

# Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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# Community readies for Annual Scotty's Ride

James Rada Jr.  
News Correspondent

Scotty Harbaugh was five years old when he died, but his death created a legacy that continues to help children with severe medical conditions.

The first Scotty's Ride in 2006 raised money to help Scotty Harbaugh, who had an inoperable brain tumor, and his family. When Scotty's died a month before the second Scotty's Ride, the money raised went to help other children.

"We've raised over \$14,000 in three years," said Kerry Shorb, one of the creators of Scotty's Ride. "That's not too bad considering we were only expecting to raise \$500 to \$1,000 with the first ride."

Kerry and Valerie Shorb came up with the idea of a poker run as a way to help Scotty, who was Kerry's grandnephew. With Scotty's death, the Shorbs didn't want the good work that had been done to end.

Scotty's Ride has adopted the slogan "In the name of one child, we ride for many" and that's just what the motorcyclists do each Sep-

tember. Besides Scotty, the other children who have benefitted from money raised at Scotty's Ride are:

- Ashlyn Will, 2 years old, with neuroblastoma
- Landon Smith, 3 years old, with stenotrophomonas maltophilia
- Karson Brewster, 2 years old, with 18q syndrome
- Austin Warthen, who had a heart transplant
- Faith Warfield, 4 years old, with acute lymphocytic leukemia
- Tanner Yingling, 3 years old, with alveolar rhabdomyocoma

"People call us for help and so far, we've never had to turn anyone down," Shorb said.

This year's Scotty's Ride will be on Saturday, Sept. 26. The riders in the poker run will leave from the Jubilee parking lot in Emmitsburg, ride to Blondie's in Waynesboro, Creekside in Hagerstown, Throttle's in Clear Spring and then take a scenic ride back to the American Legion hall in Emmitsburg. From there, they'll go to Shorb's home for food, live entertainment and door prizes. The event is all-you-can-eat and drink.

Shorb said the rides average about 250 participants and anyone is welcome. Some riders travel up to 6 hours to attend each year's ride. If you want to contribute, you can show up at Shorb's for the food and entertainment at 3 p.m. and pay the participant cost of \$20. Kids and families are welcome to attend, too. Children under 6 are free and age 7-12 are \$10.

This year's Scotty's Ride will also mark the beginning of ticket sales for a new Harley-Davidson motorcycle. Tickets are \$10 each and only 2,000 are being sold. The drawing will be held at the 2010 5<sup>th</sup> Annual Scotty's Ride.

For more information on Scotty's Ride, call (301) 447-3260, (301) 447-6600 or e-mail scottys-ride@hotmail.com



# Adams County cuts staff pay 20%

James Rada Jr.  
News Correspondent

Adams County employees saw their paychecks cut by 20 percent beginning August 31. The Adams County commissioners made the announcement in an August 20 memo. The reason for the cut is that the Pennsylvania state budget impasse could cost the county \$4 million by the end of 2009.

"As are other counties around the state, we are planning for the uncertain future of state funding to support of county mandated programs," Commissioner George Weikert wrote in the memo. "In the long term, the only item with the impact needed to survive this challenging shortfall will be our county labor costs. We have only several options available, which include eliminating positions, work schedule reductions and/or borrowing capital dollars to pay salaries during these trying times without state funding available. We will be continually evaluat-

ing these long-term options during the next week and will be implementing the selected strategy on August 31. At this point, a reduced work schedule seems to be the most viable option."

Weikert also admitted in a special meeting with county department heads that the change would "cause a lot of pain."

With this change county employees will be working four days a week or 32 hours a week. The work hour cut does not affect the county correctional facility, rehabilitation center and 911 center. No date has been set for when the schedules can return to normal. County offices will still be open five days a week, but fewer employees will be staffing those offices as they work staggered shifts to keep the offices open.

This is one of a number of cost-reducing measures that the county has taken. Other things include suspending overtime, instituting a hiring freeze and minimizing training, travel and workshops.

Pennsylvania counties get state

money as quarterly grant and reimbursement payments. However, the state's fiscal year 2010 budget has yet to be passed and the fiscal year 2009 budget ended on June 30. This means that state has gone without a budget for two months and this could affect the quarterly payments due at the end of September.

Unlike the state, the Adams County operates on a calendar year budget so if the state fails to pay the quarterly payment to the county, it will mean that the county's approved budget for 2009 will have less revenue than expected about \$4 million less. Making the cut to employee hours is expected to save the county about \$500,000 by the end of the year.

There have been local and state protests urging the governor and legislature to come to terms on the budget. In a nutshell, the impasse is be-

cause the governor wants to close the state's budget deficit by raising taxes and the Republican-controlled legislature wants to close the deficit by cutting the proposed budget to match revenues. Neither side is budging from their position.

On August 13, a group of about 300 Adams County residents held a peaceful march to let lawmakers know that they wanted a state budget passed. The group was made up of people affected by the lack of a budget, including social service workers, non-profit groups and families and children who use the services. They marched to from the Gettysburg Recreation Park to Lincoln Square holding signs urging budget passage.

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## NEWS

## From the editor

When I was first approached about taking up the reins of this paper, my reaction was "Are you nuts?" Having worked closely with the Cadles and Buchheisters, the publishers of The Dispatch, I knew how much work it entailed.

In spite of that knowledge, I took on the challenge in the hopes that it would help the one organization nearest and dearest to my heart - The Greater Emmitsburg Area Historical Society. Our September 21<sup>st</sup> meeting will make the start of our 13<sup>th</sup> year. Almost without fail, a loyal crew of nine die-hard local history enthusiasts assembles the third Monday of every month to share stories about the people, places and events that have helped shape our community.

Once the stories they bring to the table are researched and verified, they are entered into the historical society's on-line archive on Emmits-

burg.net. To date, we've uploaded over 318 separate stories. If printed out, those stories would fill close to 3,500 pages. Now when you consider that the total printed history available to the community prior to the start of our efforts was less than 100 pages, the accomplishments of the Greater Emmitsburg Area Historical Society is pretty impressive.

Even more impressive, hopefully, is the fact that unlike many historical societies, you don't have to seek us out to learn local history. You can access all of our research in the comfort of your own home.

Keenly aware that not everyone has access to the Internet, or for that matter, even knew the Emmitsburg area has an active historical society, I have dedicated, and will continue to dedicate, the center two pages of each edition of the Emmitsburg News Journal to local history. My goal in doing so is

simple. I want to share what the historical society has collected with a wider audience in hopes of getting more people excited about learning local history, and by doing so, get more people to join our monthly meetings!

If you're a long-time resident, we would love to capture your memories. It's not a hard process. All you need to do is join us and we'll get you talking. Leave the writing to us.

Newer residents also play a critical role, especially those in Pembroke, Brookfield, Northgate, Southgate and Silo Hill. Since you're new to the area, you're more apt to ask why things are the way they are, which almost invariably results in a lively discussion and more fodder for our archives.

Our goal is not simply to capture, document and share history, but to have fun doing it. So if you like our center two-page spreads on local history and are interested in learning more local history, join us September 21<sup>st</sup> at 7 p.m. at the Emmitsburg Community Center. You'll be glad you did!

## Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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

## Emmitsburg to hold town council election

Emmitsburg's town commissioner election will be held 7 am to 8 pm, Tuesday, Sept. 29, 2009 at 22 E. Main Street. As of press time, there were five candidates running for the two available positions currently held by

Commissioners Joyce Rosensteel and Clifford Sweeney.

Both current commissioners are running for office again and are joined by fellow residents Carolyn Miller, Tim O'Donnell and Jennifer Crampton (named

in order of filing). The deadline for a candidate to register to run for office is no later than 21 business days before the election.

The last day to register to vote in this election is Sept. 3 and registration applications are available at the town office located at 300A South Seton Ave.

*Editor's Note: As we're going to press before the closing date for filing candidacy papers, we'll be producing a special Voter's Guide for distribution to residents of Emmitsburg detailing the background and position of candidates on select issues. Residents can expect the*

*Editor's Guide in their mail the week of the September 20<sup>th</sup> or can pick one up at the Emmitsburg Community Center.*

*In addition, candidate position papers on subjects of their concern will be posted to the home page of Emmitsburg.net as they are received.*

## About Town

**Chris Patterson**  
Staff Writer

### Mountain View Road takes over its own sewer pumps

Earlier this summer, the town notified residents on Mountain View Road that their sewer grinder pumps would be locked so there would be no access by the homeowners.

The notice stated repairs could only be done by the town during regular town office hours - no weekends or evenings. And that meant sewer pump problems could potentially have to wait through an entire weekend for the town to make a repair.

