you feel we should protect and preserve our heritage?

Chapter 4 of the plan studies historic properties, scenic landscapes and heritage tourism. A vision is articulated—"The stories of our culture, and most importantly our families, are written across our landscape and continue to provide us with a rich sense of comfort and purpose. Our challenge for the next decades will be to deliver the County's preeminent historic structures, healthy and intact to future generations."

3. Do you believe we should protect our prime agricultural lands?

For the first time in the history of planning the county's Comprehensive Plan will contain Priority Preservation Areas. These are areas of rich agricultural soils whose boundaries are drawn to facilitate agricultural activity and to protect it from sprawl. The county has a goal of placing 100,000 acres of agricultural land in permanent preservation. We are almost halfway to that goal now. These areas are to facilitate acquiring the other half. Our agricultural heritage, taken for granted by some, will certainly have their value rediscovered in future generations. The rural landscapes and the rich soils will be essential for providing local and sustainable food, fiber and fuel. Chapter 5 analyzes how this is to be implemented.

4. Have you worried that we may never conquer the growing traffic congestion?

For tomorrow's citizens and employees of the county, solutions to the myriad transportation crises facing the region emerge primarily due to changes in patterns of land use. An important purpose of Chapter 6 is the consideration of all modes of transportation, not just autos, needed to create a balanced transportation system.

Long range improvements are needed for:

- Highways
- Public Transportation
- Pedestrian and Bicycle Facilities

Reducing sprawl so that roads can be planned more on a corridor basis, providing increased telecommuting opportunities, creating mixed used neighborhoods, and generally integrating overall county and regional traffic planning into all land use decisions is the wiser way to plan. Previously the county had eight individual regional plans that often did not merge well one with the other. This was due to the fact that each region was updated at different times. Also they were not updated coincidentally with municipal plan. The current plan updates the entire county at one time and thereafter updates regions as municipalities in those regions update their plans.

5. Our demographics are changing. What are we going to do with the baby boomers? We need services. What about schools, parks, police, fire and rescue. Too many houses nearby may dry up my well.

Chapter 7 divides these issues into three categories:

1. Community Facilities such as schools, parks, libraries, fire and rescue and health/senior needs.
2. Public Utilities such Solid Waste Management and water/sewer service.
3. Affordable Housing

Again our old enemy sprawl has distanced us from another - and made it hard to provide community services in an efficient manner. By defining Community Growth Areas (Chapter 10) the provision of services does not have to be spread all over the landscape. The plan presently defines 19 community growth areas - either bordering and integrated with a municipality or unincorporated. Some small areas are also designated as rural communities. The growth area limits are also defined for these areas to protect against our old and always present enemy—sprawl.

6. So how does this fit together?

Chapter 11 talks about links. We call it Corridor Planning. These growth areas need to be connected.

7. What about water and sewer? And what about runoff?

Glad you asked. Chapter 9 summarizes the county's Water Resources Plan. This plan coordinates growth management and water resources planning for the county.

It is divided into three parts:

1. Drinking Water Assessment
2. Wastewater Assessment
3. Managing Stormwater and Non-point Source Pollution

It primarily addresses county operated water and wastewater systems although data is included

for municipal systems and municipal growth areas.

The goals of this portion of the plan are:

1. Maintain a safe and adequate drinking water supply to accommodate the needs of the current population as well as future generations.
2. Protect and enhance the quality of Frederick County's surface waters, ground water resources, and wetlands.
3. Invest in water and sewer infrastructure that will provide adequate treatment capacity and reduce pollutant loading in rivers and streams.
4. Promote coordinated planning between jurisdiction and agencies responsible for drinking water, wastewater, and water management.
5. Engage the public in watershed conservation and promote a stewardship ethic.

These are the highlights of the textual part of the plan - the principals and goals to be implemented over the next 20 years. The other part of the plan entails the drawing of Land Use and Zoning designations on the map of Frederick County. It also entails drawing the boundaries on the map of the Priority Preservation and Priority Planning Areas. Workshops will be held on the mapping of these areas at Winchester Hall, third floor on Oct 20, 22, 27, and 29 - all at 1:30 pm.

From the desk of Town Commissioner Chris Staiger

As the Emmitsburg Town Council moves toward final approval of the Municipal Comprehensive Plan, I would like to take an opportunity to briefly recap my understanding of how our municipal plan relates to the county level plan. Much of this information was shared with the county commissioners in a previous e-mail.

First, following the county commissioners' October 6 review, it appears that the County and Emmitsburg Growth Boundaries are now in general agreement, with just a few areas of minor difference. I do not view any such issues as a source of conflict and understand further comment will be taken when the revised county maps are available.

Second, my understanding is that the county currently intends to apply agricultural zoning to properties within the Municipal Plan's growth area regardless of the Town's land use designations. Certainly this is at the county commissioners' discretion and any future municipal annexation applicants will need to deal with the impact of any resulting discrepancies. My goal in this process is to continue to lay out a twenty year municipal growth plan that provides a baseline for future local development.

This plan should:

- a) deliver something better than the suburban sprawl that has been realized in Emmitsburg over the past fifteen years,
- b) take place within the framework of a comprehensive Water and Sewer Capacity Management Plan, and,
- c) be responsive to (admittedly yet to be adopted) APFO requirements.

My recommendation to the Town Council will be that we adopt the relevant portions of the county's APFO in order to ensure that our standards do not conflict while allowing for municipal access to county resources when evaluating proposals.

My goal is to have the APFO process resolved in 2010 while also initiating the required changes to municipal zoning and development ordinances necessary to allow for preservation of existing assets, opportunities for commercial and mixed use development, and the maintenance of open space.

Third, I believe there has been much discussion of proposed roads that may appear on one plan but not the other. I understand that the county may feel it is inappropriate, if not misleading, to designate roads for which no county, state, or federal funds are

available - or roads that the county feels have no prospect for completion within the timeframe of the plan in question.

I would respond, however, that road designations are appropriate on municipal plans if they lie within the municipal growth area and can reasonably be expected to be constructed as a part of developer supplied improvements.

I feel it is the local government's responsibility to designate these secondary routes in an effort to ease pressures on primary routes. Such designations also lay out our expectation of the final results of overall development that will be carried out by multiple groups over an extended time frame. In the end, as planners, we need to make sure we have puzzle pieces that fit together with each other and the pre-existing community. I feel that a lack of this type of guidance only provides loopholes and mediocre results.

Last, I would unequivocally oppose any county regulation of the development process within the municipality - whether through the 'Trojan Horse' of water management or otherwise.


Emmitsburg maintains its own water and sewer services, has crafted an accurate and responsible Water and Sewer Management Plan per state guidelines, and (I

believe) fully intends to adopt county APFO requirements.

My expectation is that municipal adoption of county APFO requirements would provide the

county with adequate protection for the resources that they provide - in our case, primarily schools in the north county area.

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COMMENTARY

Pondering the puzzlement

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

Only 15% of eligible voters in Emmitsburg's latest election bothered to vote? I'm shocked it was that many. I admit I wasn't among the 15% and I probably had as good an excuse as the other 85 percenters who didn't bother to vote. Thinking back to election day I can't say I was aware of it being any day other than a workday, until I noticed a small sign, or bag over a parking meter (can't recall which now) proclaiming there was a town election. Really? I wondered who was running and for what. Given I see most local elections as popularity contests and I often cast a blank ballot, I managed to miss this election as I had more important business to attend that day.

So what's the big deal?

Locally it seldom matters, to me, who is running the town so long as it is run. County, state and nationally? Well those elections tend to have more of an effect on my life, usually not to my benefit either. I vote in those elections. From what I hear that makes me a 25 percenter most years. And that gives me pause.

If the majority of eligible voters leave it to me and the other 25 percenters to decide who proposes and votes on laws, raises taxes and all the other liberty/wealth stealing ventures our various governments get involved in... well that explains a lot. Among those who bother to vote, I am in the minority. I want government small and mostly out of my life. I want elected office holders at the federal level to abide by the Constitution and its amendments- as they were written, not as some people think they should have been written. I want them to appoint people to unelected offices who will also abide by those restraints. (The "hope and change" the founding fathers created was a document to control government, they had just survive the tyranny of a king, they planned to prevent such a disgrace from occurring in the new nation they were building.) That places me very much in the minority of voters today. I suspect I'm real-

ly a 5 percenter- one pulling the wagon everyone else is trying to get a ride in.

Consider the 25 percenters- government employees and people making their living off government contracts. Social Security recipients, schoolteachers, unionists, minorities (of any stripe), corporations looking for favors for the "support" they give both parties. People hoping the government will "fix" whatever is wrong in their lives, and the Party faithful, followed closely by the ideological fanatics. And me.

Given what I see happening on the national level, I have to wonder why missing an unimportant town election bothers me enough to write about it. Puzzling this one out wasn't too difficult.

I became eligible to vote in 1972. I didn't bother to do so before 1992. Disgust with the entire political system was probably the biggest excuse I had for not registering to vote. In reality, I didn't want to bother with learning the intricacies of politics. I've struggled ever since to cast a ballot in every election I'm eligible for. Being a creature of habit, missing a few elections (even mind numbingly boring ones like the last town election) could easily lead me to skipping a primary. Presidential primaries are already tortures for me as the candidate I usually want to vote for has long since quit the race before Maryland votes. Missing a primary would quickly lead to my skipping a general election.

Missing general elections is not an option. I'm among the few who bother to vote! The people I talk to, who also vote, scare the hell out of me. I realized we, as a nation, have become what some Israeli leader (back in the 60s) predicted we would be when we realized we could vote to not work and live off those who do.

I may end up casting blank ballots in every election from this day forward. But cast a ballot I will until we finally have a government that no longer needs our bothering to vote for it. People's get what they deserve.

To read other article by Jack Deatherage visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

Down Under! Viva la difference

Lindsay, Melbourne Australia!

Australia and America have many things in common, and one of the most profound is the heritage our immigrants have given their new land. Your main migrations began some 300 years ago, ours much later. Many from the British Isles came here in the years up to 1948, but from 1946 people from all over Europe and the Indian subcontinent came in droves, so that today there's not one country without its communities, pretty much as in the USA, although the proportions are wildly different.

But because of your greater migrant time span the mix and benefits of other cultures, other voices, other tastes has had longer to be appreciated and assimilated. When news first travelled back to Europe that this new land was one of plenty, boundless opportunity and adventure, the excitement spread; when it was realized that there was this plus freedom from persecution, intolerance and warfare, the exodus from the old to the new was staggering. The new land needed new arrivals, and it proclaimed the benefits with excitement. There's an old song I love, called 'Uncle Sam's Farm', a kind of migrant recruiting tale: There's plenty of room, an abundance of riches, so come along, come along, uncle Sam's farm welcomes you. (There's also a certain statue in a certain harbor with the same message.)

All these new arrivals brought with them their own rich veins of culture and tradition, which they planted so their children would grow up with a knowledge and understanding of their heritage - but these veins also became part of the whole landscape for all to see and perhaps share or admire. In doing this they *became* the country in which they reside - and as all of us are the descendants of migrants, (unless we happen to be part of the original inhabitants, a true 'native of the land'), we have not just our own original culture to draw on, but the opportunity of experiencing the riches that the forebears of those around us brought with them as well.

Isn't it strange, then, that after migrants have become assimilated, they often start to look down on the next wave of new arrivals as being 'hated and despised foreigners', unfit to live in OUR land, taking OUR jobs, destroying OUR culture and so on. Knowledge of their history is soon forgotten, memories of their original culture become insignificant, but because they are individual humans they're in desperate need of finding something to feel superior about, something they can call 'theirs'. These folk become fearful that their way of life is in jeopardy, close ranks and minds, come to believe they're the only ones that matter, that everyone should be like

them, and deny the rights and freedoms of others. Fear and loathing of outsiders is xenophobia, which can become entrenched in a society that allows some of these folk to become powerful.

Many years ago I remember regularly walking past a backyard farm that some Italian migrants had created; it was a thing of real beauty, and the farmer would happily talk to passersby about his wonderful new home - very different to the dried slopes of Calabria - and invite one in for a coffee and a chat. His children, still at primary school, had absorbed the language and idiom like natives born, and his wife would try to teach us Italian. I got to know them quite well, and grew to admire their endeavour and positive outlook - but one day he said, out of earshot of the family, "You tell me, please, why the government let these Indians in? They spoil the country. They dirty it. Lazy, greedy. They no deserve this beautiful land."

I was able to point to his certificate of naturalization, just three years old. As a look of understanding dawned, I asked him "ever eaten Indian food?" At his nod, I asked, "enjoy it?" He could only smile as he slowly said "si..."

Every culture has its unsettling practices, its weird culture, as well as its crooks, idiots and lowlifes, but each has its own vibrant facets to add to ours, enriching and enlarging it. When avocados were introduced I bought one, took it home and tried to eat it. Horrible. No one had told me they needed to be ripe. Same with Kiwi fruit, which were originally called 'Chinese gooseberries', but for certain reasons were rechristened. Green, they're awful - but I wouldn't like to be without them today. Same with Tandoori, Kebabs, Borscht, pasta - you name it, and it's nearly always worth trying. And as I'm rather involved in

the music broadcasting industry, where would we be today without the oud, the shakuhachi, the marimba, the rebec, and so on? How would we get on without jazz? Or the tango? We'd be deprived of wonderful food for the senses.

So I respect the cultures that have brought us so many new, vibrant experiences. I don't eat Kosher, but respect those who do. I don't practice Ramadan, but again respect those who do. The list could go on, but instead of getting upset at the foreignness all around me, I try to embrace it. I've never been disappointed. And do I have friends from around the world? You bet I do. And I still have my heritage, my values, my ethics, the things of value inherited from my forebears, hopefully to be seen and considered by those around me. We can have the memories of our history and trappings of our culture, we can follow the time honored rituals, but when we try to impose that on others, do we not demean their culture and history? Resentment blooms, division occurs, splits in the fabric of society develop. Anyway, how do you make people like and respect you and your beliefs? Not by hitting them over the head. Ask a horse. But would be dictators still try to.

The business I'm with has new owners, husband and wife, whose forebears came here about 150 years ago. They're fifth generation Australian, lovely folk who have distinctive Chinese features. My wife's father's folk got here in 1780 with the British army. Mine arrived in 1898. I'm the new kid on the block.

So, here's today's quiz: (1) How many generations have you been in your country? (2) How many different countries of origin are the people, or their ancestors, in your town from?

Call it what you like, multiculturalism is great. Vive la difference!

Lindsay

To read other articles by Lindsay, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net



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FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

Greetings from your Mennonite neighbor

Pastor Brenda Walter

The Mennonite Church is Christ-centered and a historic peace church that grew out of the Protestant Reformation in the early 1500s in Europe. A small group of reformers felt the New Testament taught that church should be separate from state. They believed their ultimate loyalty was to God, and that Jesus' disciples should follow his example and put away the sword. They also believed people should voluntarily follow Christ through adult baptism rather than being baptized into the state church as infants.

Thousands of these Anabaptists were persecuted and martyred during the next two generations.

Menno Simmons, converted to Anabaptism in 1536, in the Netherlands. He traveled throughout northwestern Europe, preaching and writing. Eventually, many Anabaptists came to be known as Mennonites.

Close to the Pennsylvania/Maryland border in Fairfield, PA, the Fairfield Mennonite Church is a place of hope and healing where people from diverse backgrounds seek together "to do justice, love mercy and walk humbly with your God" (Micah 6:8). We also consider the Beatitudes from Matthew 5:1-10 a Biblical Foundation for our call to ministry.

Our mission is to seek to follow Jesus through acts of service, simple living and active peacemaking. We are an Anabaptist community that strives to support, encourage and provide opportunities for spiritual growth. We seek to be inclusive in our worship and service, recognizing the wisdom of many faith traditions and welcoming everyone in the spirit of Jesus. In so doing, we hope to break down barriers that divide us from each other so that we may unite in faith through service to the world.

So what do all these words mean?

We, at Fairfield Mennonite, live out this mission through acts of service to our community. Fairfield Mennonite houses the Food Pantry for residents within the Fairfield School District and those with Orrtanna and Cashtown addresses. Operating hours are 1pm-5 pm every third Friday of each month. Currently about 65 families are receiving aid. The Pantry is run solely by community volunteers and supported by local churches and area residents. Alcoholics Anonymous meets on site every Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday evening.

We have an active Prison Ministry, specifically working with those men and women who are looking to re-enter society. Our hope is that through mentoring, and walking along side these individuals, negative behaviors can become positive influences re-

sulting in reduction of recidivism. Many church participants volunteer also with the Re-entry Program through the South Central Community Action Program teaching life skills such as budgeting, problem solving, cooking and gardening.

Striving to live simply has led us into developing An Environmental Concerns Committee. The first challenge was to stop using Styrofoam cups, paper plates and plastic wear for social hour and fellowship dinners. Just this action has significantly reduced our weekly trash. We also learned that the dishwasher ran more efficiently when used weekly! We now recycle any plastic, glass, tin/aluminum cans, newspaper and cardboard by supporting Adams Rescue Mission.

On a larger note: lighting was changed to energy efficient bulbs, insulation was added to the attic cutting the need to use air conditioning this summer. We are also looking forward to a lower heating bill. Another planned building project will be to add Plexiglas to the inside windows for further insulation. And individuals and families have been educated on various "Green Tips" to reduce energy use at home.

Active peacemaking is carried out locally by participation in peace rallies, writing our congressmen and representatives and trying to solve conflicts through non-violence means, that is talking versus fighting. A wonderful guide, "Agreeing and Disagreeing in Love" can be found at the following link: <http://peace.mennolink.org/agree.html>. So much more could be shared. I encourage each of you to define how you daily carry out "active peacemaking." It can begin with a smile.

We strive to support, encourage and provide opportunities for spiritual growth. We seek to be inclusive in our worship and service, recognizing the wisdom of many faith traditions and welcoming everyone in the spirit of Jesus.

Here at Fairfield Mennonite we recognize, and respect, many faith traditions. Most members were not born and raised in the Mennonite tradition; some carry baggage from previous religious experiences and some are attending while continuing to explore other world religions. We recognize that spiritual journeys are as unique as each individual.

Fairfield Mennonite is a safe place to ask all the hard questions: Is there a God? What made Jesus so special? What is sinning and salvation? Am I really loved in spite of myself? Pastor Emeritus Joyce Shutt once commented, "If you feel like a misfit, Fairfield Mennonite is the place to be." Another defining quote came from her father, Howard Musselman; "When you stop asking questions you might as well die." Join us Sundays for Adult Bible Study at 9:30 am and worship at 10:30 am. We do not know all the answers but will work together to find them!

In so doing (the above), we hope to break down barriers that divide us from each other so that we may unite in faith through service to the world.

Perhaps the most visible act of service to the world is through our Annual International Gift Festival. "Honor Veterans--Support Peace", is the theme that weaves it's way through this year's International Gift and Rug Festival, November 10-14.

In cooperation with local veteran's organizations, festival planners are asking the community to donate personal care items for our troops overseas. There will be collection areas at the festival where shoppers can drop off their contributions.

Armed Forces Morale, Welfare and Recreation have expressed an urgent need for specific personal care items for female military personnel who are often inadvertently overlooked. Suggested

items such as body wash, disposable razors, sanitary napkins, body lotions-moisturizers, combs/brushes, powder. [sanitary napkins are excellent for sweat absorption], candy, magazines, puzzle books, CD's, etc. It is hoped these items will reach our troops by Christmas. A signed Christmas card with your return address on the envelop would also be great to include with your donations.

The International Gift and Rug Festival retails only rugs and crafts that are produced by fair trade cooperatives of Ten Thousand Villages, the 2nd largest fair trade organization in the world.

Fair Trade ensures that individual artisans own the items they produce and receive fair wages for their efforts. This guarantees the customer a quality product, the artisan fair and just compensation, and forges a bond for all who support Fair Trade.

Rugs and crafts of Ten Thousand Villages are unique, hand made, and designed by the craftsmen with pride in their sense of accomplishment. Fair Trade is an equitable solution to poverty and social injustice. The economic stability of Fair Trade encourages peace among Muslims and Christians who work together in many projects. Receiving a fair wage allows families to build lives and plan their future. Working toward common goals emphasizes similarities not differences, opening doors to peace and living together harmoniously.

Each lovely piece, whether a pair of unique earrings, an intricately carved stone figurine, a symbolic tree decoration, hand thrown pottery, or an exquisite, one of a kind



rug, carries with it a story of possibilities for hope and peace in a broken world.

Mark these dates and times on your calendar:

Nov 10th & 11th 9AM-3PM
Nov 12th & 13th 9AM-8PM
Nov 14th 9AM-5PM

Come see the cool rickshaw out front of Fairfield Mennonite Church; Bring much needed personal care items for our military personnel overseas; Enclose a personalized Christmas card with your return address on the envelope.

Make a Difference in our World! Support Fair Trade! 49th International Gift and Rug Festival, W. Main Street, Fairfield, PA

For additional information call the Church at 717-642-8936 or go online to www.fairfieldmennonitechurch.org.

Brenda Walter became a member of Fairfield Mennonite Church in 1993 after serving as an Elder in The United Methodist Church. Brenda was called from the congregation and began serving as Pastor in February 2002.

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THE MASTER GARDENERS

Preparing for Winter

Frank Williams, late Adams County Master Gardener
Teresa Gallion, Frederick County Master Gardener, Audrey Hillman, Kay Hinkle & Mary Ann Ryan, Adams County MGs

As trees prepare for winter, we are lucky enough to experience leaf and needle fall. This fall has and is a great season if you enjoy the changing colors of the trees around us. We've had plenty of rain, so the trees are not stressed, and warm sunny days with cool nights also help out. But why are some years good for fall color, when others are not? Many factors such as soil conditions, weather, and genetics all contribute to the equation.

The whole process is a slow one and begins as the length of the nights increase. This change in the light causes the plant to produce phytochrome. Phytochrome is the chemical that starts the process of dormancy. A layer of cells is produced between the branch of the tree and the leaf stalk. This layer is called the abscission layer and it blocks the passage of water and nutrients (carbohydrates) to and from the leaf. The production of the green pigment, chlorophyll, which is the predominant pigment, begins to break down.

Without the chlorophyll to color the leaves green we begin to see the other pigments, carotenoids, give the leaf its yellow, orange and brown color. Now here is where the genetics fits in. Some trees also have the ability to form another pigment known as anthocyanin, which gives leaves a red or purple color. For anthocyanins to form there must be sugar present so any weather condition that enhances the production and accumulation of sugars in the leaf helps with the intensity of the red color.

Sunny days result in a high production of carbohydrates in the leaf and cool nights help to break those carbohydrates down into sugars. The cool nights also help to keep those sugars in the leaf instead of going to other parts of the plant. When the skies are cloudy and the nights warm, less sugars are produced and more are moved from the leaf, leaving us with less intense color.

As the abscission layer gets bigger it divides into two layers. One layer is protective and forms on the branch. The other is a separation layer and forms on the leaf stalk (petiole). Once both layers form there is not much left to hold the leaf in place and down it comes. A popular myth about fall color is that we need a frost to produce good fall color. Killing frosts and freezing temperatures stop the color change and kill the leaves. So garden chores, like raking leaves, will come a bit faster after frost.

