mnitsburg

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Humor

Carnival enjoys a good run

The 23rd Annual Emmitsburg

Carnival had a week of strong crowds who took advantage of the good weather and turned out to the grounds of Mother Seton School to enjoy rides, listen to live entertainment, play games and eat good food.

Kimberly Hartness of Thurmont said that she and her family come to the carnival two nights during the week to have fun.

"Carnivals are expensive to go to so I'd rather spend my money on something where I know it's also going to help a good cause," Hartness said.

The annual carnival is a fundraiser for Mother Seton School where Hartness' children attend.

Russ Amusements in Wellsville, Pa., provided the rides and carnival games. Rides included a ferris wheel, the zipper, bumper cars, kiddie roller coaster and a fun house. Different deals for discounted rides were available each night to help keep the costs affordable for families.

"It does my heart good to see the children having such a good time here," said John Downham of Emmitsburg.

Local organizations ran food booths and the bingo tent. Visi-



tors could buy soup, Italian sausage, pizza, soft pretzels, pit beef, hamburgers, crab cakes, fried chicken, funnel cakes, snowballs and more from the food vendors.

Catoctin Promise Band, Traditions Unleashed, Elaine & Denny's Classic Karaoke & DJ Service, Roll the Dice, Dixie Hiway Band, and the C.B. Pickers provided the live entertainment each night.

Michelle Downham of Emmitsburg said, "There's such a variety of things here. There's something for everyone."

Her daughter, 7-year-old Maria

said that she likes riding the spinning bears the best.

Besides acting as a fundraiser for Mother Seton School, which hosts the fair, other organizations that run food booths use the fair to raise funds so they can continue serving the community.

Fairfield Fire & EMS staff show what they can do

People driving through Fairfield on May 16 might have been startled by the short firefighters they saw riding in the fire truck during the afternoon. As part of the annual Fairfield EMS Open House, kids could get a ride on a fire truck and ambulance from the fire house to the school and back. "The kids really got a kick out of that," said EMS Captain Neal Abrams. building," Abrams said.

The hose was hooked up to one of the fire trucks and the water was sprays onto a small wooden building built especially for the demonstrations.

The Real History of the Strawberry Daiquiri. **Page 31**

JOURNALS

The Retired Ecologist

Among the dozen or so courses l've taught in my career botany was among the ones I enjoyed most. **Page 12**

Mom's Time Out

So it comes as no surprise that Father's Day was first proposed by an adult woman in 1909. **Page 26**

In My Own Words

Summer is the time when we tend to move a little slower, look a little deeper, be more productive. **Page 29**

Cold War Warriors The Cuban Missile Crisis. **Page 30** The open house is held to kick off National Emergency Medical Services Week. The family event gives the Fairfield Fire and EMS companies a chance to introduce themselves to the community and show their friends and neighbors the types of services that they provide the community.

The open house featured demonstrations of fire and rescue equipment. Visitors could eat a free lunch at the fire house and kids got a free t-shirt and fire helmet.

"The kids also got to spray water from a real fire hose onto a Also, attending the open house was a LifeNet rescue helicopter from Hagerstown, Carroll Valley and Liberty Township Police Departments, the York/Adams Red Cross Mobile Service Unit and the St. Mary's Parish Nurses.

A representative from the Zoll Medical Corp. provided handson demonstrations of the AED equipment on a mannequin to show how the equipment is used and can save lives. The same type of equipment was recently used by teachers at the high school who knew CPR and how to use the equipment. That knowledge helped them save the life of a student.

Anyone interested in learning how to use the AED equipment can sign up for a training class at the fire house on June 5.



Fairfield Fire and EMS provides first-due coverage to around 10,000 residents in an 80-squaremile area. It operates two state-ofthe-art ambulances and two fire trucks licensed as Quick Response Units and equipped with EMS equipment. In 2009 there were almost 800 EMS responses, and EMS volunteers donated 10,000 hours of their time in service to their neighbors.

Anyone interested in volunteering with the company should stop by the fire station on Steelman Road and pick up an application.

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NEWS

Around the Town

Emmitsburg Community Day will be starting later than usual this year. The annual community celebration will still be on Saturday, June 26, but the festivities won't be starting until 11:30 a.m. The games in Community Park usually start at 10 a.m., but bicyclists will be coming through town and using the park as part of the MS Bike Race.

"We need to have the roads clear for bikers to get in and out," said Emmitsburg Councilwoman Denise Etris.

Another change to the usual events of Community Day is that there won't be a parade through town. This is due to the fact that the first block of South Seton Avenue will most likely still be closed. The road closure also stopped the town from having the annual parade to open the Emmitsburg Baseball and Softball Association season.

Pool opens on June 15

The Emmitsburg Community Pool will be opening on June 15, the day after the last day of school. However, swimming options may be limited for little children. The town has closed the children's pool to put in a children's splash park.

Since the park won't be open this season, the town council had wanted to put a divider in the shallow end of the adult pool to section off an area for little children. Mayor James Hoover got the idea from seeing the community pool in Braddock Heights.

However, Hoover has received an e-mail from the Frederick County Health Department, which regulates pool operation based on health issues.

"The health department most likely will not approve a divider for the pool," Hoover said.

He told the town council that he is trying to find out more information, particularly why Braddock Heights' pool can have a divider and Emmitsburg's pool can't.

Recycling

During the previous nine months of offering recycling in Emmitsburg, the town's tonnage of waste going into the county landfill has actually increased.

Town Manager Dave Haller compared the town's waste tonnage for the first nine months of recycling versus the last nine months before recycling was instituted in the town. The tonnage increased from 713 tons to 718 tons or around 7 percent.

While Haller said he doesn't know

things: lake access and boat

ramps. For the public to be able

to use Lake Carroll, the borough

has to own waterfront proper-

ty and be willing to open it to

the public. The second issue is

less certain. Some members of

the council believes if the bor-

ough allows public boating on

the lake, it also needs to provide

"The issue has always been

why the tonnage increased, he did say, "You ought to look at what would it have been without recycling."

However, the town has managed to close a budget deficit in the trash collection budget by going to only a single trash pick-up each week. Prior to making the change, the budget ran a deficit of around \$30,000 a year. Now the budget is breaking even.

Farmers market opens June 16

The Emmitsburg Farmers Market is set to open at 3 p.m. on Friday, June 16 in the vacant lot on South Seton Avenue next to the former Emmitsburg Community Ambulance building. The market will run from 3 p.m. to 6:30 p.m. each Friday through September.

Ten vendors will be offering vegetables, beef, eggs, fruit, bird houses, honey and more.

This year the market also had the help of the Mount St. Mary's Freshmen Seminar class to help increase the market's visibility in the community. The students developed methods to promote connections with the university, raise funds and advertise the market.

Walls hired as zoning technician

Emmitsburg has hired Mark Walls as the town's new zoning technician. The position is a 20 hour

ty issue. Borough Manager Dave

Hazlett told the council that the

insurance coverage was the same

for all three lakes. Since liability

issues were covered at Lake May

and Lake Kay, which allow for

boating, the same issues would

be covered at Lake Carroll.

Emmitsburg EWS-JOURKI

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per week position without benefits. Walls previously worked for 20 years in Frederick City's planning and zoning department. The salary for the position is \$20,217 per year.

The council agreed and instructed staff to remove the sign that prohibited boating on Lake Carroll.

Dam repairs expected to happen in July

Hazlett told the members of the council that he had heard back from the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection that it needs to approve the boroughs repair plan. The plan will fix the leaking seam between two prefabricated pieces of the dam and fill in the large hole beneath the dam that the leaking water caused. The Department of Environmental Protection made small medications to the plan, but Hazlett said the borough would be able to bid out the project in June and construction would happen in July.

Recognition

Mayor Ron Harris recognized the work of Amanda Bell, Dave Baker and the Carroll Valley Municipal Services Department in running the annual fishing derby. This year's derby was held on April 24 and 120 kids participated, fishing for trout in the stream around the Carroll Commons.

where do they put the boats

Harney honors fallen Vets

a boat ramp.

The sound of freedom is the **L** crack of rifle fire fired in three volleys of seven shots. It is the sound of the 21-gun salute fired at the funerals of fallen servicemen. It is a sound that Albert Snyder heard at his son's funeral after he Matthew Snyder was killed in Iraq in 2006. As horrible as that sound was to a grieving parent, it was done with respect unlike the other sounds and sights Snyder heard coming from members of the Woodsboro Baptist Church who demonstrated at his son's funeral. "What does it say for a society when we can't even bury our war dead in peace?" Snyder asked attendees at the Monocacy Valley Memorial VFW Post 6918 in Harney on May 29. At first, Snyder tried to put the protest behind him, but then he saw members of the same church picketing other military funerals



said.



Around the Borough

he Carroll Valley Borough L Council resolved some confusion over whether public boating was allowed on Lake Carroll during its May 11 borough meeting. Boating is allowed on Lake May and Lake Kay, but signage at Lake Carroll is confusing, and according to Police Chief Richard Hileman conflicting, about whether public boating is allowed on that lake.

The issue has to do with two

in?" Councilman Ken Lundberg It was also pointed out that if public boating was allowed on the lake, it could create a liabili-

and at Walter Reed Hospital. Finally, Snyder sued the group. He said everyone should be able to be "buried with dignity and respect." Snyder won his initial \$5 million lawsuit, but then a federal appeals court overturned the verdict saying the protest signs were protected speech under the First Amendment. Now, the U.S. Supreme Court is expected to hear the case in October.

All but two state attorneys general

have filed amicus briefs with the case and the U.S. Senate filed one as well. An amicus brief is filed by someone associated with the case, but whose support could hold some sway.

Prior to Snyder's remarks, members of the VFW and the Maryland Patriot Guard held brief memorial ceremonies at Mountain View and Sunrise cemeteries in Harney. Pastor Faye Snyder led the services to honor the fallen soldiers buried at the cemeteries.

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News

Emmitsburg budget smaller, tax rate the same

The good news about the Fiscal Year 2011 budget for Emmitsburg is that the tax rate should remain the same at 36 cents per \$100 of assessed value. The bad news is that the budget is getting smaller, which means that projects will be delayed.

Mayor James Hoover presented his draft budget to the Emmitsburg Town Council on May 17. The proposed budget is \$1,558,731 or \$62,536 less (3.4 percent less) than it currently is.

"The way we've been making up those dollars for the most part is deferring capital projects," Hoover told the council.

He cautioned that it was only a temporary solution because at some point the capital projects, like road repaving, were going to become too critical to put off.

The other way the town is making up a loss of revenue is by taking \$83,500 from its \$672,000 rainy day fund this year. Again, this is only a temporary fix because the fund will eventually run out if it isn't replenished.

The town is seeing a drop in income in most of the major revenue streams, such as income tax, highway user fees and tax equity. For example, in 2008, Emmitsburg received around \$148,000 in highway user fees from the state. Next year, it will receive \$7,500.

As part of the budget, town employees will not be receiving any cost-of-living adjustments, though they are still eligible for step increases of 1 to 1.5 percent based on their longevity.

Town Manager Dave Haller also told the council that the town saved money with the replacing of three employees who resigned their positions. Two of the three new employees were hired at lower salaries than their predecessors had been earning.

To fund the budget, the town's property tax rate will remain the same. This means if you have a home assessed for \$200,000, you will pay \$720 in property tax to

the town. This is very close to the constant yield rate of 35.18 cents. The constant yield is a rate determined by the state as to what the town's property tax rate should be to generate the same amount of property tax revenue from one year to the next.

The town council will take public comment on the proposed budget during its June 7 meeting. The budget will need to be approved in June so that it can take effect on July 1.

His Place Car Show raises money for two local organization

ore than 100 cars, truck and hot rods were on display at Mother Seton School on May 15. The weather was beautiful for the first His Place Car Show and organizer Bill Kuhn said the show was "fantastic."

"Everyone had a great time," Kuhn said. "The entertainment was good. The food was good."

More than 500 people attended, according to Kuhn, and the more than 100 cars that were part of the show was "way more than I expected."

He said that he has heard nothing but positive feedback about the show and some of the car owners have even sent him thank-you cards.

When all the expenses are paid, he expects that he will have around \$2,500 to donate to Mother Seton School and the Emmitsburg Osteopathic Primary Care Center. Next year, even if only the same number of cars come to the show, Kuhn said that the donation amount should be greater simply because he had to pay some one-time expenses for this year's show.

The car entry fee for the show was \$10 and trophies were awarded to the best car, truck and hot rod. There was also a best of show and people's choice award. One of the small glitches of the show was that Kuhn announced the winner's by name rather than by the car that won.

"People didn't know which car I was talking about," he said.

For next year's show, Kuhn would like to add motorcycles and some additional types of cars. Eventually, he would like to average 250 vehicles per show. He would also like to get the food tents more organized and more vendors.

Kuhn said the show is good exposure for local automotive businesses. He knows from personal experience.

"Some people came up to me and said, 'I didn't know you had a business here.' We've been here 40 years," Kuhn said.



His Place, Inc. has been a family owned and operated automotive repair and restoration business for 40 years. Currently located at 20 Creamery Way in Emmitsburg, His Place, Inc. offers full-service service and restoration of vehicles using the latest high-tech equipment to make an accurate evaluation of your vehicle's problem. The mechanics are Master ASE certified and NAPA NAIT diesel technicians.

Catoctin High graduates 217

journey that began in August A1997 ended amid cheers, applause and the camera flashes on May 26 as 217 seniors graduated from Catoctin High School.

The crowd filled the Knott Arena at Mount St. Mary's University to support the Class of 2010.

"Now anything is possible," Ashley Robinson said in her senior address. "Rise above those who would try to hold you down.'

And apparently these seniors are taking that advice to heart. Catoctin Principal Jack Newkirk said that members of the Class of 2010 had received more than \$780,000 in scholarships. Most of the seniors had also taken at least one advanced placement test and one student had taken eight.

"We had so many AP scholars this year we had to buy a second plaque (that lists their names)," Newkirk said.

Frederick County Public School Superintendent Linda Burgee talked to the seniors of their shared experience at Catoctin High and also of the difference that made them unique.

"Today you will celebrate as a class, but tomorrow you will go forward as individuals," Burgee said.

While many students will "go forward" to colleges and universities, others decided to take what they had learned and go into the work force. Eric Biser and Ethan Hurley, both of Emmitsburg, said they were going to find a job. Hurley said he was ready to go to work and that

his final school year had gone by "pretty fast."

Dylan King of Thurmont said his senior year had been "the easiest year of my life."

Whatever their choice for the future, Robinson urged the students to not let anyone hold them back.

"The sky is not the limit because there are footprints on the moon," Robinson told her fellow classmates.

Bob Hance opens Red's Tavern

Bob Hance plans on making theme to it, including pictures his baseball displays within the cials are only \$5.25 for a full country meal.

hopes to offer breakfasts.

There had been talk in town last month that Stavros Pizza would relocate to the building. Hance said he tried to reach an agree-

Avenue a true Emmitsburg restaurant, but he needs the help of residents.

The new restaurant that is replacing Smokehouse Alley will have an Emmitsburg baseball

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creating the shrine to Emmitsburg baseball, Hance said he is hoping that residents will donate photo reproductions of historical Emmitsburg baseball photos to him. He then plans on adding them to

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As for the food, Hance said, "Red's Tavern is a return to country cooking that I have learned this town wants."

This include serving popular Emmitsburg favorites like slippery chicken pot pie and hamburgers made with meat from Norman Shriver's Meat Market.

Red's Tavern also gives customers a lot for the money. Daily spe-

"Red's Tavern is going to be in the tradition of the old Ballfield Tavern and One More Tavern," Hance said.

He wants Red's Tavern to be the place where locals go to eat. He will offer hearty food made with local ingredients as much as possible like turkey from Hillside Farms and eggs from Weikert's Farm. In the future he also

ment for that, but it just didn't happen. So he decided to pursue another project.

Red's Tavern's cook is Debbie Hamilton and Fred Hawk is the bar manager. The restaurant is open Monday through Saturday from 10:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.

To find out the daily specials or other items on the menu, call Red's Tavern at 301-447-6749.



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NEWS

Mount graduates 465 at 202nd commencement

ommencement is over. The students have gone into the "real world" and the Mount St. Mary's Class of 2010 now looks to fulfill its dreams.

"I don't fear failure, I fear complacency," graduate student Edward Krumpotich said during his remarks. "The Mount taught me that."

The Knott Arena was filled on May 16 with the family and friends of the 465 graduates and undergraduates who received their degrees during the 202nd commencement. It was also filled with many personal stories.

University faculty members presented their children with their degrees. Chris and Amy Jeffers, husband and wife, both received their degrees together. Jason Spitzer proposed to his fiancée just after she received her degree. Carl Little Owl, a member of the Crow Nation in Montana, became the Native American graduate of the university.

"I know it can be hard in times of economic trouble when we tend to take care of only our own little space, but I hope that you will keep yourselves open to the entire world and all its peoples," commencement



English major and Emmitsburg News-Journal English Editor Jackie Quillen flashes a thumbs up sign to her parents after receiving her diploma.

speaker Ken Hackett, president of Catholic Relief Services. "You can see so clearly, whether it's on the internet or on the shelves of Wal-Mart or in the recent financial meltdown, that we are all more connected than ever. So feel that solidarity, particularly with people that you might think you have nothing in common with - a subsistence farmer in Niger, a coffee grower in Guatemala, an earthquake victim in Haiti,

a homeless person in Baltimore or Washington. You will not regret it."

Despite the struggling economy, the graduates set forth on their journey in the world. Hackett didn't promise them that it would be easy to secure work with their new degrees, but he did tell them if they, "Engage with the world in a meaningful way each and every day. If you do that, whether you win or lose, you will be victorious."

Traffic problems, road closures hurting local businesses

Some have called it the perfect car, provide a jump start or take a customer home. He has tried businesses. Begin with an economic crash that caused people to think twice about the money they spend. Add to that a town sewer and water project that tore up the allevways in Emmitsburg, making it hard to avoid the heavier-trafficked main roads. Finally, close off a portion of one of the town's main roads.

What do you have?

Long lines of frustrated drivers who just want to get through town but can't figure out a route that is open or not jammed with cars. Other people just find ways to avoid the town altogether. Either way, it means potential business customers are taking their spending dollars elsewhere at a time when it's harder for businesses to find those dollars.

"In this economy in my opinion, where the recovery is still fragile, this is one more detriment to business," said Bob Hance, owner of the Carriage House Inn and Red's Tavern and president of the Emmitsburg Professional and Building Association.

He said that with all of the high school graduations at the Knott Arena in May, the Carriage House Inn typically gets a lot of business from families who come into the area from other locations. It didn't happen as much this year. Hance credits part of the problem to the sign on Route 15 North that tells drivers South Seton is closed at Main.

"These people don't know how far up Main Street is and whether they can get to the businesses or not so they go somewhere else," Hance said.

Petey Fitzgerald, owner of Fitzgerald's Auto and Cycle Service, says he runs into traffic problems in town all the time when he is going out to tow a to go out North Seton Avenue to Route 15 South when he can, but even that has created some problems if he actually needs to go north.

Dee Connolly owns Antique Folly on East Main and her property backs up to Lincoln Avenue. There have been times when she and her husband were blocked in and could not get out of their driveway.

"Nobody informed us when the work would be done," Connolly said.

She said when she called the town office, she was told that she needed to watch the town cable channel. When she checked the channel, it said there would be intermittent closures of the alley, which did nothing to tell her when she would be able to get out of her driveway or not.

She also noted that a lot of her business walks over from the Antique Mall. That can't happen now because of all the work being done on and traffic on Lincoln Avenue.

Hance wonders why the alley work isn't being done on a graveyard shift to keep it open when people are using it.

"The town should be doing everything possible to help businesses in town," Hance said.

He points to the old adage that "You only have one chance to make a good first impression." He feels that right now it isn't happening in Emmitsburg. Tourists with money to spend come to town and see the traffic problem and they won't come back because they don't want to have to deal with the problems.

As things stand now, the closed section of South Seton Avenue won't be reopened until late June and the alley work may be completed the middle of this month.

resorts plan to combine or most people, Liberty Moun- moves us closer to our vision of betain Resort and Carroll Valley Resort are indistinguishable from each other. While that hasn't been true in the past, it may soon be.

Representatives from Liberty Mountain Resort announced on April 20 an agreement to buy Carroll Valley Resort.

The two properties will be combined and operated under Liberty Mountain Resort's management, according to the press release announcing the agreement.

"Years ago, both properties were designed to operate as one complete four-season resort and this purchase coming the premier four-season resort in the region," said Eric Flynn, the president and general manager of Liberty Mountain Resort.

Liberty and Carroll Valley

The reason that the resorts haven't combined before now, though they have been around since the 1960's is that they were sold to separate companies in the 1970's and operated independently since then, according to Flynn.

The combined resort will become a four-season resort that will include 100 hotel rooms with mountain views, greater dining options, meeting and banquet space, more than 100 acres of ski terrain and a golf course. Liberty Mountain has 16 skiing and snowboarding trails, six chairlifts and 15 snow tubing lanes. Carroll Valley's 18-hole championship has a four-star rating from Golf Digest and one of Golf Styles "100 Must-Play Courses of the Mid-Atlantic." The combined resort will also have swimming pool, hiking trails, horseshoes, billiards, exercise room and croquet.

The two resorts had attempted to combine in November 2008, but the deal eventually fell through a month later. Flynn said then that the timing wasn't right for the sale.



One hundred years ago this month

June 3

13th Annual High School Commencement

The 13th annual commencement of the Emmitsburg High School has occupied the attention of the people for the past week. Twenty four student received diplomas. On Tuesday evening the junior class gave the reception to the graduates at the Hotel Slagle. Mrs. Slagle was especially bountiful in the supply of good things for the banquet which followed the reception.

Memorial Day Observation

Memorial Day was most fittingly celebrated on Monday morning by the citizens and veterans of Emmitsburg. The parade was one of the best in recent years notwithstanding the fact that time has thinned the ranks of the local Grand Army of the Republic post. The march was let off by the Emmitsburg Cornet Band, followed by the veterans, the Vigilant Hose Company and children of local schools.

The march continued down Main Street, across to Green Street, down Gettysburg Street to the Square and then to the Lutheran Cemetery where the services followed the Grand Army ritual. The depleted ranks of the local post, the age of those left and their appearance in the line of march, clad in the familiar blue uniform gave a certain solemnity to the scene though the background was gay with a red white and blue. All along the line of march between the decorated houses and crowded sidewalks, this feeling was apparent. The thought that in a few years the soldiers of the Civil War would be gone forever was utmost in many minds. Memorial Day, 1910 will go down in the tablets of memory as one of the best since 1868.

Horse Frightened

ø

A horse driven by Mr. John Clutz took fright Thursday morning, on Main Street, when the backing strap broke, and ran off. Mr. Clutz stayed in the vehicle and succeeded in stopping the animal in front of Mr. Stewart Annan's home near town.

June 10

Youths Fined for Racing Horses

The town collected five dollars this week from young men with speedy horses and \$2.50 from another source. At this rate the taxes may be lowered for the coming year.

Buggy and Bicycle Collide

On Saturday evening Mr. Vernon Lantz riding on a bicycle collided with a buggy a short distance this side of the Pike Bridge over Toms Creek. Mr. Lantz was coming at a rapid pace and when the team and bicycle met the latter was badly wrecked and Mr. Lantz was hurt but not seriously.

Chicken Thieves Rob Widow

Mrs. Emma Shellman was robbed of some 60 chickens by thieves. They not only took the chickens but destroyed some of the crops. Mrs. Shellman recovered five of the older chickens and will have the thieves prosecuted, being certain of their identity.

Firemen Get Ready for Fourth

Weekly meetings of the Vigilant Hose Company are being held in preparation for the grand picnic on the fourth. The committees have been named and everything is being done to make this outing the best in the history of the company. Firemen's park is being prepared and the affair is widely advertised.

New Electric Powerplant

The town has granted a franchise to Mr. Kirschner to construct, maintain and operate an electric



Emmitsburg Coronet Band in Horse drawn carriage - photo taken before 1890s

powerplant and distribution system for furnishing electric light, heat and power services in Emmitsburg and its vicinity.

June 17

Flag Day

June 14 was generally observed in Emmitsburg, houses and stores were decorated with the Stars & Stripes. 84 flags and banners were in evidence on Main Street. This is the 133rd anniversary of the adoption of our flag and in that time some changes have been made. The original flag, showing 13 stripes and 13 stars was adopted by the Continental Congress on June 14, 1777 with a provision that one stripe and one star should be added for each new state. This was changed, however, by the action of Congress in 1818, whereby it was ordered that the flag should show 13 stripes for the original colonies in one star each for everyone of the state's composing the Union.

Death Claims Another Veteran

Another name is added to the long list of departed heroes of the Civil War. Samuel Gamble died on Tuesday evening after a long illness, at the home of Mr. John Agnew. Mr. Gamble was 76 years, four months and 10 days old. During the Civil War he enlisted with the 25th Missouri volunteers. In 1864 he married Miss Emma Danner and in 1870 moved to Emmitsburg where he spent the rest of his life.

Lightning Strikes House

During a severe storm yesterday evening lightning struck the residence of Mr. Clarence McCarron on Gettysburg Street, and demolished the cornice and tore a number of shingles from the roof. There was no trace of fire on the demolished parts of the building. Several persons in the house of the time were dazed, but fortunately, no one was injured.

Rally to Establish National Highway

Beginning last Friday afternoon and continuing until Sunday the automobiles taking part in the from-Atlanta-to-New York run instituted by the New York Herald and the Atlanta Journal passed through Emmitsburg. The run was in the interest of good roads, the effort has been to establish a first-class national highway from north to south.

June 24

Improvements in Town

Several improvements have been made recently that have added to the aesthetics of the appearence of the town. The corner pillar supporting the balcony at Annan's Store has been removed. The posts stood in the middle of the sidewalk and interferred much with traffic there. New and very attractive signs in large gold letters had been put on the glass fronts of the business establishments of Mr. Harry Hopp and Mr. Troxell. Two large double windows had been placed in the front of the residence of Miss Virginia Gillelan. The exterior of the home of Mr. Michael Houck has been painted. And lastly, a beautiful ornamental gas lamp has been placed in their recently finished portico in front of St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

Gardens Give Bounty

Mr. James Koontz has just plucked from his garden of lemon weighing a pound and a half, and measuring in circumference 12 and 14 inches respectively. The fruit was bright yellow and fully matured. Mr. John Matthews harvested a magnificent head of lettuce from his garden which weighed two and a half pounds.

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GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE From the Desk of County Commissioner Snyder

Spring is a beautiful season of the year! The grass gets green, the trees bud and produce new leaves, the gardens are planted with new seeds that produce fresh food but the first sign of spring is when you hear the song of the 'peepers'. You may ask 'what is a peeper'? Peepers are those small little frogs that announce loudly that winter is over. It is hard to believe something only an inch to an inch and a half long can raise such a noise!

The chirping starts in March soon after the ice melts off small shallow bodies of water and signals the beginning of the breeding season extending into June. Approaching a pool of 'peepers' you think you will see hundreds of them as they send forth their song. They are not that easy to see and quickly silence with your approach. When I first heard these, many years ago, I was challenged to see my first one and even now am amazed at these inconspicuous creatures. As far as 'peepers' are concerned, the more there are in a pond, the happier and louder they seem to be. Listen for them!

As I write this article it comes to my mind that the traffic pattern will be changing over the next few months. Those yellow vehicles called "School Buses" will be parked for a few months and the slow moving farm equipment will be ever present on our roadways and of course the tourist traffic will increase. We all need to be patient and courteous to each and every driver while we are driving on our highways. For many of us it is time for vacation and enjoying outdoor recreation.

Adams County has over 30,000 acres of public land for outdoor recreation, which equates to about 1 acre for every 3.5 residents. The Gettysburg National Park consists of 6,000 acres, 21,800 acres of State Forest Lands, 1,950 acres of State Game Lands, and does not include the 2,500 acre Gladfelter Tree Farm in Hamiltonban Township which will become part of the State Forest Lands. These lands are all open to the public. So, if you like hiking, biking, picnicking or just want to take a walk in the woods, I would encourage you to take advantage of all the opportunities we have here in Adams County for outdoor recreation.

In addition to these Federal and State Lands numerous municipal and private parks offer recreational opportunities. Also Adams County is the home of eight (8) golf courses for your enjoyment.

There has also been a lot of interest in gardening for a number of reasons. If you like gardening, the Commissioners offered an acre next to the Agricultural Building for a Community Garden under the direction of the Extension office. The Master Gardeners in the county have developed the area into twentyplus (20+) plots for residents to plant a garden, which have all been planted by different individuals. If anyone would like to observe and watch the gardens grow, feel free to drive by but just LOOK and DON'T Touch!!! I also know that Gettysburg Borough has a garden plot.

If you don't have a green thumb, there are three (3) Adams County Farmers Markets that will be open until the end of October for the purchase of fresh Adams County fruits and vegetables. First, the Gettysburg Market that is located downtown in Lincoln Square will be open on Saturdays from 7 a.m. until noon. This year there will be two markets at the Outlet Shoppes which will be open on Fridays and Saturdays from 9:30 a.m. until 2 p.m. We hope to see you at the markets!

Just a few words about the re-as-

sessment of county property and understanding the Adams County Re-assessment. There will be six (6) public meetings held, one in each of the school districts, to answer any questions you may have. The dates of these meetings are as follows:

Bermudian Springs School District. June 14th.

Conewago Valley School District. June 16th.

Upper Adams School District. June 21st.

Fairfield Area School District. June 22nd.

Littlestown Area School District. June 23rd.

Gettysburg Area School District.June 28th.

All meetings will be from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. in the respective High School Auditoriums.

Enjoy your summer and BE SAFE!

From the Desk of Carroll Valley Mayor Ron

Summer means swimming, backyard barbeques, lazy afternoons and the July 4th celebration held at the Carroll Valley Commons. The July 4th picnic will be held on Sunday, July 4th with a rain date of Saturday, July 10th.