Town commissioners were surprised to learn that the pumps were also locked so that nothing could be repaired at all by the owners privately, if they could not wait. The only reason it came up was because the town commissioners chose to consider turning the pumps over to the homeowners as they were under no legal obligation to maintain them.

Since 1987, the grinder pumps - pumps that push the sewage from the homes into the town's public sewer system - were maintained and/or replaced by the town government. Due to

a problem with private systems during those years, the owners of Mountain View Road homes had been legally bound to connect to a local system by the government.

At the town meeting, a few residents spoke on the issue but the council ultimately voted unanimously to turn over the pumps and maintenance to the residents on Mountain View Road.

### Curfew ordinance discussion

The Emmitsburg town commissioners asked Town Manager Dave Haller to rewrite the current ordinance regarding a youth curfew to match one recommended by Town Attorney John Clapp.

At the Aug. 3 meeting, Resident Deputy John McQuain requested information from the commissioners about the town's curfew ordinance. Clapp explained the town's ordinance was vulnerable to appeal, if challenged, but provided the commissioners with a sample ordinance that had stood up to the appeal process in another jurisdiction.

The reason for the inquiry, McQuain said, was because of recent incidences of vandalism.

Residents attending the meeting said they would appreciate the curfew as a further tool

they could use to restrict their children from going out late at night. The times suggested by the McQuain were between midnight or 1 am and 5 am.

McQuain said that he did not advocate requiring fines for noncompliance with the ordinance but rather parent support in gaining compliance from the children.

"We ask only that the parents do their job and we will do ours," McQuain said.

### Presentation of Comprehensive Plan Draft

The long-running project of putting together a final draft of the town's comprehensive plan is over, as the proposed plan was turned over to commissioners for

their final review on Aug. 3.

At the Aug. 17 town meeting, the commissioners agreed to make the Sept. 21 meeting the first town meeting for public comment on the plan, with the second hearing to be held Oct. 19. The plan is for any further amendments to be made by the middle of November.



MEMBER HIGHLIGHTS

**Emmitsburg**

Business & Professional Association

www.ebpa.biz

## St. Joseph's Valley Farm LLC

St. Joseph's Valley Farm LLC is a not-for-profit retreat and spiritual direction center with ambiance of a country bed and breakfast. While we are primarily focused on the "care of souls" we do offer overnight accommodations for weary travelers depending upon room availability.

10307 Keysville Road, Emmitsburg, Md 21727

Contact: Nancy M. Bickel 301-447-3361

### NETWORKING SOCIAL & GUIDED TOUR

**St. Joseph's Valley Farm Bed & Breakfast**

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10307 Keysville Road, Emmitsburg, MD 21727

RSVP Nancy Bickel 301-447-3361

ebriggsassoc.com or 301-447-3110

## Rocky Ridge carnival serves up old time memories

Chris Patterson  
Staff Writer

During the week of August 10, 2009, Rocky Ridge's Volunteer Fire Company's carnival fund-raiser took folks back to an earlier time when that is the way all carnivals were.

Carnivals didn't need fancy mechanics, but they did need nickel tosses, some live music and perhaps hot fried ham sandwiches and hand-cut French fries right out of the fryer.

The fire companies auxiliary president Betty Mumma knows what folks want to eat at the fair, and she's been helping prepare that food for over 40 years.

Mumma, 73, has been working the fire company's carnival since she and husband Robert moved to Rocky Ridge in 1967. Insisting that she was training someone else to take over, she still hustles around the carnival making sure there is plenty of food for all.

And you might be surprised to know how much food this small local carnival uses in a week.

For just a handful of days the carnival runs, the fire company purchases and cuts two tons of ham, Mumma said. It takes one day a week for one month for the volunteers to get all the ham sliced, and then they freeze it until the carnival.

This year they bought about 750 pounds of chicken they cooked up in butchering kettles and turned that into chicken salad or chicken and corn soup.

The company's volunteers baked 288 fruit pies, like blueberry, peach and apple, and then froze them. All week during the carnival, the group also makes cream pies – coconut cream, chocolate and lemon.

Cherry seems to be the public's favorite choice of pie, Mumma said, but she whispered she isn't much of a fan of pie.

### Small town, hometown fun

It's not just the food that tips you off that this is a old-time carnival; it's the atmosphere. The Rocky Ridge carnival is plainly a small, hometown carnival that doesn't try to be anything else.

The annual event – an important fund-raiser for the fire company – is very low-tech, relatively speaking. A couple of big kitchens carry dozens of workers clean-

ing, cooking, grilling, and serving everyone who comes to the carnival their favorite carnival treat.

But other than some sound equipment for the nightly bands and a few gentle lights to illuminate the park, there isn't much that is electric.

Many carnivals offer electronic rides – miniature roller coasters, carousels and such. Rocky Ridge's does not. Instead it offers hay rides and, of course, the famous Big Slide.

Constructed in 1955, the wide slide is covered with a bowling alley type surface, and its fast and wavy ride is enjoyed by all flying down on a burlap sack and landing in a pile of saw dust.

And on the Wednesday night of the carnival, the fire company offers a real hometown parade with fire trucks and sirens going. It's one of the biggest nights of the carnival for attendance.

Of course, there is another reason visitors can quickly tell this is a true small town event. It's the large number of enthusiastic volunteers, many from other communities. Only about half of the volunteers are actually with the fire company.

In fact, there are several volunteers who take a week's vacation from work, just to cook in a hot steamy kitchen for literally thousands of guests, Mumma said.

Other entertainment includes a nightly concert in the covered red and white painted pavilion. Folks sit together and listen to family-friendly music, while kids' giggles are heard by the slide and their parents and grandparents sit on the park's many picnic benches talking about the hot muggy weather.

No one seems to mind the lack of electronics, least of all those families enjoying a meal under a pavilion protected by the shade of the park's many trees, Mumma said.

"...You can just sit and relax and eat. Most carnivals you just grab your food, stand and eat," she added.

"Generations of people say I have to bring my grandchildren back here because this is where I played," Mumma said. "We don't have commercial rides. We tried those but the kids don't ride those rides. They play on the slide. And parents know it's free."



## Fairfield area high school goes to block schedule

James Rada Jr.  
News Correspondent

As the Fairfield Area High School students started back to school on August 26, they may have thought the school day went quicker, though the class periods may have dragged.

The high school converted from the traditional eight-period day to a block schedule with four periods and a flexible period in the middle of the day.

"The class periods are 80 minutes long with a 40-minute flex period in the middle that provides remediation for the other classes," said Wayne Sherrard, Jr., the high school principal.

They district began looking into variations on the block schedule two years ago. Once they began to narrow the options down, district officials presented the ideas to the teachers and then to the community.

"This new schedule allow teachers more time to focus on instructional time," Sherrard said. "With eight periods, they were lucky if they were getting 30 minutes of quality instruction time."

Instead of having a class for an entire school year, each class will

only last half a year. Algebra I is the exception. It will run all year.

"We noticed we needed more instruction in that area and decided to extend it," Sherrard said.

Changes in how the district handles graduation projects will change this year, too. Previously, graduation projects had been a three-year process. Now it will be two years. The project will be career based in the 11<sup>th</sup> grade and community service oriented in the senior year.

"We want them to be able to have fun while getting an education doing the project," Sherrard said. "We want them to be proficient and ready for the next phase of their life when they graduate."

Students throughout the district also met a few new teachers as they went to their new classes this year, though the overall staff numbers are less, according to District Superintendent William Chain. The reason is that more teachers retired or left the system than were hired. The middle school also has a new principal and assistant principal this year.

Chain said the district students have scored well on the Pennsylvania state tests and have met

their annual yearly progress (AYP) benchmarks. Still, district officials continue to study the data from the tests to see where they can make improvements.

"It's hard for us to know what world they (the students) will enter 30 years from now," Chain said.

Enrollment in the Fairfield Area Schools have been relatively level moving between 1,250-1,300 students. The school district draws students from Carroll Valley Borough, Fairfield Borough, Hamiltonban Township and Liberty Township.

"Last year, we actually lost a few students," Chain said.

However, he believes that should the economy improve and many of the houses being planned get built, the system could see a growth surge.

According to [www.education.com](http://www.education.com), the Fairfield Area School District spend about \$8,300 per student each year with 60 percent for instruction, 35 percent on support services and 5 percent on other elementary and secondary expenditures. The student:teacher ratio is 17:1, which is higher than the state average of 15:1. The districts dropout rate is around 2 percent, which is half the national average.

## 53rd annual community show is coming soon

Cheryl Lenhart  
Special to the Emmitsburg  
News-Journal

If school's in session and we are coming to the end of summer, it must be time for the annual Thurmont & Emmitsburg Community Show.