While you're raking leaves, think about some of the other garden tasks that should take place this fall. Maybe understanding the cycle of the leaf

will inspire you to do some of the following steps in yard clean-up.

Completing the Basics

Gathering up this year's garden debris is a must in maintaining your garden's health. First, remove all diseased plants and discard them far away from your garden area. Healthy vegetable plants and flowers should also be removed and can become a part of your compost pile, along with the leaves you have just raked.

Mulching and Fertilizing

Young, tender plants with shallow roots can definitely benefit from some mulch from last year's compost or bought from a local nursery. Do not mulch too heavily because you may encourage unwanted pests and diseases to overwinter in your mulch and soil and attack your plants once again come spring. Three to four inches of mulch is about right. If you haven't fertilized yet, it's probably too late. You don't want to encourage any new growth this late in the season. Mark your calendar for next March to fertilize. Deep watering shrubs is also wise but do so before the ground is frozen.

Evaluation of your 2009 Gardens

Have you considered what plants you liked and produced well in 2009? If, for example, you kept a diagram of your vegetable garden, you might wish to consider which plants prospered in each location. Where possible, rotate vegetables each year. Beans are legumes which actually add nitrogen to the soil; moving them around helps other crops to benefit from the beans' nitrogen fixing largesse.

Similarly, different environments work best for your flowers, especially the annuals. Plan to adjust next year's plantings according to your success and color schemes.

Raised beds

If you have garden areas where the soil is simply inadequate for good results, it's not too late to consider raising beds for next year. Add compost or purchased soil to make a rich bed for your spring plantings.

Perennials

Remember also that bulbs, ornamental grasses and the like need

occasional separating for maximum success. If, after several years, the bloom of your naturalized bulbs appears to decline, it may be due to overcrowding, since they have continued to reproduce. In that case, after the leaves have withered, the bulbs should be lifted, separated, and replanted at a greater spacing.

If it's possible, leave some perennials standing. It's fun to watch finches on coneflowers (*Echinacea* sp.) picking out the seeds. Sunflowers, liatris and other flowers that go to seed will provide food for wildlife. Watching birds can give you hours of enjoyment in the winter garden. Leaving flowers and stalks through the winter will also provide homes for overwintering beneficial insects. Gardeners will welcome these beneficial insects as pollinators and as food for birds and each other. By leaving seed heads and some winter protection for birds and insects in your garden, you'll have lots of wildlife to enjoy this fall and winter. Milkweed pods provide seeds for food and flycatchers, vireos, wrens, some warblers, sparrows, orioles and finches will use the floss for nesting. You'll have more insects in the spring, too.

Cleaning Garden Tools

Most of us don't give much thought to the various tools we use each year. But we have our favorites and they too need our attention. Cleaning and sharpening them in fall or winter, putting a bit of linseed oil on wooden parts, and having them ready for next spring is a useful cold weather activity.



Fall dead heading prevents unwanted spring seedlings

Rust will shorten the life of any tool, so removal is imperative. A putty knife works well for smaller spots, while larger spots might need steel wool and elbow grease. Rust that is allowed to accumulate eventually pits the metal. Pits can be removed by sanding the metal. Once clean, the metal can be further protected with a layer of paint.

Those tools with wooden handles need extra protection to prevent them from drying out and cracking. First apply mineral oil and let it soak in, then brush polyurethane on the handles. Or, if you prefer, just wipe on tung oil instead. If you use the tung oil, be sure to dispose of the rags carefully, as they will be combustible when dry.

Lawn mowers appreciate a good

scraping underneath and a bath on top and all over on a nice sunny day conducive to drying. A check of wheel barrow tires for air pressure, and just general mechanics of any garden carts you rely on now will save a frustrating start to planting in the spring.

Enjoy your fall garden and look forward to the activity of wildlife, the structure of the garden and the relaxation of the winter. Spring will come fast enough!

To learn more about how to become a Master Gardener call Mary Ann Ryan at 717-334-6271

To read other gardening articles, visit the gardening section of Emmitsburg.net

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ROBERT CHAMBERS' The Book of Days



What an uproar there is in the old forests and woods when the November winds lift up their mighty voices, and the huge trees clashing together, like the fabled giants battling with knotted clubs against the invisible assailant, whose blows they feel but cannot see struck, so wage war on one another!

On every hand we hear the crash and fall of mighty branches, and sometime a large tree torn up by the roots comes down, quick as an avalanche, leveling all it falls upon, where it lies with its blackening leaves above the crushed underwood like some huge mammoth that has perished. The sky is low and gloomy and leaden-coloured, and a disheartening shadow seems to fall on everything around.

November is the pioneer of Winter, who comes, with his sharp winds and keen frosts, to cut down every bladed and leafy bit of green that is standing up, so as to make more room for the coming snow-flakes to fall on the level waste, and form a great bed for Winter to sleep upon. He blows all the decaying leaves into dreary hollows, to fill them up, so that when Winter is out on the long dark nights, or half-blinded with the great feathery flakes, he may not fall into them.

If a living flower still stands above its dead companions, it bends its head like a mourner over a grave, and seems calling on our mother-earth to be let in. The swollen streams roar and hurry along, as if they were eager to bury themselves in the great rivers, for they have no flowers to mirror, no singing of birds to tempt them to linger among the pebbles and listen, no green bending sprays to toss to and fro, and play with on their way, and they seem to make a deep complaining as they rush along between the high brimming banks.

Even the clouds, when they break up, have a ragged and vagrant look, and appear to wander homeless about the sky, for there is no golden fire in the far west now for them to gather about, and sun themselves in its warmth: they

seem to move along in doubt and fear, as if trying to find the blue sky they have lost.

The woodman returns home at night with his head bent down, feeling there is nothing cheerful to look round upon, while his dog keeps close behind, seeming to avail himself of the little shelter his master affords from the wind, while they move on together. The pleasantest thing we see is the bundle of fagots he carries on his shoulders, as it reminds us of home—the crackling fire, the clean-swept hearth, and the cozy-looking kettle, that sits ‘singing a quiet tune,’ on the hob.

But amid all these images of desolation, which strike the eye more vividly through missing the richly-coloured foliage that threw such beauty over the two preceding months, November has still its berries which the early frosts have ripened to perfection.

The most wonderful plant that bears berries, is the butcher’s broom, which may be seen covered with fruit as large as cherries, in the very depth of winter. Both flower and berry grow out of the very middle of the leaf, and it would make a pleasant change in our Christmas decoration, as it is an evergreen, and quite as beautiful as the holly.

Many little animals are busy, during the autumn, in laying up stores for winter; for though some of them sleep away the greater portion of the cold season, a change in the weather often causes them to awaken, when they have recourse to the provisions they have saved; and as soon as the mild warm weather is again succeeded by cold, they coil themselves up, and sleep again.

The hibernation of the squirrel is shorter than that of any of our winter-sleeping animals, for he is up and away as soon as he is awakened by a mild atmosphere, and as he has generally more than one larder, enjoys himself until slumber again overtakes him; for we can imagine, from his active habits, that he is not likely to remain

in his nest while there is a glimpse of warm sunshine to play in.

The hedge-hog is a sound sleeper, and stores up no provision, though its hibernation is sometimes broken during a very mild winter, when it may at times be found in the night, searching for food under the sheltered hedges. The pretty dormouse coils itself up like a ball of twine in its winter-nest, curling the tail around the head to the other side of its back, as if tying itself together before going to sleep. Should it awake, there is stored up food at hand, which it holds in its forepaws like the squirrel, while sitting up to munch an acorn, hep, or haw, or whatever is stored up, and it is a great hoarder of various kinds of seeds.

But few of these torpid animals store their granaries better than the long-tailed field-mouse; considering its smallness, the quantity of corn that has been found in a single nest is amazing. Even if we reckon it to have carried from the harvest-field a full ripe ear at a time, it must have made many journeys to accumulate so much food. Nothing seems to come amiss to it, for if there has been no cornfield at hand, its hoard has been found to consist of nuts, and acorns, gathered from the neighbouring wood, which has sometimes been five or six hundred yards from its nest.

Above five hundred nuts and acorns have been taken out of its storehouse; and as it can hardly be supposed that so small an animal could carry more than one at a time, we have proof of its industry in the hoard it must have laboured so hard to get together. One might suppose that, early in autumn, when the weather is fine, these little animals would give themselves up to enjoyment, instead of carrying the many loads they do to their nests, did we not find proof to the contrary.

Some naturalists say that the hibernating animals we have glanced at, spread out their provisions in the sun to dry and ripen before carrying them into their nests. That this may be the case, we can hardly doubt, having seen ears of corn, nuts, acorns, and seeds, about the roots of trees, at a considerable distance from the spots where they were grown, and in such positions as they could not have fallen into, even had they been shaken down by the wind. The foresight of these hibernating mammals is proved through their laying up provision against the time they may awaken, long weeks before they retire to their winter-sleep.

Nor is it less wonderful to note the going out and coming in of the migrating birds in autumn; for though all our songsters that are migratory have long since gone, we now hear the screaming of coming flocks in the still night—

the clamour of voices high overhead, which is sometimes startling in the star-lighted silence. Most of our aquatic birds land in the night, though long strings of wild-geese are often seen forming a V-like figure in the air, as they wing their way to our fenny and marshy lands in the daytime.

If flying low enough, the leader of the van, forming the point of V or A, who seems to cleave the air, to make a passage for his followers, will be seen after a time to fall into the rear, when another bird takes his place, until he in time also falls back, as if through fatigue; nor can there be any doubt that the leader, who first pierces the air, through which the whole flock passes, has to exert himself more than his followers.

By the end of this month our gardens look desolate. The few chrysanthemums that have survived have a draggled and dirty look after the frost and rain, and nothing out of doors, excepting the evergreens, remind us of the green flush of departed summer. There is the tapping of rain on our windows, and the roaring of the wind through the long dark nights.

The country-roads are soft, and we stick in the mire at every step if we traverse those rutted lanes, which were so delightful to walk along only a few short weeks ago. Even the heart of a brave man beats quicker, who, after passing a treeless and houseless moor, hears the rattling of the bones and irons of the murderer on the gibbet-post, as he turns to enter the high dark wood, which, when he has groped through, still leaves him a long league from the solitary toll-gate—the only habitable spot he will pass before reaching home. For now, in the solemn language of the Holy Bible, we have ‘many a day of darkness and of gloominess, of clouds and of thick darkness, even very dark, and no brightness in it, for the land is darkened.’

Historical

November was styled by the ancient Saxons Wint-monat, or the wind-month, from the gales of wind

which are so prevalent at this season of the year, obliging our Scandinavian ancestors to lay up their keels on shore, and refrain from exposing themselves on the ocean till the advent of more genial weather in the ensuing year. It bore also the name of Blot-monath, or the bloody-month, from the circumstance of its being customary then to slaughter great numbers of cattle, to be salted for winter use. The epithet had possibly also reference to the sacrificial rites practised at this time.


November is generally regarded as the gloomiest month of the year, and it is perhaps true that less enjoyment is derivable in it from external objects than in any other of the twelve divisions of the calendar. It is popularly regarded as the month of blue devils and suicides. Lead-en skies and torrents of rain, combined frequently with heavy gusts of wind, which shake down the last remaining leaves from the trees, are phenomena of normal occurrence in November, and certainly by no means conducive to buoyancy and cheerfulness of spirits.

Summer and autumn, with their exhilarating influences, have fairly departed, and winter, in its gloomiest phases, is approaching, whilst the hilarity and joyousness of the Christmas-season are still far off.

Published in England in 1869

To read other stories associated with a particular day of the year in Robert Chambers' *The Book of Days* visit Emmitsburg.net.

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THE "retired" ECOLOGIST

Quiet Fall

Bill Meredith

"The fog comes on little cat feet.

It sits looking over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

—Carl Sandburg, 1916: "Fog."

Fall came in like Sandburg's fog this year, on little cat feet; we hardly noticed, but one day we got up and it was here. There were no violent equinoctial storms or unexpected early frosts; temperature and rainfall patterns in Emmitsburg stayed closer to average values than any year since I started keeping records. The whole year has been like that. The southern states had severe droughts followed by floods, the midwest had record heat waves, California had fires, and other parts of the world had earthquakes, tsunamis, and famines (to say nothing of wars and genocide); but here, we were almost boringly normal. Not a bad place to live, this.

The only thing that reminded me of the changing season was the garden. The weeds seemed to be aware that summer was passing; they grew faster, and suddenly filled up the spaces between what had been fairly tidy rows. The galinsogas¹ were the worst; their succulent vines covered everything except the tallest tomatoes and peppers, and produced myriad tiny yellow flowers, filled with seeds to guarantee that next year will be the same. Russian thistles and pokeweeds were a distant second in numbers, but they grew with the same desperate speed. Even some of the vegetables got into the act; the lettuce that went to seed last spring re-planted itself, and when I pulled the weeds I found new lettuce plants growing with weed-like vigor, as if they enjoyed not being in rows. And the turnips that were planted in August actually crowded out the weeds in their vicinity.

I have reached the age at which tasks now take two or three times as

long as they used to; the only trade-off is that, being retired, it doesn't matter if I don't finish on time. Most jobs can be finished tomorrow, or next spring, or even forgotten about. For example, last spring I noticed that the exhaust fan in the bathroom didn't seem to be working very well; it didn't keep the mirror from fogging, and sometimes it made odd scratchy noises even when it wasn't running.

As summer came, the noises stopped and the mirror didn't get so foggy since it was warm, so I forgot about it. Then, a couple of weeks ago, while giving the shrubbery on that side of the house its fall pruning I noticed that the vent cover of the fan had fallen off.

Since the house is now 20 years old, it was inevitable that vent covers are no longer made in the same dimensions, so I had to spend a couple of hours enlarging the original opening while standing on a ladder some 15 feet above ground level. In the process, I noticed a suspicious accumulation of sticks and leaves in the exhaust tubing. That explained both the scratchy noises and the failure of the fan to do its job: a Carolina wren had mistaken the vent opening for an abandoned woodpecker hole, and built its nest there. The tubing was too small to get my hand in, so I turned on the fan and began probing with a coat-hanger wire. That seemed to work at first, as a more or less orderly procession of debris began floating out; but suddenly there was a "FOOSH" sound, just like in the comic strips when such things happen, and the whole nest blew out in my face.

There must have been a quart of leaves, sticks, moss, spare feathers and bits of paper and yarn, all of which seemed compelled to stick to my beard and sweater; how I kept from falling, I haven't figured out yet. I got the requisite lecture from

my wife about old fools and ladders, but it was worth it. It was the most exciting thing that happened to me all year.

One of my regular fall tasks is cleaning the greenhouse and bringing in potted plants that have spent the summer under trees in the backyard. These plants are relics of the Botany course I used to teach; I used them to illustrate various types of stems, leaves, roots and flowers. They were of no use after I retired, but I kept them anyhow; many were given to me by friends, whom I enjoy remembering as I water and re-pot them.

The oldest are oxalis, begonias and ferns which were from Mrs. Hallie Geesie. Her husband had worked on the college farm all his life, and they lived in a tiny house near the present location of the athletic center; they became our neighbors when we moved into college housing in 1960. They were nearly 90, and came to be like surrogate grandparents to our children; we helped tend their garden, and they provided the kids with apple pie, cookies, and stories of what life was like in simpler times.

Mrs. Geesie kept an ancient collection of potted plants on her back porch, and I kept them in the college greenhouse for her each winter; thus, I inherited them when she died. So this fall, as I trimmed and potted them, I thought of her. She and her husband were quiet, gentle people

who lived unremarkable lives; such lives often go unnoticed, but they represent the character and work ethic that gave this country its ideals. They deserve to be remembered, and each fall the plants remind me.

Fall slipped in on its little cat feet, and now it sits on silent haunches and watches Emmitsburg as the leaves turn color and begin to drift down onto the lawn. As we watched it happen from our front porch last week, my wife asked what kind of bird was making the chirping sound she heard. I was pleased that she noticed, but it was not a bird; it was a tree frog. Usually we hear them in the spring, but this fall the mild temperatures and wet weather have induced a few of them to sing five months later.

I found one of them yesterday when I was bringing the last of the plants into the greenhouse; it was a tiny gray-green creature, about an inch long, recognizable by the suction cups on the tips of its toes. That day was too cold for singing; it tried



to hop away at first, but then decided my hand was the warmest place available and allowed me to look at it for a while. I put it on some damp leaves behind the woodpile and wished it well. With luck it will bury itself in the soft soil there while fall moves on, and if we both survive the winter it will sing for me again next spring. Wait with me.

To read past Retired Ecologist articles visit the Authors' Section of Emmitsburg.net

1: see *The Retired Ecologist*, July 2006: "Lions' teeth and gallant soldiers."

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MY LIFE IS MY CAREER

Change: For better and for worse

Christine Maccabee

The cold rain of autumn falls incessantly today. Rushing back and forth with armfuls of essential firewood, I contemplate the reality of change. I open the door to my little house and it is warm and cheerful, then I go back out into the grey wet chill for more wood and then hurry back in to the dry warmth. I have lived through many a season doing this same ritual and I imagine I will be doing it for many years to come. Some things never change... or do they? Truth is, someday I may be too weak and old to bring in my own wood, and even now I do get help when needed.

I guess you might say change is the one thing we can count on in life. It is the way things grow in a cellular fashion from seed to mature tree, from infant to mature adult. Without change there can be no life, at least as we know it. So, when something throws me off in a days time and I must make adjustments to the circumstances, I try to remember that this is the nature of life. Creation is a continual process and works meticulously in our lives, minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day, year by year, for better and for worse.

I like that phrase in the marriage vows.... "for better and for worse". As an organist I have played for many a wedding, and I often wonder if the worse parts will get the better of the young couple once they settle down into "marital bliss". I always hated hearing the expression "it takes work to have a successful marriage", but I guess it must be true. For that matter, it takes work for anyone, single or married, to get through life. We will always have the better and the worse and everything in between.

As I type these words I realize that all I have said is nothing new. There is nothing new under the sun, right? I think about the rain falling outside and know that at one time it may have been in a pure mountain lake in Montana, or perhaps it came from the filthy Patapsco River that runs through Baltimore, or perhaps the ocean...all the above and more. It is simply in another form today. Tomorrow it will be a part of the grass I walk on, in the roots and remaining cosmos flowers which are still blooming beautifully just off my deck, in the bodies of happy little worms and slugs and thirsty goldfinch and crows, squirrels and deer, in the water I drink from my well, and on and on until it finally winds up in the Chesapeake Bay or as a fluffy white cloud day after tomorrow or two years from now in a deer I eat, who knows?

I rarely complain about the rain. However, sometimes I do rail against change. The aches and pains that come with overwork and age are a reality and can be a difficult change to accept. I am in total awe of those elderly folk who seem to have mastered the art of aging gracefully.

To age gracefully is to be full of grace. One definition of the word grace is "ease and suppleness of movement and bearing". I know some elderly people I would say fit that definition perfectly. There is always a ready smile on their face and an aura of peacefulness around them. I know they have been through hardships in their long lives, for no one is exempt. I do not know how I would be able to live through the loss of a dear son in Iraq, of a loved one in an auto accident, or loss of all I ever owned to a hurricane.

Perhaps it takes the divine intervention and assistance of a higher power, the grace of God, for people to regenerate, to heal (another definition of "grace"). Whatever it takes, life altering change requires adjustment and it isn't always easy. As I move on through my journey in life I hope to become like my wise elders and age gracefully, though sometimes I tend to be a complainer. Nobody likes a complainer, they say, so I guess it is time for me to shape up!

As I continue to listen to the wind and the rain today I think of this beautiful season and how much I am enjoying the changes. The color of green which I love so much, and will miss, is becoming



gold and red and orange before my very eyes. There is no stopping it.

Soon it will be all greys and browns and before too long all this precipitation will come down in the form of wonderful snow stimulating memories from childhood and creating new memories as I play with my grandchildren. Snowbirds will fly south to Florida, some will come from Minnesota to Maryland, but I

will stay right where I am for now. I will let the changes flow over me and I will take the good with the bad and everything in between. I will strive to be accepting of all the changes, to go with the flow of life, even if someone changes their mind and makes me cry. I will smile through my tears and learn how to trust and respect nature, especially my own. I will take time to be time, to be still and know. I will slow down, stretch,

and breath deeply. I will hopefully find balance as I move between the mundane and the ethereal, between the better and the worse, taking them all in stride, and I will remember to be grateful.

I wish the same for you.

To read other articles by Christine Maccabee, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net



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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

Sea McCulley

Kim Brokaw DVM

One of the nice things about being a large animal vet is I get to know my clients very well. I am often at their house early in the morning or late at night. I'm also usually in the cold for hours while I work on their horse that might have anything from colic to a difficult foaling. If the night is quiet and I don't get any other pages, I will frequently sit, have a cup of tea with the client, and watch their horse for a while.

Not only does this provide me with the chance to chat and get to know my clients but it also gives me the opportunity to make sure that the horse stays comfortable after the treatment I administered. It's also nice to wait to make sure the horse won't be in pain again as I am pulling out of the driveway. Also, because of horses' innate ability to hurt themselves, I find that I am frequently at the large barns. After several late night calls, I find I know my clients pretty well. In addition to these frequent emergency calls, I occasionally run into my large animal clients at races, horse shows, and other more pleasant venues.

It is rare that I get the same opportunity to know small animal clients. Usually we have a brief interaction in the exam room; I either vaccinate, or diagnose and treat their dog or cat. Then I don't see them again for months because their minor ailment has been remedied. When the diagnosis is grim, for example cancer, I know I will be seeing the client again in the near future, and the

next visit may be the sad one for euthanasia.

I had met Mr. and Mrs. McCulley several times. They have multiple older Shar Pei's that they had rescued from various situations. As their pets were aging, the McCulley's visits were no longer the brief, pleasant vaccine visits. They were progressing to the visits resulting in diagnoses of chronic arthritis, heart disease, and cancer. I had been working with the McCulley's for over a year and while I recognized them as good, kind people and dedicated pet owners, it wasn't until I diagnosed their dog Sea with cancer that I really got to know what a kind and loving family they were.

I had seen Sea about a year ago. The McCulley's were concerned because she seemed to be getting disoriented. She was going blind and was having intermittent bouts of Shar Pei Fever. We discussed various methods of managing and helping her to learn her surroundings so she wouldn't be as distressed by losing her vision. Furniture was no longer to be moved and other items were to be left in the same place so that Sea could learn her way about the house and not bump into various items.

Other than a few minor problems, Sea remained fairly healthy, particularly for a dog of her age. Then one morning I got a call that Sea was bleeding badly out of her mouth and the McCulley's were on their way to the clinic. My assumption was that Sea had bitten her tongue or had some other minor injury from walking into an object in her now blind state. The McCulley's brought

her into the exam room and I curled up Sea's lip and looked in her mouth. My heart sank. There was a large mass growing on her lower jaw.