As before, the picnic starts at 2:00 pm and closes with a fireworks display at 9:30 pm. The 55th Virginia Company F Civil War reenactors are returning. Some of their activities will be a company and children marching drills, rifle fire competition, baking demonstration, and a surgical demonstration.

Last year they arrested the mayor and placed him on trial. Don't know what they have in mind this year. The picnic activities also include a Classic Car & Motorcycle Show sponsored by Buchanan Auto Park Inc. and Buchanan Automotive, Fire, EMS and Police displays, a Climbing Wall, Hole-in-One Golf Putting Competition, a Chili Cook-off, Horseshoe Tournament, havrides provided by Bill McLeaf Jr., and children rides.

New this year is the Kids Run. You

ley.org. All of this could not be accomplished without the support of our dedicated volunteers, our Borough of Carroll Valley, the Carroll Valley Citizens Association, our local businesses, and our major commercial sponsors: Liberty Mountain Resort & Conference Center, Adams Electric Cooperative, Inc., and Comcast. Winning tickets will be picked at the event. Call Jesters at 642-6611 for tickets.

The Adams County Reassessment project is in its final phase. Tax bills in 2011 will be based on the new assessed values (County, Municipal, and School). 21st Century Appraisals, Inc. was contracted by the Adams County Commissioners to conduct the reassessment. Their tasks involved collecting the data in the field (visiting the properties), developing new Fair Market Values, calculating Clean and Green values, conducting informal reviews of values, and providing certified assessors to assist the county with formal appeals.

As a home owner, what should you do? You may want to go online and review the description of your property on the Reassessment page at www.adamscounty.us using the control number and password from your door questionnaire. If you don't remember if you saved the door questionnaire then look at your Property Tax form right above the dotted line that reads My Property.

If you are still confused, call 338-1700 with data questions. On July 1st, the "Change of Assessment Notices" will be mailed out. This notice will show the value (as of January 2010) and estimated tax impact after the millage rates are adjusted. Now review your property information and other properties. This can be accomplished online at home for

a nominal fee or at the county EMS building at no charge. If you have questions about the notice, tax impact or to schedule an informal review, you should call using the number on the back of the Notice.

The informal review at the EMS building is for the discussion and correction of property information and for you to present pictures or evidence of things that might affect the sale price of the property. Formal appeal forms may be filed within 40 days of July 1st if you wish to present your opinion of value and evidence to the County Board of Appeals. Decisions of the Board of Appeals can be further appealed to the Court of Common Pleas if necessary. According to the schedule, the new values are Certified for tax use on or before November 15, 2010.

And as mentioned earlier, the 2011 tax bills will be based on the

new values. All taxing bodies must use reduced millage rates to prevent any tax windfall as a result of the reassessment. If you have questions about the reassessment, you should call 338-1700. An Adams County Reassessment Public meeting is scheduled to be held at the Fairfield Area School District (in the Middle/ HS auditorium) on Tuesday, June 22nd from 7:00 pm to 9:00 pm.

One more tidbit, how much longer do we have to wait for the traffic light to go away on Route 16? Well, based on a conversation with the PennDot authorities, the bridge project completion date is October 15th. Pictures taken at the Fairfield EMS Open House held on Sunday, May 16th have been posted to www. ronspictures.net. Hope to see you on the 4th. Remember to display your flag on June 14th, America's Day.

If you have any questions call me (301) 606-2021.





will be entertained by live band music. During the evening, everyone will be asked to join a patriotic march from the civil war encampment to the main entertainment stage area. There the audience will be entertained by "Mister Eddy" as the kids call him. Eddy Rubin is the Environmental Education Coordinator at Strawberry Hill Nature Preserve who awakens children's minds to the nature around us. The audience will then witness a 21 gun salute, a flag retreat ceremony performed by the scouts and finally, a spectacular fireworks display on top Ski Liberty Mountain. The event admission, children rides and parking are FREE.

Visitors will find several food vendors on the grounds serving varying types of fare. For a complete schedule or for more information, visit the Carroll Valley website at www.carrollvalFax: 301-447-3755

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GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE From the Desk of County Commissioner Young

Tam thankful for the opportuni-Lty to reach out to the readers of this publication.

When former Commissioner Charles Jenkins was appointed to fill the vacancy of former Delegate Rick Weldon, I saw an opportunity to get involved by once again representing the tax payers. My interest and desire was not that of a position for pro-growth or anti-growth, pro-waste-to-energy or anti-incinerator or any single issue, it was a frustration about how the government functions and spends our tax dollars. We see what is happening on the Federal level; how Frederick County was short-changed on State Highway User Revenues by the state (taxes paid in Frederick County, paid to the State and supposed to be returned to Frederick County for road maintenance). So I wanted to be part of the process on how your county tax dollars are spent. Budget management will be the most critical issue that we face together.

During the next couple of years the role of County government must be redefined. We (government) must live within our means and no longer attempt to be every-

thing to everyone. When times were good and we saw a rise in assessments and revenues for income tax were flush, the money was spent, programs expanded and government grew. Now, Frederick County has seen major cuts in State funding, income tax revenue is way down and property tax revenue, although still up slightly, is projected to be down in the future as the new property assessments come in.

So, what do we do? Do we live within our means and prioritize what are deemed essential services and fund them first or do we just make general flat reductions across the board? This is the first year of several very challenging budget cycles. This year is just the beginning. Next year will prove to be a very daunting task for the Board of County Commissioners (BOCC), balancing the budget with a projected \$34 million deficit and in FY 2013 a \$43 million deficit is projected.

This year's operating budget was balanced using \$18 million of one-time, non-recurring revenue. That is a fancy way of saying the budget was balanced by taking revenue meant for other services or projects that will not be generated in the future to pay for these expenses. That to me is not a balanced budget and is a major issue that the next BOCC will have to face. Every citizen and taxpayer has to balance their household budgets. We budget our mortgage/rent, electricity, food and other necessities. We do this with revenue that we expect to be there every month, not with a windfall that won't be there when the bills come due next month.

You cannot have the premiere cable package if you cannot pay your electricity bill. Every county taxpayer has expectations that they will receive some basic services when they pay their county taxes. In my opinion, they are education, police protection, fire and rescue services, roads maintenance, sewer services, having their water supply protected, trash disposal and those services related to the items on this list. There is also an expectation of some basic level of citizen and social services, for those who cannot help themselves because of a mental or physical handicap, and some services that give opportunities for those who want to help themselves, with an expectation of strict accountability. In my opinion, with what the future holds, we will have three options: Focusing on the priority/essential services and doing them right and cutting the rest; keep reducing across-the-board which eliminates programs and does not provide the essential services to the extent we should; or a combination of these with a tax increase.

Even after reducing the approved, budgeted employee positions, the number is still up over a four-year period by around 2.4%. Government should be a reflection of the community that it represents. We must live within our means and leave as much money as possible in the taxpayers' pockets as you are trying to rebound from the economy. During these times we need tough leaders to make tough decisions. Unpopular decisions will have to be made. Compassion should work both ways: Compassion for the issues at hand, but also compassion for the taxpayers. This is where the government's money comes from. The taxpayer can only be asked to

do so much as they have their own financial responsibilities.

Non-profit and religious organizations will be called upon to do more for those worthwhile, meritorious specialty services that are requested by the public. This should not be the role of the government. I practice what I preach by volunteering and donating to organizations.

Personal accountability and responsibility is the only way to get this county turned around. This should start at the local level. These economic/financial times are often defined as being the worst since the Great Depression. The Great Depression produced the Greatest Generation which the majority of us have learned about in history books. The question we should ask is, "What will the lessons be that we will learn?" These should be looked at as exciting times as we could set the tone for future generations if we choose and make our decisions wisely.

Thank you again and I want to hear from you on this topic. Please call me at 301-600-2336 or e-mail me at byoung@frederickcountymd.gov.

From the Desk of Town Council President Chris Staiger

Tello everyone - I hope you Hare enjoying the springtime and managing to stay dry! For the Town Council, spring means 'budget time!' Review of the Mayor's draft budget tends to take precedence in May and June. Revenues from many income sources are projected to shrink in the next budget year beginning July 1st. Much has been made in the press about County budget cuts as well as decreased State funding for various programs and a deflating Municipal tax base. All of these are true and challenge the Town Council to meet projected budget requirements.

There is a 4% decline in the overall General Fund Budget for Fiscal Year 2011 (FY2011). This is on top of the previous 6.7% decline from FY2009 to FY2010. Salaries and benefits for town employees take up approximately 38% of the proposed General Fund budget. The contract for three resident deputies accounts for a further 20%. The remaining 42% could loosely be described as 'for the provision of services.' These do not include water and sewer services - which are billed quarterly and managed through enterprise funds distinct from the General Fund budget.

It should be noted that the percentage of personnel costs will increase when overall funds decrease and cuts are made in other areas of the budget. Outside of state pension plan contributions (which increased 50% from the previous year and are now more than double the cost when we originally joined...) other wages and benefits show only a 1.6% increase and

revenues, the property tax rate will remain at 36 cents per hundred dollars of assessed value versus a constant yield rate of 35.2 cents per hundred dollars. In my mind, the constant yield rate made many erroneous assumptions - including some \$200,000 in income from development related fees that I just don't see happening...

While the funding gap in the FY2010 budget could be absorbed through the reduction of capital projects such as road paving, etc., continued decreases in the FY2011 revenue stream will now also require the use of some "rainy day" funds to bridge the gap. The current plan utilizes 12% of this 'General Fund Balance' or approximately \$83,000 to fill the 5% budget gap - without resorting to more dramatic struc-

As of now, I believe this is a realistic plan that will get us through another tough year, FY2011. Unfortunately, I would expect FY2012 to bring further revenue declines that will challenge our creativity. While revenue may decline another four to six percent in FY2012, I don't believe it is responsible to use more than fifteen or twenty percent of the General Fund Balance to supplement any single budget year revenue gap and capital improvements cannot realistically be put off forever.

The good news is that our Water

and Sewer enterprise funds are well capitalized and able to support our servicing and repair needs - with no anticipated increase to rates in the upcoming budget year.

As always, I appreciate your feedback so please feel free to contact me with questions, comments, or concerns. I promise to reply to every inquiry! The proposed General Fund budget is available at the Town Office or on line at the Town Websitehttp://emmitsburgmd.gov.

Thank you for your continued support.



a cost of living increase. Despite two years of decreasing ty tax increase.

employees are once again forgoing tural changes, e.g. benefit cuts, furloughs, staff reductions, or a proper-

COMMUNITY DAY Saturday, June 26, 2010 - hosted by your friends and neighbors in the Emmitsburg Lions Club!

The club is facing some challenges this year due to the closure of South Seton Avenue at the Town Square and some competition for the Community Park Pavilion. Unfortunately, there will not be a parade this year. However, all the other great activities are still on track:

- * Childrens' Games at 10am at the ballfield behind the Town Office / Library
- * Horseshoe Tournament begins at 1pm (register by 12:30) at the pits in Community Park

- * Bob Hance "Closest to Pin Challenge" (when the sun is hottest!)
- * Chicken Dinners, hotdogs, and burgers available for lunch & dinner at the pavilion in Community Park
- * Evening 'Founder's Day' Program at Community Park Keynote speaker Michael Hillman Emmitsburg Historical Society
 - includes award of the Robert F Gauss, Dr. Morningstar, and Professor Harry Prongas - Scholarships
- * Music by Roll the Dice following the Program
- * Fireworks begin at 9:45pm

PLEASE PLAN TO COME AND HAVE A GREAT DAY!

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COMMENTARY

Words from Winterbilt Don't trust the Government-or Business

Shannon Bohrer

nyone who follows politics Aknows that it is far from boring and, if nothing else, entertaining. If the world of politics was not so funny it could be serious. One political party claims that if they are not in control of the government, it will physically, emotionally, financially and morally collapse. And if you listen to the other political party, they say the exact same thing. Additionally, if either party is not in control you may not receive a tax rebate and the American Values that we all believe in could perish. The question then becomes, "How do we differentiate between the two parties?" And perhaps the bigger question is, "Do we want to?"

I know that both parties believe in traditional American values – at least that's what they say. Also, as both parties say they believe in a responsible government while in office, they don't do what they say.... When it comes to being fiscally responsible I am sure that both parties are deficient in their understanding of the words fiscally and responsible. Of course neither party would admit to that, but then again how can they if they don't understand what it means.

While listening to the political parties can be confusing, it can be just as confusing to listen to individual congressmen. When a congress person says, "Don't trust the government," does that mean, "Don't trust me"? Think about it, someone that is supposed to be running the government is telling us not to trust the government they manage. Are they telling us we should not trust their management skills? I don't think they understand what they are they telling us when elected officials say, "Don't trust the government." Then again maybe they are being very clear, don't trust me....

At the same time that we are being told not to trust the government we are also being told that big business should not be trusted. Congress recently held hearings of the abuses of Wall Street financial businesses, and if what is being reported remains true we should not trust big business. Many of these financial institutions were selling products (financial instruments) to their customers and then betting the customer's product would fail. They were selling products they knew would fail, in essence betting against the product they were selling their customers. How comforting....

The number of businesses and banks that have failed in the recent past came very close to causing another great depression. I have no idea how many failed businesses were saved by the BAILOUTS. Of course, to claim that the BAIL-OUTS prove the government does not work would not make for a very good argument. However, one could make an argument that government does work – not for us, but for big business.

To summarize we should not trust the government or big business. That's about as clear as mud. We need the government to regulate business to ensure the banks do not steal out pensions that our food is safe, that our country is defended from terrorists, and that our social security will continue. And since we can't trust the government we need private industry to..... hmmmm, I'm thinking..... Maybe we could hire private industry to run the government? But if we did that we would still need a government to hire the private industry!

"The Significant Problems we face cannot be solved at the same level of thinking we were at when we created them"

- Albert Einstein

It is comforting to know that congress is at work creating new regulations that will prevent big businesses from creating a financial meltdown in the future. It is also comforting to know that big businesses are becoming profitable and making money again. We know this because they are giving out BONUSES. Of course it was the congress that deregulated the financial industry, and the same people that took the broke businesses are the ones receiving the BONUSES.

While the media and talking heads are discussing the issue of trust with government and big business, the reality is that we need government and we need private industry. What we don't need is a government for private industry. A government of the people, by the people, and for the people – that would be different.

Amidst the confusion there is still a point... While congress and business seem to be pointing and blaming someone, usually each other or the other political party, for the problems we have, maybe we should be looking at each other. The people who vote are ultimately responsible for the government we have. I suggest that we do not vote for any politician who tells us not to trust the government, unless you really trust that person.

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

Hardheaded Philosophy

Julia Mulqueen

Jp until my first philosophy class last semester, I was wholly uneducated about most matters concerning political philosophy, and indeed philosophy in general. Complacent as biology major I had always remained simply indifferent. When I was required to take my first philosophy class, however, I was unprepared for the astounding results. Slowly, I realized that philosophy class flew by each day, but I frequently counted the minutes to the end of organic chemistry. It was not that I did not still have a deep love for science, but just that I yearned for some sort of examination into the more obscure aspects of our lives, not simply the physical world. I thirsted for discourse concerning the roots of our notions about politics, God, and morals. Philosophy has finally satisfied my often over-active brain, and has provided me with answers to questions I had never even dreamed of asking. Now the physical world has become less of a place to make observations about and more of a space in which I am living while I ponder the meaning of life. Recently in philosophy class, we began discussing John Stuart Mill's On Liberty. At the same time, we as Mount students were made aware of the new helmet law. I happen to be an avid recreational bicyclist, as well as a faithful helmet wearer. When I read the details of the law, however, the contents of my newly formed

philosophical mind were roused to action. Quite melodramatically I marched into philosophy the next morning and demanded to know whether or not forcing me to wear a helmet was a fundamental attack on my basic liberties as a human being. Certainly Mill would argue that we should be free to pursue "our own good in our own way." Why then was I no longer allowed to choose between life and wind in my hair? After making a deal with my philosophy professor to receive extra credit if I sent a letter in to the paper about the law invoking Mill, I was quite astonished to receive the urging to offer a longer commentary on philosophy.

As far as the law is concerned

sensibilities would not have been so offended. Regardless, it seems unnatural and imprudent for the government to step into the shoes of big brother and boss its younger sister around.

To me, laws such as this that specifically restrict actions done by an individual that affect solely himself seem to be indicative of the desire of government to alleviate the duties usually expected of a parent. As I was growing up, it was my parents who enforced the bike helmet law, not the government. I dutifully obeyed them, just as I will continue to obey this law, but I would still prefer to be allowed to make the choice for myself now that I am a free-living college student, or at least be told by my parents over the phone to put a helmet on. Do not mistake me, I personally agree that it is smart to wear a helmet; I just do not think it is appropriate for the government to tell me that I must wear one. Certainly I am flattered that my personal safety is so wellprotected by our political leaders, but at the same time the John Stuart Mill deep within me finds objection that is not so easily silenced. Perhaps to add some context to my firm opinions about liberty I should make it known that I come from a family of soldiers. My father, in fact, is still an officer in the United States Army, and has served for well over 20 years. Both of my brothers, too, are soldiers. Throughout my childhood, I was instilled with a

strong belief in freedom. I have been taught that our liberty as American citizens is a precious gift from those soldiers who have come before us and those who currently fight for us. Thus even before reading Mill in philosophy class, I have been acutely aware of the delicate balance between freedom and assertion of power through governmental protection.

Philosophy, however, has simply served to give me an arena in which to unabashedly express my thoughts and has shown me that there have been others before me who have been resolute, and perhaps foolish, enough to make their particular opinions known to those around them. I pray the law is changed. Until then however, I will certainly be seen wearing a helmet while riding my bike in Emmitsburg, if not for physical protection, at the very least to shield my sensitive head from rotten tomatoes being hurled at me.

Julia Mulqueen is a Senior at the Mount majoring in Philosophy.



though, the issue for me is not about whether or not I should actually wear a helmet. It seems only natural to wear a helmet while riding a bike, even despite the fact that helmet hair is difficult to tame. Rather, the issue is about whether or not the government should be given the authority to infringe upon my freedom as both a bicyclist and a citizen. My refusal to wear a helmet hurts no other than my reckless self, unless I were to fly over the handlebars of my bike and cause harm to another on account of my particularly hard head. Thus I would argue that it is solely the privilege of concerned parents to impede the crazy whims of their offspring, and not the government's. Perhaps if the law were intended for children 18 and younger, my



Father's Day -Sun., June 20th! Treat Dad to Breakfast!

We will be closed June 14th-19th for vacation!

COMMENTARY

Pure Onsense Salutary Neglect

Scott Zuke

Tn last month's column I at-L tempted to set the ground rules for a more open and honest discussion of the political issues being raised by the tea party movement. Now I would like to begin that discussion by examining some competing conceptions of freedom, or in particular, the role of government in protecting and supporting disadvantaged citizens through federal regulation and entitlement programs.

One of the key factors that set the stage for the real Tea Party and the Revolution was Britain's policy of 'salutary neglect,' under which the American colonies were allowed to operate free of most parliamentary restrictions for about 150 years. This laissezfaire policy let the colonial economy flourish, but also allowed the colonies to self-govern, gaining a sense of sovereignty and self-sufficiency. When Britain attempted to reassert its supremacy through tariffs and regulations, however, the seed of the spirit of freedom and independence took root.

This vision of freedom, as being a state of personal sovereignty and self-reliance free of government interference, is at the heart of the modern tea party's psyche. It is not unique to them, but rather it is a general obser-

vation of psychology that can be seen at all levels of human interaction, from international relations all the way down to individual families.

One might think of a teenager striking out against overbearing parents in order to assert his independence, and one would have an idea of the tea party's attitude toward federal regulation. As a person reaches adulthood, even a parent's well-intentioned attempts to nurture the child may in fact be harmful, as it creates a growth-stunting dependency.

A similarly precarious relationship can arise in international aid efforts. In the 1970s, as Cold War power dynamics led to recognition of "Third World" underdeveloped nations, affluent nations began to consider their moral obligations to countries where famine and poverty created widespread and intractable suffering. As emergency food aid was mobilized and charitable donations flowed into locations in Africa and Southeast Asia, economists and other developers became aware of an unintended long-term side effect. In countries where free or heavily subsidized food was shipped in from abroad to stave off famine, local farmers had no chance to compete on the market and moved on to other work, leaving a domestic shortage in food production, and thus, an entrenched dependency on foreign aid.

Such dependency is harmful to the development of a nation just as it is to that of a young adult. There comes a point when the only way to help those in need is to leave them to help themselves. Such is the argument made by the tea party in regards to federal entitlement programs, which they say cause more harm than good, not only to those taxpayers who have earned their wealth through their own hard work and self-reliance, but also to those who the programs are intended to benefit.

This viewpoint also explains the strong criticism of the United Nations that has been prevalent in the US for decades. If granted any real binding authority, some fear the UN would become the same paternalistic, sovereignty-crushing force over the United States that the tea party claims federal government has become over US citizens. It is fundamentally a concern about ceding independence and having the fruits of our labors stripped away.

I do not believe this is the point of contention in our debate, however, because I think most people would agree with this view of freedom to some extent. The disagreement arises over whether to go a next step: from simply defending a person's or a country's right to sovereignty through benign neglect to taking intentional, progressive actions to remove sources of unfreedom that hinder that right.

In Development as Freedom, Nobel-winning economist Amartya Sen writes, "Development requires the removal of major sources of unfreedom: poverty as well as tyranny, poor economic opportunities as well as systematic social deprivation, neglect of public facilities as well as intolerance or overactivity of repressive states." Sen has become a leading proponent of what is called the "capability approach" to development, which evaluates the development of a nation by the kinds and quality of the freedoms and capabilities its citizens enjoy. The goal is to increase opportunity and the individual's ability to self-legislate, typically through establishing a democratic form of government accountable to its citizens. As Sen frequently points out, no democratic nation has ever suffered famine; It is a preventable crisis so long as there is government accountability.

When conservatives and the tea party complain about government "spreading the wealth" or "leveling the playing field," it seems what they are really worried about is "evening the score," taking away the earnings from some and giving them to others who have not worked for it. "Leveling the playing field" is actually more accurate to what we should be striving for: removing systemic handicaps that unfairly limit some citizens' freedoms by making their honest efforts less fruitful.

Consider why "salutary neglect" has not been implemented in the underdeveloped nations of Africa, and we may find a better understanding of where progressives and libertarians diverge. "Freedom" from paternalistic aid or assistance is a great and necessary thing when, and only when, one has access to opportunity and resources. Colonial America was bountiful in natural resources and populated predominately by a capable, willing, and enterprising workforce. In its youth, however, it benefited from the financial and military backing of Britain, and only later did it reach a point where it was able to sustain itself. The work the States did to gain independence is perhaps the most significant part of their history, but it is not the whole story; They were once dependent too.

It seems only those who have enjoyed a position of unappreciated privilege could believe that freedom means everyone should be left to fend for themselves, even though that is, in a sense, the ultimate goal. Correct progressive reforms should steer clear of "evening the score" and instead level the playing field by removing unfair social disadvantages and encouraging selfsufficiency and personal agency. I doubt anyone really wants a "welfare state," just a state where people are treated fairly and their work rewarded properly.

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

Down Under! The thrill of discovery

Submitted By: Lindsay! Melbourne Australia

iscovery consists of seeing what everybody has seen and thinking what nobody has thought.

-Albert von Szent-Gyorgyi

ered commonplace today.

Childhood discoveries are wondrous, but how quickly most of us forget them and the excitement they bring. For many, of course, discovery becomes a matter of survival - finding food, clean water and somewhere to sleep is the whole of life - but most of us do have time to wonder about what we see and hear, the why, the wherefore, the how. Some of us become driven, put their whole life and future into finding out and I do not mean the discovery of how to make money. That's not a discovery, but a belief we're imbued with from the cradle. This need to find out has been with mankind since our forebrain grew to become the powerhouse. It has led the race outwards, inwards, forwards and at times backwards. We would not be human without it, but when the quest is made to seem too hard, pointless, or foolish our humanity is also likely to be diminished. This is no mere quibble; finding things out can so easily be diverted into easier types of education. 'Science stinks' is not a new idea. Remem-

ber Julius Sumner Miller? 'Why is it so?' was his cry. Not Science Stinks, but Scientists Think - and as Rene Descartes famously said, 'I think, therefore I am. '

So discovery means thinking; it also means you do not have to have anything but one or two of your senses working to begin. You do NOT have to have much money, though some helps. A recent British report showed that a good magnifying glass, a few small white dishes, a good light and a pair of tweezers were all that was needed to examine a spoonful of soil from the garden. There was a reasonable chance you would find something there that you did not know about, and some chance it would be something that no one knew about. I was also impressed to read in this journal a couple of months ago about the science awards given to school children in the area, and the wonderful and inventive things that had been achieved. The same kinds of thing happen across the world, making the discoverer rich in mind and spirit. Research and discovery is not all about the sciences, of course. Every area of Endeavour has its cache of treasures, and most do not require the vast sums of money that advanced science does today. It is one thing to examine a spoonful of dirt, an entirely different thing to examine its molecular structure. It is one thing to listen to a crystal radio, another to discover why quartz behaves like it does. Advanced research takes advanced funding, but here enters two different ideas about this: Much of the money spent on this type of sophisticated research is done with the aim of recouping the outlay by a factor of ten plus. It is profit driven, and while it does produce results, it does not advance the understanding of fundamentals to any great degree. That is the realm of basic research, which is properly the role taken by universities and government funded bodies. Much of industry used to be in the forefront of such work, but rarely is nowadays. Basic research on fuel cell technology, alternative energy sources and so on are part of the industrial work being done today, but only because it is seen as making money and enhancing reputations. It's called applied research, an area in which I began many years ago, and found rewarding, but not to be compared to the joy and stimulation of pure research. But whatever the area, whatever the result, it all starts with an enquiring mind, continues with a brain that is stimulated into pursuing the thrill and joy of discovery, and evolves into someone being able to add to the sum



of things previously unknown or

There is nothing quite like the thrill of discovery.

Whether it's a baby discovering their toes for the first time, or a fossicker finding a buried treasure, the thrill is there. Even when everyone else knows about it, it makes no difference to the new discoverer - there is always that little frisson of excitement. The other day I watched my fivemonth-old granddaughter try and eventually succeed in getting her dummy into her mouth. Her grin of achievement was beautiful to behold. I remember hearing the first crackle of sound from a crystal radio I had made when I was ten. Open mouthed wonder, and questions as to what made it work. No one knew, then, but of course the almost magical properties of quartz crystals are consid-

even unsuspected. Probably a very small addition - few are Newtons, Burnetts or Einsteins - but ultimately it is not the quantity, the breakthrough, or the value of the advance that matters. It is the journey, the quest. There is a goal, there are many diversions and dangers on the way, and it is the role of parents to provide the first simple steps, and teacher to foster the stimulation.

So I would like to pay tribute to all the dedicated teachers of discovery, science in particular, and their role in providing the incentives to think, learn and uncover.

To read past editions of Lindsay Cooker's Down Under columns visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.

FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK Shared ministry

Rev. Sally Joyner-Giffin Rector of Catoctin Episcopal Parish, Harriet Chapel

This spring my husband's college I roommate and his family came to visit us. We have not seen them in twenty years so they knew us before I was ordained. Sometimes seeing old friends like this can be awkward as they examine me and my family to see if we have changed; did we grow haloes or lose our sense of humor? Can they speak freely in front of me now? Do I sit around all week writing my Sunday sermon? This all points to the fact that people do not know who a minister is, and what a minister does. This was evident when our friends were here because while we were talking to them I got several calls from people asking for prayers or assistance of some kind. Our friends finally said jokingly "We thought ministers only worked on Sunday morning!" Then they asked "What does a minister do, anyway?"

Truthfully, the answer to that varies from day to day because my "job description" is pretty general. Our church says that presbyters (elders) of the church who we call priests, represent Christ and his Church by caring for Christ's people; proclaiming the Gospel; helping to maintain and grow Christ's church; administering the sacraments, and offering people blessing and forgiveness. Pastors from other denominations have similar "job descriptions." This means that if I go to visit one of my fellow clergy I may find him or her helping someone move into a new home or counseling someone in need; delivering meals to a homebound person or preparing the Sunday worship service; studying scripture or conducting a funeral; praying with someone at the hospital or fixing a leaking faucet at the church.

The fact that someone asks the question "what does a minister do?" makes me realize that most people just don't get it. They think those of us who are pastors or priests are the only ones who do Christ's ministry, and often they think that ministry only takes place on Sunday morning. But every one of us has a ministry! Whether we are ordained clergy or shop keepers; elders or mechanics; parents or children; street sweepers or community volunteers we are all called to bear witness to Christ in our daily lives using the gifts that God has bestowed upon us.

Thomas Merton who was a writer and a Trappist monk wrote: "Each one of us has some kind of vocation. We are all called by God to share in His life and in His Kingdom. Each one of us is called to a special place in the Kingdom. If we find that place we will be happy. If we do not find it, we can never be completely happy. For each one of us, there is only one thing necessary: to fulfill our own destiny, according to God's will, to be what God wants us to be."

So the question is: are you and I fulfilling our destiny by doing God's will for us? Truthfully, it's not always easy to know. Some of us struggle with understanding what it is God is calling us to do, but the answer can be found in many places in scripture. On the day our college friends came to visit we had just been discussing the 21st chapter of the Gospel of John in church so that passage was in my mind as I thought about how people determine whether they are fulfilling their destiny/ministry.

The passage takes place after Jesus' death and resurrection when he surprised Peter and the other disciples who were working in their fishing boats by the Sea of Tiberius. Jesus met them right in the heart of their daily lives, sat among them, ate breakfast with them and had a heartto-heart talk with Peter. That was how Jesus did his ministry. It's pretty remarkable that our Lord would hang out with fishermen and working people just like us, but he did, and that gives us a clue that ministry takes place everywhere, not just in a house of worship.