This year's show will be held Sept. 11 through 13 at Catocin High School and will feature many of the usual delicacies and events. This year, premiums for all departments have been increased. However, regulars should be aware that entry drop-off times have changed in some cases.

### Friday night highlights

On Friday, the show opens to the public at 6 pm. After the community and civic flag ceremony, the show committee will honor the 125<sup>TH</sup> anniversary of the Vigilant Hose Company of Emmitsburg, beginning at 7:00 pm in the auditorium.

Also on Friday night the 2009-2010 Catocin FFA Chapter Ambassador will be announced. The baked goods auction will start at 8:30 pm and the grand champion cake, pie and bread will be sold at 9 pm.

### Saturday highlights

On Saturday, the Catocin FFA

Alumni Beef, Sheep and Swine show will run from 9 am to 2 pm. The annual Pet Show will begin at 10:30 am in front of the high school. The petting zoo and pony rides will be held on Saturday and Sunday.

Also on Saturday, the Thurmont Grange will serve their Turkey and Ham dinner in the school's cafeteria from 3 to 7 pm.

At 7 pm in the Ag Center, the 35th annual Catocin FFA Alumni Beef, Sheep & Swine sale is scheduled and The Bluegrass Chapel Band will perform starting at 7 pm in the auditorium.

### Sunday highlights

Sunday's activities include the Goat Show at 9:30 am, followed by the Dairy Show and Decorated Animal Contest.

The Catocin FFA Alumni Chicken Bar-B-Que will be served in the cafeteria starting at noon.

At 1 pm the 30<sup>th</sup> annual horse shoe pitching contest will start, and the Log Sawing Contest will begin at the same time under the show tent in the Ag Center area.

The Barnyard Olympics for children starts at 1:30 pm. Children five to 13-years old are eligible to participate and premiums will be awarded. There will also

be a martial arts demonstration at 2 pm in the old gymnasium. And beginning at 1:30 pm in the auditorium, the Linda Elower Studio of Dance will perform.

Other events of note include a featured display of old pictures of the area presented by John Kinnaird of Thurmont in the old school gymnasium, and the Thurmont Library will again hold its annual book sale. Also, featured in the old gymnasium will be commercial exhibits, a bee and honey display and an antique button display by the Mackley family.

New residents of the community are urged to enter and be a part of the Community Show, the largest in the State of Maryland. Departments include: fresh fruits, fresh vegetables, home products display, canned fruits, canned vegetables, jellies and preserves, pickles, meats, baked products, sewing and needlework, flowers and plants, arts, paintings and drawings, crafts, photography, corn, small grains and seeds, eggs, nuts, poultry and livestock, dairy, goats, hay, junior department and youth department.

The Community Show is sponsored by the Thurmont Grange, Catocin FFA Chapter, Catocin FFA Alumni and the Maryland State Agricultural Fair Board.

## NEWS

## Carroll Valley has a night out with public safety agencies

James Rada, Jr.  
News Correspondent

As the STAT MedEvac helicopter circled the Carroll Valley Borough offices and landed in one of the borough fields, children flocked to it like mice to the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The helicopter was the undoubted star of the Carroll Valley National Night Out on Aug. 4.

"We got here at right time, just when the helicopter was landing," said Ami Sanders of Fairfield who was one of the more than 200 people who attended the event.

Booths and activities lined the walkways at the Carroll Valley Commons at 5685 Fairfield Road. Though there was no rain to ruin the event, temperatures were in the upper 80s.

"We always seem to have the hottest day of the year for our celebration," said Carroll Valley Police Chief Richard L. Hileman II.

Public safety agencies brought their vehicles and equipment out for people to look at. Officers were on hand for demonstrations and

to explain the various vehicle features. The Center for Traffic Safety did child safety seat checks.

Tammy Lytle with the American Red Cross attended with their Red Cross emergency canteen vehicle. "We are giving people information on how to prepare for emergencies and disasters and what supplies you'll need," she said.

The Good Samaritan Lodge #336, Free and Accepted Masons of Pennsylvania of Gettysburg offered child identification kits that included fingerprinting, a child video and a take-home DNA collection kit. Gettysburg Bike & Fitness conducted bike safety inspections. K-9 Max and his handler Timothy Biggins were on hand to demonstrate police dog tactics.

"I think they have a lot of neat things here," said Kellie Macharski of Fairfield who came with her 10-year-old daughter Madison. "I'm getting a lot of good information."

Madison added, "I like it. Kids can do something and adults can do something."

Crash-test dummies Vince and Larry and Smokey the Bear were

also in attendance to greet kids and adults alike. Boy Scout Troop #76 gave children under 12 years old a free hot dog, chips and drinks.

"It's a great opportunity to get the community out to meet the police and public safety agencies while they enjoy themselves," Hileman said. "It's an opportunity to meet the people who are protecting you."

This was the fourth year Carroll Valley had participated in National Night Out. The program seeks to bring out community members across the country on the same night. National Night Out's goal is to heighten crime prevention and drug prevention and to open the lines of communication between public safety agencies and the communities they serve.

Hileman believes the program achieves its goals. "I see people on the street and we've met and talked here," he said. "It gives us a chance to explain why we're doing what we do and they can tell us what is on their minds."

Sanders also felt the event achieved its goals. "Every community needs to do this. It's great for the kids so they won't be so intimidated by the police," she said.

## St. Philomena's re-opens under new management

Olivia Sielaff  
Contributing Writer

St. Philomena's Books and Gifts religious store is starting a new chapter in its thirteen years of business. The store is under new management by Pam and Bruno Sielaff and their family who recently purchased it in June. They have already made many changes to the store physically and plan to offer unique merchandise and be more involved in the community. When asked why she bought St. Philomena's, Pam, a book enthusiast, replied "I felt that it was God's will for our family at this time to take on this apostolate."

In the past three months Pam and her family have been working diligently to update St. Philomena's and make it a more inviting and enriching place for their customers. Besides physically renovating the store by painting, re-carpeting, and opening up the retail space, the owners are expanding their selection of religious products. Pam feels the store should offer "a venue for people to promote their apostolates and non-profit organizations."

St. Philomena's will promote local artists and authors by carrying their unique products in the store, such as one-of-a-kind art pieces, jewelry, and statues. A few other new services available to patrons are a frequent buyer card that encourages customers to save on their purchases, and the opportunity to book pilgrimages through a tour service. Customers can expect friendly, personalized service and a relaxed atmosphere to grow in and share their faith and spiritual needs.

For customers to see all the new changes and products, St. Philomena's will be having a Grand Re-opening the entire month of September



ber this year. There will be local authors, Fr. O'Malley on Sept. 12; Fr. Pudusery C.M. on Sept. 19; and Mr. Charles Gill Sept. 26, for book signings. Also door prizes, free coffee, and a raffle of a hand painted image of Our Lady of Guadalupe with all proceeds benefiting the Catoctin Pregnancy Center will be offered.

A first-time business owner, Pam Sielaff says she enjoys "interacting with the customers and being a part of the Emmitsburg business community." She not only sees this as a business but also as a ministry "to lead souls to Jesus." Her goal for St. Philomena's store is to provide for and enrich the lives of Catholics in the area by spreading the Gospel and promoting sound doctrine that is faithful to the teachings of the Church. Pam and Bruno are grateful to the previous owners for everything they did to make St. Philomena's an established business and "look forward to serving the community, churches, and (Mount St. Mary's) college and seminary in whatever capacity God calls us to."

## Emmitsburg sees \$126,748 cut in State revenue

James Rada, Jr.  
News Correspondent

As we go to press, the State of Maryland announced cuts to revenues that counties and towns receive that are more drastic than expected. Emmitsburg will receive \$114,145 less in highway user revenues. The loss represents more than a 7 percent reduction to the town's budget that was already expected to be tight. State aid for police has also been cut by 35 percent.

The current budget had already been scaled back in anticipation of revenue reductions. The town's budget put off capital improvements and reduced trash collection to once a week among other things. The budget also did not give employees cost-of-living raises this year.

The budget also managed to maintain the property tax rate at 36 cents per \$100 of assessed value. To provide an idea of the scope of severity of the reduction to town's budget, if the loss from the state cut was made up

with a property tax increase, the rate would have to be increased 23 percent increase. A tax increase has not been proposed and the town officials have only begun to look at possible ways to make up the deficit.

Because the new budget year has already started, the mayor and town commissioners will be limited in what they can do to save money this year. Roughly one-quarter of the budget will have already been spent by the time changes can be made, as such, the 7 percent reduction will have to be factored in over 9 months vice 12.

We'll post updates to this story on Emmitsburg.net as we receive them.