Mouth cancer is very bad in dogs. In general if you see a large mass in a dog's mouth, you know that the only slight hope for slowing the disease is to remove the entire half of the jaw where the cancer is located. This is not a very pleasant option and most owners usually elect to humanely destroy their pets rather than attempt radical surgery that generally does not stop the disease. One of the hardest parts about my job is telling people that their beloved pet is going to die and there is nothing I can do to stop it.

The McCulleys were not going to give up without a fight. Sea was scheduled for surgery that day. They elected to do a less aggressive surgery with the knowledge that the tumor would not be completely removed but rather debulked. The idea behind the debulking is to remove as much of the tumor as possible but still leave the jawbone in place. In doing this procedure, the goal was to remove enough of the tumor so that Sea could be comfortable for a few weeks before it grew back. The surgery went well and Sea went home. The McCulleys described their home and how they would be providing her with the best care.

I was called out to their house about two weeks later. Sea had started bleeding from her mouth again that evening and they were thinking she might need to be euthanized. I knew that the McCulleys were good dog owners but I didn't realize just how dedicated they were to their pets until I arrived at their house.

Not only was the house exquisite with beautiful hardwood floors and gorgeous kitchen countertops but it was set up to be the ultimate in canine comfort. The house was arranged so that the dogs could wander about the house at will with sliding doors that opened to a lovely



Dr. Kim Brokaw and her horse Bart

fenced yard. All of the dogs had giant beds with luxurious blankets on top of them.

They received multiple meals a day including some homemade snacks. Sea had been set up with her own private suite. She had a section of the yard that was fenced in just for her as well as an indoor and outdoor bed.

When I arrived at the house to examine Sea she was resting quietly in the yard with both her human and canine family around her. The entire McCulley family was in town for the Thurmont Colorfest so Sea had extra people present to provide her with love and care. As I get out of my car, Sea got to her feet and started walking down the driveway. Her mouth was no longer bleeding and she seemed energetic.

The McCulleys guided her back into the house. I could see some spots on the floor where she had bled. Once in the house Sea started eating some of the oatmeal snacks that had been made for her. Considering all that she had been through, I thought she was looking very good. As the bleeding had stopped and Sea was looking happy, we discussed the situation and decided to continue to monitor Sea. The family told me that they were just getting ready to sit down for dinner and they invited me to join them. As we were eating dinner, I heard about how the McCulley's got all of their Shar Pei's.

I am fortunate in that I have the pleasure of working with a large group of wonderful clients. Yes, there are occasion-

ally difficult ones who are very frustrating, but my interactions with the McCulley family was exactly what I needed to remind me that there are some amazingly kind and compassionate people in the world.

I sat around the dinner table and listened to the family talk about the various pets they have had throughout the years. As I started to leave at the end of the evening, the McCulleys invited me back to their place for dinner again and included me in their shopping plans. Just one evening with them and they were already treating me like part of their extended family.

As it was, I did not euthanize Sea that night. I knew that I would be returning to euthanize her soon, but presently she was not bleeding and comfortable. I told the McCulleys that it wasn't time yet and Sea wasn't ready. I expect to be called back out to their house in the next couple of days when Sea starts bleeding uncontrollably, but for now am very happy to see that this good dog has a warm hearted family to take care of her.

Editor's Note: Kim Brokaw earned her BS at the University of Maryland, College Park and her Doctor of Veterinary Medicine at Virginia Tech. She applies her talents and love of animals at the Walkersville Veterinary Clinic.

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

A new puppy; Lilly

Shannon Bohrer

My wife and I have been married for 37 years. During this time we have always had horses and most years we have also had barn cats and dogs. We have been fortunate to have had some good dogs. We never purchased a dog, they just show up or we receive the dog of someone we know who couldn't keep it for one reason or another. For the last several years we have been without a dog. Whenever we observed someone with a dog my wife would comment, "they have a dog." Being a police officer for many years I thought that might be a clue that my wife wanted a dog.

Several months ago I purchased a little black lab puppy and brought her home to my wife. My wife loves the dog and she named her Lilly. None of the previous dogs came to us as a puppy so we have been learning a lot, and so has Lilly. She has energy to spare, loves everyone, and believes that everyone loves her. When my wife or I arrive home Lilly is so excited. She jumps and runs so that you would think she just found a life supply of dog food.

older male sometimes tolerates Lilly when she is not wound up. HD will treat Lilly like another cat, rubbing his scent around Lilly's face. Lilly is not sure of this and just stands there. However, there are other times that Lilly chases HD and HD, not being stupid, runs away. Lilly then stops and is probably saying to herself—why? All I want to do is play.

One day my wife caught me dancing with the puppy and she said that I looked like Tim Conway. I said that's quite a complement that you mistook me for a well know actor. Her response was something about dancing/shuffling, like an old man. I said I am old and she told me not to dance with the dog when anybody was around. I wonder why she said that.

Since Lilly does not have other dogs to play with some friends recommended that we enroll her in Puppy School. I did not know that Puppy School existed. Surprisingly she was accepted and so far she is doing well. I guess she's doing well. Attending puppy school with your puppy is an experience. I was surprised that she had homework. Actually she did not have the home work, I did. Lilly was just a participant. I do not think she is taking puppy school seriously, she just wants to play. However if you observe the other puppies I don't think they are taking it seriously either. I looked around and wondered if the puppies think the owners are the ones being trained.

At the beginning of each puppy class they let all puppies off leash and they have a free-for-all, running, jumping on each other and barking. The puppy school principal tells the owners, "just let your dog go, he will be alright." It is obvious that some owners are very concerned since they migrate toward their dog.



Some owners leave their chair and are almost on the floor, with very concerned faces. My wife has only had to tell me twice, "sit down, she will be alright." When you think about it — the puppies just meet each other and they play very well together. Maybe Congress should go to puppy school.

It is amazing how much a puppy can affect your life. Since bringing her home it seems that my wife and I are often consumed with her health, her diet, trips to the vet, trips to the hay field for potty training, and walks in the woods. Just like our former Lab, Lilly eats everything. In no time at all she found a way under the fence into the garden and she loves tomatoes. She eats hickory nuts, acorns, and grasshoppers. Anything that moves is fair game

— then again it does not have to move. Anything feed in the barn, horse feed, chicken feed and cat food, she is sure it is going to be for her.

My wife created a song for the dog and if you sing the tune the dog runs to her food bowl. You don't even have to sing, if you just hum the tune she thinks it's dinner time. We do feed her on a schedule and if you forget she sits by her bowl. I would not say that she is dishonest but sometimes she goes to her bowl in between meals. The other day I was singing to Lilly and my wife came running out with her rifle. She looked at me and said "what are you doing?" I responded that I was singing to Lilly. Then she accused me of calling in predators. I am concerned about my wife's hearing.

It does not matter if I come home tired, in a bad mood or if I'm thinking of work, the great economy we have and/or the Congress looking out for us. Lilly makes me smile. I know that Lilly greets everyone with the same enthusiasm—but she makes each person feel special. When she meets anyone, someone she knows or stranger, her tail wags at very high speed. When she gets bigger we will have to avoid her tail. Lilly, my lovely wife and I have a lot of walks to take and that's a good thing.

To read other articles by Shannon Bohrer visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.

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"Don't accept your dog's admiration as conclusive evidence that you are wonderful"
—Ann Landers

Lilly stays away from the horses but she wants to play with the barn cats. They do not wish to play with her. One cat "HD" an

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IN THE COUNTRY

A favorite person reappeared in my life

Lynn Holt

Fall is my favorite season. Being a northern flower, I avoid the heat of summer. October is the best month of the best time of year; the air gets cool and crisp and the flies have all but gone. The leaves start to turn their brilliant colors. Now, the days are shorter as we head toward the time change that will darken the daylight. The sun can still be warm, but the breeze is cool. The rain has come and will force us to spend more time indoors.

What better time of year to have one of my favorite people reappear in my life. In September, my best friend from high school came to visit me. We had lost touch in the mid 1970s. After high school, Shelly worked and attended a local college. I went to college in another state. She was married after our freshman year and I was her maid of honor (I could still hold that title in those days).

Her husband had been ahead of us in school. He joined the army and back then, that meant Vietnam. I was more the letter writer. Phone calls were infrequent. I eventually married and moved around New York state. Shelly was still moving around the United States. It made me sad when communication ceased, but it was a busy time in both our lives. Marrying, moving, having kids, and jobs were as difficult to find then as they are right now.

Remember the old song "Make new friends, but keep the old. One is silver and the other gold"? Doesn't that say it all? Over the years we had separated, but we had not really changed. We led different lives, yet we are still the same girls at heart.

As teenagers I was the tomboy interested in sports. She was very feminine and into, well, boys. Now, Shelly lives in a housing development and works out in the gym. I live in the country and exercise every day when I do chores. We each have a dog and a cat. Both of us have been married and divorced, and have a son.

Shelly located me in August of 2009 through an encounter with a friend of my mother's. Several phone calls were made and she came up from North Carolina to see me. We caught up with family pictures, made pizza for lunch, and enjoyed each other as though we had never parted. We got out our high school yearbook and shared stories. I believe they call this activity today, FaceBook.

As wonderful as it is to have an old friend contact you over the internet, nothing replaces that friend pulling into your driveway. We had emailed pictures. Both of us have maintained our weight and our hair has a blonde cast to it. Good genes run in both of our families. Gotta love that DNA,

and thanks to CSI, we all know what that is.

Shelly and her husband arrived at my home Friday evening. They wanted to have dinner at a local place in Emmitsburg, and I knew just the place to eat. We sat at the bar in the Ott House. They loved it. Not many people realize that FEMA is here and that firemen come from all over for training. This is quite a lot for one little burg to house. They wish they had brought a badge to display over the bar. They, too, thought it was the longest bar that they have seen.

Then we drove up to the Grotto and they were amazed at what they saw when we pulled up to park under Mary. I take my occasional guests up there and so far, no one has come away without a feeling of hushed awe.

Saturday morning we drove around the Battlefield of Gettysburg. As we went along, a tour on horseback was coming out the lane from the campground area. Shelly was fascinated at the variety of horses. They must have emptied out the stable for this ride. It was led by a large black mule. The followers were on greys, bays, chestnuts, and several paints. Shelly has not been around horses in all these years, but she instantly detected that the rider bringing up the rear was on a horse that looked like it could be a handful. Because horses have been a constant in my life, it

amazes me that someone who has always loved horses has not been involved with them as an adult.

When we were kids Shelly rode with me on a regular basis. We took the horses on long rides, rode to the store for ice cream, and went swimming in a pond. We made the horse wade out into the deeper water, so we could stand on his back and dive off into the water. Shelly took naturally to horses and riding. This was a matter of luck, because my dad only had rather large, motor horses. They were not the best beginner horses, so she took riding lessons independently of me.

By the time Shelly came for her first ride, I had been very active with the horses. I was only 14 years old, but grew up in a horse family. I rode every day, attended pony club, fox hunted, showed, and evented. Horse care was ingrained in me by all aspects. So, I had a great, first student in Shelly. I showed her how to groom and saddle the horse. I told her of their personalities, what they would do or would not. My sister insisted on riding western. The other horses were jumpers. So the old black and white pinto was a good first ride horse.

I do not remember Shelly falling off, well, except for the time we were riding double bareback in the rain. We were galloping down a grassy, forgotten lane. We were singing and laughing and we came

off the horse together in a heap.

My friend has not ridden in all these years. So, a requirement for her visit was to go on a trail ride. I do not have beginner, or "haven't ridden in 30 years," horse. But the older mare has mellowed and knows a pony ride coming up when she sees it. Virginia has never had any dirty tricks, but being a thoroughbred can mean a very hot-blooded horse. Shelly got on well with Virginia. We got caught out in a rain shower and were soaked by the ride's end. Shelly was a good sport and did not want the ride to end. I ride almost every day, and always have, but this was something special.

One of the greatest things about talking over old times is discovering what a person who was there remembers. Each has memories the other has forgotten or remembers a shared event differently. We each had pieces of the puzzle to fit it all together. We remembered times when we ice skated, rode, dated, had sleepovers, listened to music, and put on too much makeup. When her family took a vacation she stayed with my family. We made our own prom dresses, went to chorus, homecoming, basketball games, homeroom, and English Literature. We attended the same church and went to Camp Soles for a winter weekend retreat.

Shelly came into my teenage life at exactly the right time.

The Monkees were on the radio and we were in the ninth grade. I was the ugly duckling and she the cygnet (young swan). Shelly had beauty and grace already. For me, these things were yet to develop. She became the role model for the woman I was to become.

Shelly and I had differences, but through these we taught each other. I learned discipline and nurturing by feeding and tending the animals. She learned it by caring for a flock of much younger siblings. I lived my childhood in the same home. I went away to college to get out of dodge. Before I ventured out into the world, I learned about living elsewhere by listening to her telling of moving from Chicago to New Orleans to Connecticut before arriving in my hometown of Gibsonsia, Pennsylvania.

I wish everyone to have had a best friend like Shelly. I hope everyone has one right now. She is beautiful, sweet-natured, kind, and thoughtful. She was a good daughter, a lovely wife and mother, sister, and friend. I hope she returns to visit, and soon.

I tend to look forward in life, preparing for what lies ahead. And how truly wonderful it is that my friend is now in my life again.

To read other articles by Lynn Holt, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

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CIVIL WAR DIARY

In their own words: Cole's Cavalry during the Winter of 1861-1862

John A. Miller
Emmitsburg Historical Society
Civil War Historian

During winter of 1861 through 1862, Cole's Cavalry were encamped along the Potomac River and were among the meager defenders who held Hancock, Maryland, and checked Confederate General Thomas Jackson's advance until a stronger Federal force arrived. The battle of Hancock was their first baptism of fire.

James A. Scott of Company "C" of Cole's Cavalry, a cavalry company made up predominantly of Emmitsburg area residents, wrote: "In the winter of 1861(2) Cole's Cavalry was constantly patrolling the Potomac River from Harper's Ferry to Cumberland. Drilling and picket duty was the principal occupation of both cavalry and infantry. The post of Company C at Four Locks was not a very unpleasant one as we had comfortable quarters.

Early in January, 1862, General Stonewall Jackson left the

Shenandoah Valley with his command and marched to the Potomac opposite Hancock, Maryland. He sent a flag of truce to General Lander demanding the surrender of the place. Only a small body of Government troops was stationed there, but all Federal forces within reach were quickly notified to come to the rescue. When surrender was refused, the enemy opened fire on Hancock. As soon as we at Four Locks heard the roar of cannon, we felt that it meant business for us, and, true to our anticipations, orders came to us to march for Hancock instantly.

The weather had turned very cold and clouds had been threatening snow since early morn. Late in the afternoon a heavy snowstorm set in. When our march began, the ground was covered to a depth of several inches, which was being added to rapidly. The wind was high and as we moved west on the turnpike it drove the snow stingingly on our faces and rendered progress very disagreeable. Night came on, and the snow be-

ing then so deep that we could not move our horses faster than a walk. At times nearly all of us were dismounted and floundering through the snow to get up some warmth. Thus we proceeded hour after hour while the wind howled and continued to drive the flakes into our faces, which so enveloped us that we looked like a procession of ghosts.

It was perhaps a little past midnight when we reached Hancock, where we hoped to get at once some sort of shelter. We found a battery of artillery stretched along the street. Their guns looked like mounds of snow. Company C halted in the street and waited until patience was exhausted for some directing power to tell us where we might obtain shelter. So we set about looking it up for ourselves. We tried rapping on the door of each building but that brought no response and we obtained entrance through a window into the small building.

Here we had the happy fortune to a stove and a plentiful supply

of fuel and also a candle. This was soon lit and we made a fire on the stove, which was very much needed for we were suffering greatly from cold. From this a door led into the large house. It was not locked and, entering the house we found it abandoned. Having discovered more candles we lit it up when we saw abundant evidence that the house had been evacuated in the utmost haste. The beds were in disorder, articles of clothing were lying around loose and debris of various kinds littered the floors. The family must have fled when hostilities commenced before daylight.

We made our way to a quite large kitchen. No food was anywhere and the house was dreadfully cold. It is sufficient to mention that several vessels which had been left on the cooking range full of water were frozen to the bottom. Some of the boys busied themselves at once in making fire on the range.

We then examined the rear of the premises to hold our horses. We discovered that a gate opened into an alley and were greatly gratified to find there was room enough for all our horses. The voice of a picket came up from the riverside with words of more than politeness. "Put out that light you idiot unless you want your head knocked off with a cannon ball." I put out the light of course to oblige this gentleman and hastened into the house.

At one side of the kitchen was a large pantry with shelves of preserves and pickles, jars of apple butter and a tubful of fresh sausage, plenty of sweet ham and bread and butter, coffee and tea. In the kitchen was a table large enough for twenty or thirty men to gather round. The frying pans were cooking sausage by the yard. The raw bacon we had brought with us was getting into crisp and toothsome condition. What a feast it was and there was more than plenty for all. Some of the boys after eating heartily of substantial, ended up with a heavy covering of preserves upon them which felt good at the time but later on when fermentation asserted itself in their stomachs the contents of those important origins had a monkey and a parrot time.

We were as careful as possible not to damage or destroy any of the glasses, dishes, plates and utensils belonging to the absent



Lt. William McIlhenny

family and left things in as good shape as we could. When the banquet ended, daylight began to appear, and we hustled out and got breakfast for our horses. The expected bombardment from across the river with the advent of daylight did not show up. On the contrary, it was soon ascertained that the enemy had fallen back. About noon we were ordered to return to our post at Four Locks, and were back there again before the next nightfall."

Lieutenant William A. McIlhenny, who lived just across the border from Emmitsburg in Southern Adams County recalled:

"A great many things occurred in camp that helped to keep us from getting homesick. We had what we called the "Fool's Den". In this tent were quartered three men who were always up to some deviltry. Jim Grimes, was the old fool, Henry Hughs, a large man, we named the big fool and Tom Sherfy, we named the young fool.

All visitors who came into camp had to see the "Fool's Den", While we were lying at Hancock, Maryland, there was considerable sickness in camp, and our Captain concluded to get a quart of whiskey to keep off chills and fever.

One of the boys happened to know of the fact and knew that the Captain would surely hand out the bottle for him to sample it if he would call in, but imparted the information to about six of the other comrades who were to drop into the Captain's Headquarters, of course accidental about the time he would have the bottle out and he could not help handing it all around and when it came around to the Captain, he, of course, would have to drink to the health of the boys, but upon raising it to his mouth behold it was all gone and the Captain did not get any of the whiskey."

To read other articles on Emmitsburg during the Civil War, visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net

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HISTORY

Wilbur Roland Long - An American hero

John Fuss

Born October 6, 1918
Missing in Action in the Southwest Pacific September 14, 1942

Of the many Emmitsburg area men & women to serve in World War II, Wilbur Roland Long was the first to lose his life in action.

Wilbur Roland Long grew up in Emmitsburg, living during the 1930's with his mother, Mrs. Carrie Fuss Long and his grandmother at 115 East Main Street. Roland graduated from Emmitsburg High School in 1936. He played the clarinet in the High School Orchestra and was a member of the Future Farmers of America Chapter.

For a time Roland worked on farms and other general laboring work. There was high unemployment in the area due to the Great Depression. He worked for a time on the construction of the Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River near Spokane, and about the beginning of 1939, Roland returned to Emmitsburg.

In the summer of 1939 Roland enlisted in the Army Air Corps, and attending training as an Aircraft Mechanic at Hickam Field, an Army Air Corps base on Oahu adjacent to the big Naval Base at Pearl Harbor. Roland's life change significantly on December 7, 1941.

On September 22, 1942, his mother was sent a telegram from the War Department in Washington, DC stating that Wilbur has been reported Missing In Action since September 14, 1942, in the Southwest Pacific Area.

A year after he was Missing In Action, the War Department wrote to Carrie on September 20, 1943 to declare that he was now presumed to be dead as of September 14, 1942. The letter stated that he was aboard an airplane that failed to return from a combat mission. A letter dated October 1, 1943 from Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, stated that the Purple Heart had been awarded posthumously by the direction of the President to Staff Sergeant Wilbur R. Long.

I suppose Carrie must have wondered how Roland met his death. I do not know how or when she wrote or what she did. Finally, in 1946, a year after the war was over, a letter was received from the War Department dated 15 November 1946 giving sympathy in her desire for further details regarding the status of her son.

It stated that "Sergeant Long was one of nine crew members of a B-17 type aircraft which left its base in the New Hebrides on the late afternoon of 14 September 1942, in search of Japanese naval shipping reported to be north of those islands. The plane was unable to find its objective and be-

came lost on the return trip. The craft radioed that it was making a landing on the water and although searches were conducted for a number of days, no trace was found of the plane or its crew". The letter included a list of the names and addresses of the next of kin of the other crew members.

Another letter on 5 April 1948 from the War Department elaborated on the situation. It said that Roland's airplane was searching

the 26th Bombardment Squadron, one of 4 squadrons in the 11th Bombardment Group. The 11th Bombardment Group has a Reunion Group composed of veterans. In the course of time, I spoke to several past and present historians for the group.

Wilbur Long was assigned to the 26th Bombardment Squadron. Together with the 42nd, 50th, and 431st Squadrons they

was responsible for the operations of the engines and equipment while the airplane was in the air. His position in flight was in the front cabin immediately behind and between the pilot and co-pilot. The flight engineer assisted with certain operations of flying, such as retracting the landing gear on takeoff. He also manned the top turret machine guns when enemy fighters attacked.

Island for that night, on to Canton Island on the 20th, and to Viti Levu in the Fiji Islands on the 21st. Then they moved to the New Hebrides group where they landed at Efate on July 25. Their new home was an airstrip cut out of the jungle. A few days later, the aircraft of the 42nd, 98th, and 431st Squadrons arrived, bringing the total number of planes on the island to 35. This would be the home base for the entire 11th Bombardment Group until the end of the Guadalcanal Campaign.

An advance base had been selected at Espiritu Santo that was about half way between Efate and Guadalcanal. Most of the flights for the next two months would be from this base at Santo. Wilbur's 26th Squadron was the first to use this base. The military commanders had little knowledge of the Japanese activity in the Solomons. Wilbur's squadron began photographic missions over Guadalcanal and the surrounding area immediately.

Conditions were primitive at best. Only 9 maintenance men, one for each airplane, flew along to the New Hebrides. The rest of the ground crew, about 150 officers and men, came by slow ship with the maintenance equipment and did not arrive for almost 3 weeks. In the meantime, the flight crews had to do most of the work of servicing the aircraft. The crews slept in the planes or under the wings. There was no kitchen or other facilities. They did not even have their personal items until their footlockers arrived on August 5.

Supplying the aircraft was a Herculean task. The advanced fuel supply was soon exhausted. Gasoline for the airplanes was delivered by a ship in 50-gallon drums. These were lashed together and floated to the shore. Then they were hand-rolled up under the trees. The planes were fueled by using buckets. On the day before the invasion of Guadalcanal, every available man, including a general and colonel, worked for 20 hours to put 25,000 gallons of gasoline aboard the bombers. The bombs, weighing up to 1,000 pounds each, were physically lifted by the crew members into the bomb bays of the B-17's.

Operational control was very difficult. There were no field telephones or motor transport. They had no buildings or equipment. I noted that the report for the day of Roland's last flight was handwritten on what looked like a small calendar pad. As the islands the crews were stationed on were near the Equator and have a very wet and humid climate, living conditions for these men were horrendous.