In Jesus' conversation with Peter Jesus asked "Do you love me?" This question is so important that Jesus asked it three times. That's an indicator that our primary task as Christians is to love Christ. Then Jesus said "Tend my sheep" which means care for all those who Jesus loves by caring for their spiritual, physical, and emotional needs. This is an extension of his commandment that we love one another as he loved us. Then Jesus simply said "follow me." But the disciples knew that when Jesus said "follow me" it did not mean they were going to take a walk in the park with Jesus.

The disciples were still reeling from the recent events. They had seen Jesus tortured, crucified and some had watched him die for our sins, but they had also seen that death had no hold on him because he had risen from the dead. So the disciples knew that following Christ involves commitment, dedication and trust. Commitment because following him requires giving up worldly things; dedication because following Christ means being willing to suffer for him; and trust that he will be with us in this life and the life to come.

So what does this passage tell us about being a minister? It tells us that like the early disciples we should look for Christ in our daily lives; honor him in our daily lives and represent him in our daily lives. It means that first and foremost we are to love him; we are to look after and care for his people and we are to follow him.

If you were to ask people walking down the street if they are Christians, many of them would say they are, but if we looked at their lives would we see the love of Christ reflected there? Would we recognize their ministry?

I find that many people think all that is required of them is that they try to be "good people," and others think that their faith walk began and ended with their baptism so they haven't taken steps to ensure that their faith continues to mature. But following Jesus means more than having high moral principles and it requires more than a lackadaisical, stagnant faith. It requires growing in our faith. Yet many of us never get beyond the faith we had when we were six years old. I find evidence of this every time someone tells me they used to go to church but they got out of the practice; or they would

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like to read the Bible but they don't have time; or they'd like to pray but they don't know how; or they'd like to help someone in need but they don't know where to start. These people like to hang onto Christ's coat tails and benefit from all that Christ has done for them but do they take "being a Christian" seriously? Or do they just figure it's like going to Disney World; once they have bought their ticket, their needs will be met with little effort on their part?

Certainly we are saved just by believing but being a follower of Jesus is an active role not a passive one. It means you are a Christian in all that you think and say and do; in all that you are. In his book, The Cost of Discipleship, Lutheran theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer described what he called "cheap grace" which is when we only give lip service to our faith and expect all the benefits. Cheap grace, he said, is grace without a commitment and response from the believer. It is grace without servanthood.

So each of us is called into servant ministry and this call is not something we can just shrug off. In this day of cell phones we all understand about being called anywhere at any time. That is how God calls all baptized Christians into service. He may call anywhere or anytime. Some people will turn off the phone, or ignore the message, or just won't answer, but God is persistent. God will call back. God will leave numerous messages; God will use different means of communicating and if you put God on hold, he will wait. God wants a response and he wants our response to be an enthusiastic "Yes, Lord!" Our ministry is to share the love of Christ through our actions and words as we go about our daily lives at our jobs, in our homes, in our churches, in our community and in the world until ministry becomes our life and all of life becomes the arena for our ministry.

Living out our call to ministry requires truly putting trust in God; stepping out in faith and making a commitment to follow him each day. Growing in our faith requires



stretching and being willing to go beyond what is familiar and comfortable. We do not have to be perfect; we just have to be willing to say yes to God's call to us. Think about some of the imperfect people described in scripture who God called into ministry: Moses stuttered. Abraham was really old. David upstaged his master, Saul.

Simon Peter always said the wrong thing. John the Baptist wore strange clothes. Paul was a murderer. So was Moses. Noah got drunk. Jonah ran from God. Miriam was a gossip. Gideon and Thomas both doubted. Martha was a worrywart. Mary Magdalene had a questionable reputation. All of these people were imperfect just as we are, but God loved each and every one of them. God made each of these individuals just as he made you and me and God had a ministry for them just as he has a ministry for each of us.

Jesus is calling you into ministry, and it's time you answer that call; respond with an enthusiastic "YES" and then continue to grow into your ministry. If you'd like to explore what Christ is calling you to do, talk with your pastor/ priest/ elder or any mature Christian. If you don't have a pastor you can call me at Harriet Chapel, Catoctin Episcopal Parish at 301-271-4554 and/or come worship with us on Sundays at 8 a.m. and 10:30 a.m. You can find Harriet Chapel on Rte. 806, south of the Catoctin Zoo and across from the historic Catoctin Furnace.

Pastor Sally is the Rector of Harriet Chapel, Catoctin Episcopal Parish and the Coordinator of the Thurmont Food Bank.



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The Book of Days The legend of the Black Ribbon



Although Sir Tristram Beresford was the direct ancestor of the Waterford family, and did something for the Protestant cause at the Revolution, he would not have been particularly mentioned in this place but for his connection with an uncommonly fascinating ghost legend the foundation of a passage in one of Scott's beautiful ballads:

'For evermore that lady wore A covering on her wrist.'

The lady to whom Sir Tristram was married, Nicola Sophia Hamilton, daughter of Hugh Lord Glenawley, was educated along with John, second Earl of Tyrone, and, according to the family legend, they were so taught that a belief in a future state was not among their convictions. It was agreed, nevertheless, between the two young people, that in the event of one dying before the other, the deceased should if possible return and give certainty to the survivor on that solemn question. In due time they went out on their respective destinations in life; but still an intimacy and occasional visiting were kept up.

The Earl died on the 14th of October 1693, in his twenty-ninth year, and it was two or three days after which I know will prove welcome: I shall ere long present you with a son.' This prediction was likewise verified in due time.

During the remaining years of their union the lady continued to wear the black ribbon round her wrist; but her husband died without being made privy to the secret. The widow made an imprudent second marriage with an officer named Gorges, and was very unhappy during her latter years.

A month after the birth of a fourth child to Colonel Gorges, the day being her birthday, her friends came to congratulate her.

One of them, a clergyman, told her with a blithe countenance that he had just learned from parochial documents that she was a year younger than she thought—she was only forty-seven. 'Oh, then,' said she, 'you have signed my death-warrant. If I am only forty-seven today, I have but a few hours to live, and these I must devote to settling my affairs.'

The company having all departed, except one intimate female friend, Lady Beresford told that person how it was that she was certain of her approaching death, and at the same time explained the circumstance connected with the sable wrist-band.

During the night preceding the conversation with her husband Sir Tristram Beresford, she awoke suddenly, and beheld the figure of Lord Tyrone at her bedside. She screamed, and endeavoured, but in vain, to awaken her husband. At length recovering some degree of composure, she asked Lord Tyrone how and why he had come there.

He reminded her of their mutual promise, and added, 'I departed this life on Tuesday last at four o'clock. I am permitted to give you assurance of another world. I can also inform you that you will bear a son to Sir Tristram, after whose death you will marry again, and have other children, and will die in the forty-seventh year of your age.' 'And how,' said she, 'shall I be certain that my seeing you now, and hearing such important intelligence, are not mere dreams or il-

e lusions?'

The spirit waved his hand, and the bed-curtains were instantly raised and drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed was suspended. She remained unsatisfied, for she might, she said, exercising the greater strength which one had in sleep, have raised the curtains herself. He then penciled his name in her pocket-book.

Still, she doubted—she might imagine in the morning that she had written the name herself. Then, asking her to hold out her hand, the spirit laid a finger as cold as ice upon her wrist, which was immediately impressed with a black mark, underneath which the flesh appeared to have shrunk. And then he vanished. Soon after completing her recital, and having finally arranged her affairs, the lady calmly expired in the arms of her friend. The ribbon being then removed, the mark was seen for the first time by any eye but her own.

The circumstance of the black ribbon, equally picturesque and mysterious, is what has mainly given this family tale the currency which it has in the upper circles of British society. It is, however, remarkable that in this particular it is not without precedent in the annals of demonology.

Mrs. Grant, in her Superstitions of the Highlands, tells a story of a widow in good circumstances who, going home through a wood at dusk, was encountered by the spirit of her deceased husband, who led her carefully along a difficult bridge, but left a blue mark on her wrist, which the neighbours had opportunities of seeing during the week that she survived the adventure.

Calmet, in his well-known work, The Phantom World, quotes a similar tale as told by the reformer Melancthon, whose word, he says, 'ought not to be doubted.' According to this narration, an aunt of Melancthon, having lost her husband when she was far advanced in pregnancy:

'saw one day towards evening two persons come into her house; one

to her; at the same time he begged the Franciscan to pass into the next room, while he imparted his wishes to his wife. Then he begged of her to have some masses said for the relief of his soul, and tried to persuade her to give her hand without fear; as she was unwilling to give it, he assured her she would feel no pain. She gave him her hand, and her hand felt no pain when she withdrew it, but was so blackened that it remained discoloured all her life. After that, the husband called in the Franciscan; they went out and disappeared.'

Richard Baxter relates, as coming under his own observation, a circumstance which involves the same kind of material phenomenon as the story of Lady Beresford. A little after the Restoration, when the parliament was passing acts which pressed sore on the dissenters, a lady of good quality and of that persuasion came to him to relate a strange thing that had befallen her. While praying for the deliverance of the faithful from the evils that seemed impending over them, 'it was suddenly given her, that there should be a speedy deliverance, even in a very short time.

She desired to know which way; and it was by somewhat on the king, which I refused to hear out, whether it was change or death. It being set strongly on her as a revelation, she prayed earnestly that if this were a true divine impulse and revelation, God would certify her by some visible sign; and she ventured to choose the sign herself, and laid her hand on the outside of the upper part of her leg, begging of God that, if it were a true answer, he would make on that place some visible mark. There was presently the mark of black spots, like as if a hand had burnt it, which her sister witnessed she saw presently, there being no such thing before.'

ITERATURE

Dr. Henry More heard from one Mrs. Dark, of Westminster, that her deceased husband, when young and in good health:

'going out of his house one morning with the intention of returning to dinner, was, as he walked the streets, struck upon the thigh by an invisible hand (for he could see no man near him to strike him). He returned indeed about dinner-time, but could eat nothing; only he complained of the sad accident that befell him, and grew forthwith so mortally sick that he died in three days. After he was dead, there was found upon the place where he was struck the perfect figure of a man's hand, the four fingers, palm, and thumb, black and sunk into the flesh, as if one should clap his hand upon a lump of dough.'

To read other selections from Robert Chambers' 1864 The Book of Days visit Emmitsburg.net.



when Lady Beresford attracted her husband's attention at the breakfasttable with a pallid, care-worn look, and a black ribbon worn round her wrist.

He inquired the cause of these circumstances; but she declined to give any explanation. She asked very anxiously, however, for the post, as she expected to hear of the death of her friend, the Earl of Tyrone.

Sir Tristram ridiculed the possibility of her knowing such an event beforehand. 'Nevertheless,' said she, 'my friend died on Tuesday last at four o'clock.'

The husband was startled when a letter from Lord Tyrone's steward was soon after handed in, relating how his master had suddenly died at the very time stated by Lady Beresford. 'I can tell you more,' said the lady, 'and it is a piece of intelligence of them wore the form of her deceased husband, the other that of a tall Franciscan. At first she was frightened, but her husband reassured her, and told her that he had important things to communicate

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THE (retired) ECOLOGIST

Mountain revisited

Bill Meredith

"The Mountain is not merely something eternally sublime; it has great historical and spiritual meaning for us. From it came the Law; from it came the Sermon on the Mount."...Jan Smuts

"We are now in the mountains, and they are in us." John Muir, *My First Summer in the Sierra*, 1869.

mong the dozen or so courses I Ataught in my career at Mount St. Mary's, botany was among the ones I enjoyed most. Teaching it was a special challenge, because most of the students didn't think it would be relevant to their careers, and they had their minds made up beforehand that they weren't going to like it. So in addition to showing them how knowledge of plants was important, one of my goals was to get them to enjoy it by the end of the semester. I judged that I was achieving this goal when graduates came back years later; uniformly, they remembered the field trips at the end of the course as a favorite experience.

One of those trips was a walk of about a mile to Indian Lookout, a rock outcrop at an altitude of about 1200 feet on the north side of College Mountain. Walking through the forest on the way up, we could see examples of most of the major groups of plants that we had covered in the semester and make observations about their ecological relationships. At the Lookout we could rest a bit, with the town of Emmitsburg spread out before us and the Gettysburg battlefield visible in the distance; we could talk about the legends of students being disciplined for skipping classes to go up there and watch the battle in 1863, and the changes in the forest since then. Over the 41 years that I taught the course, I was able to observe those changes first-hand as the forest underwent succession to recover from lumbering, the chestnut blight, invasion by gypsy moths, and occasional fires.

In the early years, if the class was large I often divided it into two lab

dren enjoyed going up there for a picnic when they were small, but in recent years those occasions became rare. Then, this spring I was asked to teach botany as a tutorial for one student who had not been able to get it in his regular schedule, and early in May I found myself trudging up the trail again.

The mountain is a lot steeper now, and the walk took an hour longer than it did 40 years ago. My student was doing a research project with another professor near the peak of the mountain, Carrick Knob, which is half a mile west of Indian Lookout and some 400 feet higher. He was studying how the forest grows back after the mature trees have been killed by gypsy moths, and he needed help in identifying some of the plants in his research plots. So we spent a couple of pleasant hours clambering about over logs and rocks, recording the various weeds, briars, and tree seedlings that spring up when a formerly shaded forest floor is exposed to sunlight. And then we sat down at the summit and let our minds wander.

Sitting on a mountain is a fantastical experience. I can never do it without thinking about how both the mountain and I came to be, and I think I understand the mountain better than myself. The rock itself was formed at the bottom of some unknown sea 500 million years ago; it began to be lifted up at the end of the Coal Age by forces like those now active on the west coast, and geologists tell us it once rivaled the Rockies in height. Erosion began even while it was still growing, and eventually wore it down to its present level. Rain and wind still remove the soil from the highest places, so our seat on Carrick Knob was bare rock; slightly below us there was some soil, but it was too thin to hold much water, so the trees were stunted and we could see over them. Since it was a fine day, we were able to see the mesa-like form of Sugarloaf, rising from the foothills over 30 miles to the south. Closer at hand we could see patches of forest that looked like paintings done by the Hudson River School of artists; but just beside them were patches of tree skeletons killed by the gypsy moth invasion. The juxtaposition of natural beauty and spreading ruin seemed like a metaphor for the condition of the world today. If you ever wanted to know how Moses must have felt when he was allowed to go up and look at the Promised Land, knowing that he would never actually get there, or how General Jan Smuts felt as he delivered his speech to dedicate a memorial to African soldiers killed in World War II, this would be the place to experience it.

The mountain's place in the scheme of things can be predicted with some confidence by knowing its past and present, but my own is not so easy to understand. A hu-





man life is the product of many things. I enjoy botany because my parents' families had been farmers for many generations; I am frugal and cautious with money because I grew up in the Great Depression; the ethical principles that govern my conscience trace back to teachings by my parents and the church on the hill in Meadowdale; I enjoy reading and learning because of individual teachers I was lucky enough to have. These qualities are obvious; no psychiatric analysis is needed to explain them. But under the surface, there is an uneasiness around crowds, a dislike of cities, and a need for occasional solitude that is satisfied best by being on a mountain. Perhaps I am like the baby geese that followed Konrad Lorenz around, thinking he was

their mother because he was the first thing they saw when they hatched; perhaps the need for mountains was imprinted in my brain by growing up in West Virginia. Or, perhaps I absorb some sort of spiritual aura from being in the mountains, as John Muir apparently did when he first saw Yellowstone Park; perhaps it is one of those things science does not explain.

Whatever it is, it is real. I got home exhausted, with aching joints and cramped muscles, and was firmly scolded by my wife for being an old fool who should have known better than to try to climb a mountain at my age. That evening, I was inclined to agree with her; but the next day I felt better than I had in years. At the next opportunity, I will go back.



sections and made two trips up the mountain in one afternoon, but as time passed I found it was prudent to schedule them on two different days. After I retired the trips became less frequent; grandchil-

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IN THE COUNTRY

A long cool Spring

Lynn Holt

We have come full circle since I have begun writing this column. Last year my first article was in the spring. This year, the warm weather is slow to make its appearance. That is fine with me. Any temperature much above 75, forces me inside. And what I would be missing!

This cool morning, I called the horses to the barn for their morning feed. They were reluctant to come in especially after being out on fresh grass all night. I wanted to get them in and fed, and later trailer over to one of Maryland's riding parks. When I got close to my thoroughbred mare, I could see she was licking something. My older horses have odd tastes and I was curious to see what she was about. Well, she was licking the shell of a box turtle! Oh my word, the poor fellow (I can tell by the less rounded carapace that this was in fact a male), he had every opening closed up. Probably a few licks were often followed by a bite, when previously sampled.

Living in the woods I often see the box turtle. One time it was in the manure pile. Burrowing in for a winter's hibernation would be like a sauna in there. Other times, I would pass them on the trail and my dog would flip the turtles over with her nose. I would feel guilty and hop down to right them.

There is a little toad on my porch this spring. My cat takes great interest in him. I have not seen her show more than curiosity. Elsa (I took great liberties in naming her after the Born Free Lion) is but a wee bit of a thing. She is a mighty huntress with far too many offerings placed upon my doorstep. A small garter snake was one, and I managed to save another.

The shedding of the winter coat process is near an end. The long



hairs and mud, which come off the horses when I groom them, stick to everything. Their summer hair is much finer, lighter in color, in order not to absorb the sun's rays. You may have noticed that deer change colors also. In winter they have coats of thick light brown hair. Then all of a sudden they seem to have shed out and have a reddish coat of fine hair for summer. I have seen more turkeys this year. One flew out from the trees; something must have rousted this bird. And a "torpedo" was dropped a mere ten feet from where I sat. I feel quite lucky when I see a red fox making it ways up through the woods. Much of the wildlife is not threatened by a horse and its rider.

Twice this year, I have had to pass by vultures making a meal out of something a car has hit. These may be either the Turkey or Black Vulture. The Turkey Vulture has no feathers on its red head, as does a turkey. The Black Vulture has a black, feathered head. I am able to observe, because those birds are big and my other horse is not ready to move in closer. Whatever the number of vultures, seven or four, they do not all try to eat at the same time. They spend a fair amount of energy flapping up to a nearby tree and then back down again. The Duchess is still not moving, so I could see that they take turns eating. These birds are distinctive in the air.

Usually found in numbers, they soar high above, searching out their next meal. They have dihedral wings, set in a "Shallow V". This easily distinguishes them from hawks and crows. One real treat is around dusk when the vultures are calling it a day and return to their nightly roost. It is a silent, but mass exodus, as one by one they follow each other to their secret destination.

This looks to be a good year for berries. I see blossoms on the wineberry, red and black raspberries, and blackberries. These are good eating and wonderful for you. I have had the opportunity to sample the local wines made from these berries. It goes down quite well, thank you. I have seen many flowering strawberries in the pasture. I try to remember the locations, so I can return and pick some. The horses love their fruity sweetness and I leave some for the birds and other wildlife.

Living on a mountain I am always asked do you see any copperheads about. Or, when riding further up the mountain, do I see any rattlers. I have a theory about this. I think the vibrations they feel, as they flick their tongues in and out, keep them away from the horses. My big mare was bred to be a carriage horse and she really pounds the earth even at a walk.

My dog has never shown any signs of encountering a poisonous snake as she forges on her own through the woods. I have heard that the Black Snake is territorial and will keep the poison ones out. With a limited experience, I can attest to this. I have seen two large black snakes and I have not seen a poisonous snake in that area.

The tick population must have taken a huge hit this past winter. With the lingering cold and deep snow, perhaps many did not make it. In this cool spring, I should be plucking the little irritants from my horses daily.

Once the heat of summer arrives for good, the plants will thrive and the wildlife will draw back into the recesses of the forest. I have enjoyed seeing so much of them.

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







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THE MASTER GARDENER

Annual vs. Roses?

Martie Young, Sharon Lance, Kay Hinkle Penn State Master Gardeners of Adams County

nnuals: Now that it's June, Atake a look at the annuals you enthusiastically chose and planted in May. You probably worked very hard at selecting just the right combinations of colors and textures. You prepared your soil and amended it or added compost if necessary. You waited till after May 15 to plant to guard against an unexpected freeze; and you've been watering faithfully to encourage the small plants or seedlings to grow. You matched your plants to the proper location--sun-loving plants in at least six hours of sun; shade plants in dappled shade.

What else should you do to keep your annuals looking vibrant for the rest of the summer?

The most basic maintenance should be to deadhead your plants. Most annuals should be deadheaded; otherwise the spent blossoms turn into seeds. The plant is then using its energy to reproduce. If you cut those dead flowers off, the plant will continue to produce new buds and blooms. Annuals are programmed to grow fast, bloom, and produce seeds all in one summer. No wonder they need some help to look good till frost comes and kills them.

One of the most popular annuals is the Wave petunia. It was developed probably less than 10 years ago and has been improving ever since. Its main claim to fame is that it is self-cleaning (doesn't need deadheading). This petunia grows fast, covers a lot of space, and comes in many beautiful colors except yellow. I am not alone in my aversion to the tedious job of deadheading the sticky flowers on regular petunias. By the way, when deadheading petunias, you must pick off the wilted flower along with the seed (it is a hard, bead-like growth within the flower).

Frequent watering may not be necessary once the plant gets off to

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a good start. If you watered deeply when you first planted, the plants are probably getting full and bushy by now and their leaves and stems will provide enough shade to keep the soil moist. And certainly you covered the soil with compost or mulch to retain moisture. Of course if the weather is sunny and windy, the plant may become stressed and need more water. A windy day can create more stress than the sun. On the other hand cloudy, rainy days can retard prolific blooming. Geraniums, especially, like it hot and dry. They will be slower to set buds if there are a lot of cloudy days, and rain really destroys the flower heads.

Something else your annuals need throughout the summer is regular fertilization (keep a schedule). When you planted annuals in containers, possibly you included a slow-release fertilizer in the potting soil but don't stop there. Everv time vou water vour container, some of the fertilizer leaches out. Remember, containers may need watered every day or even twice a day depending on the container size and the outdoor temperature. Many people use diluted fertilizer such as 20-20-20 at half strength every time they water. You can also use a foliar fertilizer by spraying the leaves. Fertilize at least once a week in a container.

If your annuals are in the landscape, most of them should be fertilized every two weeks. Some fertilizers promote heavy bloom: if the middle number is high (10-50-10 as an example,) it will encourage compact growth and many flowers.

All of the preceding suggestions assume that your annuals are doing well already. If you find that some are just not thriving, you may want to replace them. Possibly you have been babying your pansies--this is probably a waste of time at this point. If they have gotten leggy, just cut them back and wait for fall. They will probably start some new growth and bloom again even after frost. Pansies can last through the winter and come back again next spring.

A plant that may not be thriving if you planted it too early is annual vinca (sometimes called periwinkle or Madagascar periwinkle). It needs to be planted in warm soil that has reached 70 degrees so wait until the beginning of June. Vinca is drought tolerant and needs sunny conditions. If the summer turns out to be cloudy and rainy, you might want to replace some plants with impatiens or New Guinea impatiens. Both of these do better with some shade, and they need more water than vincas.

Vincas and impatiens have similar growth patterns; they are lowgrowing with much branching and they form a clump. Even the flowers are similar--simple, single flowers with leaves that generally have no insect damage. Either of these plants can grow from 8 to 18 inches tall with a 1-foot spread. New Guinea impatiens are generally larger than regular impatiens, and they have much larger flowers. All three of these annuals come in a wide range of colors from white to orange, pink, lavender, and red.

Other plants to choose at the end of June are coleus that, if cut back, will continue to grow and form their colorful leaves all summer long. Be sure to cut off the blue flower spikes to keep the growth compact. Coleus can be found for sun or shade. Zinnias, especially Profusion zinnias, are still available and are plants that branch and form lots of flowers. Ornamental peppers do well in the heat of summer. They will form many peppers, and some of the varieties show the peppers in various stages of colors as they progress to ripeness. These plants will last well into fall.

Many nurseries transfer their potted annuals to larger pots (6inch containers) as the summer progresses, so buying them now means you will have larger plants from which to choose. They may

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be a bit more expensive, but you will need fewer plants. If you just want to fill in a few bare spots, this is a reasonable choice.

One last thing to do to keep your annuals looking good is to check on them frequently. If you walk around your garden daily, you will notice if something is going wrong--a bug attack, a plant wilting, flowers not as big or plentiful as they should be. If you catch a problem early, you can probably correct it easily. For bugs, it may be as simple as hand-picking or using a spray of water to dislodge aphids. Don't wait until you have to use chemicals; the chemicals will destroy beneficial bugs as well as the harmful ones. Also if you are in your garden frequently

taking care of the few weeds that will inevitably appear between your healthy plants, you may discourage rabbits and other wildlife from using your garden as a buffet. And while you are there, you may want to talk to your plants--it can't hurt.

Roses: One classic favorite of gardeners everywhere is the rose. June not only brings us great annual color, but the roses are in full bloom! Once known as a planting that required much work but returned great rewards, the rose has gotten easier to care over the years thanks to the development of hardier cultivars and easy-care products on the market today. If you don't have any roses in your garden, try one - you are in for a treat!



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THE MASTER GARDENER

Various rose types classified as modern roses are climbing, floribunda, hybrid tea, grandiflora, miniature and shrub. One reason for their popularity is their universality. Roses are sun-loving plants that require 6 to 8 hours of sun daily and need to be planted in an area with good air circulation. They grow in all types of climates, come in many varieties, colors, shapes and fragrances as well as size and usage. They can be used for borders, hedges, trellises, formal gardens or just for the plain enjoyment of it.

But, before you make your rose purchase make sure the variety you are considering can be grown successfully in your area. Also, a soil test is essential. Roses require good soil drainage and prefer a near-neutral soil pH of 6.5 - 7.0. Regardless of the rose classification you are considering when making your plant selection, check to see if the roots are firm, moist, and that the soil hasn't dried out. Also, check the canes which should be 1/2" to 3/4" thick with blooming flowers or some flower buds. Leaves should have a deep green color and free of pests - don't forget to look on the underside of the leaf.

Each of the rose classifications has different characteristics and a short summary of each is listed below:

The HYBRID TEA is the latest development in the history of roses and is considered to be the most popular rose class in the United States. The flowers from this variety are upright, rather angular and their flowers and buds grow on a long stem. The hybrid tea rose is considered ever-blooming, which means it blooms all summer - off and on every 6 weeks or so starting in late spring thru fall. Most varieties require special attention to keep the plant vigorous where winters are severe. They are a good specimen shrub and can be mixed in a flower bed or grouped in a special rose bed/ garden. The plant ranges in height from 2 ¹/₂" to 5 ft. Examples of hybrid tea roses are 'Mister Lincoln' which is dark red and deeply scented and 'Peace' - Ivory with a pink blush and has a light fragrance.

FLORIBUNDA roses are a cross between the polyantha rose, which is a cluster-flowering variety rose and the hybrid tea rose. They were developed in an attempt to bring about larger flowers and 'repeat' blooms. This means they bloom early in the season, stop, and then bloom again closer to winter. Roses in the floribunda class have blossoms shaped like those of hybrid roses but the flowers are usually smaller and often grouped in clusters. They make a good specimen shrub or hedge and are around 3 ft. in height. Two strongly fragrant varieties are 'Angel Face' which is lavender and 'Scentimental' - burgundy-red with creamy white swirls.

GRANDIFLORA roses came about as a cross between the pink hybrid tea and the red floribunda. The flowers have the size and form of hybrid teas but are more freely produced, singly or in clusters, on taller exceptionally vigorous canes. They make a good shrub or hedge plant which can surpass 6 feet. Examples of this rose are 'Petals' which is bright red on top with silver on the underside of the bloom and 'Gold Medal' a colossal yellow rose.

CLIMBING roses have long, stiff canes that are ever-blooming: they can be hybrids or variants of hybrids. This type of rose can be tied onto or woven into a support structure such as a wall, trellis, arch or lattice. Also, this variety is somewhat disease resistant. To mention a few good climbers you might try 'Fourth of July' which has red, white and pink stripes or 'America' which is bright pink.

MINIATURE roses have small leaves, flowers and stems and are considered hardy ever-blooming. They can be grown outdoors as well as in containers and make a great edging plant because they usually grow



Annuals in trial garden at agricultural and natural resource center, Gettysburg demonstrating annual color combinations. To see the combinations in their full glory visit the gardening section of emmitsburg.net.

less than 2 feet tall. 'Rise'N'Shine' is a lovely little continuous yellow rose and 'Renny' is a thornless pink flowering plant.

SHRUB ROSES, like the Knockout® roses, are incredibly popular due to their floriferous showing and easy care. This grouping of roses requires little to no spraying. Their carefree nature allows the gardener to enjoy all that a rose provides without the dreaded care often required of other rose types.

Make sure the variety you are considering can grow in your area. Consider having your soil tested before you plant your rose. Choose a sunny location that has good air circulation. Also, take a few minutes to closely examine the overall appearance of your plant then enjoy, enjoy, enjoy!

Rose Care

Diligently water roses, soaking the roots at least twice a week in dry weather. Shallow watering will discourage deep roots and may encourage fungus. Several weekly soakings in dry weather will coax roots to extend down into the soil, giving the shrub a good foundation.

Roses are subject to powdery mildew, black spot and rust, all of which may attack even disease-resistant roses - especially when the weather is damp and spores are abundant in old diseased foliage. The best way to avoid these problems is to spray weekly with a general purpose fungicide that helps to resist the occurrence of fungus.

Each month from April through July, apply a balanced granular fertilizer, either 5-10-5 or 5-10-10. Use three-quarters to a cup per bush, sprinkled around the drip line. In May and June, add an additional tablespoon of Epsom salts; the magnesium sulfate will encourage new growth.

Pruning

Of optimum importance is pruning, and roses should be pruned every year. Heavy gloves and even goggles are advisable for the purpose of avoiding thorns that puncture and branches that whip back upon release. By pruning on an annual basis, all old or diseased plant material is destroyed and most rose plantings will produce blooms throughout the growing season as a result.

Repeat-flowering roses generally bloom on new wood and need to be cleared out and cut back very early in spring - before they start greening up. About the time forsythias bloom, take out all the deadwood, crossing canes and spindly growth. Then shape and prune back everything else, taking into account the style of the garden, and size and nature of the variety.