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# One hundred years ago this month

## September 3

### Fine Orchard Specimens

Some of the finest fruit seen this season was raised on the property of Mr. Victor Rowe and sent to town by Mrs. Rowe. Peaches, pears, plums and grapes, each variety the finest of its kind, made up the attractive selection sent to some of her friends this week. The appearance and arrangement remained one of the beautiful fruit set out by the 'California Fruit Company'—but Rowe's was far more delicious.

### Enthusiastic Rider Injured

Yesterday afternoon Miss Marie Gloninger was thrown from her horse and received slight injuries. She was riding through Emmitsburg and as she passed the fountain at a lovely pace the horse fell throwing the rider to the ground and the animal was badly bruised about the left foreleg.

### An Exciting Blaze

Fire broke out in the building containing the engine and machinery needed by Patterson Brothers in connection with their business on Friday last, between 12 and one o'clock. The fire was discovered by Charles Sellers who was passed in the building in a team when he noticed the blaze, and immediately gave the alarm. The Vigilant Hose Co. quickly responded, and by very efficient work soon had the fire under control. Part of the roof was burnt together with a portion of the gable end. The fire was caused by sparks from the engine. The building was very dry and the fire gained headway rapidly until the arrival of the firemen, who by quick work soon had the flames quenched.

## September 10

### Exciting Times on Circus Takes

Last Saturday, Circus Day, was unusually disorderly. It became apparent early in the day that a few of those who came in to see the elephant were tanking up for the occasion. In the afternoon a boxing match between a Wetzell and the Wills ended in the arrest of both. They were taken before the Burgess and find each two dollars. It is said that fight was finished outside the corporate limits. There were several other mix-ups before night ended but no other arrests.

The serenity of the town was disturbed considerably later in the night. Employees of the circus, for some wrong done them, fancy or real, at about 11 o'clock assaulted it is said, two men and bruised them up considerably but not so bad as has been reported. George Cool was

bruised on the shoulders and suffered several scalp wounds, and Basil Sanders, is said, was struck on the nape of his neck with a club or sandbag with force enough to cause a slight concussion of the brain. Both these men have almost recovered from their hurts.

The circus men claim that some person or persons affected the canvas of dressing tent while the performance was going on. It is supposed then, that in search of those guilty of this offense they made a mistake and attacked Sanders and Cool who had nothing to do with it. It seems that someone on his way home from the town, going out the pike, fired several shots from a revolver into the air. This called out all the circus men and they went after the first person in sight. The noise of the revolver and the shouts of the man caused many to lose their heads and there was great excitement on the pike.

Another report has it that the last time the circus was in Emmitsburg someone was stung for something like \$35 by the shell game experts and this unfortunate one came to town on this occasion to get square and caused the trouble that ended so disastrously to Cool and Sanders.

Serious as the affair was it still had its ludicrous side. The young man who was struck on the neck had previously eaten some tomato soup. When he was found lying on the pavement he was taken to the hotel Spangler. His injury nauseated him and those by him thought he had hemorrhaged. This led to the report that he was dying.

Two men chased out the pike after each other thinking they were pursued, the one in front taking the other behind him for circus men, and the last man trying to come up to the other for protection. They kept up the chase until the man in the lead was exhausted and when they recognized each other.

It is fortunate for all concerned that the fight occurred when it did for had it been earlier in the night, more people would have been engaged in the affair and it might have assumed more serious proportions.

### Successful festival

The festival for the benefit of the Lutheran Church held at the home of Mrs. Stansbury on September 4, was very successful. The expenses of the festival amounted to \$13.87 total, proceeds were \$29.87, making a balance of \$16 which was given to the church.

### Birthday Surprise Party

A very enjoyable birthday surprise was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mende Fuss, on near town, in the honor of their son, Charles, who was seventeen years old on that day

- September 2nd. At an early hour in the evening the many friends of young Mr. Fuss began to arrive. The guests amused themselves by playing various games and later in the evening refreshments consisting of ice cream, cakes, candies and fruits were served.

## September 17

### Manufacturing Co. Inc.

A company of local gentlemen has been organized called the Hays' Acetylene Generating and Manufacturing Company. It is the intention of the company to build a big plan for the extensive manufacturing of the already well-known Hays' acetylene gas generators. The machines are in no way experiments.

A 500 light generator has been installed in the new seminary building at Mount St. Mary's and in all parts of the country from Canada to Kansas inquiries concerning prices etc., are being received daily by the builders. At present the companies having difficulty in securing a site.

The incorporators are T. C. Hayes, J. S. Annan, E. L. Frizell, P. F. Bruker, J. T. Gelwicks, Basal Gilson, A. A. Horner, and W.D. Collifower, all are residents of our fair town.

### Circus men released

The two members of the circus who are rested under the charge of having assaulted Basil Sanders and John Cool on the night of the "riot," were given a hearing in Frederick on Saturday afternoon. The evidence was so incomplete, that the justice deemed insufficient to hold the men and they were released.

## September 24

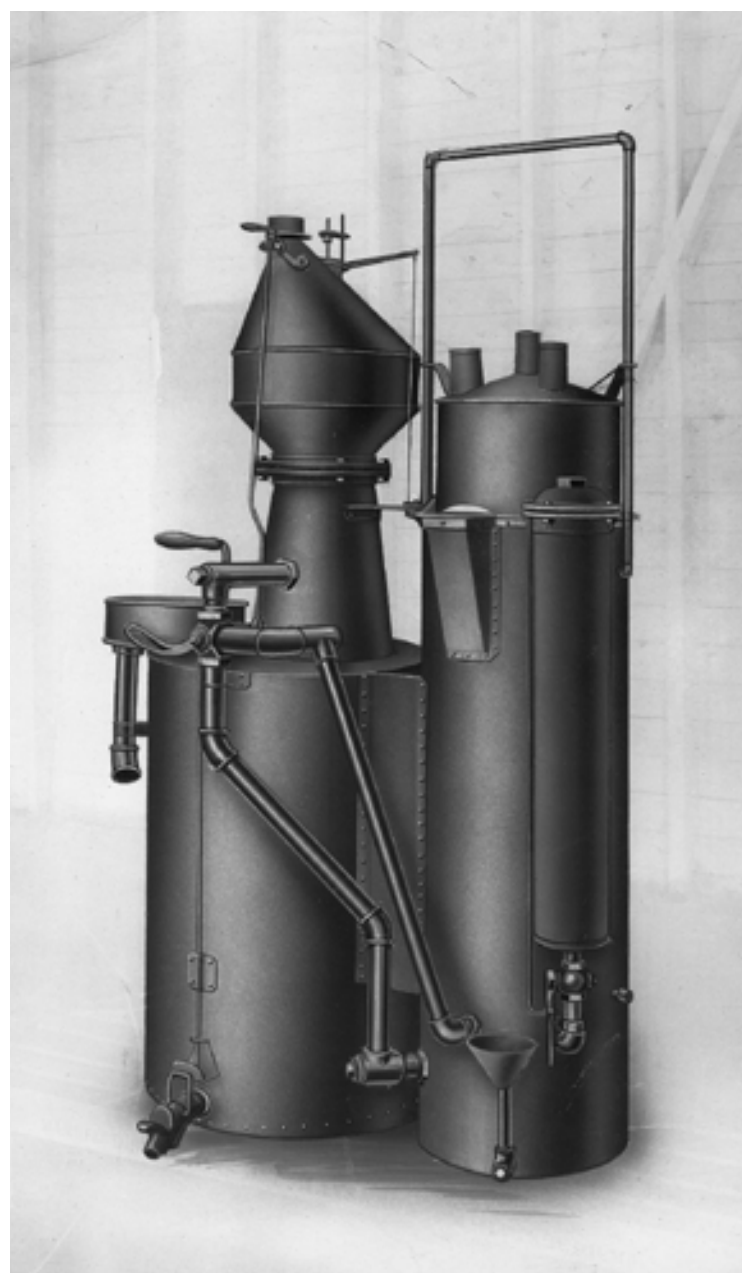
### Two children and a lady in list of those injured this week.

On Tuesday Mr. John C. Annan, son of County Commissioner Stewart Annan, fell and dislocated his forearm.

Last Sunday the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Spalding fell from a barn bridge and ran a piece of glass clear through her leg. The child is only five years old.

Mrs. William Weaver, of Mount St. Mary's coming for Mass on Sunday at St. Anthony's Church fell and struck her head on the church steps and lacerated her forehead.

*To learn more about the people, places, and events that have helped shaped the Greater Emmitsburg Area, visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net, or better yet, join us at our next meeting, at 7 pm on September 21 at Emmitsburg Community Library, as the society begins its 13th year of exploring the area's rich history.*



Drawing of a Hays' Acetylene Generating machine which produced acetylene gas for gas lamps that provided light in homes prior to the introduction of electrical lights.