Despite these limitations and problems, Wilbur Long and his fellow airmen performed admirably. The 26th flew photographic missions daily over Guadalcanal as soon



for an enemy task force. The return trip was in the dark. They were unable to pick up the base radio beam and had to make the water landing.

Discovering Roland's role in the war

Until September 2000, I knew very little about Roland's role in the war. Little did I realize that he was in the Battle of Midway and the first and critical stages of the very important Guadalcanal Campaign and that he was on a significant combat mission when he was lost.

I did know that his unit was

made up the 11th Bombardment Group.

The 26th Squadron was a historic unit. It had been organized in France during The First World War. One of its historians claimed it was the very first Army Air Corps squadron. In the 1930's, it had been converted to a heavy bomber unit. It received the Boeing B-17 bomber, better known as the Flying Fortress, and used these airplanes during the early part of the war.

The B-17s, known as the Flying Fortress were the best long-range bombers in the world. Roland was the flight engineer on his bomber. This means he

Move to Southwest Pacific

After the battle of Midway, the United States commanders decided to slow the enemy's advance by landing Marines on Guadalcanal, an island in the Solomon Islands Group. The landing was planned for early August.

Wilbur's 11th Bombardment Group was deployed to help in this offensive by moving from Hawaii to the New Caledonia Islands. This is evidently when Roland shipped the large box of his personal items back to his mother.

The nine B-17's of the 26th Squadron left Hawaii on July 19, 1942. They stopped at Christmas

as they arrived at Efate. On July 30, Wilbur's plane made one of the first bombing raid on the island. The bombs were dropped mostly on and around the airfield that the Japanese were constructing on Guadalcanal.

Invasion of Guadalcanal

The Marines landed on Guadalcanal on August 7, 1942. It was the first step in our drive to stop the Japanese and win the war. The crews of Welbur's 26th Squadron were in constant combat. They flew out from their bases more than 1,000 miles to look for the Japanese naval forces. They bombed the enemy ships, bases, airfields and troops. One attack was made against two enemy aircraft carriers. They shot down many enemy fighter planes.

The Navy was in overall command of the Guadalcanal Campaign. They used the Air Corps bombers in every possible way because the situation was so desperate. The operations were so different from later in the war when plenty of aircraft and supplies were available.

The General in charge of the 11th Bombardment Group complained and even sent a report back to Washington stating that the bombers were not being used effectively. It is very hard to hit a moving ship from high altitude. This is best done by dive bombers or torpedo planes that could go in close to the target ship. B-17's were best used when a number of aircraft flew in formation and dropped bombs in patterns that could destroy a wide area. At this stage of the war, the Navy only had two aircraft carriers in the entire Pacific and our forces had to use what was available.

Roland and the crew under Lt.

Hugh Owens were in the midst of this crucial campaign in the Pacific war and helped to turn the tide. None of his relatives or mother had any idea of what was happening in the faraway Pacific. Joe Brooke, now living in Vero Beach, FL, remembers Roland. He said Welbur was well liked by both officers and men. He was the kind of fellow you wanted to be with.

The official record of the 26th Squadron relates that on August 30, Roland's plane escorted a squadron of Navy dive bombers to the airfield on Guadalcanal (Henderson Field) and they landed there. As far as I could find from the records, Roland's airplane made the very first landing by a B-17 at that primitive airfield.

On September 3, Roland's plane bombed Gizo Harbor and was returning to base when he observed several Japanese barges unloading troops on Guadalcanal. Descending to water level, Wilbur's plain made several passes while the crew strafed, leaving behind only burning wreckage. This extra effort used too much fuel, so Wilbur's plane had to land at Guadalcanal rather than to return to Santo. After refueling, they returned to their normal base the next day. It must have been a harrowing night, because Japanese airplanes came over Henderson Field every night.

The 26th Squadron was in almost constant combat. Missions would last 10 or more hours. Normally a crew would fly one day and be on standby the next. As near as I can determine, Roland was on at least 17 combat missions to bomb enemy Japanese warships or installations. He also was on even more

search missions when the crew would be flying to look for the Japanese fleet. These flights would be over the ocean for 10-12 hours.

The record showed that from September 6-10, the Squadron was given time off. The airplanes badly needed maintenance and the crews need a rest. It appears that this was the first break that they had enjoyed since they left Hawaii. The veterans told me that the Japanese fleet had retreated for a short time. It was noted on September 8 that the 26th Squadron's softball team defeated a team of Navy carrier pilots.

The Mission on September 14, 1942

As mentioned previously, the War Department letters to Carrie did not give much information about the action in which her son was lost. From what I have found, on September 14, his bomber and six others attacked a big Japanese task force of 3 battleships, 4 heavy cruisers, many destroyers and smaller craft about 250 miles north of the Santa Cruz Islands.

Roland's B-17 were on Strike Force Alert at 0515 at Santo. This means that the aircraft was loaded with bombs and the crew inside, ready to take off as soon as orders are received. They actually departed at 1230. Roland's plane "bombed with the second flight and then broke off and set off for home alone (as did the other planes of the flight). It had a damaged number 4 motor. It hit bad weather, became lost, and failed to return."

From another source, I learned more about the fate of Roland's

plane. Phil Gudenschwager of Scottsdale AZ lost a brother on a B-17 later in the Guadalcanal Campaign. Over the past 10 years he has researched the 11th Bombardment Group extensively. Mr. Gudenschwager reports in addition to the above, "It appears that Lt. Owen's ship (Roland's plane) was witnessed to have received some battle damage. Not surprising, since it is likely they were over a major Jap Naval Force and their gunners were known to be very good. There may be some speculation about weather, becoming lost, etc. It is equally likely that battle damage resulted in the loss of other engines, loss of fuel, etc. resulting in an early crash landing in the water. Truth is no one knows."

James Lancaster is a retired Air Force Colonel living in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He was a pilot with the 26th Squadron before December 7, 1941 and best friend of Roland's Bomber's Captain. Col. Lancaster said he well remembered September 14, 1942.

His B-17 and Roland's B-17 had departed about the same time. They both were involved in the attack on the large Japanese fleet approaching Guadalcanal, but in different attacks. He explained that, during that stage of the war, there were no navigational aids in that area of the South Pacific. You had to fly by the compass. The runway had only a few flame pots along the side. The natives all went to bed at dark and there were no lights on the islands. It was very easy to fly right over an island and not see it.

Lt. Edwin Lowery was also a good friend of Roland's pilot. Lowery told me how that night

of September 14, he and Colonel Saunders, the 11th Group commander, sat in the dark on a log on the edge of the runway waiting for the B-17's to return from the mission. Lt. Owens and Roland did not make it back.

The Squadron Afterwards

The 26th Squadron continued in battle until Guadalcanal was secured. Later they flew from Henderson Field on Guadalcanal and New Guinea. On February 23, 1943, the squadron was relieved of all duty in the Southwest Pacific.

The 11th Bombardment Group, of which the 26th Squadron was a part, received a Presidential Unit Citation for its outstanding performance of duty in action during the period July 31 to November 30, 1942. It reads in part:

"Opposing the full force of numerically superior Japanese with all available aircraft, the 11th Bombardment Group participated continually in attacking the enemy in his effort to obtain a stronger foothold on strategic territories."

The 26th Squadron has credit for participating in the following campaigns: Hickam Field, Midway, Solomons, and Rabaul. They alone were credited with destroying 67 enemy planes, 1 enemy aircraft carrier destroyed, 16 other ships destroyed, 2 flying boats destroyed plus many enemy ships and airplanes probable or damaged. The squadron members had received 211 awards.

To learn more about veterans who called Emmitsburg Home, visit the Historical Society Section of Emmitsburg.net

Other Local Residents who paid the ultimate sacrifice during WWII



John C. Felix - Killed in action in France, July 12, 1944



Joseph E. Hemler - Killed in action in the Philippines, February 13, 1945



Charles L. Sharrer, - Killed in action at Cassino Italy, February 12, 1944



Habard J. Gladhill - Killed in action in 1943



John William Little - Killed in action in France, January 8, 1945



Lester Winebrenner - Captured during Battle of Bulge, died March 23, 1945 in Prisoner of War camp



Fred P. Timmerman, Jr. - Killed in action in France, February 26, 1945

MOUNT CREATIVE WRITERS

If only

Brittany Morris

He told me I was pretty today, but it was a lie. His eyes gave him away. I know he only said that to the new me; he never would have liked me before. That only made me feel worse that he said it.

When he walked me home I let him give me a kiss on the cheek, but that was it.

Five minutes after I got up to my room, the house phone rang. That would be him. I didn't want to talk, but I had to pick up the phone before my dad did.

"Hello," I said.

"Hey beautiful," he replied.

Why did he have to call me that? "Did you just get home?"

"Yea, my mom's not home from work yet, and I'm lonely so I thought I would give my girl a call."

I could tell that he was smiling, so I tried to return the sentiment, "It's nice to hear from you."

"I miss you already and can't wait until I can be with you again."

The smile was in his voice again. "Yea, me too," was my answer.

"I can't wait to hold your hand and look into your deep blue eyes..."

My eyes are green, I thought as he continued his well-practiced speech that he probably spoon-fed to all the girls to make them go weak at the knees and fall into his well-muscled arms.

"Are you on the phone? It's dinner time!" I heard Dad yell from downstairs.

"Hold on," I cut through Brian's rant, and without giving him a chance to respond, set the phone on my bed and hurried to the top of the stairs, where Dad was waiting at the bottom.

"Dinner time, now," he told me.

"But Dad, I'm on the phone with Stephanie, and she invited me to have dinner over at her house," I told him, looking at the large blue vein pulsating in his forehead, rather than directly into his eyes. "Can I go?"

"Why do you always ask me at the last minute? Dinner is already fixed!"

"Sorry Dad. I can't help it if she just called," I said to the throbbing vein. "Plus it is her mom's birthday today, so even Mrs. Martin asked me to come celebrate with them and Steph."

"Alright, enough," Dad ended the discussion. "You can go, but remind Stephanie to call with more notice next time."

"Yes sir," I said and rushed back to my room, forgetting I still had Brian on hold until I saw the phone lying on my bed.

"You still there?" I asked, picking the phone back up.

"Where were you? I missed you!"

"Sorry, Dad called me to tell me

it was time for dinner, so I've got to go."

"Okay," he sounded a little rejected, "But I'll be thinking about you Jill!"

I hate being called that. But instead I said, "Okay, bye."

As soon as I hung up the phone, I hurried around the room gathering the essentials and throwing them into my blue and gray striped satchel bag: a flashlight, matches, my sketch pad, charcoal pencils, and the key. My notebook, eyeliner, concealer cream, and a photo of my mom and me from when I was four (the last picture we ever took together) were already securely placed in my bag; I never went anywhere without them.

After this was taken care of I headed down the stairs to the front door. Just as my hand had turned the knob, I heard my dad call from the living room, where he was eating his spaghetti dinner on a TV tray, "Don't be late! I want you home by 9:30!"

"Yes sir," and I shut the door behind me. There was no point in arguing with him; I had already tried the whole "I'm 18 now" thing. He's never listened to it before and certainly isn't going to start now.

I walked down our driveway and directly across the street, cutting through the side lawn of our elderly neighbor's house, Mr. Schmidt, aiming towards the woods about thirty yards beyond. And Stephanie's house.

So "Stephanie's house" isn't actually a house, but rather an abandoned shack I happened to discover three summers ago when I had run away from home for the first time. It was the only place in the world where I could go to truly be myself and to be alone with my thoughts. I had even bought a lock to put on the door to assure that it would stay this way.

Once I reached the woods I turned immediately to the left down a hidden path just slightly off of the main trail. After walking for about ten yards, the path opened into a clearing with "Stephanie's house" sitting in the center. Just seeing the front door of the wooden shack lightened my mood, and I felt a smile brush across my face.

I think that at one point "Stephanie's house" had been a barn because off of the main room was a door that had a ladder behind it which led to a loft. All the hay had been cleared out by the time I had discovered it, which I had replaced with pillows, blankets, rugs, sleeping bags, and even my old bean bag chair. The loft was my favorite room in the house, especially because of the huge octagon window that took up almost the whole west wall, which I opened every time I went up there to let in the cool summer breeze, to smell the scent of the honeysuckles that encircled the clearing, or to watch the sunset over the line of dogwood trees. My step quickened as I approached "Stephanie's house," digging in my bag for the key as I went.

But as I approached the front door, something felt different,

out of place. Nothing seemed to be missing or tampered with; I just had this feeling that things had changed since the last time I had been there. I could feel tension grab hold of my shoulders and squeeze so tightly that I felt my breath catch in the back of my throat. I didn't even realize that my hands were shaking until I heard a crunch at my feet and jumped back, only to realize that I had dropped the key, and it had landed in the leaves at my feet.

I half laughed at myself for being so paranoid as I bent down to retrieve the fallen key, I convinced myself that everything was okay and stepped into the big open main room of the house. Everything looked the same as I had left it, but I went around and checked, just to be sure. On the left hand wall, my shelf of novels and collections of poetry that had made my 'must read list' were all in their specific positions: in the order in which they were to be read. As I walked past the shelf I ran my hands along each of the spines, looking at the titles, and trying to put my mind at ease. I made my way to the back corner behind the book shelf to a small wooden cabinet with ivy vines stenciled along the top and bottom. The padlock that held the doors together was still firmly in place, but just in case, I unlocked it and looked inside. My old CD player was still there along with my random assortment of CDs: everything from Backstreet Boys to Sean Kingston, All Time Low to Linkin Park, and my personal favorites, Boys Like Girls and Anberlin. After counting all 12 CDs and making sure they were all in their correct cases, I locked the cabinet back up and continued my room scan. The wall on the right, my gallery, seemed to be just as I had left it on my last visit. Here was where I displayed my artwork: paintings of sunsets, self-portraits, sketches, and abstracts of still life photos.

But as I walked closer, I noticed that one piece was missing from my collection: my most recent one. In this picture, a self-portrait, I portrayed myself as I am now looking in a mirror and seeing the girl I used to be when I was younger.

I started to panic slightly because the painting wasn't where it was supposed to be (in the bottom-right-most corner of my gallery). I knew I hadn't taken it home with me—my art never left this house—and I certainly would have noticed if it had been anywhere in this room. Then a thought occurred to me: maybe I had left it up in the loft since I had just finished it on my last visit. That idea calmed me down because, technically, I wasn't even finished the piece; it still needed a title.

After I convinced myself that I would find my painting upstairs, I went through the door immediately to the right of the main entrance which opened to a ladder leading to my beloved loft. With each step up the ladder a different emotion flooded over me: relief, anxiety, certainty, doubt, paranoia. When I



did reach the top I was just praying that I was overreacting and that my painting was just where I should have left it. My eyes were closed as I stepped onto the plush lime green rug that I used as a welcome mat, hoping to shield myself for just a second longer from what I was to see, or not see. When I did open my eyes, after the longest count of three in my life, the last thing in the world that I expected to see was sitting on top of my blue tie-dye bean bag.

BRIAN!

He had his back to me and had in his hands none other than my latest painting, staring at it as if it was his first day as a professional art critic, and he didn't want to mess it up.

I took advantage of the fact that he hadn't heard me to just look at him, as if he were posing for a portrait, and try to collect my thoughts. He looked different than he normally did: his eyes looked so peaceful, and his carriage did not scream "arrogant jock." Before I could think of anything intelligent, or even appropriate to say, he turned around and caught my stare. He held my stare as if he believed that if he broke eye contact, he would lose me too. The innocence in his stare actually softened my heart for a minute.

But finally I had to say what was really on my mind. "What are you doing here! How did you get in here? What are you doing with my painting?"

"Wait, you painted this?" his eyes grew wider as he took another look at my artwork, with genuine interest.

"Well, yea." My anger was starting to subside and was being replaced with anxiety; no one had ever seen my work before, and I definitely wasn't expecting Brian to be the first.

"Wow! I never knew that you

did reach the top I was just praying that I was overreacting and that my painting was just where I should have left it. My eyes were closed as I stepped onto the plush lime green rug that I used as a welcome mat, hoping to shield myself for just a second longer from what I was to see, or not see. When I did open my eyes, after the longest count of three in my life, the last thing in the world that I expected to see was sitting on top of my blue tie-dye bean bag.

There are a lot of things you don't know about me." I said this barely above a whisper, walking over and sitting in my favorite chair that was right in front of the octagon window. There are a lot of things I don't even know about me, I finished the thought to myself.

"Well, what does it mean?" he had come over, placed the picture on my lap, and stood behind my chair with his hands resting gently on my shoulders.

I was so glad that he avoided my last comment that I actually let him keep his hands there. But I didn't really know how I should answer his question. Of course I know what my picture meant, but I didn't know what to tell Brian. I inhaled slowly and then as I exhaled, I felt his grip tighten just slightly, putting me a little more at ease, surprisingly.

"I'm looking into a mirror and seeing who I was as a child." The words just spilled out. "Wishing I could still be that young, innocent, beautiful girl."

I felt a tear run down my cheek, as Brian wrapped his arms around me and told me, "You still are beautiful, and so is she."

I turned around and gave him the first genuine smile I had given anyone in a long time and actually placed my hand on his. Then I took my signing pen off the windowsill and after putting my signature, Jillian Martin, wrote the title of the piece: If Only.

Brittany Morris is a senior at Mt. St. Mary's majoring in English. In addition to perusing her passion for creative writing, Brittany is a student teacher at Tuscarora High School and Editor of the Mount's Lighted Corners Literary Magazine.

Mount men's golf

Ananda Rochita

Polos galore, black weather-proof pants, spiked shoes, and a Titleist hat are common associations people have with the Mount St. Mary's men's golf team. These men, that average right above the height of six feet, reign above the student body. However, even though they should be easy to spot on campus, they are also one of the hardest to get a glimpse of due to the numerous hours they spend on the golf course.

Have any of you tried to play golf or even attempted collegiate golf at that? Golf takes up hours of a day just trying to perfect a swing to use on the course and one round of golf is an average five hours out of someone's day. There are also different aspects of golf such as short game, swing mechanics, and on course management. Collegiate golf is more time extensive than just regular putt-putt. Not only are the players required to drive to practice, but are required to dedicated at least 4 hours of their day for the game.

These unsung heroes of the golf course drive nearly an hour going to and from practice and are there until the sun goes down. These players come from different areas of the country and were all top notch players in their state before being recruited to the Mount.

"We all have very talented players with great capabilities," stated Coach Kevin Farrell. "From my years being apart of the golf team, I have not seen so much talent."

This is Farrell's first year as head coach of the men's golf team for the 2009-2010 year and is a notable alum of the Mount. A graduate of the Mount in 2008, Farrell earned All-Northeast Conference recognition in his last two years, which is rare to achieve. Only five of all Mount players were able to attain this.

"Since I am really good friends with many of the players, it is hard to get their respect at times," stated Farrell. "Some of the players now are people I played with when I was going here. Its different from being teammate to coach."

"I think Kevin brings a lot to the table," stated senior Ray Hyre. "he's young, he's been there. He knows everything that we are going through and also knows most of the courses we play at for tournaments. Having him will definitely help us."

There are a total of ten players on the team. While seven of the ten players are from the Maryland area. One in particular is from the west coast. Sage Smith, a junior at the Mount, is a Colorado native. He competed in seven events in his sophomore campaign and averaged



Mount Junior Sage Smith

an impressive 78 strokes per round. At his high school in Arizona, he was a four-year letter winner. He also was named the Arizona Player of the year, finishing in the top 3 of 15 tournaments.

Like Smith, Jeff Kingsbury is another player with a great deal of ability. This senior is from the Southern Maryland area. Kingsbury competed in nine events in 2009 of his junior year and holds an average score per round of 78. In high school, he served as captain and was named All-conference and All-county three times. He also placed second for the Maryland state level.

"My favorite moment on the golf team had to be when I was leading all conference," stated Kingsbury. "But I blew up the next day but the day I was leading is probably one of my best experiences here at the Mount."

In his sophomore campaign, Kingsbury led the Northeast Conference Championships after the first round of an under par score of 69 and missed being in the top 10 by only one player with a score of 221.

Like the conference championships, Kingsbury is known for helping lead his team. Just recently, Kingsbury posted a round of 76-78 to nab fifth in the field

individually at the Holiday Inn Colonial Classic in October. This helped the Mount round out the top four spot among the other universities in the tournament.

Like some players on the team, the game of golf was introduced to them by their father. Kingsbury started playing at the age of six and grew up with a whole family of golfers. While living his whole life in Maryland, he won club champion at the Ocean city golf club, which is only one of his great accomplishments thus far.

Another notable player is Dan Michalek. Michalek is also a Maryland native from Mt. Airy. He was recruited to the Mount and chose the school despite offers from St. Joseph's and Loyola, because he found this school a right fit for him. "I wanted to be close to home to my family and though the Mount would be a good school to go to," stated Michalek. "When I went to visit the school, I thought I would like it."

While competing five events in his freshman year, he made a positive impact on the team, averaging 80 strokes per round.

"Dan is definitely a great player and especially a team player," stated Kingsbury.

Michalek was known in the



Mount senior Jeff Kingsbury

Maryland state level for his impeccable golf game. While his high school years, he was awarded many significant accomplishments in his four years. He was a four-year letterwinner on the Mount St. Joseph's team and served team captain for two seasons. He was named to the Maryland Interscholastic Athletic Association All-star in his final two years in high school. He also won the inaugural Melwood Prince George's County High School tournament.

While Smith, Kingsbury, and Michalek are known for their dedication in the game, senior Ray Hyre is known for overcoming obstacles. Just last fall season in 2008, Hyre had to miss the spring portion of the golf season due to a knee injury, which he had to have surgery for. "I couldn't walk until the first week of May," stated Hyre. "I couldn't walk for three months then started to play again during the summer."

However after months of recuperating with fracturing his pivia and with a tored acel, Hyre showed his old self again with a score of 78-77 for a top ten finish at the Holiday Inn Classic in Pittsburg this October. "It was a lot of difficulty, but you just got to get through it all," stated Hyre. "I just played real solid and I've been working very hard."

The men's golf team has a great deal of talent ahead of them, but their skills on the course are not only naturally inhibited, but practice is also a factor in their success. "An average day for me would be to go to my classes then after classes go to the course where I would

practice all the areas of my golf game," stated Kingsbury. "I usually spend around 4 to 5 hours out there."

"In the spring, we are going to be like the other Mount teams such as basketball who have two a day practices," stated Coach Farrell. "We have so much potential and we will be able to show the other teams that during conferences."

It may seem that with the competitiveness of the sport, the men's golf team may choose to hang out with other people outside practice and matches. However it is the latter. Despite the hard work and dedication this team has put into the sport, they all still know how to have a good time and are all good friends. The comradery between them are inevitably shown off the course. After practice, some of the boys regularly eat dinner together and hang out with one another. Some of the boys on the team even share a house in Emmitsburg together, which also include Kingsbury and Hyre.

"We are always together. Everyone is always at my house and I think everyone gets along really well," stated Hyre. "We are definitely a very close team."