For species roses, old roses and once-blooming shrub roses, remove diseased, broken or dead branches in early spring. After flowering, prune lightly and selectively to shape the bushes and control growth.

For climbing and rambling roses, it is fine to remove dead branches or otherwise damaged wood early in the year, but be sure to delay your annual pruning until early summer after the peak of bloom. Prune to remove undesirable canes and to shape and train growth. Side branches tend to flower more heavily than central leaders.

Annuals vs. roses? I'm thinking both. The combination of color throughout the summer with these two plant groups is breathtaking when cared for properly. Although much care is needed for both annuals and roses, the results and enjoyment one receives from the color provided is well worth it.

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





PETS LARGE AND SMALL

Raising a Seeing Eye Puppy

Rebecca Golian

ne of the most common misconceptions about service dogs is that their lives as working dogs consist of all work and no play. I am writing to clear up this misconception. As an active member and puppy raiser for The Seeing Eye, I have firsthand experience raising and training service dogs for the blind. I have also been involved with other service dog organizations such as Canine Companions for Independence, and Guiding Eyes for the Blind. Whether a puppy is being raised to become a guide dog, a police dog, or a disability dog, the upbringing of these wonderful companions includes both work and play.

As a puppy raiser for The Seeing Eye, my job includes socialization and basic obedience training for future guide dogs. The puppies are my responsibility for the first year of their lives and part of developing a guide dog is educating the puppies on every aspect of their environment. The puppiesin-training accompany me to college classes, restaurants, movie theatres, parks, and shopping malls. They are taught to lay quietly under tables and chairs, remain quiet and obedient while working, and walk properly on a leash at all times. If the dogs pass and become guide dogs, their main responsibility is the safety and mobility of their handler. Guide dogs accompany their handlers through everyday life and activities. The dogs are taught how to navigate traffic, avoid obstructions, and guide their handlers safely to wherever they wish to go. The job of a service dog is very demanding and therefore the importance or play/ leisure time is emphasized by all service dog organizations.

I am currently raising my second dog for The Seeing Eye, a male German Shepherd named Ogden. When he is 'working' Ogden accompanies me to classes at the University of Maryland, football and basketball games (Go Terps!!),

restaurants with my friends and family, and of course the occasional shopping spree! Although these activities are considered work, he loves going places and enjoys being a VIP (Very Important Puppy). When Ogden isn't working he is as normal as any other dog. He plays with my friend's dogs, and enjoys play dates with my Mother's Doberman Pincher, Dylan. He loves going to my Father's home, where he runs around the whole property, all eight acres! Ogden especially loves fetch (go figure) and he has two favorite balls, one shaped like a football, the other like a basketball. Sometimes he likes to play 'keep-away' where he teases you with a toy and if you try to retrieve the toy from him, he does everything in his power to keep it away from you. It's always a joy to watch Ogden play this game with other dogs, especially the dogs that enjoy keeping it away from him!

Ogden especially likes his adventures to horse farms around the area. I have been training horses and teaching equestrian athletes for many years. Ogden has been attending many of my lessons and loves running around with my clients' dogs. When I'm teaching he is put back on the leash and stays right next to me during the lessons. I am looking forward to taking him to my students' competitions this year. I think he will love all the attention from the spectators and competitors! I have to be very careful with him around the horses because he is still a puppy and hasn't yet learned how to interact with those big creatures. Luckily he does tend to keep his distance from the horses, as any smart puppy would, but he has to be tied when I'm riding because he tends to follow behind the horses! Typical German Shepherd, can't be too far from mom!

The importance of play for all dogs is vital; however, service dogs must learn to distinguish play time versus working time. When guide dogs are trained to pull in the harness, the instructors allow the dogs only to work while wearing the harness. The dogs are not allowed to play or even relieve themselves while in the harness. It is the handler's responsibility to give the dogs bathroom breaks and allow for some leisure time throughout the day. When I work with the puppies-in-training, I make it very clear that when their identification vest is on, and I'm using the training collar that they understand it's time to work. When the vest and collar are removed, then they are allowed to relax and have fun. Dogs learn quickly, and the best way to educate a dog is by being consistent. I never allow Ogden to be playful or greet other dogs while he is 'working', allowing so would only make it more difficult for him to learn his new job as a guide dog when he returns to The Seeing Eye for training.

So a typical day for Ogden is a mixture of work and play. When he is loose in my apartment, he enjoys all the benefits of being a happy and healthy dog. He chews his bones, plays with his two favorite balls, lies around on his plush dog bed, and roams about

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finding things to entertain himself with. When he goes to class with me or out in public he is 'working' and therefore he must be on his best behavior. He understands that when the vest and training collar are on, it's serious business. When he is walking around campus or in a shopping mall he does not try to greet people, which he would definitely do if he was offleash! He is such a friendly dog and I'm sure it's hard at times to ignore the whistles and looks he gets, but it is his job to pay attention to his handler and the environment around him. Sometimes after class I like to visit my friends, and when Ogden is off the leash and his vest is removed, he is free to run around and play with my friends and their dogs. So a typical day for a service dog in-training or a trained guide dog consists of both work and play.

I cannot stress enough of the importance of exercise and play when it comes to a dog's mental and physical health. As a dog trainer and puppy raiser, I have experience working with different breeds and with dogs of all ages. I have found that with proper obedience, exercise, love, and affection, all dogs will live happier and healthier lives. Service dogs love their jobs; otherwise they wouldn't successfully assist their handlers through the many challenges of life. The misconception that service dogs only work is completely false! These special dogs work hard and play hard.

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





PETS LARGE AND SMALL

Help! my car is on fire

Dr. Kimberly J Brokaw DVM

Tfrequently take pre-vet and vet-Lerinary students with me to give them the opportunity to see a first hand account of veterinary work. One college pre-vet student spent a day of spring break with me. She helped me fill out Coggins test forms that I needed to finish before we headed off to a breeding farm to do an embryo transfer. I perform lots of Coggins tests in the spring. As people are getting ready to go on trail rides and gearing up for the spring show season, they need their annual Coggins updated. Coggins tests are one reason that large animal veterinarians are so busy in the spring. We spend much of the spring rushing from farm to farm.

My student and I were just pulling out of the driveway and coming up to speed on the main highway when a light started blinking on the dashboard of the aging Ford Explorer. It said "O/D." As a medical person OD has an obvious meaning, overdose. If any of the current readers also read my previous article about the work truck, you remember that it was past due for an oil change. Well that was three months ago and I still hadn't gotten around to getting that done so I knew that the car wasn't ODing on oil. So perhaps what it stood for in this

case was Oil is Dry. As far as how the vehicle was handling it seemed to me that the overdrive was functioning the way it should so I figured I would wait and get it fixed when I actually noticed a problem with the vehicle handling. When I am in the middle of the busy spring season, optional truck repairs have to wait.

About a week later, I arranged to meet a horse riding club at the League of Maryland Horsemen, a park about 1 1/2 hours from the clinic. There was a good turnout and after having drawn lots blood for Coggins and given numerous vaccines, I got in the Explorer to go home. About half way home I noticed that smoke was coming from under the hood and the cab was filling with a burning odor. While a normal person would have pulled over, I decided to open my window and keep driving. The gauges were normal and no hazard lights (aside from O/D) had come on.

It was a Saturday and the other vets were busy so I called the girlfriend of one of the vets and told her what was going on. She agreed that she would be prepared to come pick me up if the car stopped running. The Explorer was now having a lot of difficulty accelerating. Each little hill seemed like a mountain. I worried that the little SUV would be rear ended as we crept up the hills. The engine RPMs varied from less than 1 when the accelerator was depressed normally to over 4rpm when the accelerator was depressed to the floor. Luckily I made it back to the clinic. I left the Explorer parked in the clinic driveway and went and got one of the veterinary assistants. When she got to the parking lot, the car was still smoking. She laughed and said incredulously "I can't believe you drove that and didn't call for a ride."

The vehicle went to shop and it was determined that a hose on the transmission had disconnected and leaked fluid and the smoke and odor was from the fluid burning. An easy fix and once they got the ordered part in the Explorer should be fine. Well the part came in and the Explorer was fixed, or so I thought. I'd been driving it for only a few days when the transmission broke.

Even after I got it back from the shop it hadn't been shifting properly but now it wouldn't go above 35mph and the rpm were consistently in the red. Again, the Explorer went back to the shop and I was rotating between my bosses' vehicles. Numerous clients, and one of the vets at the clinic, told me to "tell those cheap ... to buy you a new vehicle." A client also provided me with a copy of the May 11th Wash-



ington Post article on the many ways in which the old Ford Explorers are unsafe.

No new vehicle was purchased and I picked-up the Explorer from the shop. The next day, as I was driving to a farm, the 4-wheel low and 4-wheel high lights came on. I figured that if the 4-wheel drive was to go out, best that it did it in the spring as opposed to winter. Later that week, a client instructed me to pull onto their lawn and drive down to the gate. The down part went fine. Getting up the hill was another story.

A few spinning tires (even though the grass was dry) and a shove from the owner and her daughter and I made it up the hill. I knew I would be returning to the shop again and dropping off the truck. And while you would think that after numerous trips to the shop I would know where it was located but apparently I didn't.

One morning I asked one of the veterinary assistants to follow me so I could drop the Explorer off. I drove right past the repair shop and pulled into a bar. I parked, got out of the car and started asking the veterinary assistant where the drop box was. "Umm you're at a bar." The Yuengling poster with the eagle confused me into thinking that I was at American Eagle auto repair place. To be fair they are only a block away from each other. I got back in the vehicle and took it to the correct location. This visit I also asked if they would be kind enough to do my car's annual oil change. Once again, they diligently fixed the vehicle.

Kim Brokaw applies her talents and love of animals at the Walkersville Veterinary Clinic, and as of publication is still driving the red Explorer so if you see her broken down on the side of the road stop and offer her a ride.



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VETERAN'S PROFILE **Chief Gunners Mate Thomas W. Humerick**

James Houck

Emmitsburg received a new res-ident shortly after June 13, 1945; the date Tom Humerick was born at Annie M. Warner Hospital in Gettysburg, PA. Tom was brought home by his father John G. (Jack) Humerick and mother Eleanor (Mingle) Humerick. Tom's grandfather had taken his family and moved from Emmitsburg in the late 1800's to Altoona, PA to build train cars for the Pennsylvania Railroad because there was no work available in the Emmitsburg area at that time.

Tom's grandfather moved back to Emmitsburg and worked at what everyone in the area refers to as the "Tunnel." John graduated from high school in Altoona, where he was married very soon after. He then moved to Baltimore, MD, where he worked as a salesman. John moved back to Emmitsburg in 1942 with his wife and Tom's older brother, Michael, who was born in 1941.

Tommy, as he was called by people in the Emmitsburg area who knew him, had a great childhood growing up around town. One of Tom's first memories was of him and his brother, Mike, going along on a sales call in Brunswick, MD with their father, who sold Fuller Brushes. His dad dropped them off on a hill overlooking the trains and the roundtable, and he was fascinated the entire time. On the way home they would stop at Mays Ice Cream in Middletown, MD, and get a cone. Boy, what a treat that was to a kid on a hot day.

Jack also worked part time for Clarence Frailey at the grocery store. Tom remembers a funny little thing that happened to his dad while making a delivery. For deliveries Mr. Frailey used an old silver panel truck that had pretty worn seats. One day while Jack was making a delivery on Annandale road a spring from the seats popped through and caught onto his trousers. Unable to get out of the seat, Jack had to remove his trousers to get loose. He tried to get out of and back into his trousers in the quickest way possible, being that he was on the side of the road during this catastrophe.

This incident happening fifty five or sixty years ago is still fresh in Tom's mind, which amazes him, and he still laughs about it to this day. He remembers when the first wall with names of local WWII Veterans was erected in front of American Legion Post 121. The wall was built in the 1950's and he passed it every day on his way to and from school while it was still under construction. Tommy went to St. Euphemia's School and Mother Seton School through eighth grade, and then Emmitsburg High School from ninth through twelfth. Tom was the neighborhood postman. After school he would stop at the post office and hold out his hands, which were then loaded up with all of his neighbors' mail. Then he would distribute it around to everyone. Tommy especially liked to pick up the mail on Saturday because one neighbor, Mrs. Hoke, always re-

warded him with freshly baked dinner rolls and sticky buns. Like most kids in the Emmitsburg area, Tom picked cherries when they were in season. He recalls the fun of working in the orchards for I. Z. Mussleman at Ortanna, PA, where his brother Mike, being four years his senior, made him pick the tops while Mike picked the bottoms. Take a wild guess of who made the most money - not Tommy.

Tom also worked for Ed Meadows at his farm bailing hay in the summer. Mr. Everett Chrismer, a WWII Navy Veteran, worked at the post office, and he was also one of Tommy's childhood heroes. When Tom was fourteen years old he knew that some day he was going to be a Chief because that was all he ever wanted to do since he met Mr. Chrismer.

Tom truly loves Emmitsburg. He has been all over the world and when someone asks him why he always returns to Emmitsburg, he tells them, "Because it is clean and green; you have four seasons; you have the mountains and the rivers; some of the best museums in the world are only an hour to an hour and a half away; and we are only a few hours from the Atlantic Ocean. So we have it all."

Tom graduated in June of 1963, and the day after graduation he went to Fort Holibird in Baltimore MD to join the Navy. The recruiter made an agreement with Tom to hold off until July 22, 1963, because Tom, being fascinated with history from an early age, wanted to be around for the 100th anniversary of the Gettysburg battle. Tom took his very first flight in an airplane when he left for boot camp. He flew out of Friendship Airport (now BWI) and landed in O'Hara in Chicago, IL. Tom said it was all down hill from there and quite an experience. He served on many ships, the first one being a destroyer ship. Tom was in it for the long haul and received many medals including the Purple Heart for being hit by shrapnel.

On July 31, 1985, twenty two years later, Tom retired from the Navy. Tom says he does not have a single regret for joining the Navy. He met many good people and made many great connections, and still does.

burg. Tom has two children Jillian and Tom Jr., and three grandchildren Aston, Charisa and Tom III. Tom's first Motorcycle trip after returning home was with his son Tom Jr. The father and son went up through New England, over into Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, stopped at Halifax, then came back down into Maine and visited cousins while there. They then went to Lake Placid for a motorcycle rally where Willie Nelson was the entertainment. Tom was amazed at how much his son enjoyed listening to Willie because his son preferred rock music. They left there and returned to Maryland.

It was not long before Tom was on the road again, traveling to California for his cousin's wedding, then to Yosemite National Park, Death Valley, Las Vegas, the Grand Canyon, then up to the Great Salt lakes, Montana, Devils Tower, Mount Rushmore, then the Black Hills and the Badlands... all on his motorcycle.

Tom is going over to Brussels, Belgium June 15th for a week with his daughter and granddaughter for the reenactment of the 295th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. When they return to the states Tom will then go over to Holland and Germany to visit with a friend who was in the German Navy, who Tom has not seen since the seventies.

Tom worked a couple different jobs like bartending at the Ott House, but has been living mainly on his retirement. He really enjoys Civil War reenactments, and makes all his own uniforms and accessories. Tom was also in several scenes of the motion picture, Gettysburg. He plays any role that is open for the reenactments. Tom travels all over the country for reenactments including Maryland, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Virginia.

Tom also volunteers at Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, where people may interact with him and other volunteers. The best time to go is mid October, and the best day is a Saturday. This year marks 150 years since the 1860 election days, and there will be some good times, including John Browns Raid.

Tom says that everyone is up in arms since this is happening on an election year and the states are talking about succeeding. Everyone will be in period clothing and visitors will get to interact with the players. Militia will

Senior

Citizen

Discount

Always

Applies!



Cheif Gunners Mate Thomas W. Humerick

be there, Marines and Regular Army, and Irish acting like railroad workers, canal workers, locals and farmers and temperance society trying to shut down the taverns. This will all take place in the whole downtown area. There will also be a parade.

Tom also does WWI reenactments in Newville PA, where they have about 150 acres with trenches and bunkers, barbed wire and machine gun nests, and shell craters. The two sides are the central powers and allies. People come from Russia, Australia, New Zealand, British, and from all over. Some do not speak English but they can communicate. They have two big events a year: one in the spring and one in the fall. They even use vintage planes and drop flour instead of bombs.

Tom has been a member of the Emmitsburg Ambulance Company for fifteen years and is fairly active helping at bingo and keeping his certifications up to date.

The next time you see Tom, stop and say hi and shake his hand. He will take time to engage you in conversation no matter how busy he is, and believe me, he is a very active and busy man. He not only travels and reenacts, but also lives alone and keeps up with his house. He recently bought his parents house, both of them having passed away three years ago, and is going to remodel it and rent it out. Tom still has his first motorcycle, a 1955 Triumph, and I'll bet some day you will hear of him restoring it, starting it up, and going on one of his long rides.

I have had the pleasure of talking to one of the most polite, busiest and intelligent man living in Emmitsburg. I knew his whole family and it saddens me to say that Tom's two sisters have passed away and his parents have also passed. Tom and Mike survive yet and I hope to talk to Mike soon. I am sure he will have interesting stories for me because he is retired from the Air Force, and has been a guide in Alaska for a long time. I plan to catch him when he comes home for white tail season.

Thomas W. Humerick, a veteran and a great Emmitsburgian..



Tom is a traveler and has been to many countries. Since returning home from service Tom has taken many motorcycle trips all over the US, but always returns to Emmits-



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CIVIL WAR DIARY

The invasion of Pennsylvania

John Miller **Emmitsburg Area Historical So**ciety Civil War Historian

n June 15th, 1863, the first portions of General Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia were crossing the Potomac River near Hagerstown, Maryland. At this time the Union Army under General Joseph Hooker could not pinpoint General Lee's exact location, as he had used South Mountain as cover to screen his movements. In order to find the Confederate Army's location, General Hooker needed to seize the mountain passes at South Mountain. But unknown to General Lee, Union scouts had seen his movements in Maryland as early as June 17th. Because of this General Hooker started to develop a plan of attack.

Three days after the Confederates began to cross the Potomac River near Williamsport during the morning of June 18th, General Joseph Hooker, commanding General of the Army of the Potomac, ordered a signal station to be built at Crampton's Gap on South Mountain to observe the Confederate forces in Maryland. General Hooker also ordered the cavalry that was near Harper's Ferry to seize all mountain gaps from Maryland Heights to Boonsboro. General Robert C. Schenck received General Hooker's request to spare a portion of his artillery, infantry, and cavalry, to seize and hold the South Mountain passes, as well as holding Maryland Heights and the passage via Sandy Hook. This is in preparation of the Union Army entering Maryland.

On June 19th, General Hooker ordered General Samuel P. Heintzelman, who was at Poolesville to assist in taking possession of the mountain gaps on South Mountain. General Heintzelman's force consisted of 1,600 infantry, one battery and five troops of cavalry. Realizing that his line would be stretched too thin, General Heintzelman wrote to General Hooker and asked him if General Schenck's forces at Harper's Ferry could hold South Mountain as the mountain range was in the Middle Department under his command. General Hooker was forced to operate without General Heintzelman's support and manpower. On June 23rd and 24th, General Hooker requested to have more Federal troops in possession of South Mountain and Hooker's orders were being carried out by General French, as Union scouts were overlooking and watching the Hagerstown Valley as well as Pleasant Valley. During the early hours of June 25th, General John Reynolds ordered General Oliver O. Howard to send a brigade of infantry along with a battery of rifled guns to report to General Stahel and his cavalry at Crampton's

Gap.

On June 26th, General Oliver O. Howard's 11th Corps began to occupy the mountain gaps along South Mountain. His headquarters was located at the Cookerly Farm outside of Middletown. General Howard posted one brigade at Crampton's Gap, one at Turner's Gap, another on the road to Burkittsville, and the final brigade on the Hagerstown Road. During the evening General Howard sent a dispatch to General Reynolds that stated that no Confederate force was reported to have been seen at Crampton's Gap. General John Reynolds led his 1st Corps to Jefferson, Maryland and would proceed to Middletown the following day.

General Julies Stahel reported to General Reynolds through a dispatch that the whole Confederate Army had passed through Hagerstown and was now in Pennsylvania. General Anderson's Division of General A.P. Hill Corps had passed through Boonsboro on the 25th at around 6:00 am. He also reported that General Ewell's Corps had passed through Hagerstown and was heading toward Harrisburg. He had about 25,000 troops along with sixty-six pieces of artillery. A portion of General Ewell's Corps was seen in Smithsburg with at least sixteen pieces of artillery. He then reported that a small band of Confederate cavalry was located in Boonsboro, but soon moved on.

General Stahel's deployment was stretched all across South Mountain. He had one brigade and a section of artillery posted at Crampton's Gap, as well as a brigade and two sections of artillery from General Howard's Corps, one regiment at Turner's Gap, and one brigade and two sections of artillery at Middletown.

During the morning of June 27th, General Birnery was ordered by General Reynolds to send one infantry brigade and a battery of rifled guns to Crampton's Gap to relieve the forces of General Howard once he arrived in the neighborhood of Jefferson and Burkittsville. While General Howard's men at Crampton's Gap were waiting to be relieved, Colonel William D. Mann commanding the 7th Michigan Cavalry occupied Turner's Gap and sent patrols throughout the valley toward Hagerstown. He reported that four hundred Confederate cavalrymen and three pieces of artillery were in the area of Jones' Crossroads. Most of the Confederate forces had left Hagerstown and were concentrating their efforts at Chambersburg and fortifying the area. Some of Colonel Mann's scouts reported that large quantities of supplies were being sent back to Virginia. Colonel Mann wanted to send a small force toward Jones' Crossroads and requested one mountain howitzer to accompany them.

General Adolph Von Steinwehr, commanding the 11th Corps' Second Division sent a dispatch to General Reynolds at Middletown that his scouts had seen 5,000 of Stuart's Cavalry passing through Williamsport in the afternoon. This may be part of the cavalry force that was foraging the farms of Pennsylvania and returning the goods to Winchester. These foraging excursions happened throughout the Pennsylvania Campaign. In preparation of any Confederate advance toward Frederick, General Steinwehr deployed his force at Turner's Gap. Colonel Charles R. Coster's Brigade was deployed near Turner's Gap; Colonel Orland Smith's Second Brigade occupied the summit of Turner's Gap with one regiment connecting to Colonel Coster's First Brigade. The artillery was left with Colonel Coster's First Brigade and if necessary were to be brought up in a half hours time. He also had outposts scattered all over South Mountain. Washington Monument was used because of the view of the valley below.

During the afternoon, General Oliver O. Howard occupied Turner's Gap and sat up his headquarters at the Mountain House. General Howard reported that he saw no threat of the Confederate Army in or around Boonsboro or the valley. Colonel Smith had Captain Buchwalter of the 73rd Ohio Infantry operate the signal station at Washington Monument. Captain Buchwalter noted that one can clearly distinguish the roads leading from Boonsboro to Hagerstown, Sharpsburg, and Shepherdstown, and did not see any troops moving upon them, except the Union cavalry. Lt. Colonel Asmusse, who served as the 11th Corps Chief of Staff reported that Confederate cavalry was driving cattle and horses through the valley toward Williamsport. He also noted that pickets were set in the fields outside of Hagerstown, Maryland. The headquarters of the Army of



The White House and St. Joseph's Academy in Emmitsburg, Maryland. Sickles' Third Corps camped here on June 30, 1863 and July 1, 1863.

the Potomac moved to Frederick, and an attempt was made to open communication between Frederick and the station on Sugar Loaf Mountain, proving unsuccessful due to the unfavorable condition of the atmosphere. A station of observation was established at Middletown, and communication opened from there to another point of observation at South Mountain Pass, and the results were reported to Generals John F. Reynolds and Oliver O. Howard. On June 28th, newly appointed commander of the Army of the Potomac General Meade issued marching orders to his Corps Commanders to march northward into Pennsylvania. Lt. Colonel Rufus R. Dawes of the 6th Wisconsin Infantry wrote about the Union advance toward Pennsylvania: "We left South Mountain in great haste on the 28th and marched to Frederick through a drizzling rain as usual. Next day we moved from

Frederick to Emmitsburg, Md., and today we came here, where we are having a muster for pay. I don't think I ever before saw at this time of the year such a long continued, misty, drizzling storm as we have been marching through since we crossed the Potomac. General Meade as commander of the army was a surprise."

By June 29th, the First Corps was encamped in Emmitsburg followed by the Eleventh Corps that was encamped at Mount Saint Mary's College. On June 30th, the First Corps marched through Emmitsburg to Marsh Creek and the Eleventh Corps would then march into Emmitsburg with a portion of the Third Corps that was headquartered near Emmitsburg at Bridgeport along the Monocacy River.

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HISTORY

At the End of the Emmitsburg Road Atypical Day taking a final tour of the shop by lanfuneral director. And lest you think

Part 3

William E. Hays, et al.

I might round out this part of my story by describing a typical day, a week-day, that is. Up at about six, Papa would, if it were Fall or Winter, start a fire in the kitchen stove, and another in what we called the blacksmith shop, and still another in the front shop. Then he would start calling us, going right down the list: "Jim, Billy, John, Sam, Harry-- are you up? --- Well--- get up!

Margaret, of course, was spared. She was Mother's responsibility.

By seven the "men" had arrived and were ready to go to whatever job was then in progress.

Every day, without fail, one or more were to go to the college (Mt. St. Mary's), which meant that one of us must "hitch up the horse" and we would be ready to go.

Then Mother would send one of us to call Papa to breakfast, and that was not easy. First, you had to find him. Then it would take two or three calls, but eventually he came. After breakfast, it might be a ride on his motorcycle" (Thor) to check up on some work that was underway. After one or more stops he was back at the shop, ready to do some welding, machining or tinning, etc. At noon it was again a big effort to have him stop for dinner. Not lunch.

Dinner was more than a meal, although it was the principal meal of the day. It was the time for fun. Sam was a real mimic, and my part was to play the straight man, or what today would be called the emcee. It was a circus, and the fact that Papa would laugh until he cried, at Sam's antics, made the show that much better.

Poor Mother, she would make a wonderful chocolate cake, or strawberry shortcake, to mention only two of a long list, and I would give Sam the signal. Soon he was groaning and coughing on the floors faking an upset stomach, and pointing to the cake or whatever. Now it had reached the critical stage and one of us four would administer first aid. Meanwhile, Mother pretended to be offended, but it was no use. ly warmed up, the second act moved to the parlor, where Mother was at her best. She played the piano, fast and loud, and everyone sang. I often wondered what the neighbors thought. Papa, of course, would try to escape, saying he couldn't stand it any longer. This always had the same result: Sam would literally hold him, forcibly, and tell him he had to listen. And the show was off again.

Then, having gotten things proper-

Papa's routine in the afternoon was much the same as in the morning, except that now it was necessary for one of us to make a return trip to the college, to bring the men home.

Suppertime, and just as usual, it was like pulling teeth to get Papa to stop work and come to the table. I can remember Mother getting supper, often fried ham and fried potatoes with hot rolls, and then waiting for him to come home from some job that was keeping him late. After waiting for what seemed an eternity, we would see him drive around the corner, down at the barn, and after putting the horse in the barn, he would finally come in. If it was cold weather, he would enter swinging his arms to keep warm. Finally, with everyone at the table, we would soon finish off those wonderful hot rolls.

After supper, Papa would go back to the shop, perhaps to do some small repair job that had been promised, or talk to some salesman, (then called a "drummer") or perhaps just to play with a kitten as he sat beside the stove.

This was the extent of his playing, which is the reason, no doubt, why I remember it so well. Sometimes he might tinker with some mechanical gadget, a carburetor, perhaps, that was not operating properly. But it was fun for me and my brothers to climb up on the high counter, when someone was there talking business, and listen to the talk.

There were two men I especially remember. One was Mr. Warrenfeltz, the cashier and manager of the local Savings Bank, for whom Papa had great respect. The other was Mr. Gillespie, a salesman for a Company in Baltimore, from whom Papa bought a great deal of material. He was a friendly gentleman, full of news of the outside world. We loved to be in the shop when he came in. After locking the front door and taking a final tour of the shop by lantern, Papa would come to the dining room, settle in his favorite chair and read the Baltimore News, while munching an apple. Then to bed.

He never took a vacation, seldom bought anything for himself, seldom took part in any community activity, went to only one movie in his life, never played any sports or games with us, and never complained. Knowing these things, you might think he was a poor father and an unfeeling man. But he was just the opposite. Unselfish? You bet he was. A sense of humor? He had a great one. Educated? Not in a formal sense, but well informed, wise and endowed with plenty of common sense. His comments on public figures or public issues were all supported by facts.

He never hesitated to express his opinion. He was a Republican and voted Republican, except when President Wilson was running for a second term. Papa thought he was a great man and voted for him. Later he doubted whether he had done the right thing. I think he did.

I feel that Papa was a great man, a genius of sorts, and the kind who made our country strong. He worked hard, with no complaints. He did not expect nor ask for any help from the government. By modern standards, he probably made some mistakes. He should have played more with his children, or should have done this or that. He did, however, teach us the value and dignity of work, and to do a job as best we could.

Shuff's Store

Mr. & Mrs. Shuff lived next to our house, with only a narrow four-foot passageway separating us. For all I knew, they had always lived there. Their house, unlike almost every other one in town, had a sizable front porch, shaded by several large maple trees. In back of the house was a garden. At the rear of the lot was a horse stable and a carriage shed.

Mr. Shuff operated a furniture business in a two-story shop, alongside his house. The rear part of the store was his small work-room. Among other things I recall about this workroom was a glue pot that was kept on a small stove, the glue being used for repairing furniture. To all the above I must add that Mr. Shuff was the local undertaker and funeral director. And lest you think that such a somber business might have little or no interest for the Hays children, the truth is it had a great fascination for us. The Shuff boys, Clay and Frank, were born pranksters, who never let their father's funeral business stand in the way of a practical joke.