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## GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

# From the desk of County Commissioner Snyder

It has been a gorgeous summer! The lawns are green, the temperature has not been overly hot, lots of rain, but I cannot believe it is already the middle of August!

For those who do not know, I am a life long resident of Adams County and operate the family farm and have been involved in local government for many years. Those of us in agriculture have seen a good growing season after a wet spring.

In Adams County there are three farmer's markets – every Friday there is one at the Village Outlets (Route 97 and Route 15 interchange) – every Saturday there is one on the square in Gettysburg and one in New Oxford. If these are not convenient, I find it enjoyable to drive to and visit the roadside stands found at most vegetable and fruit farms throughout the county. I would encourage you to do the same. I would also advise you to not forget our neighbors to the south and seek out those mar-

ket places also.

Speaking of the middle of August, the state of Pennsylvania has yet to adopt a budget for the 2009-2010 year. Pennsylvania is the only state without a budget as of this time. What effects will that have on County Government including Adams County?

Counties have the responsibility for a broad array of services on behalf of the public, most of which are the direct results of state and federal mandates. While we can do our part in a difficult budget year, we need adequate funding for core services to assure their provision at an adequate level and to prevent difficult choices about property tax increases. For those who may not know, property tax is the only legal tax counties can levy in Pennsylvania.

Adams County receives over 8 million dollars from state funding for mandated services and until the budget is passed the financial burden is huge on the county.

The Commissioners will be taking steps to address the short-fall in funding by September if the budget is not passed at the state. As many organizations are suspending services, the county may be forced to make disastrous cuts to services or also suspend others.

Counties must start preparing their budgets for the coming fiscal year (which begins in January) in September and counties are required by law to adopt their budget by December 31st.

If the Commonwealth budget does not adequately fund core government mandated services, it will be difficult for the county to fund the necessary services without a property tax increase.

Let's talk about efficiency. The Commissioners are continually looking for ways to become more efficient, just to point out a few: The Adams County Commissioners and the Adams County Courts have endorsed

changes in our prison system focusing more on treatment and increase the use of the work released program. Also, this is year two (2) for the prison garden. In-mates plant and harvest vegetables and then use them in the prison kitchen. While talking about the prison kitchen, it now is operated in-house with inmates (under the direction of prison staff) preparing the food. In order to utilize the garden for an extended period a greenhouse is being erected on site.

Energy has become a conversation by everyone and the commissioners did an energy audit of our older buildings and found where energy could be saved. Improvements will be completed over the next year to improve energy efficiency, just to mention a few: different lighting, new windows, heating and air conditioning units, additional insulation in roof area and more efficient washers and dryers at Green Acres (coun-

ty home). The energy saving, over the next 15 years, will pay for the cost of the improvements. If you are like me, I noticed my electric bill increasing steadily and using less electric.

As summer ends and fall approaches and a new school year begins, our children take to streets and roadways, drivers need to be more cautious. Although a school bus is one of the safest vehicles on the road, most accident injuries occur to children before entering or after exiting a bus. Please be extra careful and slow down when you see children walking or standing along roadways.

This difficult economy today has made us all sit back and take a deep breath and re-evaluate where we are and where we want to be. But by making some sacrifices in the end we will become stronger and appreciate that we live in this great country called America!

# From the desk of Carroll Valley Mayor Ron

Carroll Valley held their 4th Annual National Night Out on August 4th. National Night Out is an evening throughout America set aside to promote awareness, safety, and neighborhood unity. This annual event takes place on the first Tuesday of every August. In Carroll Valley, we use this time to strengthen neighborhood spirit and police-community partnerships. It is a time for our residents to meet those first responders who will be there helping them during an emergency situation. Over 250 people were in attendance. Through the efforts of the Good Samaritan Lodge #336 Free and Accepted Masons of Gettysburg Pennsylvania, our Child Identification Program had the opportunity to fingerprint and videotape fifty-nine (59) children. Since 2006, approximately two hundred and fifty (250) children have been fingerprinted and videotaped—a fact that we are very proud of. I would like to thank the forty-two (42) organizations who were involved and made it a successful event. I would also like to thank our Carroll Valley Police Department, especially Jo Ann Myers and Chief Richard L. Hileman II who planned and managed the event.

Recently, some residents have approached me asking how can they get information about what is going on in the Borough. I strongly believe in government transparency. Our residents should be able to “see through” their government decision-making process. This transparency enables the resident to better participate in the government process during council and committee meetings and to better understand the decisions made by their government that affect their daily lives. There are a number of information sources available to our residents to keep up-to-date on what is going on in the Borough. You can attend the Council meetings held on the second Tuesday of each month at 7:00 pm in the Borough Office.

If you cannot attend, it is taped and then broadcasted on ACTV (Channel 19) the following Saturday (5:30–7:30 pm); Monday (9:00–11:00 am); Tuesday (4:00–6:00 pm) and Friday (9:00–11:00 pm). After approximately two weeks, you can go to the Carroll Valley website [www.carrollvalley.org](http://www.carrollvalley.org) and watch the council meeting anytime you want—streamed to your computer. A comprehensive source of Borough information is the Carroll Valley website. Other sources are: council and committee minutes, public hearings, electronic newsletter, Gettysburg Times newspaper articles, letters, postcards, and emails. If you have a question, the Borough Office staff and I will try our best to provide you the information you are seeking.

Do you have extra time in your schedule that would allow you to participate in an organized effort to help others during emergencies? If so, you might want to contact a member of FREMA. FREMA stands for Fairfield Regional Emergency Management Agency. It is your local emergency management agency whose primary responsibility is to organize, prepare and coordinate all locally available manpower, materials, supplies, equipment, facilities and services necessary for disaster emergency readiness, response and recovery. FREMA consists of two boroughs and one township, namely: Carroll Valley Borough, Fairfield Borough, and Liberty Township. The agency is governed by an Executive Committee which is comprised of one elected member from each participating municipality's governing body. The current Executive Committee members are: Mayor Bob Stanley (Fairfield Borough), Supervisor Paul Harner (Liberty Township), and myself. Coordination among the municipalities, the county and state governments, during a disaster is managed by an Emergency Management Coordinator (EMC) who

is Chief Dave Martin (Fountaindale Fire Department) and a Deputy Emergency Management Coordinator (DEMC) who is A. J. Aldrich (President of the Fairfield & EMS Association). Both coordinators report to the Executive Committee. When a disaster occurs, FREMA's Emergency Operation Center (EOC) is activated. The EOC is staffed by local citizens. During a disaster these individuals, under the direction of the EMC and DEMC, use established procedures to support first responders by providing locally available manpower, materials, supplies, equipment, facilities and services necessary for emergency response. FREMA meets on

the third Monday of each month. During these meetings, the Emergency Operation Center staff learns how an EOC operates during a disaster and practice emergency response actions under the supervision of the Emergency Management Coordinators. Again, if interested, please volunteer and contact me by phone (717) 642-8269 Extension 32 or email me at [mayor@carrollvalley.org](mailto:mayor@carrollvalley.org).

By the way, there is still time to participate in the Borough's Comprehensive Plan effort by filling out the 2009 Community Survey. Go to the Carroll Valley website [www.carrollvalley.org](http://www.carrollvalley.org) home page, click on the link 2009 Community Survey, and answer the questions. If you do not use a computer paper copies of the survey are available at the Borough office. The Borough will be sending out postcards to ask you to complete the survey. We need your input. Please participate. Keep well.

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## GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

# From the desk of County Commissioner Jenkins

## So you want to be a commissioner?

I know, you watch us on TV, scream at the set and call us a bunch of idiots. "I could do that," you say out loud to anyone within earshot. Finally, someone calls your bluff, dares you to run, and off to Winchester Hall you go to file your paperwork and pay the \$25 filing fee. Now sit back and wait for the free media to spread your name and your "platform" and wait for election day, right? Really, really WRONG!

Within the confines of this article I won't cover all that you'll probably do as a candidate, but I will suggest some of the things you should do as a candidate. You'll need a treasurer for your campaign, someone good with reports and bookkeeping. A trusted friend can serve as your manager, but a campaign manager is not required. Get some thank you cards and a receipts book, you'll need them.

Running a campaign requires money. If your name is already known to many in the County then you'll probably need less than someone without name recognition. Yard signs cost between \$2.50 and \$3.00 each and for a County our size you'll need at least five hundred – a thousand is better. Unless you plan to drive them

to everyone who wants one you should enlist the help of friends in different parts of the County to help you distribute them.