"The guys on the team are great. I enjoy hanging out with everyone," stated Michalek. "The van rides while going to the tournaments are probably what I will remember most being on the team."

Ananda is a Rochita and Communications major at the Mount.

A MOUNTAIN PERSPECTIVE

My days at the fair

Chelsea Baranoski

During my time at the Mount, I have come to enjoy the down-home, country awesomeness that is the Great Frederick Fair. It amazes me how big an event the Frederick Fair really is. Before coming to the Mount, I had never heard of "Fair Day," when students in the Frederick County Public Schools have off so they can go to the fair. If I was a tot, I would be jumping for joy! A day off just to have fun and eat funnel cake? I think I live in the wrong county!

My first trip to the fair occurred during my sophomore year. My friend Danielle and I went to the fair for the Joe Nichols concert. When we pulled out of the Mount St. Mary's parking lot, I realized that I forgot the Mapquest directions. No worries... the fair couldn't be that hard to find, right? Needless to say, we got lost. Really lost. We were heading down a road that seemed to have no end. We realized we could not be headed in the right direction, so we had our first "off-roading" experience. I will never forget Danielle pulling her little car on the side of the road

so that we could turn around in the lush green grass. Once we got back on the road (in the right direction, this time) we were able to find the fairgrounds. But time was ticking! The concert was about to start and we didn't even have our tickets yet! Once we found a parking space, we zoomed out of the car. We darted to the entrance, handed the worker our money to get into the fair and asked her where we could find the ticket booth. We ran through the fairgrounds like we were being chased by a giant firecracker! However, when we reached the ticket counter, it was already closed. We thought we were out of luck, but a woman offered to sell us two of her tickets to the concert. This was truly divine intervention. I thought the woman was going to sell us the tickets for an exorbitant price, but we actually got the tickets for less than they were worth. And did I mention these tickets were in the 6th row on the track? And that I got autographs afterward? Truly a miracle.

I had such a good time at my first Frederick Fair that I had to go back. During my junior year, I went with three of my friends to see Jason Aldean. This experi-

ence wasn't as eventful as my trip to see Joe Nichols (no off-roading involved), but it was still quite an experience. When we arrived at the fair, we could not find the grandstand. We circled the fairgrounds for an eternity, grabbing some funnel cake along the way. Once we found the grandstand, we sat back and enjoyed the concert. Afterward, we were able to get autographs and pictures with Jason Aldean! My picture with Jason turned out blurry because my friend was so excited that she could not stop shaking!

This year I went to the Great Frederick Fair twice. This was the first year that I experienced the "carnival side" of the fair. When I went to the fair with the Mount's Campus Ministry program, all of the students wanted to check out the rides. This left me shaking in my blue and white Nikes. I am petrified of heights, and I become nauseous very easily. The only rides I can tolerate are the Ferris Wheel and kiddie rides. Nevertheless, I still split a sheet of tickets with my friend, Tricia. I started off small – the bumper cars. Those were tolerable – I wasn't in

the driver's seat, so all I had to do was sit back and relax. But then, I got brave and decided I would go on a big ride with Tricia. The ride rose high in the air and swung its passengers back and forth as their legs dangled from the hard seats. Granted, my palms were sweaty and my heart was beating a thousand times a minute. When I was on the ride, I closed my eyes so that I would not see how high I was in the air. This didn't help much. I could feel myself being pulled hard to the right and then hard to the left. I screamed so loudly it probably sounded like I was the star of a horror movie. You could probably hear me screaming in Emmitsburg. Tricia was next to me on the ride, but she could not see my face. She yelled, "Are you ok?" And of course I responded "Yes!" even though I could not stop freaking out. Finally, after what seemed like years, the ride ended. Afterward, Tricia told me that she asked the campus ministry students seated across from us if I was ok on the ride. And they just waved their hands as if to say "so-so." I just laughed. It was so embarrassing, but I definitely had to go on a big ride at some point in my life. And why not now – during my last year at the Mount? You would think that one scary

ride would turn me off to any more rides. Wrong. The other campus ministry students persuaded me to go on the swings. The swings weren't too bad, but I had to squeeze my eyes shut again. I think I would have gotten sick if I kept them open...between the constant motion and the height... I'm sure my fellow Mounties were happy that I did not scream on this ride. I saved their eardrums!

One week later, I was back at the Great Frederick Fair for the Josh Turner concert. No rides this time! I wanted to spare my vocal chords! As always, the concert was amazing! Josh Turner started the show with my favorite song, "Firecracker." In fact, my friends and I made shirts that said "I'm a Firecracker!" especially for the concert. What a fun night!

I hope that even after graduating from the Mount, I can still find time to go back to the Great Frederick Fair. It has really become an important part of my life over the last couple of years. Hopefully next time I venture to the fair, I will work up enough courage so I don't scream (as loudly) on the rides. Or maybe I will stick to concerts. We'll see.

Chelsea is a senior at Mount St. Mary's majoring in English

Freshman year

Samantha Strub

Have you ever heard of a Midwestern girl who came all the way from Milwaukee to Emmitsburg to go to college? I would guess you haven't because I believe I'm the first one. I know, call me crazy to drive halfway across the country. Who would ever do that unless the school is top quality, or has something special to offer? That's why I did. My coming to Mount Saint Mary's University is a miraculous story of the power of prayer and knowing that anything is possible.

I didn't know that The Mount even existed until I talked with my high school principal about where I would be applying to college. To be honest, I didn't know where I wanted to go. All the colleges I looked at were great schools but I just didn't feel totally at home when I was on their campuses. My principal gave me the book, *Choosing a Catholic College*, published by the Newman Society. I took this book home, not expecting anything new. However, I was greatly surprised when I came across a university that had everything I wanted. I was shocked to see that this university was in Maryland. My first reaction was, "That school is far away, but look how beautiful it is." I had immediately fallen in love. This university was prestigious, academically excellent, Catholic, good size, rural, and sports. I knew that I had to visit.

I was worried about what my parents were going to say when I told them about the Mount. Of course

it was a good school, there was no doubt about that, but the distance and the tuition concerned me. Surprisingly, my parents were supportive and together we figured out a way to visit the campus on a family vacation during my junior year.

As soon as I saw the University in the distance; those picturesque mountains took my breath away. Something was different about this campus. I had never seen anything like this at the other college campus that I had looked at. It was a combination of the location, the beauty of the campus, the quality of education, the Catholic atmosphere, and sports. The community at the University was very friendly and encouraging, which endeared me to this University. Mount Saint Mary's University is just an all around beautiful place. I just knew that somehow, someway I had to come here. I knew that I could call this place home for the next four years.

However, the tuition was an obstacle. How would my parents and I afford it? I pondered this question all throughout the tour, and as my family and I were leaving, I broke down in tears. My parents couldn't understand why. At first they thought that it was because I didn't like the campus. Obviously it was quite the contrary. I had fallen in love with The Mount, but I couldn't figure out how we would be able to afford it. My parents told me not to worry about the logistics-- to apply, put faith in God and see what happened.

So, I applied and prayed to Our Blessed Mother. I knew she would

hear my plea as I waited. The long awaited letter came with the acceptance and a major scholarship! I was thrilled because this made it possible for me to go to the Mount. This answer to a prayer was a huge sign that I needed to go to this University. Part of the reason was because it was dated December 8th, which is the feast of the Immaculate Conception. God has a plan for my life, and the Mount is a part of it. I'm still thanking God and Our Lady for this privilege and plan to make the most of every opportunity I'm given.

As the day grew closer for me to move in and the preparation for leaving; buying things for my dorm and packing up all my stuff, I got more and more excited plus little bit nervous. Hoping to God that this was the place where, He wanted me to be. The drive out to Maryland gave me a lot of time to think about if I had made the right decision or not. I was always pretty open about what I thought about college with my parents but this worrying was one thing that I didn't tell them. They were spending so much money on me and trusting that I had made the correct decision about going to The Mount.

Once I saw the scenery, the part that had me from the beginning, of Maryland and the surrounding areas I knew that I had made the right decision, and all my worrying was in vain. This was where I was called to be. This part of the country is beautiful and for some unknown reason it just feels like home. I know that God has some big plans for me in my life and going to Mount Saint Mary's University is one step in that plan.

A proven example of that grace

working in my life was when I got asked to write for the Emmitsburg Newspaper. I have always wanted to write for a newspaper and have been thinking about doing that for my future job. What a great way for me to get experience in writing for one. I was completely thrilled! I couldn't believe my luck, a freshman in college writing for the newspaper, after only being in college for four weeks! First thing I did was called my parents to tell them my good news. My mom couldn't believe my luck and was ecstatic! I could write stories, something that I love to do already, and be able to share it with the world.

Right then I knew that Mount Saint Mary's University though a long way from my home in Wisconsin, is the place I need to make my dreams become a reality! These dreams are slowly beginning to take form, starting with writing for the newspaper. I'm finally embarking on my life journey at The Mount and I couldn't be happier!

Samantha Strub is a Freshman at Mt. St. Mary's majoring in English with a Secondary Education minor. Samantha will be authoring an on-going column sharing her thoughts, achievements, thrills and yes disappointments as she progressed from being a Freshman to Mount graduate.



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A MOUNTAIN PERSPECTIVE

The Mount's own masterpiece

Katie Phelan

One of the scars on the otherwise beautiful Mount campus is the tunnel that runs beneath Route 15. This dingy, wet, cement tunnel is used frequently by athletes going to the practice fields, freshmen and sophomores going to their cars, or any student or faculty member going to use the gym. Parents and prospective students also use this tunnel at times. As the tunnel is, well, drab and boring, a professor and group of students developed a plan to spruce it up.

In the spring of 2008, Fine Arts Professor Elizabeth Holtry held a mural painting class. The goal of this class was to design and create a mural spanning nearly 50 feet to adorn the cement tunnel wall. This ambitious undertaking took an immense amount of time, talent, and effort.

The first hurdle to clear was to decide how to go about painting a mural in the tunnel. Since the class was in the spring semester, work would begin in January. Carting tubes of paints, brushes, water, and paper towels down to the tunnel to paint outside in the freezing January weather was a less than pleasant prospect. So, instead, students decided to paint the mural on six portable 5 by 8 foot wooden panels in a comfortable and warm studio. After the project was completed, the panels would be transported to the

tunnel and drilled into the wall.

Next, Professor Holtry decided to use acrylic paints for convenience and cost. Acrylics are water based (as opposed to oil paint) and so they dry much faster. Since they dry faster, the artist does not have to worry about smearing wet areas. However, it is a HUGE annoyance to repeatedly mix a color because it keeps drying on the palate. If a color needs constant remixing so there is enough to cover a large area, there are often inconsistencies. Some areas are lighter or darker because it is nearly impossible to match the previous "batch" exactly. Nonetheless, acrylics helped the process go faster, which was important.

With these details settled, the next major decision was subject matter. The goal was to create a mural that represented the Mount, but how exactly does one go about that? The students brainstormed some ideas, but in order to do the best possible job, students interviewed their peers, professors, and administrators. Ideas flooded in, though of course they were all different. In the end, the main topics chosen included (from left to right): academics, theater, music, fine art, spirituality, service, and sports.

Still, questions remained. How should the mural as a whole fit together? What details should be included in each category and panel? How should spirituality be shown? After many compromises,

a plan was drawn on paper and approved. The painting began.

The academics panel is the first, and it posed some challenges. It is one of the most abstract categories, along with spirituality. Students needed creativity in their attempt to represent every academic subject. For example, how does one represent foreign language? They solved this problem by using different languages to say "to learn." Additionally, this panel features students conversing with each other over an open copy of Aristotle's *On Rhetoric*. Other books are scattered about the panel, opened to reveal two pages. One book shows da Vinci's Last Supper and a detail of Raphael's School of Athens. There is also an open book for history. These pages focus on The French Revolution, an event chosen because of its connection to the Mount's founder, Father John DuBois, who fled from France to Emmitsburg, because Catholics were being persecuted.

Closely tied to academics is theater. Yellow-green and blue dominate both the academic and theater areas, helping to create a sense of flow. The theater portion shows two Shakespearean scenes: Romeo woos Juliet in the balcony scene, and Hamlet gives a soliloquy while speaking to a skull, while Ophelia is drenched in water in the background.

The music and arts area is next. This section has a treble clef, music notes, two girls singing, and piano

keys. The arts section shows a studio with a variety of artists. Many pieces in the "studio" are real pieces Mount artists have painted. An Art Education major's self-portrait adorns the wall and a senior's major project depicting a scene with figures hangs in the back of the "studio."

Following the arts section is spirituality. This area divides the mural in half and was simply designed. This simplicity gives the viewer's eye a place to "rest" from the detail of other sections. Spirituality features a large stained-glass rose window with large bands of solid colors emanating from it. This spirituality section includes many religions, not just Christianity. Religions like Judaism and Buddhism are included in the stained glass portion.

To the right of spirituality is the service section. One area shows students building homes for Habitat for Humanity. A large pocket-watch dangles from the top of the panel. It is noticeably missing hands, but this is purposeful. It represents "God's time" which is something emphasized on different retreats. The idea is to distance oneself from the cares of everyday life, including keeping track of time and sticking to a schedule. The service section also shows missionary work, money donation, and races for cures.

Finally, the last section is sports. Here, a boy is hitting a tennis ball, which turns into a variety of other sports balls before ending with a

basketball. The representation of different balls all in a line helps lead the viewer's eye across the panel and also brings many different sports into the panel. In addition to the sports balls, scenes of hockey, swimming, and equestrian are shown. A pre-game huddle shows a seminarian leading a group of soccer players in prayer.

A remarkable amount of detail is included in this mural. Far too much to describe in an article of this length. Plus, there's nothing like seeing it first-hand. A great deal of time and effort went into the creation of the mural. From planning, designing, and painting, it's no wonder the ambitious plan was not finished after just three months. It has slowly come to completion over the past year and a half through volunteer efforts and the completed project is the result of the hard work and dedication of many talented artists. The mural will hopefully grace the wall of the tunnel by the end of this semester where it will be enjoyed for years to come.

Katie Phelan is a junior English and Fine Arts major at Mt. St. Mary's and in addition to being the Emmitsburg News-Journals English Editor covers Mount Fine Arts for the paper.

To read other articles by Katie Phelan visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net



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STAGES OF LIFE

I'm a father again . . . for the third and final time

Brian Barth

August 6th, 2009 was the day I became a father for the third time. Nine months earlier I was sitting in the basement with my son watching Sponge Bob Square Pants for the fifth time, when my wife screeched my name. I leapt from the couch knocking my son off the cushion in a mad dash to find where she was and to see what happened. Sprinting upstairs from the basement, I grabbed a few provisions such as towels, band-aids, and the phone, just in case. I reached the first level and couldn't find her. Then I took off again for the top floor. Thinking the worst, my finger was ready to dial 911. I entered the bedroom and found her on the floor and crying. I ran over and asked "what's the matter? Are you hurt? Where's the blood? Did you break something?" She looked up, tears rolling down her face, with a smile. I had a feeling in the back of my mind that this was a cruel joke. Her arm stretched to my face, she stuck a plastic object near the tip of my nose and said "we're pregnant."

If you know anything about me, I lean towards being a worrier, and

germ-a-phobe. So the thought of that contraction nearly touching my face made me weak at the knees. I quickly knelt down. My wife thought I was trying to be closer to her, luckily she didn't realize I was about to pass out from the thought of that stick so close to me. She was waiting for my response. All I could muster was, "we're pregnant? Are you sure?" This apparently wasn't the response she was hoping for. This meant I was in for a long night. "Aren't you happy?" she asked. I quickly replied that I was thrilled. "Why don't you seem happy?" I finally had to ask that she move that pregnancy test to a safer spot, preferably far away from my face.

After the flood of emotions at the discovery that we were going to have another child, my mind went into overdrive. How am I going to pay for college? When should I start a college fund? I sounded like a Morgan Stanley commercial. My wife was still on the floor, listening to me talk out loud. She said, "let's worry about this in nine months." Not wanting to make my situation worse from my earlier question I decided to address this topic later.

Now my wife, on her feet, grabbed the phone from my hand and tried to start calling everyone she knew. I immediately snatched the phone from her and said that we should at least tell the other two kids first and then wait till you have your first doctor's visit. It should be official before you go telling the world you are pregnant. She agreed.

We both walked downstairs to find the two kids in the kitchen eating something they made. When I saw them I thought, "I'm sure I'll have to clean that mess up when they are through." That's a story for a different day. The two saw that mom had been crying. They both asked at the same time, what is the matter? Are we in trouble? No, no, I am happy she said. With a grin from ear-to-ear she told them we are going to have a baby. The both stopped what they were doing, ran over to her and squeezed her waist. Right then I knew everything was going to work out just fine.

Editor's Note: Brookfield resident Brian Barth is not only a father again, but lays out the paper you hold in our hands. Brian has agreed to authoring a column on the humorous side of fatherhood.

Mom's time out

Abigail Shiyer

All you parents out there know how important it is to read to your children. But, did you know that the U.S. Department of Education recommends beginning to read to your baby daily as early as 6 months? They contend that hearing words over and over helps the baby become familiar with them and that reading to your baby is one of the best ways to help them learn.

I have always read to both of my kids from a very early age. Not because it was recommended or because it is instrumental in their development – but, because I had such a horrible time getting my first child to go to sleep at night, that we were forced into a lengthy bedtime routine and reading just happened to be one thing that she would sit through and fall asleep to... Anyway – I guess we got lucky with that one.

Another thing that we are lucky for around here is our local libraries and the wonderful children's programs that they offer. We have had the pleasure of attending the programs at both the Thurmont Library with Miss Lisa and the Emmitsburg Library with Miss Cheryl. Both the Thurmont and Emmitsburg branch libraries offer wonderful programs for children of all ages. Babies with Books, Time for Twos, Tales for Toddlers, Pre-School Story Time, Family Story Time and the list goes on. It really is amazing that these programs are free, the library staff is so

professional and the children absolutely love it. We go as many times a week as we can to both libraries because they are both so close and the programs are exceptional. You should all take comfort in the fact that those tax dollars are being well spent!

My daughter had a birthday not too long ago and she has one special aunt who knows how much she loves books and always gives her a great book along with her birthday present. Not just a cute little story book – I'm talking a nice hard back book that has a matching jacket and has a special note that is hand written to her on the inside. It is something that she will be able to keep forever and in the future when she looks at the books, she can read the hand written message and know that she was so special to her "Aunt Susie". But – this last book that she received was a little rough on Mommy.

The title of the book is 'Let Me Hold You Longer' and is written by Karen Kingsbury. – and oh my goodness... Moms and Dads – if you haven't read it yet – you need to.

It is a book that reminds us how short our time with our little ones really is. It is about the lasts instead of the firsts. And – if we are not careful – we might miss the lasts. I tend to think and analyze things a little too much anyway, but this book has really made me stop and think even more about how important my children are and how important this time with them is.

As parents we tend to celebrate the firsts – first teeth, first words, first

smiles, first steps, first day of school, etc.. But, what about the lasts? You don't know when it is going to be or worse yet – when it was. When was the last time that you fed your baby from a bottle? When was the last time that you rocked your child in a rocking chair? When was the last time your child asked you for help with tying their shoes or doing their homework? When was the last time your child reached up to hold your hand? When was the last time you made your child a sandwich or pushed them on the swing? Have these lasts come yet? Or are they still to come?

Lucky for me, my children are still very young and there are lots of lasts ahead of us. I am certainly going to keep the message of this book in the back of my mind the next time my daughter asks me to color with her and I don't feel like it. Or the next time my son runs to me and wants me to hold him. I am going to hold on just a little longer next time – because it just might be the last. One day he will be too big to pick up and hold in my arms and I will long for these days again.

I hope you will all take a "time-out" and think about how precious these lasts are. And read to your children – it is a great activity for the whole family. Especially when a great book like this one comes along and really makes you think.

To read other articles by Abigail Shiyer visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

Very Vicki

Reflections on Thanksgiving

Vicki Moser

Thanksgiving is a family holiday and I cannot wait to see my family this November. Normally, my family visits both my grandparents' house for a big meal. It is hard to try to eat two big feasts in a row, so I normally eat two miniature feasts but it all adds up.

The food is always good. And I do mean always. There is turkey and mashed potatoes and gravy and heaps upon heaps of a lot of different kinds of food. After Thanksgiving dinner, everyone waddles to the living room to watch a movie and create casual conversation. Sometimes, us kids go outside but other times its too cold.

I always look forward to seeing my cousins Chelsea and Lindsey (though Lindsey is a very new addition). She is like my sister since i don't have one and she is my very best friend. No one ever understands me like Chelsea does, mostly because we are so close in age. She is only a year younger than I am. We will probably talk about music (a normal conversation between her and I about music can last hours), boys, sports (she won her first field hockey game October 20), and probably a lot of talk will go on about school.

I already miss not seeing my cousin everyday. By Thanksgiving, Chelsea and I go from hanging out every night in the summer to hardly ever getting to see each other because of school and soccer.

I am also looking forward to it even more because of Lindsey. Lindsey is my two year old baby cousin and a cute little demon. I love her and her Shenanigans so much that every time I see her a big smile spreads across my face. Every time I walk through the door, she yells my name and runs toward me. She jumps and I catch her and she gives me a big hug. I am itching to see her again too!

Lindsey is two and it is sad not seeing her when you are used to seeing her every day. Though I get to see a lot of my family, I don't get to see my Uncle Wayne much. I wish I saw my Uncle Wayne more at thanksgiving. Uncle Wayne is hilarious.

I love seeing my cousins on my dad's side. I don't see them a lot and wish I could see them more. In spite of the fact we don't see each other much, we all get along great and have a great time.

In church we sing a song that says to give thanks. But what are we giving thanks for? Personally I give thanks for friends and fam-

ily. I give thanks for the well-being of all the people I know and I hope they care about my well-being too.

Do you think teens that lived during the first Thanksgiving are thankful for the same things as I am thankful for? I think a lot of things I'm thankful for teenage girls are thankful for too.

Though they probably had some more joys, especially during this time when everything was so unknown. They were probably thankful for life. These teens were probably a lot more scared than me. Everything was so unknown to them and the unknown has always scared people. It still does now. All of these things probably scared the teen girls.

But no matter what you are scared of there is always something to be thankful for. I am thankful that thanksgiving is coming up soon. I'm more than ready to see my family.

Thanksgiving stands for many different things to many different people. I agree with this acrostic poem about what Thanksgiving means to me:

T - is for our thankfulness for many joys and blessings.

H - is for our homes so warm and bright.

A - is for autumn, time for harvest and abundance.

N - is for nature's beauty and delight.

K - is for the kitchens where good food is cooked with love.

S - for spicy fragrances in the air.

G - is for the gathering of family and friends.

I - for the inheritance we share.

V - is for the vision that the Pilgrims held so dear.

I - is for high ideals in all they planned.

N - is for our native country brave and great and free.

G - for God's great goodness to our land.

What does Thanksgiving mean to you? I have a proposition for everyone reading this, if you write down everything you are thankful for between now and thanksgiving, I promise that my next article will be amazing.

I pinky-swear.

I am going to start my list right now!!!