Mr. Shuff had one of the oldfashioned hearses, with a glass enclosed section where the casket was placed. There were many brass fixtures, such as a large brass light fixture on each side of the driver's seat. The hearse was drawn by two horses which, along with a third one kept in reserve, were owned by Mr. Shuff and kept in his stable.

I have gone into some detail about the Shuff establishment because it played a big role in my early life and in the lives of our family... But before I go any further. I must report that Mr. Shuff was the town Justice of the Peace, whose courtroom was that tiny little workroom with the glee pot on the stove.

In our day, funerals were held either in the home of the deceased or at a local church. In either case, someone had to "mind the horses" while the service was in progress, and this is where we often played what seemed to be an important part. One of us would go along to do the minding. I remember being asked to go to a funeral several miles out of town, on a very hot and drowsy summer day. Mamma knew I was going and sent me across the street to Hoke's store to buy an appropriate hat or cap, so as to be in proper funereal form. So over I went to Hoke's, an old style general store, and came back with a jaunty cap, in the loudest colors imaginable. For years the Shuff boys never failed to remind me of my famous "funeral cap."

Anyway, off we went, Mr. Shuff and I up on that high seat with no back rest and fully exposed to the hot sun. Finally we reached the church and soon I was alone on the hot seat, while inside the church the Minister was loudly proclaiming the virtues of the deceased, requiring, as it seemed to me, at least an hour. It was probably no more than half that



James T. Hays

ten years older than I, never missed a chance for a practical joke. Thus, on one occasion, Clay asked a man who worked occasionally for them, Jake by name, if he would go down to the barn to help move some roughboxes, as they were called. A roughbox, made of light wood, was sometimes used in place of a casket, and in the Shuff barn there were usually five or six of them, standing on end.

Now Jake was chosen as the helper on this occasion, because he was not too bright and was slightly superstitious. Down went Clay and Jake. They took hold of the box to be moved, with Frank Shuff inside and waiting. "W H 000 W H 000" was all Jake needed to hear and he was gone, never to go near Shuff's barn again.

Emmitsburg was located at the foot of the mountain, where there were a number of men, and women too, who lived a rather free and easy life, with much drinking and fighting, and when things got too bad, the local constable would arrest one of them. Probably the one least apt to offer resistance. Soon the officer, with his culprit in town, would arrive at the Shuff courtroom, and thereupon either Frank or Clay would come running to call any Hays boys he could find, to come and see the show. So over we went to the room with the glue pot, there to see Mr. Shuff (Millard by name) the constable and the culprit, ready for the trial to begin. No evidence of any consequence was offered. None was needed. Mr. Shuff knew it was the same old story, a little too much moonshine. So instead of hearing evidence, he gave his usual lecture; mumbled would better describe his manner, which we boys found it hard to follow. In substance it came out like this: "Now Mike, if you come in here again, you're going down to Jessup's Cut, " a State prison off somewhere down country, whereupon Mike vows to be good, and is ordered to pay "costs" of \$2.00, in the unlikely event that he had it.

She soon was joining in the laughter with Papa, begging Sam to stop, which only made matters worse. time. I don't remember if the job carried any pay for me. If it did, I am sure it was no more than a dime.

Once the funeral was over and we had returned to Mr. Shuff's store, there now came the task of washing the hearse and shining all that brass. This seemed like a big operation. I vas always impressed by the number of chamois cloths he had on hand, probably because we didn't have uch a luxury at home. This huge, neavy and ornamented chariot, used only for a funeral, carried a certain mount of mystique. We considred it quite a privilege to help retore it to its pristine beauty. As a fial act, we covered the hearse with a arge white cloth and then pulled or oushed it into its select spot in the arn.

As I have mentioned, Clay and Frank Shuff, who were some nine or

I think that these exciting courtroom dramas were my first exposure to the law, although I recall that Mr. Shuff once asked me to type up a deed to some land. We had an ancient Oliver typewriter at the shop,

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so I followed an old form he gave me, and produced my first quitclaim deed. I was probably fourteen or even less.

The foregoing will give some idea of how close our two families were. Ruth Shuff, a sister to Frank and Clay, had studied the piano (in Baltimore, I believe) so she and "Miss Minnie" had a great time playing duets, in our parlor or in Ruth's. On Sunday afternoons, when it was hot and all action of any kind was shut down, Shuffs' wide porch, well shaded and with a supply of rocking chairs, was the place to be. Beyond all else was the fact that Shuffs had the Baltimore Sunday paper which, I assure you, was not the case next door. It must have had something to do with the fact that the Shuffs were Lutherans and we were unfeeling Presbyterians.

How we loved those Sunday comics, or "funny papers" as we called them. There were two favorites: The Katzenjammer Kids and Hairbreath Harry.

Mount Saint Mary's College

For a great many years, Papa took care of all plumbing, heating, lighting and a part of the building construction at the college, located about two miles along the road leading to Thurmont. My earliest memory is of driving the wagon (horse and wagfurnished heat for the college buildings and steam for the generators. Papa would check around, making sure all was in order.

My guess is that these boilers stood some nine or ten feet high, the doors into which the coal was shoveled being quite wide, and the fire inside very hot. Having found all in order there, the next stop was usually at the gas house. Here was a big acetylene generator, built and installed by J. T. Hays & Son, and used to light the entire college. Whereas the drum holding the water, on an ordinary home generator, would be perhaps two feet in diameter, this one at the college was twelve feet or more in diameter.

Next we would set out for some other building, and in doing so, it was not uncommon to meet the college President, Father Bradley, as he walked about the college grounds. He was a short red-faced Irishman, with whom Papa was on the friendliest terms. So they would stop for a chat, the good Father asking Tom about some work that was underway or that was being considered.

Our next stop might be the college gymnasium, to see if lights, heat and water were in good order. This gym held great interest for me, since I would see pictures on the walls of athletic teams, and trophies in cases, commemorating famous events somewhere along the line we came to my favorite stop, the dairy. It was in a basement, where even in hot weather it was pleasantly cool. Some wonderful and lovable nuns were in charge, who knew just what a hungry and thirsty boy would like: cold delicious milk and sugar cookies. Nothing could taste any better.

I never understood fully what Papa was doing on these tours, and it was only later that I came to realize that he felt completely responsible for everything at the college, except, of course, teaching. Someabout the college grounds. I knew that his home had been in Braintree, Mass., not far out of Boston, so I told him that I would be in Cambridge, Mass. to enter law school. "That's fine, Billy. You must work hard." Then he said that the Clerk of the Suffolk County Superior Court was a "Mount" boy, by the name of Campbell, and that I should go see him. I did meet him and enjoyed his account of his days as a student at the "Mount," when students had to heat their rooms with a grate fire.

J.T. Hays Foundry on West Main St. (Photo taken appox. 1880)

Now to finish the story of the business arrangement which I mentioned earlier... Sometime about 1930, Papa retired from active work, with my brother Jim taking over the business. He felt it would be a good idea to have a settlement, so called, with the college. By now, with many operations being electrified, there was much less need for our work. Any building construction would now be handled by Baltimore contractors, with trucks able to carry all necessary materials over paved roads. So Papa talked with Father Bradley and the bill was fully approved. The amount was somewhat sizable for a small business. The only question was whether Papa wanted cash or a note, and he suggested a note. In a year or so thereafter, Papa died. Now this was at the time of the big Depression and cash was scarce. But the College said at once that the note would be paid forthwith and it was. Thus a most unusual relationship came to a very happy ending. It meant a lot to us then, and still does to this day.

I said it was an unusual business relationship. It was also a very cordial and friendly one. I recall numerous times when Father (Monsignor) Tierney, the Vice President, would walk the two miles to town and often stop at our shop. Papa might be working at a lathe or some other machine. The tall, white-bearded Monsignor, in his cassock and robe, would stand by, asking questions and discussing some current political matter, or just quietly, watching his good friend Tom at work.

I think that Papa had the respect and confidence of these men. I know that he held them in high esteem. They were well-educated; he never reached beyond the sixth grade. He was a strict Presbyterian; they were Catholic. In all the years, I think there was never the slightest disagreement.

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

Part 4 Next month.



Shuff's furniture store

on) to the college in the morning in at about seven o'clock. I would take T. Mr. Weant, Webb Felix and various ve other workmen on occasion lit

in the athletic history of the college. These pictures and trophies were very exciting for us, who knew very little about these sports. That is, except baseball. where along the way, he would meet up with Mr. Weant, for a discussion about the things needing repair, after which he would say, if I were the one who was tagging along, "Come on, Billy, we'd better get along back to the shop."

ould wolking of occasion.

Mr. Weant had worked for us all his life. It would take about half an hour to reach the college, then turn around and back to the house for break-fast and off to school. This would be repeated at the end of the day. If the men were late in leaving their work, I (or whichever one of us was the driver) would wait at the college barn for them. In winter the barn was a nice warm place. Then home to supper.

Should it be a Saturday and no school, or should it be summertime, it often happened that Papa would tell me, or one of my brothers, to "hitch up" Old Dan" and take him to the college. As soon as we arrived, he was off at full speed, very likely going first to the boiler room, where a college employee, Ed Seltzer, was in charge of firing the big boilers, which From the gym we might next go to the Seminary building and the college church. I think I should not say "we" went, but rather that Papa went, and whichever one of us was with him, would tag along behind, trying to keep up. He never walked slowly, except on Sunday. Again it was a case of looking for anything about which he should speak to Mr. Weant, so that necessary repairs might be made.

Now I come to speak of a stop at what Papa called the Refectory, which was a wholly new word for me, as I assume it was for my brothers. We knew only that it had something to do with the dining room of the college. I know now that the word means a dining hall in a monastery. But we tagged along, and It was a most unusual arrangement that existed over many years, this ore between Papa and Mt. St. Mary's. He might go to Baltimore or Philadelphia, buy a new generator for producing electricity, and have it shipped over the Western Maryland Railroad, by way of Rocky Ridge. From that point it came over the Emmitsburg Railroad to the end of that line, and then it would be hauled to the college by a four- or six-mule team, and there it would be installed.

I recall Tierney, Father Cogan and many others. When I was about to leave for Harvard Law School, I was with Papa when we happened upon Father Bradley on one of his walks

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MOUNT CREATIVE WRITERS

Diary of a hopeless english student

Brittany Morris Class of 2010

Uggghhh, English class again. This bites, I thought as I walked into the torture chamber that I have to occupy every Tuesday and Thursday at 8:00 AM.

I wonder everyday what the heck I was thinking signing up for a grammar and linguistics class... Oh yeah! I was hoping to not read any stupid romance novels written by boring dead people. Bad life decision!

Thankfully last night's homework was easy: identify verbs and find them in a passage. I learned this stuff in third grade! There is no way that Dr. Macbeth—I know, he was destined to be an English professor from birth—could possibly embarrass me today!

WRONG!

We started going over the sentences that we were assigned—going around the room, each person answering the next question. Then it came to my turn. I knew this one! 'James ran down the street.' Ran was the verb—duh!

"Mr. Nicholson, would you please tell the class what the verb is in sentence number 7?"

I sat up a little straighter in my chair, folded my hands on my desk in front of me, and answered in a very clear and enunciated voice: "Dr. Macbeth, the verb in sentence number 7 is 'ran.'"

"Very good, Mr. Nicholson." I reveled in silence at my long-soughtafter victory over the English language and the English language professor. "Now Mr. Nicholson, what kind of verb is 'ran?"

Easy! "'Ran' is an action verb, Dr. Macbeth." I smiled inside.

"Yes it is, Mr. Nicholson, but is 'ran' a transitive, intransitive, or linking verb?"

CRAP! I had no idea what he was talking about! Since when were there more than action and non-action verbs? Calm down, Isaac, I told myself. Just pretend to be thinking really hard, and then just pull something out of your hat—not literally of course. I wasn't even wearing a hat! Instead, I turned my attention to what I always did during this class: replaying highlights from the previous day's soccer practice. I figured Dr. Macbeth would leave me alone for the rest of the class, so I was in the clear to experience fortyfive minutes of uninterrupted soccer bliss...

I was the first person on the field, so I had the freedom to do whatever I wanted for a short while. I grabbed a ball out of the bag and dribbled down the field, dodging every invisible defender, pulling every move I knew, and scored five goals by the time the rest of my team showed up. Then we stretched and started our planned scrimmage. Red jerseys vs. yellow jerseys. I was on the red team. We started with the ball and headed down the field at a quick pace. I was running up the wing, shouting, "Here! Here! I'm open!" Fernando passed me the ball. It came right to my foot, to my sweet spot-perfect. I ran about twenty more yards, megged Lance and headed for the goal. I had a perfectly set up shot and was about to take it when-

"Mr. Nicholson... Mr. Nicholson..." Crap, Dr. Macbeth wasn't finished with my public humiliation yet. "Will you go up to the board and diagram sentence number 3, "The cat slept under the tree.'?"

Once again I was surprised at the easiness of this question. He was asking me to diagram a sentence! Was this college grammar class or elementary art class? I got to draw on the chalkboard! My insides were jumping around like I *was* one of those little elementary school pipsqueaks that was hopped up on sugar and soda.

As I walked up to the front chalkboard to demonstrate my art skills, I saw Katie walk over to the side board to do the same thing. My diagram is going to be so much better, I thought to myself, and then Dr. Macbeth will finally appreciate my work in his class! I started drawing; I drew my tree first and was beginning to draw my cat when I heard Erica giggle from the front row. She just must have heard some new gossip, so I kept drawing even as Dr. Macbeth went over to look at Katie's work. I didn't look up; I had to finish mine before he came over to me. I had just finished drawing some "z's" coming out of my cat's mouth

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when Dr. Macbeth came over to my board. It was then that I looked up at Katie's drawing, except it wasn't a drawing at all. It was a bunch of lines going in different directions with the words of the sentence coming off of them.

"Mr. Nicholson, what is this?" Dr. Macbeth asked.

"My diagram, Dr. Macbeth," I answered a little less confident than I had been five minutes ago.

"I asked you to diagram the sentence. You have just drawn a picture."

"For fear of sounding stupid, sir," I dropped my voice to finish the sentence, "But I thought drawing and diagramming meant the same thing."

Understanding passed briefly over his eyes as I heard Erica trying to suppress even louder giggles than before. "Mr. Nicholson, a diagram in English class is a way of showing how words are related to each other in a sentence." He seemed almost human as he was telling me this. Then he dropped his voice too and turned slightly away from the class so he was only speaking to me. "Why don't you make an appointment with me to go over this in more detail so that we can make sure that you really understand this concept?"

All I could do was nod my head and stare at the floor.

"So how do we diagram this sentence?"

Erica's hand shot into the air. "I can show Isaac how it's done, Dr. Macbeth." She batted her eyelashes a little more than necessary.

"No, Erica, Isaac is going to diagram it," he winked at me. "You are just going to give him verbal directions and an explanation."

The way that she sat back in her seat with her arms folded and that stupid pout on her face made me realize that this was more of a punishment for her than it was for me. The explanation took about five minutes and included a lot of lines going in different directions for different reasons and random words like "prepositional phrase" and "intransitive verb," but I survived and was finally allowed to sit down. I looked at the clock: class was only half over!



Easy? He thinks this stuff is *easy?*? I am toast!

"Please open your textbooks to the chart on the inside of the front cover," Dr. Macbeth instructed us, and we all obeyed. "Here you will see every consonant and vowel sound in the English language. We are talking about sounds in words, not spelling. I am going to give you a list of words, and you are going to attempt to spell then phonetically, using these symbols, according to how they sound. We will try the first one together."

I started to look down this list and saw words such as wife, house, purple, kittens, frame, fire, toil, team, and foul. This should be easy!

But by the time we had been given an example—wife spelled / wayf/—and gone over the rest of the answers, I was thoroughly confused. My paper looked like this:

/haws/, /pUrpl/, /kItInz/, /frem/, / fayr/, /toyl/, /tim/, /fawl/

I had never been so confused in my life. "e" now meant the "a"sound; "i" now meant the "e"-sound. Extra letters were added in; letters were taken out. I didn't know what to think. I just kept staring at my paper, trying to make this new weird spelling system make sense. Then there were even weirder symbols on that chart-thing that were not even letters! I tried to ignore them.

Normally at this point in the class I would be staring at the clock, silently willing it to move faster. But apparently I did not even hear Dr. Macbeth say that class was dismissed because the next time I looked up from my paper, I saw my classmates filing out of the room.

"Are you okay, Mr. Nicholson?" Dr. Macbeth was leaning on the edge of his desk with his arms folded and a kind of half-smile on his face.

"Yea, I'm fine Dr. Macbeth," I lied as I shoved my books in my bag, hoping that would make them disappear.

"How about we meet in my office tomorrow morning at 9:00?"

Hearing my name woke me up from my daydream, and I found myself with my head on my desk, in the front of my classroom as my students filed into the room, greeting me after their lunch break. I turned around to face the chalkboard to reorient myself with my surroundings. Oh yeah, that's right! Today I was teaching *my* English students how to diagram sentences.

To read other article by Brittany Morris visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net





"Well, Dr. Macbeth, 'ran' seems to be a verb that is talking about transporting one thing—in this case 'James'—to a new place—'down the street.' So I would have to say that 'ran' is a transitive verb." I prayed that my reasoning had flattered him or had actually been accidentally right.

"Actually, quite the opposite, Mr. Nicholson. 'Ran' in this sentence is an intransitive verb because it does not take a direct object."

What?

"Does that make sense? Mr. Nicholson? Everyone?"

I saw all my fellow classmates nodding their heads up and down like a bunch of Dr. Macbeth Bobble-Heads, so I just followed suit because I didn't want to admit to everyone how I actually felt—like an idiot. "Now that we have done some of the easier content of our curriculum, we are going to shift gears to start discussing phonetics of the English language."

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MOUNT SPORTS

Men's lacrosse

Ananda Rochita **Communications Major**

Making record wins with some play in the NCAA

The Mount St. Mary's men's lacrosse team seems to rule the campus. There are nearly fifty players on the team and with their rigorous workouts on and off the field and their frequent runs to the cafeteria to revive some energy, they seem to be everywhere.

The Mount men's lacrosse team got notice this year having an outstanding season in which they won the MAAC championships and made their way to the NCAA tournament to play against Virginia in early May.

A notable player this season senior Matt Nealis was this year's captain. Nealis had an interview with Mount's Sports Information and stated ironically that he hoped to win the MACC tournament. The team won against number one seed Siena at Poughkeepsie, NY.

Even though the team did win the MACC tournament, they did not win the NCAA tournament. The Mount lost to Virginia, 19-8 having one of their players, Cody Lehrer finishing with 48 goals this season. Lehrer was also one of the four players that earned First Team All-NEC honors with Bryant Schmidt, Russell Moncure, and T.C. DiBartolo adding on the list. Some other notable players that received a spot on the All-NEC second team are Brett Schmidt and Matt Nealis.

Another recipient of the First Team All-NEC honors is Lehrer from Baltimore, Md. and currently a sophomore at the Mount. He attended Dulaney during his high school years and won the state championship his freshman and senior year. He was also named first team All-Baltimore County during high school. Lehrer's 48 goals this season tied him for the second best single season mark in Mount history. In an interview earlier this year with The Mountain Echo, the school newspaper, he discussed how lacrosse has become a large part of his life. "Both of my parents played when they were in high school, so my mom convinced me to give it a shot when I was in fifth grade" stated Lehrer. "I was against the idea at first, but eventually gave in and never looked back." Lehrer also looks back to earlier in the season for one of his favorite sports moments at the Mount beating Robert Morris, which was the first win against a top 20 team in the program's history. Another recipient of the First Team All-NEC honors is Schmidt from Great Mills, Md. and currently a sophomore at the Mount with his twin brother, Brett, who is also on the team. Schmidt finished the season with 21 goals and 16 assists for 37 points. He also

scored in each of the Mount's final six games before the end of this season.

Another recipient of the First Team All-NEC honors is Moncure from Alexandria, Va. and a senior at the Mount. He played for Bridgton Academy in North Bridgton, Maine during his high school years. Moncure was named 2003, 2004, and 2005 All District Team during his high school campaign.

The team also has a player from the other side of the coast nearly 3,000 miles half an hour away from San Francisco, Ca. Freshman Kevin Downs is from San Rafael, Ca. and attended St. Ignatius Prep in which is played varsity lacrosse in his final three years in high school. He helped his team to an undefeated season in 2007 and earned All-American and All-West honors his senior year.

Even though the team is comprised of some elite athletes, Andrew Scalley was named the Northeast Conference Men's Lacrosse Rookie of the year, one of the greatest honors one can be given. Scalley's goal at the buzzer against Siena helped the Mount win the MAAC title. His three goals during the game helped him earn Most Outstanding Player of the Tournament honors for the Mount. Scalley is currently a freshman and hails from Arnold, Md. He earned Adidas All-American honors in his junior season in high school and was a member of the lacrosse team in his last two years at Archbishop Spalding high school.

Even though some seniors will not be playing next year, a lot of promise in the juniors foreshadows another championship for next year. T.C. DiBartolo is from Bowie, Md. and attended Archbishop Spalding during his high school cam-



paign. He ranks fifth all-time at the Mount with 337 career saves and is also fifth all time with a .581 save percentage. As a freshman he started in all 14 games and posted 166 saves with a .555 save percentage. He was also named Metro Atlantic Athletic Conference Rookie of the Week after a 16-save attempt in the Mount's 11-6 win over Wagner that year. In high school at Archbishop Spalding, he was named Second Team All-County as a junior and also team MVP that year as well.

Junior Andrew Miller from Cordova, Md. will also be one of the members coming back next year to guide the team to hopefully another championship win. Junior Andrew Miller started three of the fifteen games as a sophomore for the Mount and was also an outstanding athlete in high school too. At South River High, he was 2006 Top 205 All-Star Team and 2006 Free State Top 44 member.

Coach Tom Gravante finished his 15th season at the Mount and coached the team to its first NCAA Tournament in more than seven years. Gravante earned NEC Coach of the Year honors and also won Metro Atlantic Athletic Conference Coach of the Year honors this season in which he has won for the third time. He coached the Mount to be the number two seed for the MAAC tournament after being picked to finish eight this year from the coaches' poll during the preseason. Gravante was also a previous collegiate lacrosse player. Gravante was a player at Hobart College in Geneva, N.Y. and has held the Division III tournament records for goals in a game for the past ten years. The team also has three assistant coaches, Cory Coffman, Scott Plasse, and Max Van Arsdale.

The team has a high amount caliber of players who also help work the elite 150 Lacrosse Camp that is held on the Mount campus with Gravante. The camp helps boys ranging from five to high school students in their lacrosse skills and also a host to several tournaments during the summer.

Not only do these players have amazing skills on the fields, but they also have impressive plans for their future. Senior A.J. Schaufler is the goalkeeper for the team reigning from Bernardsville, N.J. and will be attending law school in Baltimore, Md. In high school he was an all around athlete with four years of varsity lacrosse, four years of varsity wrestling, and three years of varsity football for Bernardsville high school. He was also named two time All-Conference and All-Area for football and second team All-State C Division and First All-Conference senior year for lacrosse.

The Mount has made numerous records this year including their wins of this season. The Mount's 12 wins are currently a school record. The Mount won the MAAC Tournament title previously in 2003 and also 2001.

To read other Mount sports articles by Ananda visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.





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FOUR YEARS AT THE MOUNT

Senior Year #1 to-do: quietly change the world

Jackie Quillen

On the very last day of final exams I submitted my last takehome assignment at 3 PM, and finally finished college. I had been counting on the excitement and relief of this moment for the longest and also the most stressful time. Even my roommates anticipated this moment all week long and kept encouraging me.

I was shocked to find that the feeling of relief was much worst than I expected. My brain felt relieved for finishing all that strenuous work, but at 3 PM that Friday I suddenly felt this massive weight in my chest that traveled all the way down to my stomach, where it then felt like a giant football just resting there. What was wrong with me? Then it hit me – I have no more to-do lists.

As I mentioned before I have an obsessive compulsive tendency to write to-do lists, and rarely do these to-do lists work the way they are supposed to – write down a task, do the task, cross it off the list. My "Finish College" to-do list, however, successfully worked in this way, which completely threw me off. At 3 PM on every previous Friday I would make a to-do list for the weekend. But on this particular Friday, on this 14th day of May in 2010, I had no to-do list to write, and yet still felt panicked that there was so much to do.

As I analyze this screwed-up mentality, I have come to the conclusion that college, though wonderful, made me almost insane. Think about it - I work well under pressure, so I spent a lot of time procrastinating until my brain was at its peak to produce good work in a limited amount time; but then I spent more time stressing myself out by writing forever-long to-do lists, which served the sole purpose of sitting on my nightstand as a dust collector. Don't get me wrong - a todo list is very beneficial and I am one who needs to write everything down in order to be productive. But who in their right mind writes five of the same to-do lists - with some minor differences, to give myself some credit. Therefore to keep my sanity I will never resort to using to-do lists the way I did in college, but rather make and use a to-do list the right way.

The heavy pressure I felt after finishing college eventually went away when I saw my family for graduation weekend. I knew they were proud of me, but just seeing them there made me feel proud of myself. My grandparents were proud of me for being their first grandchild to graduate from college, so it meant a lot for me to have them there.

My mother keeps worrying because I don't have a teaching job or an acceptance letter from grad school yet, but it is all in the working and what is meant to happen will happen. The amazing part is that I am the one without a job, facing an extremely competitive job market, and yet I am calming my mother's nerves, telling her that everything will work out. I guess I have that mountain peace that makes me want to live the most out of every day without wasting time worrying about things. Thanks Mount! Can you send my mom an application?

Some people (like my mother) may think I'm being unrealistic and not taking this job market seriously. They are wrong; I am definitely aware of how serious it is. I spent last Fall researching the job market for college grads and writing about hot topics for fellow Mounties. After every article I wrote I would frantically look for job openings that I could apply for. I know it's not a joke, and that I have to work hard to succeed, but I know I will be okay no matter what happens. I've faced rejection. I've picked myself back up. I've graduated from college in four years after changing my major twice and withdrawing from a full semester of classes. But most importantly, I have never forgotten where I come from, where I am, or where I am going. I have my goals and I'm going for them. It's not going to be easy, but it is, after all, the hard work that pays off.

The New York Times recently featured an article about the difficulty college graduates are facing finding teaching jobs. The article notes that 90 education majors who just graduated from the University of Pennsylvania are jobless, partially due to the hiring freeze in the Philadelphia public school system. Many cities are on a hiring freeze for teacher positions, but the applications still keep flooding in. This obviously scares me because I do not even have an education degree - that is what I am working towards either through a teaching job or through grad school.

The sad thing is that even teacher-education or teacher-service programs that place teachers in under-resourced schools have to be so selective in their acceptance process because of the amount of candidates who apply. According to Winnie Hu with the New York Times, "The recession seems to have penetrated a profession long seen as recessionproof. Superintendents, education professors, and people seeking work say teachers are facing the worst job market since the Great Depression."

In the Commencement Address to the Mount's class of 2010, Pres-

ident of Catholic Relief Services, Kenneth Hackett, did not bother candy-coating the harsh reality of the job market for the graduates. Hackett's message to graduates was about taking what we have learned from our institution and bringing it out into the world. Though not all Mount graduates are Catholic, everyone chose to graduate from a Catholic institution, meaning that our education was grounded with a strong foundation in morality and ethics. Hackett advised us to be meek in our lives, reminding us of the beatitude, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Usually when we hear the word 'meek,' we do not think of inheriting the earth. Hackett said the opposite of meek is arrogance, which definitely gets us into to trouble. But to be meek means to approach a problem ready to learn what it is that might lead to a solution, and to approach people with a willingness to serve and help in whatever way needed.

Hackett gave us the "right formula for business," which is to serve others. He said that our motto should be "What can I do to serve you?" "It will put you in the right relationship not just with your customers, your coworkers, employees but more importantly with your friends, with your spouse, with your children, and with your God."

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

Freshman Year Are you ready?

Samantha Strub

year has passed, and now we stand on the brink of returning to a world where we are surrounded by the paradox of everything yet nothing being the same. In a few days we will reluctantly give our hugs and, fighting the tears, say goodbye to people who were once just names on a sheet of paper to return to those that we hugged and fought tears to say goodbye to before we ever left. We will leave our best friends to return to our best friends and family. We will go back to our hometowns and back to traditional summer activities like working those minimum-wage jobs. We leave the Mount to go down that familiar road toward home and, even though it has been months, it will seem like only yesterday. As you walk into your old bedroom, every emotion will pass through as you reflect on how your way of life has changed and how you have become a different person. You suddenly realize that the things that were most important to you a year ago don't seem to matter so much anymore. The things you hold highest now no one at home will completely understand. Who will you call first? Where are you going to work? Who will be at the party Saturday night? What has everyone been up to? Who from school will you keep in touch with? How long before you actually start missing people barging in without calling or knocking? Who will go on IHOP and Taco Bell runs at three in the morning? How long until you adjust to sleeping in a room by yourself or realize your three best friends aren't sleeping in the room next door?

As these thoughts run through your mind, you realize how much things have changed. You understand that the hardest part of college is balancing the two completely different worlds you now live in, trying desperately to hold onto the new world of college while figuring out what you have left behind. In one or two days' traveling time, we will leave a world where our best friends live next door, the noise is constant, and we walk across campus to eat--where we instant message, barely wake up for early morning classes, and procrastinate perpetually. Our old world seems foreign to us, despite the fact that we have lived in it for eighteen years. You never would have thought that, being away for only a year, it would be so hard to adjust. It's not so much that a year has passed but that our daily schedule is so different. Most of us will not be able to have the carefree summer that we had following our senior year of high school. We will have to take a job that pays minimum wage and has horrible hours. Being responsible took on a new meaning once we packed our bags and drove out.