You'll also need campaign materials, such as door hangers, a tri-fold brochure or some other hard stock product to market yourself at campaign events. If you plan to campaign at The Great Frederick Fair, stickers are good to have as well. A roll of stickers (1,000) will cost about \$200-\$300.

You're going to want to buy from the Board of Elections a disc or printout of all the registered, voting members of whatever party to which you belong (generally Republican or Democratic). The first step to getting elected is to survive the Primary, and only voters of your party affiliation can cast a vote for you. Not expensive, but equally important to the campaign is a comfortable pair of shoes, plan on spending a lot of time in them.

If you've never really thought about how large an area Frederick County is, you'll soon appreciate it as you begin the arduous task of knocking on doors. I personally knocked on over 2,500 doors in 2006 and a like amount in 2002

(my first run for Commissioner). All of those doors had a registered Republican inside—remember, while you'd like crossover support, only members of your party can help you in a Primary with their vote. My door knocking campaign took me to New Market, Brunswick, Urbana, the City of Frederick, Thurmont, Jefferson, Middletown, Adamstown, Emmitsburg, Mt. Airy, Walkersville and unincorporated parts of the County.

Advertising is another expense you should anticipate. You do have choices – radio (AM / FM) and newspapers and internet and HOA newsletters and direct mail come to mind. It will be your decision how much and where to direct this effort. Your campaign budget will also play a factor. Regional newspapers like the Chronicle and Brunswick Citizen are bargains, as are websites that accept political advertising, such as TheTentacle.com.

Improve your memory! We don't really have debates in Frederick County, we have Forums. At each Forum the protocol is generally to spend three minutes telling about yourself and why you want the job. Practice your three minutes until you

know it forward and backward. The first time I attended an event at The Frederick Fairgrounds I was so utterly unprepared that I started to do some stand-up comedy that fell very flat – I couldn't wait for someone to put a hook around my neck and get me off the stage. How embarrassing, don't let it happen to you. It's natural to feel awkward speaking to a group, but it's easier if you're truly prepared.

Do some research and networking. There are a lot of, for lack of a better term, special interest groups that care about what you think and what you plan to do if you're successful in your efforts to win office. Talk to previous Commissioners and even current ones about your plans—learn from them. If you have a particular area of interest and want to make that a central theme of your campaign, talk to County staff. I can't begin to tell you how impressed I am with the caliber of the employees who work for Frederick County government.

Plan to spend a lot of time away from your family. If you want a vacation, take it around Easter, you'll be busy the rest of the year assuming you survive the Primary. Campaigning and fundraising is exhausting. If you're knocking on doors prior to the Primary in September, it means you're out in July

and August summer heat. Keep a smile on your face and remember that although you think everyone has heard your message the person on the other side of the door is probably hearing it for the first time.

Don't overpromise and commit to things you cannot and should not do. I have heard that some candidates have promised to remove certain employees if they win election to curry favor with the special interest group that has an interest in seeing someone gone. This would be a colossal mistake on your part. If you have thoughts like that, keep them to yourself.

Attend as many events as you can. It's not possible to be in two places at one time and sometimes events do conflict. Hopefully a friend, or campaign staff, can stand in on your behalf at one event while you attend the other.

I have never had as personally rewarding a job as that of County Commissioner. The efforts of the campaign are well worth, to me, the satisfaction I get in serving. If you are thinking about running for this office, commit yourself to it and do it right. One more thing—drop me a line, let me know your thoughts. My e-mail address is chjenkins@fredco-md.net.

# From the desk of Town Commissioner Chris Staiger

As always, I hope everyone's summer is going well – at least it now FEELS like summer... I wanted to take this opportunity to discuss two upcoming pieces of upcoming legislation which in some ways seem related. The first is a proposal to establish a municipal requirement that bike, non motorized scooter, skateboard, and roller skate/blade users be required to wear an approved safety helmet.

The second involves proposed revisions to the Town's existing "Youth Curfew" ordinance. Both were requested by the Frederick County Sheriff's Resident Deputies at the August 3 Town Meeting. The Board of Commissioners supported moving forward with draft ordinances based on both requests.

Much like the requirement to wear seatbelts in a car, a requirement to wear an approved safety helmet while riding a bike or using a non motorized scooter, skateboard, roller skates/blades, etc. seems to be a reasonable expectation given the safety benefits to the user. State law already requires those under age sixteen to wear helmets while engaging in these activities. The proposed municipal ordinance will extend the requirement to ALL users.

As with most things, it's probably best if adults lead by example instead of relying on "Do as I say, not as I do..." The cost of the helmet seems a small price to pay – especially given the cost of the equipment itself – and the requirement doesn't otherwise re-

strict one's ability to participate in the activity.

While state law provides only for warnings if the law is violated, the municipal ordinance may provide for monetary fines for repeat offenders. My hope is that the Town and the Sheriff's Office will provide access to discounted helmets. It was also suggested that the Town work with local retailers to make sure helmets are easily available.

The current "Youth Curfew" ordinance on the municipal books is generally considered unenforceable since it is based on a set of considerations that have previously been struck down in various federal court rulings. A revised ordinance would be based on an existing Charlottesville, VA ordinance that has successfully withstood challenge in federal circuit court - Emmitsburg shares the same circuit as Charlottesville.

Proponents of the revision state that the change should reduce youth based crime in the curfew period, provide another tool to parents, prevent children

from becoming victims of crime, or prevent children from falling prey or coming under the negative influence of adults otherwise involved in "anti-social" activities during the curfew period. While all of these are laudable goals, I am concerned at what cost they would be achieved.

Assuming there is no legitimate emergency, how far should any government go in telling citizens (admittedly, in this case, minors) when and where then can go? The police should already have all the power they need to stop illegal activities – is it truly necessary to stifle ANY activity in the name of "prevention?"

I understand the opinion that there is 'no viable activity for a minor on the street at 2 a.m.' or the fact that governments compel children to attend school. But it seems to me that this type of ordinance presumes that a person is guilty of something simply by virtue of being on the street - and is really designed to get someone off the street without having to

prove they have really done anything illegal at all. In the end, no one has proved to me that we have a problem that demands such drastic action.

Both of these proposals will continue to be addressed at upcoming Town Council meetings.

Send your opinions by letter, e-mail, or attend a meeting. The worst situation is when government acts in a sealed bubble with few and regular opinions. Please consider taking the time to share yours! Best wishes for a safe and happy summer.


**PUBLIC NOTICE**  
**TOWN OF EMMITSBURG ELECTION DAY**  
**TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 2009**

Election Day for Emmitsburg will be Tuesday, September 29, 2009. Ballots will be cast at 22 East Main Street between the hours of 7:00am and 8:00pm. In order to vote, a person must have been a resident of Emmitsburg 30 days or more prior to the election and registered to vote with the Frederick County board of elections.

Candidates must file written application for candidacy with the town clerk no later than close-of-business Monday, August 31, 2009. A write-in candidate must file a certificate of candidacy with the town clerk.

There will be two Commissioner openings.

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## COMMENTARY

# Pondering the puzzlement

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

Philosophy has seldom been a subject I've given much thought to, until recently. Even now I don't put a lot of effort into figuring out "Life, the Universe and Everything". Nope. I dug far enough into the discipline to realize that I am God, depending on how one defines God. (I think there is nothing but God, so I have to be God.) Since I was raised a Christian I decided to put my "being God" to a test. Like Jesus before me, I would turn water into wine—sort of.

Not being a fan of wine I needed to find something besides rotted grape juice to aim for. Enter Ambrosia—food or drink of the Greek gods. (Fermented bee spit is more the way I think of it.) Mead, as the Society of Creative Anachronism (SCA) brew masters call it.

Delicious, I call it. "Nasty" if I drink too much of it and two glasses are one too many! This is kind of embarrassing when I think back to the days when I could down 30 bottles of Bud in an evening and walk home. Now I have to use a two-fisted grip on the handrail if I need use the stairs after sipping a glass of mead!

Turning water (and bee spit) into wine? The "miracle" isn't particularly difficult, though you'd never believe it if you read some of the books on the subject. I mean come on, mead "happened" without human intervention long before written history. Historians suggest the first alcohol Man sipped was mead that occurred naturally when a bee hive in an old tree was exposed to rain. Yeast (a god in its own right) went to work once the rain mixed with the honey, and alcohol was created.

A million or so years later (depending on your concept of the origins of Man) I managed to perform the "miracle". Now I admit I have advantages over the mead makers of the distant past. I can buy honey in a variety of flavors from "wild flower" procured locally, to "heather" from the highlands of Scotland, or delightful honeys from Brazil, Russia or even Bulgaria. The honey has also been filtered so I don't have bee parts and wood pulp to deal with.