To read other articles by Vicki visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

STAGES OF LIFE

A Teen's View

Emmitsburg: Change for the better (and colder)



Kat Dart

As I was sitting in school and making new friends, I realized something: this is it. We sold the house and moved completely out of it. Not only are we out of our old house, we've moved into our new one. My move to Emmitsburg and life here so far has been fun and exciting.

A couple of weeks ago my Mom and Dad took me and my sisters out to eat at the Ott House - to celebrate the publication of my first article. I decided to invite my friend Katelynn, too. At the Ott House, we all noticed a bunch of people walking around in kilts and holding bagpipes - it turned out they were playing at the fire station. How did Katelynn and I spend the rest of the night? By sitting in the driver and shotgun seats in a fire truck, and listening to bagpipes during the weekend of the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Service. This was a very important event for our community, and we enjoyed talking to the fire fighters! We also learned that there was an event coming up in the firehouse on the following Thursday, we could go riding in the trucks at the Annual Open House.

Everyone in my family was excited for the Open House. On Thursday, we drove to the fire station where everyone could ride in a fire truck. There were also several demonstrations, like how hoses and sprinklers work. In York, we never had such an event at the lo-

cal fire station except one time in late July there was a small carnival and fireworks show. The fire station wasn't used very often for activities, so to be able to hang out in a truck at eight in the evening was new to me!

I've also met a bunch of new friends: Kris, Jessenia (Juice for short!) and Caitlin. Because of them, I've been introduced to Emmitsburg: the places to go, what places aren't for younger people, and shortcuts through and to Emmitsburg. In school, they've shown me the fastest way to get to classes.

School has been going great: I've already had a grade report and am pleased to say I'm doing well! I also have memorized my lock combination, but then had to memorize a new one because Catocin does not allow students to use their own locker locks. That really stinks, but oh well.

School Spirit week was last week- It was hilarious to see people dress up in all these funny costumes! Monday was Geek Day, and a lot of people wore Harry Potter style glasses and vests. Tuesday was Twin Day (two friends dress alike), Wednesday was Through the Decades day (poodle skirts and puffy wigs!) and Thursday was Spirit Day - light blue, dark blue, and white for everyone! That same day, we had a pep rally -that was fun. There were dancers, and the band played as the cheerleaders jumped and, well, cheered. It was nice to be able to be able to celebrate and then leave school early.

On Friday we had a vacation day, and Saturday was homecoming. I went with a bunch of friends - it was fun to dance for four hours.

Last month, I said that moving was an entire life change - and even I did not know what that meant. I'm sure that anyone who has moved before understood that, but I guess what I mean is that every-

thing is different. At my old house and neighborhood, it was a great place, but fairly far away from the town, stores, and most schools - we did, however, have an elementary school about 5 minutes away when walking. There was no real hang out spot for teens - except in a friend's house. There was no where nearby to eat out at, or to go and be teens.

In Emmitsburg, I have already discovered a great hang out spot: the Antique Mall. I walked down to it the other week, probably about a fifteen minute walk, with Katelynn, Elizabeth (one of my sisters), and Lauren (Elizabeth's best friend). The Ott House and other shopping places are right up the road from it.

My sisters and I have noticed one thing about Emmitsburg: it has been really cold recently! And trekking to the bus stop at 6:30 in the morning? Not the best way for us to start the day. However, I do like the rain that has been rolling around - the mountains look so beautiful when steam rises from them!

Another rather scary thing about Emmitsburg is the deer and, apparently, bears - we recently saw a newspaper article explaining what to do if you see a bear - *talk* to it as you back away. My mom's reaction was rather funny. "I don't think anyone would just calmly *talk* to a bear as they back away from it!"

For the last month, my family has been working on making our house 'home' - we are unloading boxes from storage and painting. Mom is working on furniture. Dad brings home more of our stuff every night, and my sisters and I are unloading boxes. All of us sisters have had to step up to help - I have learned to mow our lawn, and Elizabeth has been working as Mom Number Two - keeping track of the younger sisters, who are cleaning up after everyone so we can all keep moving.

Now I'm staring as it rains, then drizzles, and then pours outside. Perhaps next month I will be able to comment on Emmitsburg when covered in snow!

To read other articles by Kat, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

A Teen's View

College application essays

April Hildebrand



So I'm sure you're all wondering- what's the excuse for me not having an article last month? Two words- college applications. What a never ending process! Every extra hour I had in my day for the last month was spent producing, revising, and editing college essays. I never really considered that the process was so detailed and that my response to the essay questions would make or break my application.

I started my application to the University of Maryland College Park in September, fully aware of the November 1st deadline. I wrote two essays and sent them to my coach via email. His response- "Call me." So I called and fortunately for me he was brutally honest, "They're trash and make you sound like you are five years old." So it was only my first shot, no need to get angry just try again. He made some suggestions and I wrote two entirely different essays, reflecting on two separate topics.

The first one was relatively well written, and I only spent about another two hours total revising it until I was completely finished. About a week later I tackled the second essay. I spent five consecutive hours in front of a computer typing, backspacing, and typing some more until I was fully confident the 300-or-less word essay would be up to the college's standards and expectations.

I forwarded it on to my coach and received another "call me" in response. I didn't call for a few days; I dreaded hearing his "it doesn't make sense" speech. However, I eventually edited it again until I thought it was wonderful, yet again and sent it to him. "You need to start from scratch; your ideas do not make sense." "But I spent five hours..." "Start over!"

That essay truly got the best of me. I spent many stressful hours staring at the computer screen clueless on what to write about, plus another hour full of anger, anger at the world for not understanding my thought process. For the next two weeks, I didn't even look at the Maryland application. I eventually trashed that essay completely and wrote about an entirely different topic and ironically, it received my coach's immediate approval, only taking about forty-five minutes to construct.

As I reflected upon his approval, it occurred to me that when I try to force ideas into my head, rather than letting my thoughts flow into words, it takes much more time and the product isn't as great. When I just wrote what was on my mind, it was a masterpiece!

In mid-October I decide I wanted to apply to North Carolina State. I went through the standard college application pages and entered all of the basic information that every college application requires. As I get

to the last page, the essay/personal statement page, I see the deadline- November 1st. WHAT!

I had spent hours upon hours for Maryland and I wasn't even finished and NC State's deadline is in less than fifteen days! Taking a deep breath, I decided to check into Florida State and see if I could perhaps use the same essay that Florida requires for my North Carolina State application. That night, I called out of work, because not only was it time to finally prioritize, but I saw Florida's essay question and my brain stopped functioning.

"For almost one hundred years, the Latin words, "Vires, Artes, Mores" have been the guiding philosophy behind Florida State University. Vires signifies strength of all kinds - moral, physical, and intellectual; Artes alludes to the beauty of intellectual pursuits as exemplified in skill, craft, or art; and Mores refers to character, custom, or tradition. Describe how one or more of the values embodied in these concepts are reflected in your life."

My coach suggested using Eventing, the Olympic equestrian sport I compete in as my guide to answer this question. As a bastion of old English tradition and culture, it was a logical choice and something I could write about easily. So I did and e-mailed it to him with my fingers crossed. His e-mail reply? One word - "Excellent!"

Hooray! I wouldn't have to spend another five hours revising and stressing over an essay that didn't make any sense! After this essay, I sent them on to my English teacher for final suggestions and/or corrections to complete the college essay process.

In the short time I was forced to write the several essays, I learned to value the opinions of the two people I asked to edit my essays, my coach and English teacher. After getting angry, refusing to write, pretending I didn't care, and finally reconsidering, I truly appreciate the time and effort they both put into assisting me with my essays.

Without their guidance and demand for excellence from me, I would have submitted poorly written essays that would have done nothing to help me win admission to Maryland, let alone any other collage.

Keep your fingers crossed for me!

To read other articles by April Hildebrand, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

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STAGES OF LIFE

Bringing up Ben

Olivia Sielaff

Little brothers – most of us have one. If you don't, count yourself lucky. I understand that some little brothers can be well behaved, but the majority of them have an infamous reputation. They are especially known for bugging their older siblings!

My little brother Benjamin is twelve years old and he loves to annoy me. I haven't quite figured out why, but he does. I think it's embedded in little brothers' minds to exasperate their older sisters whenever possible. Even as I'm writing this article I have to hide in my room so Ben can't bother me.

Some days are worse than others. One day Ben and I can get along perfectly well. We can go without wringing each other's necks or disputing over "I'm smarter than you". Other days the littlest things can make it miserable for us to be in the same house together. There was one day in particular a few weeks ago when Ben was really getting on my nerves. He and I were at a business event with my mom all day where we either had to keep quiet and occupy our-

selves or help our mom. After about two hours, and two cups of hot chocolate, Ben was at the peak of being very hyper and very annoying. He was no help to my mom and he was irritating me.

It started with us bickering back and forth, and how Ben was being way too hyper for the environment we were in – the hot chocolate always helps with giving him more energy than he needs. I complained how disrupting Ben was being and I told him to leave me alone and go outside to release some of his energy. Well, if you know little brothers, "Leave me alone!" is the wrong thing to say. This was Ben's cue to keep aggravating me.

He carried on by nitpicking the most insignificant things about me. This is one of his favorite things to do. He would say, "Your clothes are weird!" or "Your face is funny!" Then he badgered me with countless inane questions. If I ignored him, he started to copycat everything little thing I said or did. Finally, he resorted to making up things I didn't do and narrating it to my mom. I had had enough! I

couldn't stand it any longer and I really didn't want to lose my temper in public, so I decided to try and distract him from bothering me. I suggested we play a board game.

After going through the process of what games were available, which was more fun, which one had all the pieces, which one was more educational (that was my idea), we eventually opted for Scrabble. This came with a little resistance from Ben because he is dyslexic and Spelling isn't his favorite subject. But I convinced Ben that it was good for him to think of and learn how to spell different words. Ben started the game with the word 'Nascar', one of his favorite "sports", while I tried to think of an intelligent or long word to rack up some points.

The game ensued with very random words I had expected from Ben who loves hunting, nature, and anything boyish. He chose 'elk', 'beer', and 'dad', while I got creative with 'jigsaw' and 'quiet' (it was the only word I could spell with a 'q')! There were a few times we complained about the score and how



many points we got, and whether the spelling of a word was correct. However, we got along and helped each other to think of some crazy words. By the end of the game we were both laughing hysterically over silly words and enjoying each other's company, for a change, so much so that we played three more rounds of Scrabble.

To someone who gets along pretty well with their younger sibling this probably seems like a trivial game of Scrabble, but to admit the truth, Ben and I argue more than is needed. So for us to actually have gotten through a game without dictating the rules, giving up, or leaving each other ill tempered the way we had started, was an

important step in learning how to get along with each other. I realized that feeding the friction by bickering and quarreling doesn't help. In the end, we disputed over who won the game and realized it didn't really matter. We learned that arguing is pointless and just plain wastes time, while instead we could be having fun and, possibly, come to like each other more. I guess I am pretty lucky to have Ben as my little brother after all!

Olivia Sielaff is the daughter of Pam and Bruno Sielaff, owners of St. Philomena's Book Store and is slated to become a regular contributor to the Emmitsburg News-Journal chronologizing the lighter side of life with a little brother!

Parenting by Zenas

A month to give Thanks

November – Kindness and Friendliness: being gentle and considerate and having affection for another. Activity: Crafting – to be proficient at a skill.

Another conversation with Rex:

Zenas: "Hey Rex, you just gotta listen to this, it just couldn't get any worse!"

Rex: "How so, Zenas, you talking about having babies, college or car stuff?"

Zenas: "Common Rex, how could having babies be anything but the best! I'm talking about cars. You remember last month when one of our daughters ended up needing some work done to her car . . . as in the timing belt had to be replaced, then there was a tune up required and the icing on the cake was the need for a new catalytic converter . . . \$4,600 later?"

Rex: "Oh, yea, I remember all that. What could be worse than that?"

Zenas: "Well, shortly after we spoke, I took my wife's car in for some typical service needs . . . just a simple oil change, rotate the tires, check the fluids and lights, things like that. You know, I'm thinking fifty or sixty bucks worth of work. Then I got the call."

Rex: "Oh no! What happened?"

Zenas: "Brakes were down to 10%, rotors needed to be replaced, tires were worn almost to the treads, and yes, the timing belt was 5,000 miles overdue!"

Rex: "Ouch! At least you have to be thankful that your wife wasn't driving down the road somewhere and got stranded."

Zenas: "You are certainly right about that, Rex. I am thankful that didn't happen! A broken timing belt in her car would have meant the entire engine gets yanked from the car and sent to the scrap yard! Ouch to that one! But it doesn't stop there!"

Rex: "Oh no, not more!?"

Zenas: "Yup, about a week later we get a call from another one of our kids. She took her car down to the station because it was having a hard time starting. Now bear in mind, this car has been in the family since 1995, was purchased from my father-in-law when it only had 60,000 miles on it . . . just a babe! It now has over 250,000 miles on it and doesn't owe us a thing!"

Rex: "Ok, Zenas, don't tell me . . . timing issues!!!"

Zenas: "Rex, you hit the nail on the head! That was at the head of a long list of things needing to be

taken care of. The bottom line . . . she needs a new car! Have you started that savings plan for your new baby yet?"

Rex: "WOW, I can't believe all this happened to you within a months period! Three cars all needing major repairs within a one month time period!"

Zenas: "It was actually five cars. My car hit its first major maintenance milestone, then all this started happening. And then to top it off, vehicle number five sits in our driveway, just waiting for our daughter to return from her year of study in South Africa. Guess what? Yup, that car also needs to have the timing belt replaced!"

Rex: "So let me get this right, Zenas. You just had to pay for major repairs or maintenance on FIVE vehicles all within a several month period?!! Am I hearing you right?"

Zenas: "Yep, Rex, you have perfect hearing! Start saving for the time this event occurs in your life!"

It's the Month to give Thanks: Hitting the "pause button" in life is sometimes very important to do! Day to day events can build on one another to create pressures that, at times, feel unbearable. The "pause button"

allows us to take a deep breath, step back and see a fuller picture of our life. In particular, I give thanks that our daughter was able to get her car off the beltway when it stopped running; I give thanks that my wife now has new rubber to drive on, especially since snowy winter roads are much more demanding than dry summer roads; I am ever so thankful that our college freshman is able to lend her sister her car till next spring and the need to figure out additional vehicle needs has been pushed back till next spring; and lastly, I am thankful that our daughter

studying in South Africa will be returning safely home to us.

We have come a long way in the past three hundred plus years. The Pilgrims were rather fortunate. . . they didn't have to worry themselves about timing belts and college tuitions. We are rather fortunate as well. It is pretty certain the furnace will warm the house in the morning, the coffee machine will have a hot, fresh cup ready as we arrive in the kitchen, and on the day we cook the "big bird", a flick of a switch starts up the oven. Yes, we do have plenty to be thankful for.



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IN MY OWN WORDS

Thanksgiving stories

Katherine Au

November. It's the beginning of the holiday season. The beginning of my hearing people saying, "oh, I shouldn't eat another bite," but watching them eating that other bite anyway. November is the month with Thanksgiving as the designated holiday, and Thanksgiving is the holiday that reminds me to give thanks. It's not that I don't give thanks regularly – my nightly prayers include giving thanks, but it is around the holiday that I think more about what I am truly thankful for. Family, friends, and the time spent with both are what I give the most thanks for. I often think that my time spent with friends and/or family will be the 'perfect' situation. We gather, we eat a perfect meal in November, we depart only thinking of our time together as being like an episode of "Leave it to Beaver." But I, like everyone else I know, am actually a human living a real life and not one scripted on a television show. So, although I wouldn't trade any one single Thanksgiving for another, some of them have held more interesting episodes than others. These are some of the episodes that all families share.

Ever since I can remember

Thanksgiving for me has been spent with my father's family in Georgia. My parents and I would drive down on Wednesday and arrive by dinner time Wednesday night. All my family would gather for a light dinner and then go to bed early. Thanksgiving was the day to spend from sunup to sundown with family, and in between sunup and sundown was a full Thanksgiving dinner consisting of turkey with all the trimmings, multiple vegetables, mashed potatoes, bread, and several desserts.

Thanksgiving morning was filled with a flurry of preparation. My grandmother lived across the street from my Aunt and Uncle's house, and dinner was always had at my Aunt and Uncle's since they had a larger dining room and living room. My grandmother would get up with the sun and start cooking green beans and the other vegetables – save for the fried okra and creamed corn. My aunt would start cooking the turkey and get ready to do the corn and okra. I know there are those that love 'al dente' vegetables, but I'm a true southern woman and I grew up eating and loving green beans that were cooked for hours with fatback and bacon. Thinking about my grandmother's green

beans still gets my mouth watering, but my knowledge of what's healthy makes me grateful for the changes made in my family's traditions over the years. My family has since changed the green bean cooking procedures, but I still miss the flavor of my grandmother's beans. There was nothing like beans cooked for the same amount of time as the turkey.

Speaking of turkeys, my mother told me a story from when she and my father were young and just starting out. They couldn't afford a whole turkey, so they purchased one through the El Monte Rabbit Company in California. They purchased a 'parts missing' turkey from the company. Their turkey wasn't as bad as others – it was whole except for the fact that its legs were half off. My parents were just thankful that they were able to get a turkey and weren't concerned with the fact that half of the legs were missing. They cooked the turkey, they enjoyed the turkey, but my mother still remembers that during the cooking process the legs ended up standing straight up and looking like a very odd bird when it came out of the oven.

My mother also shared another Thanksgiving story from when both my parents were in graduate school. They were living with another couple in Wrightwood, CA, and decided to host a Thanksgiving dinner for others whose families were too far away. Dinner was hosted and all was in order. The turkey was ready, the vegetables were ready, and then suddenly everyone realized the gravy was not. In the course of a few minutes about five women converged in the kitchen to prepare the gravy. The gravy was prepared by the recipe, but the women decided that the gravy was too pale. I don't know what too pale means, but I do know that the women involved were not particularly domestic. They decided that the gravy wasn't colored dark enough and therefore needed some food coloring.



Food coloring doesn't traditionally come in brown, so red seemed a good substitute. By the time the gravy was designated done, my mother tells me that it looked like blood. My mom still simultaneously laughs and cringes when she talks of that particular Thanksgiving dinner. She swears it tasted fine. It just looked a mess.

My family always has Thanksgiving at my Aunt and Uncle's. It's just the tradition of my family. But, a few years ago after my parents had done a major renovation to their home, they decided to host Thanksgiving for the family. My parents and I felt prepared. We had a menu planned, and we had a cooking schedule planned. The oven had two cooking stations and a turkey smoker had been bought to cook the turkey. The family arrived the night before as usual, a light meal was shared, and all was going as planned. My father woke up around 6 AM to start smoking the turkey so that we could eat around noon. The turkey smoked, and smoked, and smoked, but wasn't actually cooking on schedule. My father decided to put the turkey on the grill. It wouldn't fit. No matter which way he positioned the turkey, the lid wouldn't go down as it should. Dad even enlisted the help of all family members. Women and men alike were hovering around my parent's grill trying to figure out ways that the turkey could be cooked. Finally, my father resorted to the microwave. The green beans were cook-

ing in the lower bay and the turkey was being nuked in the upper. I just remember all 11 of us hovering around the dual oven. I think at that point we were so hungry it wouldn't have mattered if the turkey hadn't been fully cooked and we would have taken the consequences of food poisoning. But, luckily for us all, the turkey was microwaved to the perfect degree.

Regardless of what my stories or others Thanksgiving stories may be, there are a couple of things that make Thanksgiving for me. First, it's the food. Thanksgiving for me most always has been a particular menu: turkey, dressing, green beans, fried okra, creamed corn, rolls, sweat potato casserole, oyster casserole, and pumpkin and pecan pie. And, thanksgiving for me has been time spent with those I love most dear. I don't think Thanksgiving has ever been a perfect televised scene, but it has always been perfect for me. My family has gotten together and enjoyed each other's company over a plate of food. It's simple, but it's significant. Thanksgiving, for me, has always been the holiday when we join together and are thankful for all we are given – be it eight-hour cooked green beans or microwaved turkey. Regardless, it's all spent with those loved most of all.

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THE OLD TENANT HOUSE

Cabinetry

Michael Hillman

With the addition to the Tenant House now weather tight, it was time to move to the kitchen and start on Audrey's Christmas present — the kitchen cabinets.

Probably one of the biggest ticket items in kitchen renovations is cabinetry. In order to cut this expense to a bare minimum, many chose to purchase their kitchen cabinets from stores like Lowes and Home Depot. I will freely admit that while we fully intended to have Brian and Vince Reaver of Reaver's Woodworking do our cabinets, my wife and I took a trip to Frederick to check out what the big stores had to offer — simply put, not much.

All the department store cabinets looked the same. This would be OK if every kitchen had the same dimensions and was painted white. God forbid you want stain grade cabinetry. Even if you could afford the cost, you had to accept their stain selections. Forget custom stains! Well that's not exactly true. We did find some unpainted cabinets that we could custom stain, but the quality of the cabinets was so deplorable that their only use to me would have been as kindling for a fire.

So with that itch scratched, we turned the kitchen cabinets over to Brian and Vince knowing they would exceed our wildest quality expectations. Now truth be told, this was not our first time having the Reaver Brothers do cabinetry work for us. Years ago they built us an entertainment consul that has always drawn complements from visitors.

If you've never met Vince or Brian, I think it fair to say you're missing out. Not only are they two of the most kind and thoughtful people in the area, but two of the finest cabinet makers this area has ever known

(save their father of course!).

Prior to the new addition, the space of the old kitchen was about 16 by 16 feet, or 256 square feet. But once you took into account three doors, two windows, and room for a kitchen table, the actual space for cabinets and countertops was limited — one wall to be exact. In order to make the space functional, careful planning was necessary.

With functionality her priority, Audrey spent months researching exactly how she wanted the kitchen laid out. And with the extra space the addition provided, she had the full 256 square feet to work with — or as its knowing in the cooking world — 'her cooking triangle'. Once she had settled on her design, it was up to Brian and Vince to take it from a drawing to a reality.

Brian listened patiently as Audrey explained what she wanted. He occasionally offered suggestions based on his years of experience which she readily accepted. They planned to lay the new counters and cabinets out in a 'U' shape.

The first element of the 'U' would be a bar top countertop, overlooking the sink. On both sides of the sink would be floor level cabinets for pot and pans. Guests sit on chairs on the outside of the bar countertop looking into the cooking triangle, while the cook gets to look towards the new walls of windows and the panoramic view of the Catocin they afford.

The 'bottom' of the 'U' would house the stove and microwave. The microwave would be sandwiched above the stove between cabinets for spices and glasses.

The final element of the 'U' would provide additional counter space and offer more cabinets for storage.

But Brian and Vince's work didn't stop there. Audrey's design included a pantry adjoining the kitchen, much like Kitchens of

yester year. Both the cabinets and the countertop extended into this pantry.

On its opposite wall of the pantry there was a closet with internal sliding doors that allowed double the storage of food stocks. The Kitchen's far was continued a custom-made desk where one could sit and talk on the phone and an enclosure for the refrigerator.