But it is different now...We now know the meaning of true friendship. We know whom we have kept in touch with over the past year and whom we hold dearest. We've left our high-school worlds to deal with the real world. We've fallen in love and had our hearts broken; we've helped our best friends through the toughest times of their lives, sometimes even with things that their best friends at home couldn't be there for. We've stayed up all night just to be there for a friend. Yes, we've even pulled those all nighters studying because of the infamous procrastination. We've partied the night away and sometimes acted stupidly, but we always supported each other afterwards. There have been times when we've felt so helpless being hours away from home when we know our families or friends needed us most, and there have been times when we know we have made a difference in the lives of our friends. We realize that college friends become a part of our families. This happens because you are around them constantly; you eat together, study together, and watch movies through the night. You laugh, you cry, you fight; you do absolutely nothing together until you cannot seem to remember how you ever lived without them. They become an important part of your life. There are times, however, when you think your best friends back home are the only ones who will understand, but then you look around at those who were once just names on a piece of paper and realize you can count on them for anything. These people have become your best friends, way more than just people you will graduate with, but

friends who will eventually be at your wedding.

A few days from now we will leave this new world. We will take down our pictures, pack up our clothes and everything else in our dorm rooms. No more going down the hall for a quick hello that turns into an hour-long conversation or doing nothing for hours on end. We will leave our college friends whose random emails, text messages, and phone calls will bring us to laughter and tears this summer.

A few days from now we will ar-

rive back to the familiar. We will unpack our bags and have dinner with our families. We will drive over to our best friend's house and sit around for hours. We will return to the same friends whose random emails, text messages, and phone calls have brought us laughter and tears over the past year. We will put our dreams on hold for the summer but never forget about dreaming big.

Strub is an English major at the Mount. To read other articles by Samantha visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.



A MOUNTAIN PERSPECTIVE

The end of the road

Chelsea Baranoski

t's officially the end of the road, the end of four memorable years at Mount St. Mary's University. My final days at the Mount were spent enjoying as much time with my fellow Mounties as possible. When I arrived at the Mount during freshman year, I was bombarded with orientation activities that filled my days from the time I hit my blue alarm clock in the morning sunshine to the time the moon shone over the Mount's scenic campus. I left the Mount in this same fashion. Activities filled my days so that I could not dwell on the fact that I would soon be entering the real world, the world of paychecks, taxes, and early mornings.

This year was the first time in four years that I finished my final exams relatively early. I had one take home exam due on Monday and four exams on Wednesday. Everyone thought that I was nuts taking four exams on Wednesday. I could have gotten my exam schedule changed if I wanted to, but I liked the idea of being finished my senior year by 7pm on Wednesday night. I pulled on my newest little black dress and went to Otts that night to celebrate with my roommate.

I will always remember this last night at Ott's because I whacked my hand on the inside of the Otts van on the way back to Mount St. Mary's. Blood gushed from my hand and my roommate claimed that it was just like a paper cut. This was not the case. One week later, my hand still hurts, I have a scab, and the area around the scab is pink, meaning a scar is likely. Now, whenever I look at my left hand, I will think of my last night at Emmitsburg's famous establishment: The Ott House.

My last Thursday at the Mount was split between working in the Mount's library and helping my mom pack up a few of the one million pounds of college essentials I acquired throughout the year. Everything came down off of the walls: my autographed pictures of Easton Corbin, Steel Magnolia, and Jason Aldean, my pictures of Joe Nichols and Taylor Swift, my bulletin boards filled with pictures of family and friends, and my navy blue Mount St. Mary's pennant. I packed up some of the kitchen things I was so stressed about buying one year before and cleared off some of my desk. I could barely stand looking at my bedroom walls on Thursday night; they were so bare that they reminded me of the blank walls in a hospital. The whiteness hurt my eyes and I was dying to add a splash of color to the walls to brighten my mood. Friday was jam-packed with activities. Since I was going to be one of the Eucharistic Ministers for Saturday's Baccalaureate Mass, I was required to attend a Baccalaureate practice. Immediately after practice, I went on my first

trip to High Rock with my roommates. This trip was truly an adventure; it took us one hour to make the usually half-hour drive to High Rock. None of us knew exactly where High Rock was and we were in Maryland, then in Pennsylvania, then back in Maryland again all within one hour.

After passing what seemed like a million Pen-Mar roads, we stopped at a Pennsylvania Sheetz, where a worker gave my roommate directions to High Rock. After a thousand years of passing the same landmarks over and over again, we reached our destination. And it was worth it! The view from High Rock was amazing! It was truly a view of the small town USA I have fallen in love with: rolling green hills and tilled land stretched as far as my dark brown bespectacled eyes could see.

I particularly liked the saying someone spray-painted on one of the rocks: "Don't worry about a thing, cuz every little thing is gonna be alright." Given some rough experiences I have been dealt in recent weeks, this quote spoke to me. I snapped a picture of this quote to remind myself that there is no need to keep worrying about things; everything will be okay in the end.

Once my roommates and I arrived back at our apartment from the trip to High Rock, we immediately got ready for the senior pig roast. The senior pig roast was held at Thorpewood, which turned out to be a big grassy field in the middle of the forest. Though I was initially upset that my class was celebrating the end of senior year in the middle of the forest instead of on a cruise boat in the middle of the Potomac River, the pig roast turned out to be an "awesome" event, in the words of my roommate, Melissa. The food and drinks were excellent and the DJ played a lot of dance-worthy tunes, including my personal favorite: "Don't Stop Believin.""

And you can bet I recorded my fellow Mounties singing this classic song on my banged-up, four-yearold phone. The pig roast was an excellent opportunity for seniors to connect with old classmates and even professors. Two of my English professors showed up at the beginning of the pig roast. It was great to be able to unwind and talk with them before the big "G" word (graduation ---eeekkk!).

A late night turned into an early morning, for the Baccalaureate Mass was on Saturday. I was nervous about the Baccalaureate Mass because I had to stand up in front of what felt like a million people and distribute communion. My legs were shaking even before I stepped onto the altar to receive the Eucharist. Fr. Brian gave a heartwarming homily to the Class of 2010. Fr. Brian made me laugh when he talked about the Mount seniors leaving Patriot Hall food behind and moving on to the world of microwaveable meals. My roommates know that I would not have survived this vear without the aide of my microwave. How could I use the stove when I practically set my microwave on fire making noodles?

A major part of the Baccalaureate Mass was the hooding ceremony. At the end of the Mass, the professors placed the academic hoods (white for Bachelor of Arts and gold for Bachelor of Science) on the students in the first row. Then, the students hooded each other row by row. Dr. Dorsey, the head of the English department, hooded me. This was special since Dr. Dorsey has proofread and edited many of my articles for the Emmitsburg News Journal. I have also had Dr. Dorsey as a professor for American Experience I and American Experience II.

Baccalaureate led up to the big day: Graduation. When I saw Dr. Dorsey a few minutes before



the sound of Pomp and Circumstance rang through the crowded Knott Arena, I told him that graduation still seemed surreal for me; it did not feel like it was really happening. Indeed, when I processed into Knott Arena, overflowing with emotional and excitable family and friends, I did not feel like I was graduating. Maybe it is because these four years have gone by faster than a race car. Maybe it is because my sister will be attending the Mount next year, so I know I will be back to visit. Maybe it is because deep down, I wish that the graduation from my mountain home was merely a dream.

My favorite part of graduation was our senior class president, Anne Costigan's speech. Anne spoke about the tendency of Mounties to open doors for others. Indeed, I have had many doors opened for me during my time at the Mount. Such a small act is certainly a big deal in a world where so many people allow doors to slam in the faces of the people behind them. Anne took the idea of opening doors to a new level when she discussed the many service projects Mount seniors participated in during their four years on Mary's mountain. Whether it was raising money for Haiti or traveling to Kentucky, Philadelphia, or even Peru, Mount seniors have truly learned the value of hospitality and service to their fellow man.

Before long, it was time for me to walk across the stage and receive my Bachelor of Arts degree in English. I was so nervous because I did not want to walk across the stage in front of so many people. My hands felt like waterfalls and I was trying not to make my legs shake like leaves. I could picture my hat falling off, me tripping over something on the stage, or me falling on the steps that led to the stage.

Luckily, I managed to ascend the stairs gracefully and walk across the stage without a problem. When I returned to my seat, I saw Dr. Dorsey and he asked me if graduation felt real yet. To my surprise, graduation still did not feel real. I keep thinking that I will come back to the Mount in the fall and continue taking English classes, Communications classes, Theology classes, and Spanish classes.

I definitely was not ready to graduate from Mount St. Mary's. But, I know that I can always return to my second home and wander the green fields and remember the four years that transformed me into a woman ready for the working world. I will never forget Mount St. Mary's and I will never forget my fellow Mounties who have left footprints on my heart along the way. Here's to the Mount's Class of 2010!

To read past editions of Chelsea's Mountain Perspective, visit the Author's section of Emmitsburg.net.



STAGES OF LIFE

I'm a dad again Quiet time for Mom and Dad

I'm taking a break this month and thought it would be nice to share come jokes. Enjoy.

The greatest excuse for speeding

A man in his 40's bought a new BMW and was out on the interstate for a nice evening drive. The top was down, the breeze was blowing through what was left of his hair, and he decided to open her up. As the needle jumped up to 80 mph, he suddenly saw flashing red and blue lights behind him.

"There's no way they can catch a BMW," he thought to himself and opened her up further. The needle hit 90, 100.... then the reality of the situation hit him.

"What the hell am I doing?" he

thought and pulled over.

The cop came up to him, took his license without a word, and examined it and the car. "It's been a long day, this is the end of my shift, and it's Friday the 13th. I don't feel like more paperwork, so if you can give me an excuse for your driving that I haven't heard before, you can go."

The guy thinks for a second and says, "Last week my wife ran off with a cop. I was afraid you were trying to give her back."

"Have a nice weekend," said the officer.

A married man left work early one Friday afternoon.

Instead of going home, however, he squandered the weekend (and his paycheck) partying with the boys. When he finally returned home on Sunday night, he ran into a barrage of epithets from his furious wife. After a couple of hours of nagging and berating, his wife asked, "How would you like it if you didn't see me for a couple of days!?!"

nancy craving?

A: Childbirth.

borderline irrational.

labor?

dural?

sure. Is she right?

A: So what's your question?

pregnant.

A: For men to be the ones who get

Q: What is the most reliable method

Q: The more pregnant I get, the more

often strangers smile at me. Why?

A: Cause you're fatter than they are.

Q: My wife is five months pregnant

and so moody that sometimes she's

Q: What's the difference between a 9

month pregnant woman and a model?

A: Nothing (if the pregnant woman's

husband knows what's good for him.

Q: How long is the average woman in

A: Whatever she says divided by two.

Q: My childbirth instructor says it's

not pain I'll feel during labor, but pres-

A: Yes, in the same way that a tornado

Q: When is the best time to get an epi-

might be called an air current.

to determine a baby's sex?

"That would suit me just fine!!!"

Monday went by and the man didn't see his wife. Tuesday and Wednesday came and went with the same result. Come Thursday, the swelling went down a bit and he could see her a little, just out of the corner of his left eye!

Common questions about pregnancy: Q: Should I have a baby after 35? A: No, 35 children is enough. Q: I'm two months pregnant now. When will my baby move? A: With any luck, right after he finishes college. Q: How will I know if my vomiting is morning sickness or the flu?

morning sickness or the flu? A: If it's the flu, you'll get better. Q: What is the most common preg-

parents ourselves – and now I can attest to it - it is so true.

So it comes as no surprise that Fathers Day was first proposed by an adult woman in 1909 to honor her own father. He was a Civil War veteran who was widowed when his wife died during child birth with their sixth child. It wasn't until 1966 that President Johnson declared the 3rd Sunday of June as Father's Day.

Can you imagine? One person raising 6 children – I imagine he was stressed out? Or probably not – he probably went into survival mode. He had to put food on the table and care for 6 children. He had to lead by example. He had to be strong for his kids. He had to comfort the 5 that lost their mother and nurture and raise a new born baby. And that is just one Dad's story. We hear stories all of time of single Moms who work and raise children and sacrifice in order to make a better life for their families. But, for every 4 single moms out there giving it their all for their kids – there is a single Dad doing the same thing.

Parenthood isn't easy. Children change our lives and our priorities. And whether you are a Mom or a Dad, once you figure out how to adjust to these little dears that invade your lives you become a better person for it.

Father's Day is June 20th this year – Celebrate your unsung hero and make him feel special. For all you A: Pregnancy causes anything you want to blame it for. Q: What does it mean when the baby is born with teeth? A: It means that the baby's mother may want to rethink her plans to nurse. Q: What is the best time to wean the baby from nursing? A: When you see teeth marks. Q: Do I have to have a baby shower? A: Not if you change the baby's diaper very quickly. Q: Our baby was born last week. When will my wife begin to feel and act normal again? A: When the kids are in college. Dads out there - including Grand-Dads, Step Dads, Married Dads, Single Dads, Dad-Figures, Daddys

A: Right after you find out you are

Q: Is there any reason I have to be in the

delivery room while my wife is in labor?

A: Not unless the word "alimony"

Q: Is there anything I should avoid

Q: Does pregnancy cause hemor-

while recovering from childbirth?

means anything to you.

A: Yes, pregnancy.

rhoids?

pregnant.

Dads out there – including Grand-Dads, Step Dads, Married Dads, Single Dads, Dad-Figures, Daddys to be and Dads over seas - We Celebrate you. "A man never stands as tall as when he kneels to help a child." - Knights of Pythagoras

Dads - whether you find yourself barbequing, eating breakfast in bed, going out for dinner, receiving a long distance phone call or opening a card or package from hundreds or thousands of miles away – know that you are honored and appreciated.

Have a Great Fathers Day!

To read past editions of Mom's Time Out visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.



Mom's Time Out Unsung hero Abigail Shiyer I was at birthday party yesterday Markows at birthday party yesterday

with about a dozen of the cutest little girls you will ever see. The birthday girl was turning 5 and she had such a wonderful time. There is so much preparation that goes into a child's birthday party - from planning activities, sending out invitations, ordering supplies (we built bears), making the cake, decorating and on and on. The mother of the birthday girl is a mother to 5 children all under the age of 7! I was in awe of her. I have 2 kids at home and would be hard pressed to take on such a feat. But - she didn't seem phased. She never missed a beat. Everyone had a great time.

While I stood in amazement of this "wonder-mom", I came to realize that there was an unsung hero in the back ground. He was taking pictures, applying band aids, per and empty boxes and sticking it into a trash bag just as soon as it was ripped off of the presents, calming a fussy baby, directing people to the bathroom, wiping up spilled juice, and anything else that crept up – he was on it. The birthday girl called him "Daddy" and just about every 10 minutes like clockwork she would run to him and give him a hug or kiss and then run back to her guests. I found myself thinking back to

all of the things that my Dad did for his 5 children. He was always there always loving us – no matter what. As children, we would celebrate my Dad on Father's Day – with a "Happy Fathers Day" and maybe a card... I really can't remember, but now that I am older it means so much more to me. I have heard it said in the past that we never realize the love of our Moms and Dads until we become



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STAGES OF LIFE

Lizzy Bizzy The beginning of summer

Lizzy Ryan

 $B^{
m efore\ school\ ends\ everything}$ is hectic. Everyone just wants to leave. The last week of school consists of last minute learning, an occasional movie and step-up day. Step-up day is when each class goes to the classes that they will have when they are in the next grade. The teachers give us a list of supplies and talk about what we will be doing the next year.

Then we clean the classroom. Yes, we each get a job, like sweeping, mopping and washing the boards. The chairs are scrubbed and stacked, books are looked through for any markings and erased. Everything is ready for the next school year.

As far as the kids in the class, everyone is talking about what they are doing this summer. Some are going to the beach and some aren't going on vacation at all. Such as my family and I.

Our summer consists of no long vacations. Basically the only time we'll be leaving the house is to go on this "Fun Week." My family and I will be going to different places around here - like day trips. Like last year one day we went antique shopping in New Oxford. Another day we went to the Smithsonian of Natural History in Washington. The last day we went to Park City Mall. We are doing the same thing this year. So far we know what one of the days is going to be, which is the Baltimore Aquarium. I am really excited for that.

Another thing I am doing this summer is volunteering at Catoctin Zoo, which will be fun! My mom and my dad will be the ones driving me there. It is only 25 minutes away. Hopefully while I am there I will be working at the petting zoo but I will be doing also other work like helping at the gift shop. I decided to volunteer at the zoo because I love animals and would like to work with animals one day.

We actually just got some new chickens from Murray McMurray Hatchery. They are all exotic. This summer I'll get to watch them grow up! We got some silkies, which are chickens that their feathers feel like



fur, a phoenix chicken, which get twenty foot long tails, and cochins, which are chickens that have feathered feet plus many more. There are twenty-six total. Everyday I go out and hold them and take their pictures to see how they have progressed. The two adult chickens that we have now are doing fine with the new chicks. The chicks are in a large box in the chicken house, so they are kind of protected from the adults.

Another thing I am doing is volunteering as a camp counselor at a camp called Ag Explorers Day Camp. This will be a one week thing. Both of those things, a volunteer at the zoo and a camp counselor, I can use for my service hours. Since I am going into eighth grade, the service hours will be for my Confirmation.

I am also doing another camp called Fiber Camp in which we knit, crochet and needlefelt (which is taking wool and a needle and making different things.). This camp will be three days, and I'm looking forward to it.

One other thing I will do in the summer is visit my friend in Manchester. It's always nice visiting them, but in the summer, it's even better because they have a pool! Since we don't have a pool, I appreciate it even more. Throughout the summer I will probably have friends over at my house to play. Usually when friends come over we go on walks around our property. We look for treasures along the stream, including golf balls, and broken pottery.

Simply Maya Something about my dad

Maya Hand

With Father's Day coming up, I thought I'd write something about what a Father is and a little something about my Dad.

A father takes care of his children but still has good humor. He makes sure his children get what they need, not always what they want. Of course, every once in a while, if the children are very good maybe they'll get something extra they want like French vanilla ice cream from the freezer for dessert. A father reminds us what's important and helps us to stay on the good path. A good father works hard to make money for his family but still spends time with them, like playing a game with his family, watching a movie or maybe just talking.

My Dad is an awesome father, and he's funny too. He calls each of my siblings and me by different names. My dad calls me "Sporty." I like the way he calls me "Sporty" instead of Maya. I can also tell, when he calls me that, he's is in a playful mood. He calls my little brother, Nathaniel, "Little Man." He calls my sister "Bird." Her eyes are blue and she always seems happy. She wakes up early in the morning like a morning lark. My Mom is a morning lark too. But Daddy and I are totally different. We like sleeping in. We're night owls. We like staying up late, but when I wake up in the morning, I don't feel like getting up! Sometimes when I have extra homework, my Dad stays up with me and talks with me. He helps me study or helps me if I have questions.

I like the way my Dad enjoys sharing his experiences with me. I also like how he talks about social studies, history and science. I always enjoy talking with him. Those conversations are cherished memo-

ries of mine. When we are talking about things, I ask lots of questions and it leads into a whole different discussion. I remember once when my sister and I were in the car, and Daddy was talking to us about history and the government. We were driving to Mimi and Popop's house. The drive took us a few hours, but the conversation made the ride seem to go faster. When he talks, time always goes quickly. I think it's because I really enjoy listening.

One of the things I love most about my father is when he laughs. When he laughs I can see joy in his face. It makes me feel joyful too and makes me want to smile and laugh back. One thing that makes him laugh is when he and I have flexibility competitions sometimes after dance class or in the living room at home. Usually I win, but every once in a while, he'll do better than me. I don't know how! I usually win when we do splits. But when we stretch to touch our toes, he wins. And I definitely win on a backbend. He doesn't even try that one!

What I'm about to share with you is an inspirational growth of my heart, poetry about my father and what he means to me.

What it Means to Me

- Do you know what it means to me to have a father?
- Someone who loves his daughter? To have someone, besides me, Who is stressed with paper work? To have someone to squeeze When they come home from work? Someone who takes me out to see Different sites and places things he's seen... not me?
- He's such an important part of my heart and mind.
- So funny, helpful and kind. He takes time



To spend with his family. Without my father, there would be no me. I love him so, you see. He always tries to do what's best For his family.

- Do you know what it means to me to have a father?
- Someone who loves his daughter? To have someone who's proud of me every day,
- Whether I did something special, or just ok?
- To have someone who loves me for who I am,
- Someone who's a hard working and loving man?

Someone I love when he laughs? Someone who swings me around and likes taking long naps?

So, on Father's Day

- When we wake and rise
- We find all our memories of our Fathers
- And celebrate them, with family, side by side.

I hope you enjoyed my poem. My dad really is a big part of my life. This is his Father's Day gift from me. May I make a suggestion for a gift for your father? Maybe write him a nice long card that really expresses feelings from your heart. Don't worry about buying something, just make him something sincere. Or maybe you could give your father a big hug and tell him a list of things you love about him. I know my Dad is probably reading this right now... to my dad and to all fathers, Happy Father's Day!



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STAGES OF LIFE

A teen's view Summer plans

Kat Dart

The other day, I was asked a very L interesting and thought provoking question.

Why do you write?

The obvious answer was, writing to me is my passion. It is something I am good at. I can work on it anywhere and decide whether or not I receive criticism. I can work alone or surrounded; it doesn't matter.

One of my other passions in life, which surprises many people, is singing. But I have to be alone to sing. I can't do it in school or in company. I receive unwanted criticism towards my voice. I didn't ask to be criticized, I like the way I sing. Just like I like the way I write.

And the way I draw. Fairies and dragons are my favorite subjects - I don't care what people will think of it. I've gotten criticized for the way my sketches come out. Again, I always appreciate someone's opinion. That doesn't mean I asked for it. It's my imagination, my creation.

Nobody can change that. It is not a talent that belongs to them. It belongs to me and me alone. I will take criticism. That does not mean I will obey it.

That was my obvious response.

My not - so - obvious response is a bit more selfish. I write in hopes that one day I will rise up. I will be able change the world. I will be great, and no one will be in my way.

I know of some rumors and sup-

posedly secret commentary that happens behind my back (in all honesty, behind everyone's back there is someone who will tease); and somewhere in my mind, I always think, one day I will be better than them all. It doesn't matter who they are or who listens to them. It doesn't matter if people think of me in a positive or negative light. I will, one day, be astonishing.

But hey, mostly everyone dreams of being famous. Is it so wrong for me to start taking the steps now? I don't think so. I have happily begun to prepare the world for my arrival. I'm preparing for colleges already. I have a clear vision of what I want. And I'm positive, that with help from friends, I can make it.

Friends. For many, the definition varies. Is a friend a person who you can gossip to? Or a person you feel comfortable around? How do you know when they count themselves as your friend? It's a big question, and one that I am sure many people ask. I think of a friend as the person who will never believe anything about you until they hear it from you. That shows trust.

One of my questions on people is: how do you know what they think of you? Earlier today, I was informed by an acquaintance that I was a lot tougher than a few people thought I was, and he was surprised that I actually had a backbone.

My first though was honestly, wow! What a backhanded compli-



ment! My second thought was more along the lines of, why did he think that in the first place?

Either way, I figured out then that I was truly counted as friend in this boy.

Then, of course, one of my other friends just had to ruin the moment with her panic about the HSAs.

In Catoctin, AP tests are finished and HSAs, or High School Assessments, are almost done. I'm pretty sure over half the school is currently thanking whatever deity they believe in. After all, we get out on June

In other school-related activities, the high school's musical 'Little Women' was opened on Mother's Day weekend - it was a very sad play, but funny in some parts and everyone in it was so enthusiastic and happy to be performing after weeks of practice!

Also, on May 15, Catoctin High School's Chorus, Chamber Orchestra, and Percussionists preformed their spring music festival. I personally think it was better than the winter one - everyone had gotten a lot more weeks of music practice to go on. The percussionists, as usual, were loud, and nearly managed to break the music teacher's recorder! Everyone loved their pieces - Melancholia, a very dark and kind of a scary piece, and Sambach, a fast-paced dance - type piece.

The Chamber Orchestra (in which I play first and second violin!) played three songs, the Artist's Life Waltz, a fast waltz, Shannon Falls, a slow and steady piece, and Lake Dance, which apparently made a girl in the audience cry because she thought it was beautiful.

I just hope I'll be able to complete everything I want to complete this summer!

A teen's view

Finally!

Danielle Ryan

What is on every teen's mind at this very moment? The end of the school year and the arrival of summer! Yes, the end of the school year has finally arrived. Every teen across America is probably thinking about this very thought right now. By this time most kids are itching to get out of school. We have become tired and bored of sitting in school and learning. The routine has become too monotonous for most teens. For the whole school year I have had the thoughts of summer and what it could bring in the back of my mind. For the last couple of weeks, however, I have thought nothing else other than that of being out of school finally and having the summer all to myself.

The arrival of summer can't be perfect though. There are some undesired aspects that come along with the arrival of summer. One of the unfortunate things that come with the arrival of summer is that school seems to become hastened and much faster paced. For the last month or two of school the teachers love to cram as much material into our brains as possible.

It sometimes seems as if we are taught more information in the last month or two of school than we are taught in four months of school. Labs, packets, vocabulary, worksheets, and homework come to us all in a hurry. Even worse, the teachers seem to assign all of these assignments to be due on the same exact day with an occasional day or two space in between. The last two weeks of school bring about several tests a day and, of course, the infamous final exams.

Final exams always seem worse than the midterm exams. This is probably due to the fact that some finals are cumulative, meaning that we are tested on all of the information that we learned throughout the year. Another reason that finals may seem worse is that midterms don't excite most people. They only cover material from one semester and people generally just don't get too concerned about them. Finals, on the other hand, tend to make people more anxious. They cover more material, and like I said, a good amount of the material that is on the finals is information that has been crammed into the schedule, or sometimes not even taught at all.



to look forward to about the end of this year is that I will be a senior next year. All of the juniors in my class are really excited to be seniors. With this excitement though, there comes an element of fear. Some of us, myself included, have a part within us saying, "Wait, slow down. I'm not ready to be a senior yet." This fear is to be expected though. There are many big, important decisions that we have to make during our senior year. Luckily we have all summer to "prepare" ourselves to become seniors.

Currently, in my high school, the seniors are no longer in school. Their last week has been completed and they are done. All they are waiting for is graduation. It is a very odd feeling knowing that my class is the oldest class in the school right now. The halls feel very empty and so do some of my classes. Just to think that next year, that will be me.

Finals and last minute learning are not the only things that come with the end of the year: summer, of course, comes also. Everyone loves summer. Every teen looks forward to summer. With summer comes vacation, free time spent with friends, relaxation, camps, parties, and so much more.

Although, with summer comes summer jobs. Most teenagers that are sixteen, seventeen and eighteen years old know that summer jobs will become a priority during the summer. Finding a summer job is not always the easiest task though. Many teenagers begin looking for jobs before the school year ends, sometimes as early as February or March. But, many find that employers are not interested in hiring potential employees who can only work one or two times a week or who can only work during the summer. Jobs are out there though, it is just finding them that can be a challenge sometimes. Summer may not last long, but every teen looks forward to the three months of time spent, for the most part, in the way that they want to spend it. We love not being in school, not learning, having fun, and relaxing by taking time for ourselves instead of focusing on getting homework done or studying for a test.



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Frost's depiction when Frost no longer has dictation

Katherine Au MSM Class of 1998

For once, then, Something By Robert Frost

- Others taunt me with having knelt at well-curbs
- Always wrong to the light, so never seeing
- Deeper down in the well than where the water
- Gives me back in a shining surface picture
- Me myself in the summer heaven godlike
- Looking out of a wreath of fern and cloud puffs.
- Once, when trying with chin against a well-curb,
- I discerned, as I thought, beyond the picture,
- Through the picture, a something white, uncertain,
- Something more of the depths and then I lost it.
- Water came to rebuke the too clear water.
- One drop fell from a fern, and lo, a ripple
- Shook whatever it was lay there at bottom,
- Blurred it, blotted it out. What was that whiteness?
- Truth? A pebble of quartz? For once, then, something.

Summer is the time when we tend to move a little slower, look a little deeper, be more productive. Perhaps it is that there is more natural light to work by, or that it is the time to harvest much of the foods we eat, or perhaps it's just that the heat and humidity sometimes slows us down. We may not even be conscious of what is happening, but when we slow down, we have time to think, to reflect. With Frost, we can "look into the well"; we can see

June is the mark of the beginning of Summer, June 21st , to be specific. That is the date of Summer Solstice. It is the day of the year that has the most sunlight, the day of the year that we call the longest. It is a date that oftentimes marks a day of weddings, celebrations, festivals. It is the day when we can all breathe a sigh of relief that summer has officially begun. Symbolically, the date suggests we value light over darkness, warmth over the cold. We turn to the sun as the source of light, the source of warmth, the source of life.

something that is deeper down.

Robert Frost talks about never seeing deeper in the well than beyond the surface. Maybe it's that the light fades too quickly in spring and is shortest in winter. Maybe it's that it seems in summer we can take a breath and find the time to look deeper, delve into more meaningful tasks. Summer is typically the time of vacations for many, and some could say that's a time of frivolity, but I could argue it actually is a time of meaning. We bond with our families, we rejuvenate ourselves, we take time for ourselves to do what has the most meaning to us in order to recharge our spirits. June 21st marks the beginning of that time.

The Summer Solstice occurs exactly when the Earth's axial tilt is closest to the sun, thus making that day the longest of the year. It is the day with the longest lapse of time between sunrise and sunset. It is the mark of Summer. It is the start of Summer. For some it has been commonly held as the recognition of the signs of fertility which involve festivities, holidays, gatherings, rituals, or celebrations commemorating its start. Beyond recorded time, we find evidence that the solstice occurrence had special significance. For example, the Stonehenge monolithic structure in England was constructed with an awareness of the length of the sun's rays.

The term "solstice" comes from the Latin words of "sun" and "to stand still" and that is the whole of what the day both symbolizes and actualizes. In the Northern Hemisphere the day in June is the longest day of the year. (In the Southern Hemisphere, the year's longest day is in December, but the significance is the same.)

Some cultures have just called it Summer Solstice or Midsummer (although it is actually the beginning of Summer); other cultures have called it by other names. For instance, the Chinese marked the date by honoring the Chinese Goddess of Light, Li. The Druids marked the day as the 'wedding of Heaven and Earth,' thus marking it as the lucky wedding day in June - a day that one of my cousins chose as his wedding day several years ago; they are still very much in love and happily married, so it seems to have been a good choice of wedding days for them.