The yeasts that best create what humans like about mead have been isolated and mass produced so I don't have to worry too much about unpredictable flavors in the finished product. I also have access to SCA brew masters who have worked for decades to reproduce the mead of the Middle Ages. (Mead was the drink of much of Europe until the Romans introduced the rotted grape!) I also have a friend who has recreated a "short" mead as close to medieval

mead as is currently possible. Still, I see my attempts as "turning water into wine".

I have encountered a minor problem with my thinking I'm God. Sure I can turn water into wine (big deal), but turning water into good wine seems to be beyond my abilities, at the moment. Good wine and good mead take time. Yes, I can turn honey and water into alcohol, but mead that is mellow, smooth and drinkable for most people, still escapes me. Why? Because I lack a thing the Biblical god seems to have possessed in quantity—patience!

Four weeks for the yeast to do its work then transfer the "wine" to a secondary fermentation container and wait another month for the grape to finish (a year for honey!) before bottling. Then at least six months for the grape to mature (another year for the honey!) before sampling.

So far every batch of mead I've made has been consumed long before it was ready to be bottled! The oldest any of it has been was 8 months. That was a batch of apple cider mixed with honey-cyser, the brew masters call it. I admit it was smooth and tasty, but it never made it to a year's end.

I currently have a gallon of straight mead aging out of sight (but not out of mind) and 4 gallons of ginger mead slowly being consumed as it reaches its second month of existence. Obviously I need to tweak my philosophy of God. Somewhere there has to be a clue to achieving patience.

In the meantime I think I'll walk on the waters of Toms Creek. I could use the exercise.

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

# Words from Winterbilt

## The habits of highly unsuccessful people

Shannon Bohrer

A while ago there was a very popular book, *The 7 Habits of Effective People*, which I read and very much enjoyed. The author, Dr. Stephen Covey, made appearances around the country and I considered myself very fortunate to attend one of his presentations. During the presentation Dr. Covey asked the audience questions about themselves and their bosses. When he asked how many people felt their boss should be at the presentation for the purpose of learning, I raised my hand. The gentleman sitting to my left gave me a queer glance and I half lowered my hand. The gentleman to my left was my boss. At break my boss went into the lobby. He never asked me if I wanted anything, he just got up and left. He did not talk to me the rest of the day.

After reading the book and attending the lecture I came to the conclusion that I should write my own book. There are literally hundreds of books on self improvement, management and supervision. The problem from my perspective was that all of the good material had been taken. But then I started to think about the opposite habits of the good habits, hence the title of this article is the title of a book that I have been writing. I started with "The 7 Habits of Highly Unsuccessful Government Employees." Then, I changed it to the "The 11 Habits of Highly Unsuccessful Government Managers," then "The 16 Habits of Highly Unsuccessful People," then "The Many Habits of Unsuccessful People," and then "The Habits of Dumb

People." I have still not settled on the final title. I haven't written very much since I have been so busy working on the title.

I have been involved with this project for some time by way of collecting a large volume of reference materials. The reference materials are easy to find. Newspapers and the internet provide a substantial volume of material on the business and political events of our time. If I already had the book written with our current economic and political environment it could be a best seller. There are so many examples of poor behavior that I briefly considered changing the title to "Examples of Poor Behavior." When my wife saw that title she commented, "I thought you were writing a book about other people." She has such a sense of humor.

One of the very first pieces of reference materials that I collected was the story of a CEO of a large company. The individual had a salary of 100 million dollars a year. Not 1, not 10, not 50, but 100 million dollars! You would think that this individual had to be very smart to climb the corporate ladder and deserve a salary of 100 million. Well if he was smart, when he got to the top—he took a dumb pill. The individual bought art work, a yacht, decorated his home(s) and paid for a birthday party—with company funds! He was convicted of defrauding the company and went to jail. 100 million a year is really good money. I would think he could have afforded to purchase what he wanted out of his own salary. My problem with this example is deciding on what bad habit I should attribute to his dumbness. Is dumbness a habit?

It is easy for the average person to view and examine behaviors like this and say, "what was he thinking?" When the average Joe,

or Jane, hears of millionaires that steal it becomes difficult to understand and/or explain. Maybe these individuals started as smart people. After all they did rise to the top, what then causes them to become dumb at the top? Of course, a problem for me is to convince people that being dumb is a habit. If I can do that then it won't take too long to finish the book.

Why would seemingly smart people be so dumb? The news reports often say something like, "the individual succumbed to greed," as if greed was always there waiting just under the skin to take hold of the individual. Is that possible? My theory is that everyday people understand common sense. If you work for money to feed and clothe your family, you understand the value of money. Apparently some very smart people, or some people who at least once were smart, often after being very successful sometimes lose their common sense. I call this "Inflationary Importance of Self." My definition of the term is that the individual believes they are so important they can do anything they like. Additionally, individuals suffering from this "habit" feel no obligation to the others around them.

I have not made much progress on my book but I have made progress on the title. The progress includes all of the titles that I don't like. My wife thinks I should add a chapter on procrastination. I think that would be good but I have to give more thought.

My boss, who was with me at the lecture, was later fired. I don't know why.

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

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## FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

# The whisper of memories

Rev. Dr. Peter Keith  
Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church

What was it about that place, those people, that time? What was it about a fleeting moment among all the countless moments we have lived? Was it the light and warmth of the evening, or the sound of the wind through the grass, or the deep, resounding laughter shared? The kind that makes you cry and breathe deeply. A pleasure, even when your side hurts and it takes a second or two to compose yourself.

Was the time simply ripe for the placement of what may have been only a mundane experience into the storage of lifetime memories, being jogged into recall through the hearing of song on the radio? That same song that played while you rode in your father's car and he noticed its melody, and turned up the volume and whistled along. He seemed happy, and that made you happy. And you were content, and felt safe.

The smell of clover in an open field that reminds us of a youthful summer day, or the sight of some silly souvenir that give us the image of the day that brought you to it. And you remember the prodding of your girlfriend that compelled you to buy it. The stare out the open window, giving to us the daydreams of people we thought forgotten, feeling surprised and bringing a slight smile, amused for the remembrance. The things we remember.

Our memories. They belong to us as nothing else. They are ours, though perhaps shared, but always a part of what makes us who we are. No matter what we may share with others: common interest, vocation, marriage, parents, brothers, sisters, attitudes, or age. No matter what we may share with others, it is our memories that we alone can claim.

Our memories. They are notes from the record of our past. Written from events and encounters. Seen through the lenses of our own particular view of the world.

Should we wonder what it is about the times in our lives that pass unnoticed, to later discover in memory that they have not gone away? As we remember, those moments from so long ago.

And so we remember. With pleasant feeling, yet mixed with gentle lament, we understand that those times that gave the memory are past. We believe gone.

We wonder what it was about those times, those places and people. What was it that motivated us to say that day an unkind, even cruel word to a friend? Hurting them. Possibly so completely that in the few seconds it took to speak them our words cut so personally you realized even then that a lifetime of apologies might never reclaim them to you.

The hurt we have caused, and the hurt we have known. The flow of time, those written pages turn one after another until we believe them over and finished; left to another chapter.

But then comes our memory. Coming to the front of our thoughts. Thumbing through our book and finding that page we would rather not read again. And the memory brings us back to something we would most certainly prefer to forget.

In the going of our lives we pick and choose. We make decisions and we take and miss opportunity. We are influenced by our environment and exercise our free will for self-determination. We sometimes find ourselves on a road we know we should not travel. And we usually hope that the one we are on is the one we are meant to follow. Along our way we have had those fields of clover, and mixed in with all the sweetness there is the truth of our missed chances for that something we suspect would have brought us happiness. We have chosen immediate gratification to true opportunity. We have made wrong decisions that have walked with us, all our lives, no matter how fast we may try and run leave them in the dust.

Our life moments get placed in the past. Where they belong. The inconsequential. The unnecessary, useless, the work of living that is about survival and not growth are put where they belong; in the past.

It is such a wonderful and beautiful part of us. Our memories. Perhaps bitter, perhaps sweet. It's as though a figure of flickering images from long ago catches up to us as we walk, and taps us on the shoulder and whispers, "you thought I was gone?"

It is nice bring forward pleasant memories. We appreciate them when they invade our thoughts. We have that brief feeling of wonderment. We welcome them. We are surprised for the fact that the name of a childhood classmate comes forth, or how the smell of honey may bring us back to a breakfast table with people who have gone. It is with pleasure we consider these kinds of memories. They are like sunlight making its way through closed and sleepy eyes. It wakes us, and gives us one of those un-contemplated realizations that life is indeed holy and beautiful. Sweet memories remind us. Life is beautiful.