I'll be the first to admit, it was an impressive design and something that could only be accomplished with custom cabinets. Brian and Vince didn't blink once as Audrey explained what she wanted. Their only question was "when?"

"Christmas" was her reply. "Christmas it will be," they rejoined.

For me at least, one of the nicer aspects of having Brian and Vince do our cabinetry was the ability to drop by their shop and watch them take boards and shape them into cabinets. It was not only a great learning experience for me, but a reaffirmation of what quality craftsmanship is all about. No detail of the cabinets, whether an inside support or an angle brace, was not too small to be done to perfection.

As the cabinets were going to be stained, it was important for all joints to be exact. Many store brand cabinets are built with sloppy workmanship which leads to gaps in joints that are filled with caulk that falls out over the years. But, the Reaver's cabinets are so well constructed that caulk is never needed! Unlike store brand cabinets where doors might or might not hang correctly and open evenly, the doors on the Reaver's cabinets fit like a glove.

Another aspect of Reaver's Cabinetry is how 'green' they are. No, I don't mean the color! Brian and Vince go to great lengths to minimize waste and recycle scraps when they can. Their shop is filled with an assortment of scrap wood, including old fence posts and boards. When plained down this wood is stunningly beautiful.

As I tend to look at every piece



Vince & Brian Reaver - The area's finest and nicest custom cabinet and furniture makers

of old wood in the house as part of the house's history, I'm forever handing boards 'rescued' from the walls over to Vince and Brian for them to recycle and incorporate into their next masterpiece for us. Everywhere you look in the house, the old is mixed with the new creating a richness that will bring smiles to Audrey's and my face for years to come.

Once the cabinets were completed, they were stained with a concoction combining three different stains. Audrey had spent weeks in perfecting this mixture which resulted in light brown honey color cabinets.

Given that over the years the kitchen had settled and didn't contain a single straight wall or surface, I held my breath when the time came to install the cabinets. But the Reaver Brothers took it all in stride. A shim here and a shim there and before we knew it, the first wall of cabinets were up.

Watching the cabinets go up was like looking through one of those old time hand-held Praxinoscope - a machine that flipped still photos to give the illusion of movement. One minute Vince would be carrying in a cabinet and before you knew it, it was in place and the next cabinet we coming in the door.

Unlike big production shops, once the cabinets were in place, Brian and Vince took their time to make sure all the doors opened correctly and all drawers slid without binding. Only when they got Audrey's final OK did they call it a day.

As expected, the quality of the workmanship of the cabinets exceeded our wildest expectations. It's impossible to walk into the house and not be wowed by the cabinets. While the cabinets were Audrey's Christ-

mas present, the Reaver's bill was my Christmas present! The final cost of custom made Reaver Brother's cabinets was less than the projected cost of store bought cabinets let alone installation fees! We got better quality at a lower price by going with the Reaver's Woodworking.

While this article is focused on the kitchen cabinets, the Reaver Brothers do much more than kitchen cabinets - as their name implies, they do custom woodworking.

Whether you're looking for a custom made night table to fit that tight spot next to your bed, a mantle for your fireplace, a coffee table, or a desk, Vince and Brian can make your idea a reality.

As a case in point, in the time it's taken me to pull together this issue of the paper, Vince and Brian created a custom made bathroom vanity with two sinks, two wall medicine cabinets, and a custom made closet door. To be honest, I actually wanted to build them myself, but the reality is the Reavers could build them faster, cheaper, and far better than I could have. The best part was, once again, the final bill was a fraction of what Home Depot or Lowes would charge.

So if you're looking for that perfect Christmas present for that special person this year, consider some custom cabinets or furniture — you'll never regret it. Reaver Woodworking dispels the myth that high quality custom cabinetry and furniture is expensive. They take pride in the fact that they build for any budget and any design.

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THE ZOO KEEPER

Turkey trauma

Layla Watkins

I love the fall. There is something about the crisp morning air, the scent of fires burning, and the sound of the wind rustling fallen leaves that is invigorating, yet peaceful and serene. It makes me thankful to be alive. So, for me, it's completely appropriate that Thanksgiving is in the fall. And every Thanksgiving, I smile and laugh as I remember the first Thanksgiving dinner I cooked 21 years ago...

My best friend, Connie, and I had gotten our first apartment that summer. When her boyfriend came over to see it, the first thing he said was, "where does the Christmas tree go?"

"Christmas tree?" she asked, "We've got to have Thanksgiving first, right, Layla?"

"Right! And it's going to be a *real* Thanksgiving – just wait." Before I even knew what I was saying, I had committed myself to providing Thanksgiving dinner and all the trimmings to about 15 away-from-home-and-family, and single, Army friends. I don't think I ever thought about the fact that I really didn't know how to cook.

The Joy of Cooking

The months went by and eventually, about two days before Thanksgiving, I decided I better go grocery shopping. I was scheduled to work on Thanksgiving Day, so my plan was to make everything ahead of time. That way, when I got home, all I had to do was warm things up. The only exception was the turkey – I would get it ready and Connie would put it in the oven at the designated time that morning.

So off to the store I went. No nice, fresh Butterball for us, though. On our budget it was the generic, frozen, hard as a rock, probably five

years old turkey.

"What? Three to four days to thaw?" Fortunately, that was when microwaves were about as big as the TV, so in it went. Once it thawed, I did actually know enough (or maybe I just read the directions) to wash it and take out the gizzard bag. I was on a roll.

Next, I seasoned it to what I thought was the perfect marriage of creativity and tradition. I didn't, however, try to stuff it because the stuffing box said "Stove Top." Clearly, that meant it had to be cooked on the stove, not in the bird.

Turkey and stuffing under control, I turned my attention to the box of mashed potato flakes, jar of gravy, and can of cranberry sauce. "Hey, I can do this, no problem," I thought. "Now for the vegetables."

I felt pretty comfortable opening a can of green beans and warming them up. I could also do that with cream corn. I was a little mystified by one friend's request for peas and pearl onions – I knew peas, but had never heard of a pearl onion. Luckily I found a frozen bag of said vegetables. "Hmmm, frozen. Ok, I'm pretty sure this means I have to boil them."

At this point, I was feeling pretty confident about my culinary prowess. I had opted to skip the Sara Lee pumpkin pie and make one from scratch. Well, not exactly from scratch – I bought the pie crust, but did make the filling myself. I'd never made a pie before but secure in the knowledge that enough Cool Whip can make anything taste good, I decided to go for it.

We'll Call It Cajun

Thanksgiving had finally arrived. I'd done all my prep work, and I headed off to work leaving Con-

nie with the task of putting in the turkey in the oven at 10:00 a.m. Around 10:30 I got the phone call.

"Layla, the turkey is burned."

"What?!?!?!"

"It's burned. To a crisp."

"What? How? Oh my God."

"I don't know, but it's completely black. I think it's ruined. What do you want me to do?"

"You're kidding, right?"

"No, it's toast."

"No way – Is it really?"

"Yes. So, do you want me to take it out?"

"Yeah, I guess, take it out. No, wait – is it cooked inside?"

"I don't know. I'll cut into it and see...Nope, it's raw and kind of bloody."

"\$#*%! Ok, well, I guess leave it in. Maybe we can just cut the outside off?"

"I don't know. It doesn't look good."

"Connie, we've got 15 hungry GI's coming over tonight. What are we going to do?"

"You want me to go get another pie?"

"Pie??? We need a turkey!"

"Well, we could tell everyone it's Cajun."

"What?"

"You know, they blacken everything. It could be a Cajun turkey."

This is why I love Connie. She can make me laugh under the "blackest" of circumstances.

Better than an MRE...I hope

Somehow I managed to finish my day at work without completely losing my mind. When I got home, I found exactly what Connie had described – a very black, very crispy turkey. Oddly enough though, it didn't smell burned. And by this time it had cooked enough on the inside that it seemed it might just be salvageable.

I started slicing it up, cutting off the black crust, and decided maybe I should taste it before everyone got there. It was good! Tender and kind of sweet. A little unusual, but really pretty good. I decided that even if it didn't look pretty, it still had to be better than the MRE's (that's military for Meal, Ready to Eat) that our friends had been eating on their last deployment.

Ok guys, dinner is served.

Believe it or not, my first Thanksgiving dinner was a hit! And no one was any the wiser as to what the turkey had looked like just before they arrived. One of the guys, who was a pretty good cook, wanted to know how I seasoned it.



"Oh, I got kind of creative - Salt, pepper, and poultry seasoning. But I thought some honey would be good on it too, like honey roasted chicken, you know? So I poured some on the inside and then drizzled it all over the outside too."

"Really? It's good, but I'd have thought the honey would have burned on it."

"Burned?"

"Yeah, usually honey sort of caramelizes and turns black."

"Black, huh?"

I looked at Connie, she looked at me, and we both burst out laughing. "So, who's ready for pie?"



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What is Reiki?

Renee Lehman

Many ancient cultures believe that a vital life force or energy makes up and shapes everything in the universe. This energy flows through our bodies and affects our entire being. In Chinese medicine this vital life force is called Qi ("chee"); in Ayurveda ("eyer-vay-dah") and Yoga it is called Prana ("prawna"). Reiki ("ray - key") is a Japanese word meaning "universal" (Rei) "life energy" (ki). However, most Reiki practitioners would agree that this "universal life energy" is only a minimal description, and that Reiki could be better expressed as a *vibration or very subtle energy*.

The National Center for Complementary and Alternative Medicine (NCCAM) of the National Institutes of Health (NIH) classifies Reiki as a form of energy medicine, and specifically a biofield therapy. Biofields are extremely subtle energy fields that purportedly surround and permeate the human body (the existence of such fields has not yet been scientifically proven because there is no technology subtle enough to measure biofields in the way that magnetic fields can be measured). When the biofield is disrupted or imbalanced in its flow, then physical, mental, and emotional illness can occur. Reiki is believed to balance the very subtle biofield, strengthen the body's ability to heal itself, and promote well-being.

What is a Reiki session like?

When receiving Reiki, the practitioner places his or her hands lightly **on** or a **few inches above** your head, shoulders, back, chest, abdomen, and limbs. You remain fully clothed, and are either lying down or in a comfortable seated position. The practitioner usually follows a series of 12 hand positions, and can also place his or her hands over a specific area of discomfort. Each position is held for approximately 5 minutes. The Reiki treatment experience is subjective and varies from person to person, and from session to session. Along with feeling very relaxed, you may feel a comfortable tingling, or a feeling of warmth and comfort where the Reiki practitioner's hands are placed. Some individuals, may not feel much sensation during the treatment, but may fall asleep. After the session, many feel a sense of calm and well-being.

Reiki teachings state that your body is wise and takes in the universal energy as needed to bring your body/mind/spirit into balance. The Reiki practitioner acts as a conduit for the universal energy (the energy flows through the practitioner) rather than coming from the practitioner. Also, Reiki can only help. You cannot receive too much energy. Your body will only take in what it needs. It is that simple!

Reiki practitioners with appropriate training may perform Reiki from a distance, that is, on clients who are not physically present in the office or clinic. No special background or credentials are needed to receive training. However, Reiki must be learned from an experienced teacher or a Master; it cannot be self-taught.

Where did Reiki come from?

Reiki originated in Japan in the early twentieth century with a spiritual teacher named Mikao Usui. Usui's teachings included meditative techniques and healing practices. One of Usui's students, Chujiro Hayashi, a retired navy medical doctor, further developed the healing practices, placing less emphasis on the meditative techniques. A Japanese-American woman named Hawayo Takata was relieved of her health problems by receiving Reiki from Hayashi. She then learned Reiki from Hayashi in Japan and began practicing and teaching it in Hawaii, the U.S. mainland, and British Columbia, Canada in the late 1930s. She continued this until her death in 1980. This type of Reiki (Usui System of Reiki Healing) practiced and taught by Hayashi, Takata, and her students may be considered traditional Reiki. Numerous variations (or schools) of Reiki have since been developed and are currently practiced.

Usui offered his students precepts to support their Reiki practice and their daily ways of living and "being" in the world. Here are the precepts as Takata taught them to her students:

*Just for today, do not worry.
Just for today, do not anger.
Honor your parents,
teachers, and elders.*

*Earn your living honestly.
Show gratitude to every
living thing.*

Don't these Reiki precepts seem timeless? How do you think your life might show up if you followed these for just one day?

Reiki in health care.

According to the 2007 National Health Interview Survey, which included a comprehensive survey of Complementary and Alternative Medicine use by Americans, more than 1.2 million adults had used an energy healing therapy, such as Reiki, in the previous year. The survey also found that approximately 161,000 children had used an energy healing therapy in the previous year.

Reiki complements medical treatment, psychotherapy, chemotherapy, and other complementary forms of care, and is appropriate for anyone in any state of health. It is practiced in many environments, including hospitals, outpatient clinics, nursing homes, and private offices. According to the American Hospital Association, in 2007, 15% or over 800 American hospitals offered Reiki as part of hospital services. This includes hospitals such as Memorial Sloan Kettering, University of Maryland, and Columbia Presbyterian Medical Centre in New York City.

Recent Research on Reiki.

The National Center for Complementary and Alternative Medicine (NCCAM)-supported studies have been investigating: how Reiki might work, whether Reiki is effective and safe for treating the symptoms of fibromyalgia, Reiki's possible impact on the well-being and quality of life in people with advanced

AIDS, whether Reiki can help reduce nerve pain and cardiovascular risk in people with type 2 diabetes, and the possible effects of Reiki on disease progression and/or anxiety in people with prostate cancer. No results have been published yet on these studies.

However, case studies, and clinical trials with a small number of patients have been published. In general, these studies have found Reiki to: 1) Enhance well-being and increase vitality; 2) Improve mood; 3) Decrease heart rate and stress hormone levels; 4) Improve immune indicators; and 5) Reduce pain and anxiety (subjectively noted).

How can Reiki help me?

Reiki encourages a person's body/mind/spirit toward its own unique balance. Often, people use Reiki for relaxation, stress reduction, and symptom relief, in efforts to improve overall health and well-being. Reiki has been used by people with anxiety, chronic pain, arthritis, HIV/AIDS, and other health conditions, as well as by people recovering from surgery or experiencing side effects from cancer treatments. Reiki



is especially appreciated in hospice care for its ability to alleviate pain and anxiety and to help impart a sense of peace (for the patient and their caregivers).

So, if you would like to alleviate pain and stress, and promote relaxation and healing, you may want to seek out a Reiki practitioner. Remember to ask questions about his or her background, training, and experience. Maybe your doctor, nurse practitioner, or other healthcare professional (conventional or complementary) knows a Reiki practitioner that they would be glad to refer you to.

You can at least try: "Just for today..."

Renee Lehman is a licensed acupuncturist, physical therapist, and a Reiki Master 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.



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Swine flu or any major health assault

Dr. Bonita Krempel-Portier, D.O.
Emmitsburg Osteopathic
Primary Care Center
www.eopcc.com

In the local paper this August there was a short note about H1N1. The news was that in South America there were fewer cases of H1N1 as the virus was beginning its northward migration. The first thing was that it looked like the flu impact was no longer a threat. But the real news is that the H1N1 was headed in our direction. In Maryland the latest CDC report was that we still had sporadic cases. But in the United States there have been over 9000 hospitalizations and nearly 600 deaths due to H1N1 and the biggest impact is now on its way North.

West Coast Universities already are speaking of Flu like illnesses and are counting by the thousands. Most cases are reported mild, but there is no way to know or to guarantee a mild infection. All viruses are tiny and can affect all parts of the body, and some effects can be permanent. While panic serves no one; it is not good to strike out looking at a ball that is crossing the plate. There is much we can do to minimize the dam-

age of a viral invasion. The time to go into action is NOW.

The most important job you have right now is to get your flu shots. Notice the plural "s". H1N1 is not the only influenza coming our way, seasonal flu causes very real troubles as well. The concern is that we are going to have a very long "flu season" of one kind or another for the next 6 months to a year. Seasonal flu targets those with chronic diseases and of senior age.

H1N1 targets the younger crowd, but is not necessarily picky. For those of long experience, we are aware that sometime influenzas have caused heart, nerve and memory damage along with the lung troubles. Also bacterial infections take advantage of the new power to attack while someone is fighting off the flu virus. Do not get the vaccine while you are actively sick from a respiratory infection or other illness with a fever.

If you are allergic to flu shots or allergic to eggs you should NOT attempt to get vaccinated but you could encourage others to get vaccinated to protect you. The rest of us should roll up our sleeves and get the 1) seasonal flu shot now, 2) the first dose of H1N1 as soon as it is in your neighborhood, and

if available 3) the second dose of H1N1 for those 9 years of age or younger and finally 4) 2nd dose of seasonal flu vaccine in February for diabetics and others with sluggish immune systems.

Another important consideration is remembering an old commandment: "Love your neighbor as yourself." Two implications are here: You are to Love YOU! Take care of yourself. Get your health in order. Are your teeth fixed? Do you brush and floss your teeth twice daily? Are you up to date on your screening exams? Are your blood pressure and blood sugars in control? Do you walk? Are you eating healthy food? Is your weight where you want it to be? Do you keep your surfaces relatively bacteria-free? Do you find time for fun and let others know you love them? When you have a cold, do you take measures not to contaminate other people?

A vigorous cough can travel 8 to twelve feet at 70 miles per hour. Protect others from you cough. Cough into your sleeve at the elbow crook. Wash your hands a lot and especially before and after shaking someone else's hand. Hand washing is shown to be key in preventing disease. Enthusiastically wash your hands for at least

30 seconds. If using hand sanitizers remember, alcohol hand sanitizers are better than non alcohol sanitizers.

If we are worried about H1N1, why do we need the other flu shot (?) is often asked. The answer is that H1N1 is not the only influenza that can make one really sick. Each year in our country 25-50 million people get influenza. Of these 30,000- 40,000 die. It seems more than a little prudent to get the flu shot.

Some studies show that protecting yourself from one kind of influenza might make your immune system better able to fight off other illnesses. If you are already sick with one infection, you are more susceptible to other infections because you

are already weak. It is advised that we spread out the shots a bit to minimize side effects from the shots. Don't get sick! Get your flu shot!

Dr. Bonita Krempel-Portier is a 1991 graduate of West Virginia School of Osteopathic Medicine. She is board certified in Internal Medicine and focuses on primary care in Internal medicine. Dr. Portier was named the 2006-2007 Maryland Osteopathic Physician of the Year by the Maryland Association of Osteopathic Physicians.

The Emmitsburg Osteopathic Primary Care Center is located at 121-123 W. Main Street, Emmitsburg, MD. The centers phone number is 301-447-3310 or 301-447-5851 or visit them online at www.eopcc.com.

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ASTRONOMY/ALMANAC

The November sky at night

Professor Wayne Wooten

For November, the Moon will be full, the Hunter's Moon, on November 2nd, so the first two weeks of November will thus find the Moon waning and not visible in the evening sky. The last quarter moon passes three degrees south of Mars on November 9th; the waning crescent moon passes seven degrees south of Saturn on November 12th, and a thin waning crescent lies six degrees south of Venus on the morning of the November 15th, with the new moon on the 16th. The last two week of November finds the moon waxing in the evening sky, with the waxing crescent passing 3 degrees north of Jupiter on November 23, then reaching first quarter phase and appearing almost overhead at sunset on November 24th.

While the naked eye, dark adapted by several minutes away from any bright lights, is a wonderful instrument to stare up into deep space, far beyond our own Milky Way, binoculars are better for spotting specific deep sky objects. For a detailed map of northern hemisphere skies, about Halloween visit the www.skymaps.com website and download the map for November 2009; it will have a more extensive calendar, and list of best objects for the naked eyes, binoc-

ulars, and scopes on the back of the map. Also available as the next month begins is wonderful video exploring the November 2009 sky, featuring many different objects, available from the Hubble Space Telescope website at: http://hubblesite.org/explore_astronomy/tonights_sky/.

Giant Jupiter dominates the SW sky in Capricornus at the beginning of November, but will be lost in the Sun's glare by 2010. Any small scope will reveal what Galileo marveled at four hundred years ago; four large moons, all bigger or similar to ours in size, orbit it in a line along Jupiter's equator. So get out the old scope, and focus on Jupiter for a constantly changing dance of the moons around the giant world. Larger scopes will still show detail on the disk, but observe early in the evening to catch the famed Great Red Spot... the lower Jupiter gets in the SW sky, the harder it is to see such de-

tails through the earth's turbulent atmosphere.

East of Jupiter is the teapot shape of Sagittarius, which marks the heart of our Milky Way Galaxy, but the best view of our Galaxy lies overhead now. The brightest



M-31—the Andromeda Galaxy

star of the northern hemisphere, Vega dominates the sky in the northwest. To the northeast of Vega is Deneb, the brightest star of Cygnus the Swan. To the south is Altair, the brightest star of Aquila the Eagle, the third member of the three bright stars that make the Summer Triangle so obvious in the NE these clear autumn evenings.

Overhead the square of Pegasus is a beacon of fall. South of it lies the only bright star of Fall, Fomalhaut. If the southern skies of Fall look sparse, it is because we are looking away from our Galaxy into the depths of intergalactic space.

It is just north of Fomalhaut that you will find the closest and largest of the planetary nebulae, NGC 7293 or "the Helix", about 650 light years distant. It appears as a faint ring, half as big as the full moon, and visible with binocs from a dark, clear observing site.

The constellation Cassiopeia makes a striking W, rising in the NE as the Big Dipper sets in the NW. Polaris lies about midway between them. She contains many nice star clusters for binocular users in her outer arm of our Milky Way, extending to the NE now. Her daughter, Andromeda, starts with the NE corner star of Pegasus' Square, and goes NE

with two more bright stars in a row. It is from the middle star, beta Andromeda, that we proceed about a quarter the way to the top star in the W of Cassiopeia, and look for a faint blur with the naked eye. M-31, the Andromeda Galaxy, is the most distant object visible with the naked eye, lying about 2.5 million light years distant.

To the northeast, Andromeda's hero, Perseus, rises. Between him and Cassiopeia is the fine Double Cluster, faintly visible with the naked eye and two fine binocular objects in the same field. Perseus contains the famed eclipsing binary star Algol, where the Arabs imagined the eye of the gorgon Medusa would lie. It fades to a third its normal brightness for six out of every 70 hours, as a larger but cooler orange giant covers about 80% of the smaller but hotter and thus brighter companion as seen from Earth. Check it out on a clear November evening, and see if the gorgon is winking at you. If so, then instead of being as bright as Polaris, Algol fade to be only as bright as kappa Persei, the star just to its south. Look at Perseus' feet for the famed Pleiades cluster to rise, a sure sign of bright winter stars to come. In fact, yellow Capella, a giant star the same temperature and color as our much smaller Sun, rises at 7 PM as November begins. Next month, more on Orion and company.

Farmer's almanac

Weather Watch: Fair and warmer (1,2) with chance of Tropical Storms (3,4,5). Showers and mild (6,7,8,9); fair but colder (10,11,12,13,14,15,16). Snow in the northern part of the region, rain in the southern areas (17,18,19) turning fair again but with colder temperatures (20,21,22,23). Showers

and very windy (24,25) returning to fair weather, cool temperatures and windy (26,27,28,29,30).