In short, the summer solstice means many things to many people, both now and throughout time. Much of that meaning is perhaps lost to us unless we become more conscious, more reflective. The reality of our lives is that life is cyclical; we live our lives from season to season, and each season comes to us with symbolic meaning if we, like Frost, look deeper. Frost tells us that we often have "knelt at well-curbs / Always wrong to the light, so never seeing / Deeper down in the well. . ." Unless we look deeper and from a different perspective, we only see a reflection of ourselves, a reflection of what is on the surface, a reflection of what we have already seen, what we already know. It is when



we change our perspective, when we look again from a different and more open mind, that we see something we had not thought was there. That is when we see "for once, then, something." We see "more of the depths." The deeper we look, the more meaning we find. The more meaning we find, the more our lives become enriched.

The summer solstice reminds us to slow down, to look deeper. But it also reminds us that time is fleeting, that in the seasons of the year we move toward the lengthening sun but then just as quickly move away from it. The longest day of the year lasts but one day. The earth's axial move has been moving to that point since December 22; once it arrives, the axial move then begins on June 22 to return toward earth's shortest day on December 21.

For me, June and its Summer Solstice mark when I know I will see fireflies again. I've begun to see one or two early risers peeping out here and there at night, but I know I will see multitudes by the end of the month. For their brief time here each Summer they delight me – lighting up like no other bug. It's as if the grass becomes lit with dew drops each night; even on nights when there is no moon or only clouds overhead, they still light. They come and shine and light up the evening ground for their brief time each summer, but almost as quickly as they come, they depart. And with their departure, we witness the transition of summer fading sometime soon into the fall, another movement in the cycles of our lives. Robert Frost also tells us of the fireflies:

- Fireflies in the Garden
- By Robert Frost
- Here come real stars to fill the upper skies,
- And here on earth come emulating flies,
- That though they never equal stars in size,
- (And they were never really stars at heart)
- Achieve at times a very star-like start.
- Only, of course, they can't sustain the part.

Frost knows, as do we, that fireflies "can't sustain the part"; they are not, nor can they be, the stars in the skies because "they were never really stars at heart." What the fireflies do for us, however, is to give us yet another example of seasonal joy, a joy that is a part of summer. That particular joy will not stay, but that makes it all the more important to enjoy it when it lights up our world.

I am reminded of the opening lines of The Byrds classic song (with credit to Ecclesiastes): "To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven." The summer solstice marks one of those important seasons--may we all live it, appreciate it, enjoy it.





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COLD WAR WARRIORS The Cuban Missile Crisis

Captain John Murphy, USN Retired

Late in October 1962 the U.S. Quarantine forces became concerned about the presence of four or more Soviet Foxtrot class submarines (diesels) operating in or near the Quarantine line which was then about 500 miles east of Cuba. What we did not know back then was that these submarines all carried nuclear weapons.

This fact became known in 2002 when it was published in a Russian book "The Cuban Samba of the Foxtrot Quartette ". Something that President Kennedy's Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara (1916-2009) believed could have been a game changer. That, at the time of the incident, Kennedy was being pushed to invade Cuba. McNamara believed that the Soviets might have responded to such an invasion by firing their nuclear torpedoes which could have triggered nuclear war. Sound crazy? Read on !

As I recall the incident, a single diesel submarine was being aggressively pursued by U.S. Navy ships and aircraft on 1 November, 1962. I remember thinking "We must be driving them crazy. "I would not learn how close I was to the truth for another forty years. At the time, I thought that this minor incident was almost laughable. Little did I know back then - that the encounter came very close to triggering World War III. At a time when we thought the crisis was coming to and end.

We had been tracking four or five Soviet Foxtrot submarines for over a month and knew that they were now in the area of our Quarantine forces east of Cuba. The U.S. Navy had its best, antisubmarine forces near the Quarantine line. Ships and aircraft backed up by long range, surveillance sensor systems such as SO-SUS (Sound Surveillance System) and BULLSEYE (Radio Direction Finding) which had tracked the subs since they left their bases near Murmansk. Once a submarine entered the Quarantine area it would be detected and then pursued aggressively. On 1 November the group of four Soviet Foxtrots was in the Quarantine area and being harassed with practice depth charges while submerged. After 18 hours of this treatment, one of the Foxtrots came to the surface and was challenged by the destroyer - USS Cecil (DD 835).

When asked for its name - the sub responded with ?????? (KOR-ABL). Shortly afterwards, a sailor came running into our Intelligence Unit at CINCLANT Hqs saying "Mr. Murphy, we challenged that Foxtrot that Cecil just surfaced and he gave us his name. Can you translate it for us ? "I told him that the name he had been given meant " SHIP " in Russian. The Foxtrot's commander had shown some character and wit at a stressful time.

Forty years later I heard the Soviet version of the incident for the first time. It was a much grimmer tale to say the least. In the Russian book "The Cuban Samba of the Foxtrot Quartette " (Military Parade Magazine by Alexander Mozgovoi, 2002) the intense pursuit of a group of four Foxtrot submarines enroute Cuba is described in detail. To the Soviets, we literally had the four Foxtrots dancing a Cuban samba. The book takes particular note of a Foxtrot commanded by Captain Valentin Savitskiy. He tells how the Americans spotted it on the surface and how the sub submerged to escape further contact. American ships then encircled the sub and began dropping "stun grenades ". The attacks went on for several hours and Savitskiy's crew was in shock. Oxygen was running low and the heat in the submarine was up to 122 degrees Farenheit. After a particularly large explosion burst near the sub, Captain Savitskiy became enraged and ordered the arming of a nuclear torpedo. " There



The destroyer USS Cecil with the Soviet Foxtrot submarine described in this incident

may be a war going on up there and we are trapped down here doing somersaults ! We are going to hit them hard. We may die ourselves. We will sink them, but not stain our Navy's honor. " Savitskiy eventually controlled his temper and ordered the Foxtrot to surface where it was met by U.S. Navy ships and a helicopter which bathed them with a searchlight. We felt like a wolf hunted down " an officer recalled. " It was a beautiful, but frightful scene. " Author Mozgovoy notes that use of nuclear weapons would have required the specific authorization of the Soviet Defense Minister, but the aggressive U.S. Navy pursuit of Savitskiy's submarine made it impossible for him to surface for his regular communications sessions with Moscow. Mozgovoy also notes that none of the other three Foxtrot submarine commanders considered using their nuclear weapons, but that "Savitskiy's crew was under terrible pressure at the moment - both psychologically and physically."

We know now that the four Foxtrots were trying to transit past our Quarantine line to reach a new, Soviet submarine base being created for them at Cienfuegos, Cuba. That they left their base area near Murmansk in late September and transited southward through the Atlantic.

I became particularly conscious

of them right about the time we deployed the Quarantine Force (Monday, 22 October, 1962) because it seemed we were always seeing reports of a Foxtrot on the surface. At the time we thought this was a single sub that was having problems of some sort. Also, we had a lot more to worry about than one Foxtrot. There were probably about 24 diesel and nuclear submarines operating in the Atlantic and Caribbean during the Cuban Missile Crisis. We were more worried about the nuclear submarines because of their speed and ability to remain submerged so long. They were not as "observable " as the four Foxtrots. Also, late October 1962 was a transitional time in the Cuban Missile Crisis. It looked like things were going well, but the situation remained volatile. Both Kennedy and Khrushchev were aware that a seemingly minor incident could still trigger nuclear war. Khrushchev in his exchanges with Kennedy had noted " If war should break out there is no way either of us can control what happens next. This is the logic of war". Also Khrushchev noted "They would " clash like blind moles, and then reciprocal extermination would begin."

By 1 November we had seen that the Soviets were not going to try and "run " the Quarantine line with ships enroute Cuba. Also, Khrushchev had told us that he was backing off and would remove his missiles. Now we just had to stay alert and keep track of the Bloc ships to the east of the Quarantine line and start inspecting any and all ships carrying the Soviet weapons out of Cuba.

In 1992 I told this story to a group of Soviet scientists and Soviet naval officers who had helped design the Foxtrot class submarines at the prestigious, Krylov Shipbuilding Institute in St. Petersburg. They loved it. Especially when I came to the punch line and asked the KGB officer across from me to translate (for the Americans present) the response to USS Cecil's challenge. "?-?-?-?.". "S-H-I-P "! The room exploded in laughter. A great joke in 1992. Not so funny when we learned about Captain Savitskiy's real mindset in 2002 - 40 years after the Cuban Missile Crisis.

To read other articles by Captain John Murphy, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.





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HISTORICAL HUMOR The real history of the Strawberry Daiquiri

Michael Hillman

During recent renovations aimed at turning the old summer kitchen into a library, it was necessary to tear down one of the original walls. To much of my surprise, the falling plaster revealed a package securely stowed between two beams. Intrigued, I reached down and carefully unwrapped it. Inside was a bundle of hand written stories and a carefully sealed envelope, on which was written the following:

Folklore: The blending of historical and ludicrous facts, often the result of delusions brought about by the fermented juices of sugar cane.

As I carefully open the envelope, the unmistakable smell of summer strawberries knocked me to the floor. When I awoke, I found the content of the packages spread all around me. Feeling dizzy, I picked up the closest story and began to read.

Back in the days before refrigerators, ice was a precious commodity. Because of its value, ice was harvested all winter long from Tom's Creek and its tributaries. Once the ice had achieved sufficient thickness (usually 6 inches), it was cut into sheets and carted off to ice barns. Ice barns, or ice cellars to be more accurate, were large pits in the ground below normal barns, surrounded by thick layers of straw for insulation. Once the pit was full, another thick layer of straw was placed over the cold treasure. Ice, of sufficient quantity, and properly insulated, would last well into the hot summer months.

For the better part of the 1800's, the Zacharias' family was known for their ice cream. Mathias Zacharias discovered the recipe for ice cream back in 1805 when he was experimenting with methods to improve the length of time that milk could remain fresh. Well aware that salt was effective in maintaining meats, Mathias took the bold step of mixing salt with crushed ice, and then packed the mixture around an old sugar canister which he had filled ith cream. Mathias instructed his children Mathias, Christian, John, and Mary, to stir the milk aggressively once an hour and headed off to do his farm chores. The following day as Mathias loaded his canisters of milk onto the wagon for his daily trip into town, the cap fell off the canister of cream that had been chilled, spilling a thick goo all over the buck board. When Mathias returned with a pail of water to wash the spill away, he discovered his children fighting over the goo. Mathias, always quick on the uptake, realized that he might be onto something. Over the ensuing year, Mathias fine-tuned his process for making his "ice cream". The most significant advancement, the idea of adding fruits to flavor it, is credited to his wife Ann. Over the years, Ann tried many fruits, with varying degrees of success. Her strawberries however, which she cultivated in a special little patch on the northeast corner of the farm, were renowned for their sweetness and were always a hit when added to Mathias' ice cream.

In 1814, the Zacharias family summer ice cream socials were interrupted by the British invasion of Maryland and the capture of Washington D.C. Having been present at Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown, Mathias could not restrain himself, and joined in the effort to recapture the capitol. As fate would have it, Mathias arrived just as the British were withdrawing. Being one of the first soldiers on the scene, Mathias was requested to inspect the President's house, which the British had attempted to burn.

On completing his assignment, Mathias was greeted by a grateful Dolly Madison, who rewarded his courage with a keg of rum that the British had forgotten. While humble by nature, Mathias was nevertheless flattered at being recognized by an individual of such importance. Feeling the need to return her kindness, Mathias was chagrined that the only thing he thought worth offering was his recipe for ice cream. However, Dolly, who was known for throwing lavish parties, was always on the lookout for new ways to entertain. She listened attentively and took notes as Mathias told his tale.

When he was finally done, Mathias felt a little embarrassed, as if he had not given enough. Almost as an after thought, Mathias turned to the burnt Presidential house and remarked that a coat of white paint would make it look good as new. Dolly turned to the house, nodded her head and agreed "Yes, white would look nice."

As he started to leave, Mathias turned one last time, "Up in our parts we name our houses. You should give it a grand name after you paint it white."

Dolly smiled at Mathias and thought for a minute. "Have a sug-



Emmitsburg native and confederate spy James Welty, who because of his debonair style was given the code name 'Daiquiri' by Lee's French advisors.

the family farm, was carrying on the family tradition of ice cream socials. With tension high over rumors of the South's plan to invade Maryland, conversations turned to incidents that occurred the last time Maryland was invaded. Christian's rendition of his father's chance meeting with Dolly Madison and his claim that ice cream had been invented by the Zacharias family, met with hoots and hollers from the assembled neighbors and friends.

Taunted with "prove it's", a jury of men were selected to view his evidence. After swearing an oath of secrecy, Christian led the group down into the basement of his ice barn. To much of the amazement of the group, Christian pulled away a false wall, behind which sat a keg of rum, stamped with a Royal Navy seal dated 1813. Returning to the social, the jury unanimously voted in front of all that the evidence they had seen proved conclusively that Christian's claim that Zacharias had invented ice cream was indeed true. And true to their oath, the jury refused to divulge the nature of the evidence they had seen.

For the following week, Chrisan and his neighbors worked feverishly to bring in the year's first cutting of hay; all the while however, their minds were on that keg of rum. With the hay safely put away, Christian and his friends gathered at the appointed hour in the woods next to his mother's old strawberry patch, which his wife Sarah now tended to. The keg of rum was quickly tapped and a portion of its contents passed around to all the celebrants. Being prohibitionists by nature, the rum brought on much coughing, gasping, and throat clearing. The record gets a little bit fuzzy here, but sometime during that evening it was supposedly suggested by someone that fruit should be added to 'smooth' the taste of the rum. All eyes turned in unison to the welltended strawberry patch.

cream last week, do you think she'll notice if we take any."

Christian hemmed and hawed. Stealing away and drinking rum with his friends was one thing but plundering his wife's strawberry patch was another, especially if they were going to be added to the rum. The rum however got the better of him, and within minutes of giving his goahead, the group descended upon the patch like locusts upon a wheat field.

Once securely back in the woods, the strawberries were mashed and mixed with the rum and ice. The addition of the strawberries met with everyone's approval, and over the ensuing evening, the quantity of the various ingredients were altered and tested to produce the 'perfect smoothness'. As the evening progressed, the conversation turned to the war and the talk of Lee's intended invasion of Maryland and the Union's intention to block the advancement at Emmitsburg.

Unbeknownst to the party participants, James Welty had been recruited as a spy for the Confederacy. Because of his handsome appearance, and debonair style, he had drawn the attention of the French officers advising General Lee, who gave him the code name 'Daiquiri.' While James' neighbors fell under the influence of the rum, James sat back and listened, gathering valuable intelligence on local food supplies, foraging conditions, union troop strength, and possible union fortification sites. It was late in the evening when the last drop of the rum was consumed. Those who could still manage to walk loaded those unable to

into wagons. Swearing an oath to never reveal the night's debauchery, they all headed off in different directions. The wagon train back to Emmitsburg was long and boisterous, much to the dismay of the other party goers, who were trying to sneak back into their own farm houses.

That evening, June 15, 1863, the great Emmitsburg fire occurred, starting in the livery stables of Gunther & Beam, the final destination of the boisterous wagon train. I'll leave the origins of the fire and its relationship to the first Stony Branch Daiquiri party to the reader's imagination. Suffice it to say, the next day, party participants were universally mum about their activities the night before.

The final recipe for the strawberry rum drink invented that night would have been lost to antiquity if not for the efforts of James Welty. Being the only one sober of mind throughout most of the evening, James recognized a great business when he saw one, or in this case, drank one. James wrote the final recipe down, shoved it into his pocket and then joined the others in polishing off the rum. Unfortunately for James, the rum obliterated his memory of all the intelligence he had gathered on the union positions around Emmitsburg and Gettysburg. Without this vital information, a frustrated Lee proceeded into the North blind, and stumbled into Gettysburg. Following the defeat at Gettysburg, their paths crossed one last time. Lee's only comment to Emmitsburg's Confederate spy was "Gettysburg, the war, all lost because of Strawberries, Daiquiri?"

A disgraced James returned to the south where, to make ends meet, he began marketing the strawberry and rum mixture under his code name: Daiquiri. It became an instant success. The fortune James made however was short lived. The collapse of the southern cause, and with it the Confederate currency, erased all his profits. The Strawberry Daiquiri, however, lived on, and as we know, became the mainstay of many a Southern social party.

Before he died James passed the original recipe for Stony Branch Strawberry Daiquiris onto his niece Mary A. Welty, who in 1888, purchased the windy meadow upon which lay the strawberry patch planted by Mary Zacharias one hundred years before. Before selling her home to James Schealy in 1918, Mary documented for prosperity, the above story and sealed it in a wall, along with seeds from the original plot and a treasure trove of other memorable stories and folklore.

Sestion.

Mathias looked about him at the many colors that adorned the surrounding houses and after reflecting for a minute proposed: "How about simply calling it the White House. It will be the only white one on the block, so it will be easy to find."

The president's wife shook here head in amazement at his lack of imagination, but wishing not to offend him, agreed to consider his suggestion and take it up with the President.

With Washington safely back in American hands, Mathias returned to his farm. As for his ice cream recipe, it was a hit in the Washington social scene, and as everyone knows, Dolly Madison was given credit for inventing it.

The story now fast-forwards to June 1863. Christian Zacharias, who had inherited Single Delight,

'Hey Christian, your wife's strawberries tasted pretty sweet in that ice



THE ZOOKEEPER Navigating the mine field

Layla Watkins

few weeks ago, I had just put ${
m A}_{
m Gavin}$ down for the night and came downstairs to get a new light bulb for the night light in the hallway. I just happened to glance out the window and when I did, I saw ambulance lights at the end of our neighbors' driveway.

My first thought was that someone had been pulling out of their blind-curve driveway and been hit, so I called their cell phone to see if they were ok - no answer. Then I called the house - again, no answer. I ran back upstairs to tell Wayne and Kara that I was going over to their house to make sure they were ok. Just as I was putting my shoes on, they called back.

One of their kids had a friend over to play and he'd gotten hurt. The ambulance was sitting at the end of their driveway because the paramedics were evaluating whether he should be taken to Frederick or if he needed to go to the Shock/Trauma center in Hagerstown. They had just come back up to the house to pack up their other kids so they could go and meet the boy's parents at the hospital. I told them to leave their kids at home and I'd come over and stay with them. When I got there, they filled me in on what had happened.

It started with typical "boys will be boys" kind of play - they were sword fighting with sticks. When the adults put a stop to that, the boys took to launching pine cones over a big dirt mound. When they exhausted their supply of pine cone ammo, they resorted to launching clumps of dirt. Unfortunately, unbeknownst to their son, one of the dirt clumps had a rock in it and when his friend bent down to get more dirt, the dirt covered

rock hit him in the head. The result was a long, deep gash...and a lot of blood.

Fortunately, the boy is ok. He went to Frederick and ended up needing quite a few stitches, but there was no other physical trauma. As for emotional trauma, I think my neighbors and the boy's parents bore the brunt of that. To say they felt horrible is the understatement of the year.

And just in case there are those who might judge my neighbors as irresponsible or negligent you could not be further from the truth. The pine cone to dirt clump transition happened in the two minutes my neighbor went inside to get them drinks. As every parent knows, it is just not humanly possibly to supervise your kids' every movement, every waking moment of the day. And even if we could, should we?

Gavin and Kara have recently taken to tree climbing. Do I stop them because they might fall? Or do I simply stand at the bottom, holding my breath, and tell them "that's high enough." But what about when I have to come inside and make dinner? Do I let them keep playing, trusting that they will respect the established height limit or bring them inside with me to sit at the table while I cook?

Last summer, Kara was playing on the trapeze bar on the swing set, lost her grip and did a belly flop off the bar. Other than a fat lip, she was ok but she could've broken her neck. A few days later, she was ready to get back on it. I was proud of her courage, but obviously afraid that she might not be so lucky the next time - because you know, there will be a next time...eventually.

As if we didn't have enough to worry about with their day to day activities, FCPS recently reminded me of the need to address some of the more ominous threats our kids face. FCPS has added an updated Personal Safety Unit to the curriculum that doesn't stop at "how to cross the street." It includes basic safety lessons but also expands to address abuse, neglect, and molestation

I went to the Parent Overview session they offered, and while I'm sure there are some that will disagree, I personally felt it was well presented, thorough, and age appropriate. I also appreciated the fact that they offered literature and other guidance to



help parents initiate and continue discussions at home.

Wayne and I have always made a point of being open, honest, and forthcoming in such discussions with our kids. But I also know that sometimes our kids pay more attention when the lesson is coming from someone else - a teacher, guidance counselor, anyone besides mom or dad. So thank you FCPS - I'll take all the help I can get.

Parenting really is like navigating a mine field - Dangers await our kids at every turn. But somehow we must help them find their way through safely without squelching their adventurous spirits or doing them an eventual disservice by being over protective. It's a fine line, but my hope is that if I can teach them to find their own way through, instead of leading them every step of the way, they might just make it through relatively unscathed.

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



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ARTISTS OF THE MONTH



New Oxford resident Tiffany Har-man came to the Kindermusik children's music-education program through the classroom, as a parent. "My oldest daughter was 15 months old when I put her in the program, and I really enjoyed seeing what she got out of it," says Harman of her eldest daughter, now 14. "She got started in dancing through Kindermusik, and she's been dancing ever since, both professionally and as an amateur. My younger daughter was probably 18 months when I started her in the program. It was a wonderful experience for her as well - in fact these days she helps me in the classes. The kids love her.'

Harman liked what she saw in her daughters' Kindermusik classes so much that it wasn't long before she started looking into becoming a licensed Kindermusik educator herself. She opened her New Oxford studio, Rhythm-N-Harmony, in 2007, and also began teaching classes in a studio in Mechanicsburg. It didn't take long for things to take off. "I ran a couple advertising blurbs and did some demo classes at the local libraries, and when the parents saw how the kids were interacting with the way I taught the classes, it went really well," she says. Harman teaches morning and evening classes at both locations and has about 70 students currently. She is known to her students as Miss Tiffany.

Kindermusik - "the most respected name in musical learning," says Harman - teaches children about music and movement through a variety of activities. "Their curricula are taught through music and age-appropriate activities which change each semester," Harman says. "The teacher has a lot to do with how it's projected and how they interact with the child and parent to make the experience a success."

It's easy to see that Harman is passionate about Kindermusik. "If you have a child that has any time of attention to music, you should look into Kindermusik," she says. "They'll come out understanding and appreciating all different genres of music. And studies have shown that the literacy rate of Kindermusik students is extremely high - something like 94 percent of the children that go through the program are reading at age 4 or 5 or 6. That's huge." Harman says that she loves watching a child grow and progress through music so that they are ready to approach an instrument, dance, sing or simply have a love for music.

This summer Harman will teach a Kindermusik camp through the Adams County Arts Council's Imagination Station for kids ages 4 through 7. Called "Music Around the World," the camp will meet from 9:00 A.M. to 12:00 P.M., June 21 through 25, at the Gettysburg Dance Center, 1685 Fairfield Road, Gettysburg.

"In this camp we explore a different country each day - Mexico, Germany, Japan, Africa, and England," says Harman. "The kids will get a traveler's bag and each morning they decorate the bag according to the country. Then we'll explore the area in a musical way. The children will learn about the region through music, dance, instruments, culture, geography. They'll make their own instruments, experiment with different types of musical sounds and different regional dances. We'll talk about where the region is on the globe and look at pictures and other items from the region. It's not only a music lesson, it's also a history and geography lesson. It's quite an interesting camp - I taught the class last year

and the kids absolutely loved it. I had a great response from the parents as well."

Harman is especially well-suited to lead this camp, she says. "I'm passionate about this subject in particular because I enjoy traveling - I've traveled to a lot of these places myself, so I can interject some of my personal experience into this curriculum as well."

Harman teaches core Kindermusik classes in her New Oxford studio and in Mechanicsburg through 14-week semesters in the fall and spring.

"Our Village class is for children from birth through 18 months, and it's a wonderful introduction to the Kindermusik program" she explains. "Then we have the Our Time class, which is for children 18 months to three years. This class is a fun, exploring class that teaches the child beat, rhythm and movement through activities. These classes are taught with the parents, so they have a hands-on appreciation for what's going on in the classroom, and they can take what they've learned in the class and incorporate it in their home structure as well," says Harman.

"Then our Imagine That class is for children from three-and-a-half through age five. That class is exactly what it sounds like - we do all kinds

of things using music, instruments and the children's imaginations. In this class the parents participate just for the last 15 minutes of class, and we'll do one or two additional activities with the parents.

"Each semester the curriculum changes," she continues. "I just got through my spring semester for Imagine That, and the theme was Hello Weather. We talked about rain and sun and wind, snow and rainbows, all about the weather and incorporated songs and activities around those themes.

"Each class comes with a home materials kit which helps the parent better understand the curriculum and what we're going to do," says Harman. "It comes with two CDs of all the music the children will learn. They get an instrument and literature books to work with at home."

For more information about Harman's "Kindermusik: Around the World" camp at the Imagination Station, call (717) 334-5006, email aa@adamsarts.org, or visit www.adamsarts.org. For information about future classes with Miss Tiffany's Rhythm-N-Harmony studio, call (717) 495-3538 or visit her website at www.rhythmnharmony.kindermusik.net.

Gypsy Jazz

Sandi L. Polvinale

There is a great storm blowing L through our country! You can experience it in the big cities and rural area arts centers, nightclubs, eclectic coffee house galleries, bookstores, wineries, swing dance clubs and festivals all over the country. Here is the newest in cool music around! This is a hip 80 year old phenomenon that is taking a new generation of music fans into this sensual world of sounds and experiences in the perfect storm.

Oo la la so French!

I have always had my pulse on the jazz scene, but the younger generation placed my hand in theirs and brought me in to the world of Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli. Djangos's very popular group, the famous Quintet du Hot Club de France included violinist Stephane repertoire called the musette style waltz. Django combined a dark chromatic gypsy flavor with the American swing articulation of that period, creating an incredible "hot" sound! This music was exciting, sensual, and brilliantly played.

Unbridled and Unrestrained!

The gypsy musicians did not read music and had to pass it down to the younger generations from the elders. This style of gypsy music, combined with jazz took off like wildfire, uncontained and unbridled! Yes, we had Louis Armstrong and other famous American jazz artists, but the gypsy influence, blended with the black American jazz, gave birth to another

child. This "Wild Child" my friends, is called GYPSY JAZZ! So, listen up, dear music and art lovers! Keep a close watch in your local paper's events section, because you don't want to pass up the hippest, most happening music hitting the wineries, Harrisburg, Baltimore and D.C. clubs, music festivals and local pubs. Check out the resurgence of the most energetic danceable music around. You know something is good when children approve and naturally pick up on it. I have seen children during these shows, just get up and dance spontaneously. That is when you know something is good, when a child having no inhibitions reacts this way.

Hearing is Believing

Here is a small list of the popular



groups that come through the area: Hot Club of D.C., Hot Club of Philly, the Gadjo Playboys, Kenny Gehret, Hot Club du Jour, Pearl Django and Kruno. Find out more about these

performers online. "You Tube" is another great source to explore.

Enjoy this Gypsy Jazz resurgence and watch this "Wild Child" go WILD!





Grappelli. The combined geniuses of Reinhardt and Grappelli was pure sizzling magic!

Everyone who was into the new music scene sought out this type of jazz that was causing quite a sensation. The aficionados of this music called it "hot club jazz". Hot club was a phrase that described a state of mind rather than a specific place.

Gypsy What?

Also known as Gypsy swing, it is an idiom started by guitarist Jean "Django" Reinhardt in the 1930's. It is often called by the French name "jazz monouche". Many serious guitarists consider Django to be the foremost innovator in the groups working around Paris between 1930 and the 1950's.

What is critical to this style of music was a component in the gypsy jazz

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COMPLEMENTARY CORNER—WELL BEING Chinese medicine and the five elements The fire element, part 1 is the window that appropriately opens or closes to the Heart is able

Renee Lehman

In January, I began a series of ar-Lticles on the Five Elements, the cyclical pattern of expression in nature, as observed by the ancient Chinese. These Elements or energies are felt to be the prime energetic building blocks from which everything in the material world is composed, and were never seen as five "distinct things". So, every living thing and every person is a unique embodiment and combination of these Five Elements. The Five Elements are Water, Wood, Fire, Earth, and Metal (see the figure below). Together, they help us to understand the process of dynamic harmony and balance in the whole system of energy. Therefore, when it comes to our health, if all Five Elements are in balance within us, then we are at a state of optimal health/wellness.

As you read this article on the Fire Element, Part 1, keep in mind that you are reading only about one part of a much bigger picture!

To explore the details of the "essence" of the Fire Element, let's first look at the season that the Fire Element corresponds to: Summer. By examining the season of Summer, you will see how the Fire Element expresses itself in nature and in your own life.

Season of Summer

This is nature's season for maturation and fulfillment. Spring lambs are becoming sheep and apple blossoms are becoming apples. Living things all around us are maturing. It is a time of long daylight hours, warmth, and dryness. Some of the gifts of Summer include joy, love, and warmth (just think of summer love); passion and compassion; partnership and community (don't you just love the picnics and festivals); intimacy and closeness (sitting with a loved one on a swing); spontaneity (Sunday drives in the convertible); and playfulness and lightheartedness (just watch the children playing outside). Along with being associated with the season of Summer, the Fire Element is also defined as having other associations. For example, some of the associations are Yin and Yang Organs [the Heart and Pericardium (both Yin), and the Small Intestine and Triple Heater (both Yang), respectively], a body tissue (Blood Vessels), an external manifestation (Complexion), a sound in the voice (Laugh), an emotion (Joy), a color (Red), a direction (South), a climate (Heat), and a taste (Bitter).

the Pericardium and Triple Heater, respectively. You have probably noticed that unlike the Water and Wood elements, having two organs associated with them, the Fire element has four. Also, only three have a physical structure within the body. The Triple Heater is "all function without a visible form." In Chinese medicine, these four organs have many functions on a body, mind, and spirit level.

Heart

It is considered to be the "Supreme Controller". In China 3000 years ago, there was an Emperor who governed his kingdom. The Heart is your Emperor/Empress who controls and co-ordinates all of the Officials within the body (your other organs) and at the same time relies on them for guidance in "running the kingdom". If the Heart radiates virtue, then all will be in harmony, balance, and peace.

On a physical level, the Heart is responsible for circulating blood to all parts of the body. When this is done well, then we feel nourished and strong. When the Heart is in balance, one can fall asleep easily and stay asleep, complexion is clear and radiant, there is a sparkle in one's eyes, and there is appropriate sweating.

On an emotional and mental level, the Heart is responsible for clear thinking, insight, cognition, perception, consciousness, and self-awareness that gives life meaning. When the Heart is in balance, one has the ability to maintain a sense of inner order enabling you to have appropriate behavior in any situation, thus giving you the ability to have meaningful relationships.

On a spirit level, the Heart is responsible for your capacity to feel compassion and demonstrate warmth, joy, and love. When in balance, the Heart allows you to feel calm, serene, and to "just be."

. C 11 T . ..

Intestine receives digested food from the stomach. The small intestine sorts the "pure" from the "impure" substances. The pure gets absorbed into the blood and distributed to the body, while the impure continues to move toward the large intestine or bladder for excretion. In Chinese Medicine, the Small Intestine sorts out the "pure" from "impure" energy, and retains the pure for our body, mind, and spirit. It then protects the Heart by allowing only the purest of the pure essences to "feed" the Heart.

On an emotional and mental level, the Small Intestine is responsible for discernment. It assigns value to different aspects and choices in our life. This gives us the ability to have good judgment regarding wishes of the heart vs. desires of our mind (what is useful for my "kingdom" vs. what is not fit for my "kingdom"). When the Small Intestine is in balance then the words we use will be clean and appropriate, and we will be wellbehaved.

On a spirit level, the Small Intestine is responsible for the ability to "know" your proper path regardless of temptations. This would show as healthy intimacy, the right choice of life partner (right for your Heart), and the ability to extract the value out of any situation.

Pericardium

The Pericardium is considered to be the "Heart Protector". It works closely with the Heart, and is responsible for regulating the inner life of the Heart, bringing inner joy. It then carries this inner joy of the Heart throughout the entire body, mind, and spirit.

On a physical level, the Pericardium is a protective sac around the Heart, responsible for being the Heart's "bodyguard", warding off the stresses and strains that may place a burden on the Heart. When you suffer from shock of an accident, insults, or matters of relationships, the Pericardium takes the "blow" to protect the Heart. On an emotional and mental level, if the Heart is your Emperor/Empress, then the Pericardium is the window that appropriately opens or closes so the Heart is able maintain its purity. The Pericardium allows for the ability to relate to others appropriately, and to experience love, warmth, and joy.

On a spirit level, the Pericardium is responsible for your ability to cultivate your inner joy/spirit and then share it appropriately with the world around you.

Triple Heater

The Triple Heater is not associated with an organ of the body. It is a "function" governing the interrelationships among all of the other organs in the body. The word triple is found in the name because the Chinese classics discuss the three regions of the body as upper, middle and lower. The Triple Heater is analogous to a party hostess making sure that all of the guests are comfortable and have enough to eat or drink.

On a physical level the Triple Heater is responsible for maintaining proper body temperature, circulation of fluids, and homeostasis.

On an emotional and mental level, the Triple Heater is responsible for the ability to assess a situation and then express appropriate love, warmth, and joy toward others. Other words like charisma and friendliness would be associated with the Triple Heater.

On a spirit level, the Triple Heater plays an important role in our ability to be in touch with the world, to enrich our relationships and social ties, and to enjoy groups of people,

How does this relate to you today?

Think about what shows up for you when you answer the following questions. Are there any answers that surprise you? See if you are able to accept yourself fully while processing your answers. Is



there anything that you would like to compassionately change about yourself so that the answer would be different in the future? To do this, you may need a professional to work with you (a physician, nutritionist, acupuncturist, personal trainer, massage therapist, counselor, spiritual director, and other wellness professionals).

 Do you have any problems with your sleep?
 Are you easily distracted?
 How would you describe the quality of your relationships?
 Do you have a tendency to blow hot or cold?

In the next article, I will discuss more correspondences/associations of the Fire Element. Until then, keep observing your movement through Spring, and how your Heart, Small Intestine, Pericardium, and Triple Heater are functioning on a body, mind, spirit level. And remember: the Fire Element is an integral piece of describing the ONENESS of the universe (including our own body/mind/spirit) that is constantly changing and transforming!

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

PAYING YOURSELF FIRST COULD PAY OFF LATER. LIKE WHEN YOU RETIRE.

Organ Correspondences

The paired organs that correspond with the Fire element are the Heart and Small Intestine, and

Small Intestine

The Small Intestine is considered to be the "Sorter," giving us the ability to thrive through its ability to sort the pure from the impure. On a physical level, the Small

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Edward **Jones**

FITNESS

Exercise may help ease headaches

Linda Stultz Certified Fitness Trainer

headache changes your mind. Well, think again before you decide not to go. Depending on the type of headache you have, walking could be just the answer. A stress or tension headache can actually be eased and may even disappear completely during a walk. Getting your blood pumping will do one of two things. It will either take the headache away or make it noticeably worse. The problem is not knowing which will happen this time. Most of the time exercise will help because you are concentrating on your walk and what you are seeing or talking about with your walking partner and you tend to forget about your headache. Suddenly, when you do remember it, it's gone.

If you have frequent headaches and can't determine what is causing them, contact your doctor. Headaches can be caused by many different stimuli. One cause of frequent headaches is allergies to food. Many people can not use artificial sweeteners. I used them for years and my headaches slowly got worse and worse. Due to a recent accident,

I did not eat much for about two weeks. When I started to eat more, I noticed my headaches returning. Since my body was cleansed of almost all food, I slowly incorporated back what I normally ate and to my surprise discovered that the sweetener was the cause of my headaches. A very, very big problem solved by cutting out one thing. Foods, odors, sounds and even colors can cause headaches for some people. Try to solve your headache problem by conducting some simple test yourself, but if that doesn't work, call your doctor. I now have my life back and it makes such a difference living headache free.

Sharing your personal experience or solution to headaches or other ailments can help someone else. That's why I felt it was so important to write this article. If I had only known years ago, I would not have suffered with headaches for so long. The answer to your headache or other ailment may also be the answer for someone else. Tell your friends and family if you have discovered something like I did. It may be just what somebody needs to get their life back and feel good again. Once they do feel like themselves again, they can concentrate on their family and a long, healthy life with them.

If you have any questions, please call 717-334-6009. Fitness means your total wellness. Sometimes fitness trainers can help you or we can direct you to someone who can help. That's what we are here for. Remember Keep Moving!!







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ASTRONOMY The night sky of June

Professor Wayne Wooten

For June 2010, the Moon will be Last quarter on June 4th, so the two weeks finds the moon waning in the morning sky. On the 6th, the waning crescent moon passes 4 degrees north of Jupiter in the morning sky. The new moon is June 12th, with the waxing crescent moon passing by brilliant Venus on June 15th, then below Mars on June 17th. The first quarter moon is June 19th, and the full moon on June 26th. This is the Flower, Strawberry, Rose, or "Honey" moon, depending on the culture. The beginning of summer occurs at 6:29 AM CDT on June 21, the longest day of the year, with about 14 hours of daylight for the Gulf Coast.

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 May 30th visit the www.skymaps. com website and download the map for June 2010; it will have a more extensive calendar, and list of best objects for the naked eyes, binoculars, and scopes on the back of the map.

The brightest planet now in the evening sky is Venus, dominating the western sky. In the telescope, Venus appears only as a bright gibbous disk, but as it approaches the earth, it appears larger but thinner. On June 1st, it is 80% sunlit, but only 13" of

without any detail currently. Still it is first magnitude, and its reddish color with the naked eye makes it stand out well.

High up in the southern sky is the most beautiful planet, Saturn, in the arms of Virgo now. Saturn's rings are now open about 5 degrees; they will continue opening up wider until 2017, when they are tilted 27 degrees toward us and the Sun. You may also see some belts and zones on the planet's disk. The largest, Titan, will be seen in any small telescope, but others will need larger scopes to spot.

The winter constellations are being swallowed up in the Sun's glare, but you might spot Sirius low in the SW as June begins. Sirius vanishes into the Sun's glare by mid-June, and this sets the period as "Dog Days", when Sirius lies lost in the Sun's glare. In reality, Sirius is about 20x more luminous than our star, but also lies eight light years distant, while our star is eight light minutes away from

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

Overhead, the Big Dipper rides high. Good scouts know to take its leading pointers north to Polaris, the



The Milky Ways' closest globular cluster, Omega Centauri

famed Pole Star. For us, it sits 30 degrees (our latitude) high in the north, while the rotating earth beneath makes all the other celestial bodies spin around it from east to west.

If you drop south from the bowl of the Big Dipper, Leo the Lion rides high. Saturn lies just west of the bright star Regulus, the heart of the King of Beasts. Note the Egyptian Sphinx is based on the shape of this Lion in the sky.

Taking the arc in the Dipper's handle, we "arc" SE to bright orange Arcturus, the brightest star of Spring. Cooler than our yellow Sun, and much poorer in heavy elements, some believe its strange motion reveals it to be an invading star from another smaller galaxy, now colliding with the Milky Way in Sagittarius in the summer sky. Moving almost perpendicular to the plane of our Milky Way, Arcturus was the first star in the sky where its proper motion across the historic sky was noted, by Edmund Halley.

Spike south to Spica, the hot blue star in Virgo, then curve to Corvus the Crow, a four sided grouping. It is above Corvus, in the arms of Virgo, where our large scopes will show members of the Virgo Supercluster, a swarm of over a thousand galaxies about 50 million light years away from us. Much closer, in the back yard of our own Milky Way, is the closest globular cluster, Omega Cen-

tauri. It is faintly visible to the naked eye directly below Corvus, and is a telescopic treat at our June gazes about ten degrees up over the horizon.

The photo give you an idea how this great "star ball" will appear in larger telescopes, and will be one of the most impressive things you can glimpse through the eyepiece of any telescope. This huge cluster is now suspected of being the surviving remnant of a dwarf galaxy, like our deep southern companions, the Large and Small Magellanic Clouds, but with most of its gas and dust long ago stripped away by repeated passes through the disk of our own Galaxy.

To the east, Hercules is rising, with the nice globular cluster M-13 marked on your sky map and visible in binocs. While not as close as Omega Centauri, it is much higher in the sky, and also one of the top telescopic sights in good sized scopes. Several other good globular clusters are also shown and listed on the best binoc objects on the map back page.

The brightest star of the northern hemisphere, Vega (from Carl Sagan's novel and movie, "Contact"), rises in the NE as twilight deepens. Twice as hot as our Sun, it appears blue-white, like most bright stars. But to the south, Antares rises about the same time in Scorpius. It appears reddish (its Greek name means rival of Ares or Mars to the Latins) because it is half as hot as our yellow Sun; it is bright because it is a bloated red supergiant, big enough to swallow up our solar system all the way out to Saturn's orbit!





TECH CORNER

Computer Q & A **Caring for your computer 101**

uch like a car there are M things that you can do to maintain your computer to help it run good and prevent problems. Read the tips below to learn what you can do to help your computer stay running good and you may just be surprised the difference it can make!

DESKTOPS & LAPTOPS

Tip #1: Leave the computer ON. This will allow your system to perform tasks that you may not want it to do while your using it such as run antivirus scans, and get windows and other software updates. In addition leaving your computer on will keep your computer at a constant temperature which will allow the components in the computer to last longer.

Tip #2: Turn the computer off the RIGHT way.

Never, ever shut the computer off by any means other than using the shut down button on your start menu. If your computer freezes try holding control+alt+delete on your keyboard and using the task manager to shut the computer off. If no other method will shut your computer off, only then resort to pressing the power button in until the computer shuts off. Improperly shutting down the computer can cause corruption, data loss, and even component damage.

Tip #3: Don't skimp on the regular maintenance.

You change the oil in your car every 3,000 miles so it stays running, do the same for the computer. Most people only need regular maintenance once a year. We charge 89\$ for a clean-up which will allow us to remove any bad software, viruses, temporary files, shut off programs that don't need to run and to diagnose any underlying issues that could cause a more serious you have a new computer.

Hard drives involve moving parts that could fail at any moment. If you can't live without your data then you should ensure that you are keeping it in two places. You can use CD's or DVD's to back-up data, but we recommend using an automated back-up system (You can get a 500GB external back-up from us for \$119).

Tip #6: Clean power is good power!

Help protect your power supply and prevent windows corruption by keeping your computer plugged into a GOOD surge protector. We recommend using a surge protector that offers

choices!

Security Suite (We sell licenses for 2 years for \$81.99, additional licenses offered for a discount). Don't install software from an unknown source, and stay away from software that is intended to alter your computer such as cursor changing software or software that changes the wallpaper. This software is commonly bundled with malware and tends to slow down system performance.

LAPTOPS

Tip # 8: Prevent your battery from losing its juice before its time!

The batteries inside laptops have what is considered a "memory" if you leave it plugged in all the time it will not recharge to its full

that you should not remove the power cord while the battery is out unless the computer is off. If you do, it will shut the computer off improperly. If your not comfortable removing the battery just remember to let it drain down before plugging it in again!

Tip #9: Keep your power jack intact!

The power jack on your laptop is very fragile. You should be very careful not to trip or pull on the power cord while it is plugged in. You should also disconnect the power cord before you move it to avoid accidental damage. The laptop jack replacement part is only about \$5 but the labor is extensive and you could pay over \$200 to replace a damaged power jack.

Tip #10: Only use a power cord that is rated for your specific computer.



If you use a power cord that is labeled as a universal power cord it could be operating at an improper voltage. This can seriously damage the computer and cause it to be inoperable. Only use power cords that are specifically for your laptops make and model stay away from the "universal" cords, they are meant to operate within a range not at your devices exact specifications.

From professional friendly computer help contact Fairfields very own Jesters Computer Service at 717-642-6611





problem if left un-noticed.

Tip #4: Computers can get really dusty from all the fans inside trying to keep the components cool.

We include blowing the dust out of your computer in our clean-up. But, if you don't make it in be sure NOT to use a vacuum cleaner and check for dust at least once a year. You can used canned air (we sell large and small cans) or an air compressor. If you have pets or keep the computer in a basement you will want to do it more often. You should always keep at least a few inches of ventilation from the sides of the computer.

Tip #5: Don't assume your data will be safe just because

LIBRARY NOTES & SENIOR NEWS

Always among the stacks

Caroline Rock

Tmagine my consternation when I went to a local deli to order my favorite lunch, portabella mozzarella Panini, only to be told that they no longer carry that item on the menu.

"Why not?" I whined. Yes, I did whine. If you know me well, you will not need me to describe the pitch my voice takes when I am dismayed. But the cashier did not know me well, and he took a step back from the cash register, shaking his head a little and rubbing his ears.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "not enough people ordered it. It isn't worth it for us to keep an item on the menu if only a few people want it."

"Maybe they don't know about it," I pleaded. "Maybe you didn't advertise it enough. You advertise that horrible tuna and beets sandwich, and the chicken, olive oil and lavender soup." I then volunteered to stand outside the shop wearing a sandwich board (which would be a sandwich board in every sense of the word) to promote the portabella mozzarella Panini, if they would return it to the menu. I volunteered to pass out flyers on the corner, or wear a giant mushroom costume and do battle in a vat of chopped celery with the guy in the cow suit from Chik Fil a.

The answer was no, and I am no longer permitted to dine at that establishment. Which is fine, since they do not serve anything I like to eat.

The point is, if people had known about the portabella mozzarella Panini, they would have wanted it, and the world would never have lost it.

Last week a woman came into the library clutching in her hand a nickel and a dime. She marched to the copier, lifted the lid and placed her original on the glass. But when she saw the coin box, her face contorted, and she proceeded to the circulation desk with her outrage.

"I see that you have raised the copier price to twenty cents."

Since I was the only one at the desk, I assumed she was blaming me for the price increase, an accusation I vehemently deny. But for the sake of keeping the peace, I commiserated with her.

"Yes, ma'am, the price of copies went up last spring."

"It did not!" she protested. "I have made copies here before and copies have ALWAYS been fifteen cents." She held out her hand in which she still clasped the two coins.

If you know me well, and know the pitch of my whine, you also know that I can be quite sarcastic. At this point, I had about a dozen replies in my head, none of which would have made me seem like a valuable commodity to the library system, and none of which would have earned me any gold stars for customer service.

I was fixated on the woman's emphasis of the word "always." Copies have ALWAYS been fifteen cents, even sixty years ago when the first photocopier was introduced by the Xerox company. Copies have AL- WAYS been fifteen cents, even during the time before copiers existed. You could knock on the door of the scriptorium at the local medieval monastery, which this woman may have done in her youth, and ask the brothers to make a copy of some important document, complete with illumination and a border of gold leaf, and the monk would lean close and whisper (because of his vow of silence), "That will be fifteen cents, and not a penny more, for the love of God."

Before I could make my reply, however, she had dumped her purse onto the counter and fished through the used napkins, old utility bills, and peppermint discs wrapped in cellophane to find another nickel.

I think we have all had experiences such as these. We go to a place that is familiar to us and discover things have changed. That is upsetting enough, but more disturbing when we realize that our very absence from the place was partially responsible for the change.

So imagine your community without its library. While the library may not be a place you visit every day, or even every week, it is a place that most people assume will AL-WAYS be there. Your child just announced he needs a book for a book report? Just run to the library. Your computer crashed and you need to send an important email? The library has patron computers with free wifi. It's raining and the kids are driving you crazy? There must be a program at the library.

Weekly, if not daily, we have people who come in telling us they

SENIOR NEWS

EMMITSBURG

"June is bustin' out all over...the meadow and the hill" and aren't we glad to see it! Summer is here at last. School is out so watch out for the neighborhood children. Don't forget Community Day on June 26-lots of fun for the kids in the morning, good food all day long, our

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.

FAIRFIELD **Regular Activities**

Monday - Friday - 9:30 to 10:30 Exercise

Tuesday & Friday - 10:30 Cards & Games

Everyday - All Day Wii Games

Lunch - 12:00 (must pre-order)

Special Activities 2010

were a patron years ago, but they have not been to the library in years. When we look them up in our system, they are delighted to find they still have an open account with us. This may not always be the case.

The Franklin County PA library system has lost over \$200,000 in state aid, forcing them to reduce the number of hours many branches are open. Libraries in Anne Arundel County, MD have cancelled magazine subscriptions and limited the purchase of new books to a few copies, creating long wait lines for patrons eager to read the latest bestsellers. Fairfax County, VA eliminated 30 of its 54 full-time librarians, making it necessary to abolish popular programming. Other counties are closing smaller branches altogether, charging patrons for inter-library loans, and eliminating online databases which could be accessed for free by library patrons. Across the country, entire systems are weighing their options, making impossible decisions in an effort to keep libraries open and accessible to their patrons.

Frederick County is not immune. Already our library system has reduced the number of free databases, cut back on magazine and newspaper subscriptions, and eliminated any vacant staff positions. The hours are being cut at the Tech Center at the downtown branch. Adult programming has been cancelled. Offsite programming in Emmitsburg has been cut. Bookmobile routes have been slashed. Within the next month, branch hours will be trimmed and staff re-assigned.

What can be done? Some patrons have come into the Emmitsburg branch, dropped a twenty on the counter, and declared with great fervor that they want to make a donation to keep the branch going. While we gladly accept donations and apply them to our Friends fund for library programming, this is not the most efficacious way to help. In fact, the best thing you can do to save your library is to use it. Yes, it's that simple. By using the library, you demonstrate its value to those who fund the library. By visiting the Emmitsburg library, you demonstrate the value of this small branch to those who make the decisions about which branches are important to their communities, and which branches are expendable.

Don't wait, my good readers. Visit the Emmitsburg Library as soon and often as you can. Check out books, DVD's audiobooks. Attend the programs we offer. Don't make the mistake of believing that this treasure will ALWAYS be here.



Adams County Farm Fresh Markets

MIKE'S AUTO BOD Collision and Restoration, Inc. Your friendly neighbors at Mike's Auto Body will A A

home town parade in the evening, followed by music and fireworks!

Special Programs: June 10-Speaker on the caption telephone, 11:00 a.m. June 15-Mia Brust will speak to us about Elder Abuse, 12:30 p.m. Wii bowling and walkers group every Friday at 9:00 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.

Bingo: June 2 & 16.

Cards, 500, and Bridge Group: June 9 & 23.

Men's Pool: Wednesdays at 1:00 p.m.

Pinochle & 13: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

Canasta: Fridays at 12:30 p.m.



June 7-10;30 Chair Massages

June 8-10;30 Chair Massages

June 10-Lunch at the Gettysburg Moose \$2.00

June 21-10:30 Garden Club Crafts

June 25-Cook-out at Lisa's house

Est. 1999 Classic Affairs D.J.'s Elaine & Dennis Ebaugh

Wedding, Anniversary & Birthday Parties 1930's to Top 40

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UPCOMING EVENTS

June Events

Recurring Events

Saturdays: Gettysburg Farmers Market on Lincoln Square.

June 3 - 5

Outdoor painting workshop conducted by Emmitsburg very own artists Rebecca Pearl and Elizabeth Prongas - Farm locates 'Near Emmitsburg. All levels welcome to sign up. For more information drop by Rebecca Pearl's Gallery on West Main Street or call 301-271-2348.

June 4 - 5

Mt. St. Mary's Reunion Weekend. For more information visit the Mount's web site at www.msmary.edu.

June 6

Rocky Ridge Volunteer Fire Company annual Car, Truck & Bike Show. Fire Company's activities building on Motters Station Road. Plenty of good food, fun, 50/50, door prizes and more! For more information contact Robert Eyler 301- 271-7780.

Gettysburg Civic Chorus concert in the Church of the Abiding Presence, on the campus of the Gettysburg Lutheran Seminary.

June 12

Mt. Tabor Church of Rocky Ridge annul festival at Mt. Tabor Park, home of the BIG SLIDE. Come enjoy good home-cooked food: Soup, Sandwiches, Iced Tea and Ice Cream & Strawberries beginning at 4:00 p.m.

Creagerstown Lutheran Church's Fried Chicken and Ham Dinner. 8619 Blacks Mill Road, Creagerstown. For more information call 301-898-7905.

June 13

St. Jospeh's of Tanytown's Country Style Breakfast Buffet sponsored by the Knights of Columbus, St. Joseph Taneytown Council 11631.

Adams County Master Gardeners County Garden Tour - Ever wonder how to tackle that problem area in your garden? Ever wonder what to plant in that wet or that dry area? Come and join the Adams County Penn State Master Gardeners as they tour seven Carroll Valley gardens and get ideas and maybe the solutions to some of your garden problems while touring area private gardens. For more information and to order tickets, call the Ag Center at 717-334-6271.

June 14

Monthly meeting of the South Mountain Audubon Society. "Hershey Zoo America". An exciting evening is promised when a naturalist from Zoo America will bring a variety of live native birds and mammals to share with both children and adults. Meeting will be held at the Agricultural Resource Center, 670 Old Harrisburg Road, Gettysburg. Free and open to the public. For more information call Deb at 717-677-4830.

June 15, 19, 20, 22

Catoctin Mountain Park Junior Ranger Camp - As educational philosophies and teaching trends change, the need to be outdoors and to learn from nature has never wavered. Each session consists of a 3 hour day led by National Park Rangers in Catoctin Mountain Park and second 3 hour day with State Park Naturalists in Cunningham Falls State Park. For more information call 301-271-7547.

June 18 -20

Pennsylvania Lavender Festival at Willow Pond Farm - The only such event in the eastern U.S., the three-day Festival offers sensory delights and a wide variety of experiences for participants including tours of the farm's lavender fields and demonstration gardens, lectures and workshops by nationally known experts, and cut-your-own lavender from the farm's 2.5 acres of plantings. Willow Pond Farm. 145 Tract Road, Fairfield. For more information call 717-642-6387.

June 19

New Oxford Outdoor Antique Show Antiques Dealers, Food, Crafts, Entertainment, over 160 Antiques Dealers plus permanent shops. On the streets of New Oxford. For more information call 717-624-2800.

Concert Gettysburg Festival Brass Band Concert at GNMP Featuring the 8th Regimental Band of the Georgia Volunteer Infantry, the Wildcat Regimental Band and the Band of the California Battalion. Gettysburg National Military Park and Visitors Center. For more information call 877-874-2478 All three bands will perform sunset concerts scheduled from 5 p.m. to sunset at the Pennsylvania Memorial. Free.

June 21

Regular Monthly meeting of the Emmitsburg Historical Society, 7 pm in the community room of the Emmitsburg Library.

June 24

David Wills House Evening Lecture Series -Lincoln/Douglas Debates. Seating is limited, pre-registration is required. Program Fee. David Wills House, 8 Lincoln Square, Gettysburg. For more information call 866-486-5735 or visit www.davidwillshouse.org.

June 25

Emmitsburg Community Chorus at the Emmitsburg Park - See page 18 for schedule of events.

June 26

Emmitsburg Community Day - Games will begin a little after 11:30 when the park is open to the community. Activities will include kids games, hole in one/closest to the hole golf, and horseshoe tournament. Yellow Springs band will be playing in the afternoon and Roll of the Dice in the evening. The fireworks will start at 9:45.

St. Joseph's golf outting at the Meadow Brook Golf Course. 8:30 Tee Time.

Prizes awarded for:

First, Second, and Third place finishes Longest Drive – Men and Women Closest to the Pin – Men and Women 50/50 Drawing Winner Prize Drawing Winners

For more information contact: Coordinator, Rich Kapriva: 301-447-2095 St. Joseph Rectory: 301-447-2326 Meadow Brook Golf Course: 717-334-0569

Checks payable to: St. Joseph Catholic Church

Mailing address: 47 DePaul St., P.O. Box 376, Emmitsburg, MD 21727

Image: State of the state

Catoctin High School - Jessica Clarke, Carrie Gelwicks, Evan Behrendt Gettysburg High School - David Frock Fairfield High School - Megan Mort Mount Saint Mary's University - Melissa Hartley, Danielle Heaps Mansfield University - Samantha Wolfe Temple Beauty School - Adie Wivell Northern High School - Nathan Boyd St. John Pre-School - Mackenzie Orndorff We wish you a goal to teach, a dream to pursue, a future to look forward to and satisfaction in all you do.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

Mount St. Mary's University is built on four pillars—faith, discovery, leadership and community. Students, alumni, our faculty, administrators and staff, all turn these words into action every day. In the coming year, we'll introduce you to some of the Mount's own, who help make the university, and the Emmitsburg community, a place we're proud to call home.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SATURDAY, JUNE 5



DEDICATION & BLESSING OF THE VETERANS' WALKWAY AT MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

Patriot Hall Plaza, 2 p.m. Join Mount St. Mary's University as we recognize and thank our veterans who have served this great nation, in peacetime as well as war, to preserve and protect the God-given rights of all citizens of the world.

For more information visit www.msmary.edu/veterans or contact the Office of Advancement at 301-447-5360.

JUNE 21- JULY 2



PROJECT DISCOVERY Cost: \$75 a week

Knott Academic Center,
 9 a.m.-1 p.m.
 One- and two-week
 Summer Enrichment

Programs for grades 1-5. Fun and learning about our world through literature, creative writing, sports, drama, guest speakers and more.

Registration deadline is June 14 for week(s) starting June 21. Deadline of June 21 for week starting June 28. Contact Mary Newton at 301-447-5371 or newton@msmary.edu. To reserve your space today visit www.msmary.edu/ProjectDiscovery



A CYNTHIA KOKOSKI Executive Assistant to the Dean, College of Liberal Arts

When did you come to the Mount? August 2003

Who inspires you?

My husband and parents are a great inspiration to me, however; my four children have given me the most inspiration. In my effort to shape them into the individuals God intended them to be with good morals and values, I have been inspired to exemplify those values to the best of my ability.

Favorite food? Crabs or crab legs.

Favorite restaurant? Liberty Road Seafood

What are you reading? I just finished The Last Song by Nicholas Sparks. An excellent book about the power of love. I'm looking forward to the movie!

SWIM LESSONS



THREE "2 WEEK" SESSIONS All classes are Monday-Thursday Session I: June 14,15,16,17,21,22, 23, 24 Session II: July 5,6,7,8,12,13,14,15 Session III: July 26,27,28,29,Aug 2,3,4,5

Open Registration: Tuesday, June 8, ARCC Hospitality Room 6 p.m., ARCC Members; 6:30 p.m., Non-Members

Questions? Contact: Maggie Dubois 301-447-7429 or mcoconnell@email.msmary.edu



We've lined up some of the region's best jazz musicians to perform on Wednesday nights this summer. Each Wednesday night from 8:30 to 10:30 p.m. in June and July there will be live jazz, weather permitting, at the fountain in front of the McGowan Center. In the event of inclement weather, the performances will be held indoors at the Mount Café. All performances are free and open to the public. Some seating is available, but you may wish to bring a folding chair for the outdoor performances.

What do you like most about living in the area?

The small town atmosphere. It is easier to get to know one another and provides a greater sense of community.

> June Performance Schedule: June 2, Third Stream June 9, The Jack Wolfe Quintet June 16, Jeff Antoniuk and the Jazz Update June 23, Eric Byrd Trio

www.msmary.edu/summerjazz

MOL Even tho June 1, th Session I Visit www for inform

Make it a Mount Summer

Even though the first session starts June 1, there is still plenty of time to sign up for a Session II course. Session II runs July 6-August 6.

Visit www.msmary.edu/summer for information on registration, tuition and other summer events.

FAITH * DISCOVERY * LEADERSHIP * COMMUNITY