Full Moon: November's Full Moon rises on the 2nd at 2:14PM. Many Native American tribes referred to it as the Big Wind Moon, Dying Grass Moon, and Leaf-falling Moon because the days have gotten

windier and colder, frost has killed off all of the grass, and the last of leaves have fallen from the trees.

Holidays: Veteran's Day is observed this year on Wednesday, November 11th. Remember the ultimate sacrifice that so many have made in the past and remember those who are serving today in many far away places. Celebrate Thanksgiving on Thursday, November 26th with family and loved ones and remember, we all have so much to be thankful for each and every day!

The Garden: Keep watering until the ground temperature reaches 40 degrees F. Fall flowers, like Sedum and Chrysanthemum, should be dead-headed before the first killing frost. Now is the time to start those forced bulbs that were placed in a cool area in August or September.

If you've decided to store your bulbs indoors for the winter, try storing them in a pail filled with sawdust after they have dried off from being in the ground. Lawn cutting is probably over for this year so clean the mower thoroughly. Scrape off soil and old grass. Cover all metal parts with a thin layer of oil or grease, then store mower in a dry area. Paint fences with wood preservative now that leaves have fallen and plants are not obstructing them.

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Our Emmitsburg Location Will Be Closed From Oct. 30th to Nov. 15th.
Please Contact Our Taneytown Location For Service During this Time.

The law and you

Luann Battersby

The following is the first in a series called The Law and You. This column will tackle various problems involving our American citizens and the laws of our great country as they impact those of us living in and around Emmitsburg. The primary focus will be on individual consumers and issues involving their property, money and finances. With special respect to the many older residents, legal problems and opportunities for wise money management for those in this age group will be addressed.

The month's topic regards health insurance and is designed to be informative to anyone of any age, with or without health insurance. If you have health insurance, it may alert you to some gaps in your health insurance. If you are planning on using Medicare, it may alert you to some pitfalls you may encounter. If you need health insurance, it may offer some pointers toward getting some affordable insurance.

Health Insurance and You

There are few among us who do not know of someone who has a horror

story regarding brain trauma of a person who still has others depending upon them or of a costly accident, injury or disease matched with inadequate or no insurance coverage. Some of the hardest-working people find that they have no Medicare coverage, especially if they have been self-employed or have worked as contractors. High health care costs are one of the leading causes of bankruptcy. These costs also put a terrible strain on a marriage through the financial havoc wrought as one partner may be drowning the other partner and their children in medical care debt.

Cost of a hospital stay

Hospital and rehabilitation stays can exceed \$20,000 per month. According to the U.S. Agency for Healthcare Research and Quality, after adjusting for inflation, the average hospital charge increased by 24 percent from \$13,900 in 1997 to \$17,300 in 2002.

COBRA, does it bite?

COBRA is a health insurance plan wherein employees may continue their health insurance plan after they leave their employers, usually for six

months. While it is a measure that can keep an ex-employee insured, it is very expensive (premiums usually run 110% of an employer's costs). Very expensive insurance and unemployment are not a good match. Consequently, very few people find COBRA insurance to be useful.

What are those 'uninsured Americans' numbers we keep hearing about? Aren't they pretty much healthy "kids" – people in their 20's?

A recently released U.S. Census Bureau report shows the number of uninsured people rose from 44.8 million in 2005 to 47 million in 2006. A report last year by the Robert Wood Foundation shows one in six adults between the ages of 50-64 are uninsured. That's us, baby boomers.

I don't have health insurance. How can I be insured affordably?

There are still excellent and responsible employers around who offer health insurance. If you can be flexible as to employment, check on what benefits are offered at various employers and target

your search to those with health insurance.

Part-time jobs, more common today than ever, rarely offer health insurance, but there are some exceptions. Institutions of higher learning (community colleges, colleges and universities) and medical care providers such as hospitals often offer health insurance to their part-time employees. And, to your benefit, hospitals work 24/7! If you have dependents, consider whether you can juggle your schedule to include another commitment, a part-time job that includes health benefits.

OK, so you can't give up any more time to another job and are not about to leave the job you have. How can you be insured affordably? You need group insurance, girlfriend. The beauty of belonging to a group is that the insurer will shop and deal for better medical costs for you and can make good deals for their members. Prescriptions are negotiated by insurance carriers with pharmaceutical suppliers – generally this can cut your prescription costs down to a fraction, especially important if a member of your family is on a maintenance drug.

What group should I belong to? Find one. Are you or your spouse 50 or over? AARP will offer you membership. Are you a member of some trade organization? Check with your organization. Do you have any inter-

ests? Groups from proud car owners of certain automobile brands to hobbyists often have organizations offering group insurance. Are you a graduate beyond high school? Colleges and trade schools are another good source of group insurance.

My insurance right now isn't that great, but gaps in health insurance can be fixed by Medicare, can't they?

No, there are gaps in Medicare coverage, and supplemental insurance is a wise investment for many. This will be covered in more depth in a further article.

When can I qualify for Medicare?

Medicare typically becomes available once an individual reaches the age of 65. However, Medicare does not automatically cover everyone even if they are over the age of 65.

Many individuals, including those who have worked as contractors, may find that they do not qualify for Medicare because they have not paid enough 'quarters' of employee deductions into the system.

The information in this article is no substitute for the personal attention of a skilled and trustworthy attorney for your financial and long-term planning needs. For more information feel free to call me at 717-642-6260 or 301-518-4023

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Thursday,
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LIBRARY NOTES & SENIOR NEWS

Manners among the stacks

Caroline Rock

Last week my husband and I attended a performance at a local venue. During the moments prior to the start of the show, an elderly woman tottered up the aisle and eased herself into the seat in front of me. After a moment, she became flustered, looking around her for some lost or forgotten object. Soon an old man came up the aisle, and she raised her hand toward him.

"Would you please bring me a program?"

He leaned closer to hear her. "I'm sorry. What did you say?"

"A program," she said again, waving her hand toward the back of the auditorium. "Will you bring me one, please?"

"Oh!" he said, straightening. "Absolutely. I'll be right back."

"Thank you!"

In a few minutes he returned and handed her a program.

"Oh, thank you so much," she said.

"It was my pleasure," he replied. Then he sat down next to her, took her hand in his, and they leaned their heads close together to read the program.

You're surprised, aren't you? Well, I was, too. Manners to strangers are extraordinary, and manners to spouses and family are on the endangered species list.

Of course this made my scruples itch just a little. Earlier in the week

my own husband had prepared a lovely chicken dinner for me when I got home from work. This was not just broiled chicken and instant potatoes. He cooked from a recipe! He prepared Chicken Alla Vendemia, straight from the cook book of one of the Top Chef Masters. And while I did thank him for dinner, I also noted the heaps of dirty dishes in the sink, and the slippery dusting of corn starch on the kitchen floor.

What happened to thanks?

When I was a very, very young woman working my first job at the Red Barn restaurant in Hagerstown, Mr. Kendall insisted that his employees show gratitude to the customers. After all, they were the reason we were in business, although there were not enough of them to keep us in business for long!

Points were deducted from our evaluations if we failed to say, "Thank you," as we handed over bags of greasy burgers and over-salted fries. And "thank you" was the only acceptable form of gratitude we were permitted to use. The current variation, "Here you go," was never, ever appropriate.

In this season of Thanksgiving and generosity, it is hard not to notice the glaring lack of manners in society. And I refuse to say "especially among the young." It has not escaped my attention that many

young people coming into the library use manners as naturally as they use a toothbrush, while adults are just as likely to let the door close in my face or toss their library cards across the counter without apology. So young people do not have a monopoly on being ill-mannered.

Miss Stephanie asked me recently when I thought the decline of manners had begun. Was it the advent of the internet, she wondered? Was it when daytime shock shows like Jerry Springer became popular? Could we go farther back? Roseanne Thomas, founder of Boston's Protocol Advisors, believes the decline in manners began in the 1960's when people stopped eating dinner together as a family. We might even trace it back to the California Gold Rush, or the Revolutionary War, or the year after the first Thanksgiving.

Perhaps there is no pinpointing the moment of decline. And perhaps there is no need to pinpoint it. Rather we might simply acknowledge it and seek to correct it.

At the risk of causing an unprecedented surge of road rage in the stacks, I took an inventory of the books about manners available at the Emmitsburg Library. Children can learn manners (and let's face it, manners MUST be learned), from BB Wolf, D.W. of Arthur fame, Madeline, Clifford, Little Piggy, Little Penguin, Alik,

Beth Manners, Berenstain Bears, and, of course, Barney.

There is clearly no shortage of resources for instruction in the gentle art of etiquette. (Adults, see sidebar for your list!) But learning, or re-learning manners can be an overwhelming task. How often I have stood behind the circulation desk watching a child's horrified expression as he searches his mind for the answer to his mother's innocent question: "What do you say?"

What do you say?

Let's begin with the most appropriate response for this time of year.

Thank you.

During our Babies with Books program, I see that lesson in thanksgiving from the moms. Their children, most too young to speak, have been taught to say thank you with the simple American Sign Language gesture of moving their fingers outward from their lips. This is far sweeter and more innocent than most other gestures I receive, especially when driving!

One of my favorite moments in Dicken's A Christmas Carol is when Scrooge, reformed and repentant, is met by the men collecting for charity, and he thanks them for accepting his donation.

"Thank you," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. Thank you fifty times!"

Thank you fifty times. Fifty times a week or fifty times a day.

The challenge is ours.

Thank you for holding the door.

Thank you for coming into our library.

Thank you for your kind words.

Thank you for your service to our country.

And thank you for reading my column. Thank you fifty times.

Happy Thanksgiving.

Available at the Emmitsburg Library

Excuse Me, but I Was Next: How to Handle the Top 100 Manners Dilemmas by Peggy Post

PoliteKids 101. Social Skills Your Child Needs for Success in Life! [videorecording]

The Knight's Handbook : How to Become a Champion in Shining Armor by Christopher Gravett

How Rude! : the Teenagers' Guide to Good Manners, Proper Behavior, and Not Grossing People Out by Alex J. Packer

Choosing Civility : the Twenty-five Rules of Considerate Conduct by P.M.Forni

Emily Post's Etiquette by Emily Post

SENIOR NEWS

Susan Allen

Welcome back to Standard Time, and Happy Thanksgiving to everyone! The center will be closed for the following November holidays: Tuesday, Nov. 11 for Veterans' Day, and Thursday & Friday, Nov. 26 & 27 for Thanksgiving.

Special Programs Energy Conservation, Nov. 12 at 11:30 a.m.; Nurse Steve on Diabetes Education, Nov. 17 at 11 a.m.

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: Nov. 4 & 18.

Cards, 500, and Bridge Group: Nov. 25.

Men's Pool: Wednesdays at 1:00 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.



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UPCOMING EVENTS

Reoccurring Events:

Saturday

Bingo at the Rocky Ridge Volunteer Fire Company's Activity Building. Doors open at 4:30, games start @ 7pm.

Nov 3 - 7

Fairfield Mennonite Church's 49th International Gift Festival. Discover hand-crafted gifts and home decor from Thirty Third World Countries. Items include jewelry, toys, musical instruments, holiday decorations, and hand-knotted Oriental rugs from Ten Thousand Villages. Fairfield Mennonite Church, 201 West Main Street, Fairfield. For more information call 717-642-8936.

Nov 7

Blue Ridge Summit Mountaintop Community Art & Antiques Showcase and Collectibles Road show - 9 a.m. until 3 p.m. The Collectibles Road Show portion is just like the one on TV. You may bring in up to 3 articles at one time to have them appraised by an area expert at a cost of \$5 per item. All proceeds from the event benefit the Amanda Bowders Memorial Garden. If you have any questions please either Lynn Ford (717) 729-7461, or Duke Martin (717) 729-0188

Adams County Winery Home Wine Making Class. Learn how to make wine from John, the Vintner. John will take you from the very beginning of your home wine-making experience to the very end, bottling your own wine! Adams County Winery, Orrtanna. For more information call 717-334-4631.

The Adams County Arts Council's annual Masquerade Party, featuring The Colgan-Hirsh Band with the Slammin' Horns, Costume Contest with cash prizes, silent auction, Tarot readings. Gettysburg Hotel on the square in Gettysburg. For more information call 717-334-5006 or visit www.adamsarts.org.

Tom's Creek United Methodist church turkey and oyster supper. Adults \$14.00, children (5-10) \$6.00, under 5 free. Located on Toms Creek Church Rd. For more information visit emmitsburg.net/tcumc

Mt. Joy Lutheran Church's Chicken Barbecue. 11 a.m. until we're sold-out. \$7 Dinners. To place your order call Bonnie Brown 717-334-8998, Pat Johnson 717-637 2040, or the Church Office - 717-334-8585.

Nov 8

Taneytown's St. Joseph's Catholic Church's Knights of Columbus Country Style Breakfast Buffet. Cost: Adults \$6.00, Children 7-10, \$3.50, (6 & under Free).

Nov 9

Monthly meeting of The South Mountain Audubon Society of Gettysburg PA, a Charter of The National Audubon Society. Robert Bull, a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Certified Bog Turtle surveyor will talk on the different natural and human causes for the Bog's Turtle's continued peril including: early fur industry, logging, mill dams, roads, natural succession, predators and diseases. The meeting starts at 7:30 pm and is free and open to the general public. Agricultural Resource Center, 670 Old Harrisburg Road, Gettysburg, PA, 17325. For further information contact Deb Siefken at 677-4830.

Nov 11

Mother Seton School open house from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 6 to 8 p.m. Info sessions at 11:15 a.m. and 6:15 p.m. Parents interested in obtaining information about Mother Seton School and not able to attend, please contact us at 301-447-3165 or www.mothersetonschool.org.

Nov 13

Elias Lutheran's Church's Chile Supper Fundraiser for St. Dysmus Lutheran Prison Ministry. Dinner beginning at 4 p.m. on Friday, November 13th. The cost is \$7.50/person. All proceeds will benefit the Lutheran Prison Ministry that takes place at Frederick and Hagerstown Prisons. Thanks - see you for Chile Dinner.

Grand Open celebration of the Rebecca Pearl Studio. Open House from 6 to 9 PM at the Gallery/Studio on Main Street in Emmitsburg.

Elias Lutheran Church's The basement coffee house ministry returns for the fall season. Featuring common clay! The music starts at 7 pm. For more information visit emmitsburgnet/elias

Nov 13 - 14

Unitarian Universalists of Gettysburg Seasonally Artistic Crafts Sale featuring new distinctive hand made gifts at best prices for your Holiday shopping. Peruse the Book Nook, Collectibles, & Gently used Christmas decorations. Warm cider awaits your arrival! Unitarian Universalists church, Gettysburg, 136 S. Stratton St.

Nov 13 - 15

Gettysburg's Supernatural Summit: The Supernatural Summit program will feature more than 50 hours of presentations by paranormal experts on a wide range of topics. For more information please visit www.supernaturalsummit.com or call 717-337-0445

Nov 14

Mother Seton School Fall Fun Run for all ages at Mount Saint Mary's Campus. Come out and join us for a Fall Family Fun 5K Run/Walk and experience the beautiful scenery of the Catoctin Mountains. Proceeds to benefit the Education Program at Mother Seton School. More info forthcoming: www.mothersetonschool.org. Run starts at 9 am.

Mother Seton School old fashioned bingo with a Thanksgiving theme will inspire prizes such as sugar, flour, apples, turkeys, and much more. Tickets: \$15 Advanced, \$20 at the door. Doors open at 1:00 p.m. Bingo begins at 2:00 p.m. For more info: 301-447-3161 or www.mothersetonschool.org.

Strawberry Hill's 8th Annual Auction Dinner! - Bidders will find great items such as stained glass art, photographs, oil and water color paintings, hand-crafted woodwork, fanciful dinners, bed & breakfast getaways, outdoor gear, gift certificates, and many other unique products and services donated by local businesses and supporters of Strawberry Hill. Bidding starts at 6 pm. For tickets email info@strawberryhill.org

Dance to benefit 1st LT Rob Seidel Wounded Soldiers Fund. See About Town article on page 3 for more information.

Nov 15

St. John's Lutheran Church in Creagerstown present the Blue Grass Chapel Band - concert will begin at 3:00 P.M. All are welcome. A Pot Luck Dinner will follow in the Parish House

Nov 16

Regular Monthly meeting of the Emmitsburg Historical Society in the Emmitsburg Community Center. Meeting starts at 7 pm and is open to the public. Topic of the November meeting is Thanksgiving traditions. For more information the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net.

Nov 19

146th Anniversary of the Gettysburg Address. An annual observation with brief memorial services in the Soldiers' National Cemetery at 9:45 a.m. Gettysburg National Military Park. For more information call: 717-334-1124 ext. 3121. Sponsored by the Lincoln Fellowship of Pennsylvania, Gettysburg National Military Park, and the Civil War Institute at Gettysburg College.

Nov 21

Gettysburg's Remembrance Day Parade and Ceremonies An annual event held in conjunction with the Gettysburg Address anniversary. Sponsored by the Union Veterans of the Civil War. Parade begins at 1 pm.

8th Annual Gettysburg Remembrance Illumination held at the Soldiers' National Museum. Luminary candles will be placed on each Civil War grave as a testament to the sacrifices made here in 1863. Gettysburg National Military Park and Visitors Center. Sponsored by the Gettysburg Foundation. Illumination begins at sunset.

Nov 26

St. John's Lutheran Church's 117th Annual Thanksgiving Dinner. For more information visit www.emmitsburg.net/sjlc

Nov 28

22nd Annual Gettysburg Christmas Parade. Be part of it all as we delight in the annual parade, light the great tree in the Lincoln Square, and sing Christmas carols together to bring in the holiday season. Enjoy a variety of bands, floats, costumed characters, distinguished guests, dancers, youth groups and, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus! Downtown Gettysburg. After the parade, Santa's Shanty will be open on the Square for the children. Parade begins at 6:30 pm.

Nov 29

Music Gettysburg's Festival Choral Vespers for Advent. Enjoy the Schola Cantorum of Gettysburg by candlelight in a most festive way to enter the season of expectation. 7:30 pm at the Gettysburg Lutheran Seminary Chapel, 147 Seminary Ridge.



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MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

Go Mount!

Men's Basketball to take on Loyola November 21.

The 29-game slate features 12 home games including the home opener against rival Loyola on November 21.

The Mount's non-conference slate includes road games against Oklahoma, Georgetown, Pittsburgh, Siena and Old Dominion. Of the Mount's 11 non-conference matchups, eight are against teams that finished in the top 100 in the final RPI ratings last season.

The schedule also features nine teams that advanced to postseason play last year. NCAA teams include American, Oklahoma, Pittsburgh, Robert Morris and Siena while Georgetown and Niagara

were in the NIT Tournament. Vermont participated in the College Basketball Invitational (CBI) while Old Dominion was in the CollegeInsider.com Tournament (CIT).

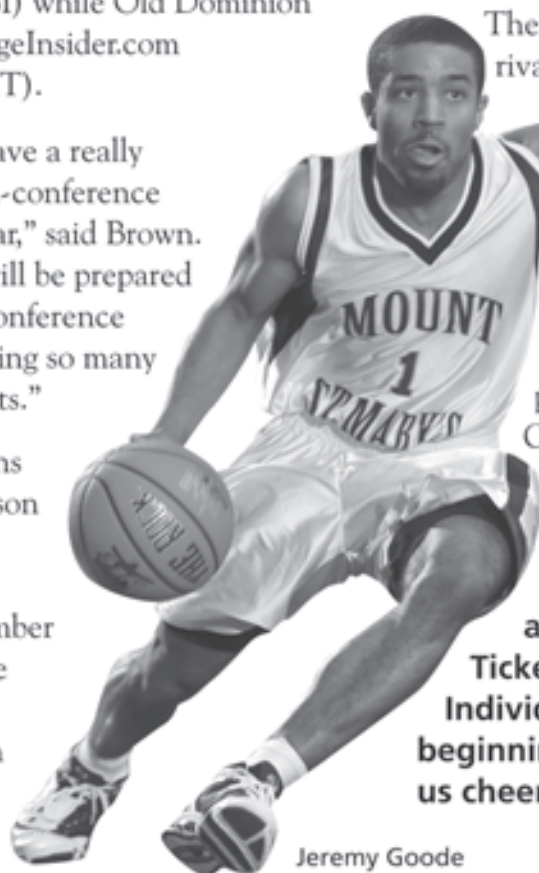
"We know we have a really competitive non-conference schedule this year," said Brown. "Hopefully we will be prepared for Northeast Conference action after playing so many quality opponents."

The Mount opens the 2009-10 season at Big 12 power Oklahoma on Saturday, November 14. It will be the fourth-meeting all-time between the Mount and

the Sooners with the last matchup coming during the 2007-08 season.

The home opener against longtime rival Loyola is next on the schedule, slated for a 2:00 p.m. start on Saturday, November 21. It will be the 164th meeting in the most played rivalry of Maryland. The Mount has won six of the past eight meetings with the Greyhounds, including an 84-76 victory at Loyola in the season-opener last season.

Season tickets are now available through the Mount Ticket Office at 301-447-5700. Individual game tickets are on sale beginning November 2. Come help us cheer on the Mount!



Jeremy Goode

Campus Events

John Rist Lecture November 5

Knott Auditorium, 2-4 PM
Caritas in Veritate: Philosophical Foundations and Future Prospects.

Day in the Life November 15-16

Morning Session at 10:00 a.m. and Evening Session at 7:00 p.m.

A Sunday to Monday overnight visit opportunity for high school seniors to experience the Mount first hand. Visiting students will be hosted by current Mount freshmen and will have the opportunity to attend classes during the day on Monday. A parent program is offered on Monday morning with presentations on various aspects of academics and student life. An optional campus tour, led by one of our Mount Ambassadors, will also be offered at the conclusion of the program. Call 301-447-6122.

Soup Up Your Portfolio: The Campbell's Soup Company and Socially Responsible Investing November 16

Knott Auditorium, 7-9 PM
Steve Lydenberg, Chief Investment Officer, Domini Social Investments, and Dave Stangis, Vice President, Corporate Social Responsibility and Sustainability, Campbell's Soup Company.

School of Education and Human Services Special Event November 19

AC 116, 7 PM
Alumna Rebecca Remsburg, Author, Teacher, and Parent of a Special Needs Child will discuss all three of these topics.

For more information on these or other events contact the Office of Communications at 301-447-5366.

Athletic Events

Men's Soccer November 7

1-4PM. East Campus-Behind ARCC, Club Soccer Field.
The men take on Loyola.

Swimming November 14

1-3 PM. Home Swim meet vs. St. Francis (N.Y.) and Loyola

Women's Basketball November 14

3-5 PM, Knott Arena.
Women's Basketball home opener vs. Canisius

Spring 2010 Information Session for Working Adults Undergraduate Degrees in Business, Education and Criminal Justice

November 5

Morning Session at 10:00 a.m. and Evening Session at 7:00 p.m.
Mount St. Mary's University's Center for Professional and Continuing Studies in Frederick.

Attend this day only and pay no application fee, we'll obtain your transcript for you free at no cost and pay for your book! Call 877-MSM UNIVERSITY or register for the information session online at msmary.edu/frederick.



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