Then there are the other kinds. In our later years we entertain a foolish regret for all the things a person may regret. The kind of regret we shrug, and shake and force ourselves to be realistic and know that there is nothing now to be done. We have chosen our roads, we believe. We cannot change, we believe. There is no other way to go, we so sadly believe. Is it that companion memory? Walking with us, whispering, "Look how you once were. Look at what happened the last time you tried to live that life you want. Remember how you did not become whatever your notion told you should become!"

This memory. It keeps up no matter how much you try to ignore it, do not speak to it, turn your nose up at its presence. It shuffles along, moving just as fast as you. And in its insidious way tells you that you

do not deserve to turn your life in a new direction. And then we may slow. We stop walking. We start to believe. And it is then that it brings from behind its back the chains it wraps around our feet. We walk even more slowly and we belong to it. It owns us. The bitterness of those remembrances linger. They may even overcome and still the sweet memories we savor when they arise and appear.

The Old Testament book of Ecclesiastes is written with an implication of resignation to the vicissitudes of life. Life is a matter for the wind. It moves and changes and becomes what we want and what we do not want. Our life lived out is ultimately beyond our decisions for it. No matter how much we like to think we are completely self-determining, we are not. And wisdom, it tells, is found in the acceptance of this truth. The writer brings to us a particular refrain of the times for every matter under heaven. We are told that there is a time to be born and a time to die. There is a time to weep and a time and a time to laugh. And, that there is a time to mourn and a time to dance.

It is vital. There is an imperative that this passage not be confused with some type of prescription for a pre-destined order of our lives. The writer is not suggesting that we have a specific time to be born, or die. And, so on. We are not being asked to believe that there is a set time for any event in our lives. He is expressing a theology in the observation that our lives move along with the flow of time. Like an arrow flying in only one direction, time moves relentlessly on. But, and this is important, each event in our lives happened only when they happened. It may seem rather obvious, but the point being made is that everything that has happened in our lives is now in the past. And, that everything that will happen will happen in our future. Everything actually happens now. Everything. Not in the past, not in the future. He is telling us, by way of a certain prose something that is common sense, but that we miss. Life is lived now. It is not in the past. It is not in the future. Life is now.

We are born. We will die. We have loved, and we will love. We have even hated, and it may be that we will express hatred again. We will mourn, and I'd wager that we will all find an occasion in our lives that the only response is to dance. Everything has its time.

We recognize in the wisdom of this book the perspective taken by the writer. He is profound in the obvious. We are told that we live now, and that we have a past, and we have a future. But all of them, the past, the present and the future all belong to God.

"He has made everything suitable for its time; moreover he has put a sense of past and future into their minds, yet they cannot find out what God has done from the beginning to the end."

We cannot know what God has done. What is past belongs to God. And what God has done with it we cannot know. What God has done with all our past, we cannot know. But we can know that it all, all the good and all the bad... it all belongs to God.

The memories we possess have been built from the accumulation. We've had our laughter, and tears, and grief and dancing and happiness. We've had that time like when strolling the smell of fresh clover clung to us, having the power to bring the memory of that person who's hand we held so long ago.

We have what are these glimpses seen of the grace given to us in love. Our sweet memories will, if we allow them, cause a gentle recognition that in all of it we have truly never been alone.

And so we continue to take our journeys, sometimes being whispered to by our unwelcome companion memories. And chains may be at our feet when we want to move another way. That memory that causes us pain resulted from a "matter under heaven" that occurred in its own time. But if we stop, and look down to where our feet are now planted. And if we look around ourselves we will see that the event that gives an uncomfortable or even painful memory has had its time.

And its time is past.

Can we give it up? The past? Can we relinquish it to where it belongs? Shall we hang on, saying that it is ours, ours because it was ours to experience? Are the events of our lives truly ours or is it only the memory that we possess? Is the past ours, or do we only own the memories?

Give pause. It becomes clear. The only thing connecting us to our past is the memory of it.



So, should we toil with thoughts to make ourselves believe that what may haunt us did not happen? Should we pretend that what has hurt us did not? Should we imagine our past is but a friend or foe, depending on what it whispers? No, because it did happen. All of it did happen. But ask yourself, "Where is it now?"

"God has put a sense of past and future into our minds, yet we cannot find out what God has done from the beginning to the end."


Memory. With it is how we have been fashioned.

With a smile or laughter we recall the sweet moments of life. With a smile or laughter or just a thought of those who's lives we have shared we feel the goodness of life. When we do, when we let the spirit of remembrance take us to that pure, sweet first kiss that was our youth, we begin to see its reason. We are fashioned with the ability of remembrance so that we may know that we are never, and have never, been alone

And if every so often a particular memory pulls hard on the chains it has placed around your feet, kick them loose. Walk on and leave it tired and lonely in the dust of your contentment. Let it be. Let it stay. Let it remain in its own time.

For it is and always has been, a matter under heaven.

To learn more about the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church visit their web site on [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net), or join them for Sunday worship service at 11 am.



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## THE MASTER GARDENERS

# Fall shrubs and trees

Mary Ann Ryan

As fall approaches, many of us spend our time rushing from school to meetings and everywhere in between, missing the wonderful things nature has for us to enjoy. Take a break and look at the beautiful gardens nature has provided. Ever wonder what those plants were that are holding their berries? Or the tree that has bark peeling from the trunk? How about those shrubs with red or yellow stems by the creek?

Many plants will come to life through colorful leaves and bark beginning in late September. Fall is the second best time to plant, so why not design a fall/winter garden? Many garden centers will receive fresh stock in August and September, so you may have a great selection to choose from. It is important to carefully choose, place and plant your trees and shrubs. The trick is to know what the effect is that you may want, design the area for an all-season garden focusing on the fall and winter, and choose the right plant for that particular location.

We can create these gardens with just a few good choices of plants that will thrive in our climate. When thinking about designing a fall and winter garden, let's think about texture and form. Unless you choose an evergreen shrub, leaves will be leaving us this time of year. So bark, color and form become a high importance.

If you are in the planning mode, measure the area that you will be working and commit it to paper. This will allow you to see the space you are planting and work through the design of the garden. When you do this, it also allows you to learn about the plants, see on paper the potential size of the plants, and therefore determine the right plants for the location.

Visit nurseries and garden centers and check out what is available. Many trees, like sweetgum, sourwood, red maples and serviceberry offer wonderful color in the fall. Shrubs, like oakleaf hydrangea and fothergilla are also beautiful during the fall and winter months.

Many shrubs offer beautiful berries, like red chokeberry, inkberry holly and callicarpa that may hold their fruit through the winter. Consider mixing plants that have fall and winter interest with the plants that you enjoy in the spring and summer. Here is a short list some plants you may want to try.

**Hydrangea quercifolia**, Oakleaf Hydrangea, is a large shrub that not only has summer interest with its big, white conical flowers, but also has terrific red to purple fall color. The bark on the shrub is a cinnamon color and peeling. A native shrub it is grown best

in part shade, this plant will be generous with its fall color. Typically reaching a height and spread of 6', this plant should be sited in a shrub border or as a specimen plant. Dwarf cultivars are available as well. Well drained soil is its preference.

**Fothergilla gardenii** is a great native small to medium sized shrub reaching 4 -6 feet in height as well as spread. It's not only showy in the spring with its white, bottle-brush flowers, but the yellow, orange, and red fall colors are spectacular. This plant is a slow grower, making it a good choice for foundation plantings. It does prefer an acidic soil with good drainage and part sun to full sun.

**Aronia arbutifolia**, Red Chokeberry, has proven to be another spectacular native plant for fall and winter interest. You can enjoy this plant's bright red fruit from September through January as well as its red fall color in October. It tolerates most soil types, but does prefer well drained soils. It will reach 5'-6' and is a good selection for the shrub border.

**Callicarpa japonica**, Beauty-Berry, is a shrub that will stretch 4' to 6' in height. It likes full sun to part shade and gets lovely purple berries in the fall - hence the fall attraction of this shrub, as purple is not a common color this time of year. Use this plant for a shrub border, or mix it in with some spring blooming plants. The stems with berries are great for indoor arrangements.

**Lindera bezoin**, Spicebush, shows a great yellow fall color. This plant is known for its fragrant stems when broken. However, the yellow color mixes wonderfully with the oranges and reds of the fall palette. It likes part shade to full sun, but becomes more open and wild the more shade you provide it. It is a large shrub, potentially reaching 8', making it a good native plant for the shrub border.

**Liquidambar styraciflua**, Sweet-Gum, is a large native shade tree reaching 60-75' in height. The beautiful tree offers tons of fall color - colors ranging from yellow, orange, red and purple. It wants full sun and will grow well in most soil types. The star-shaped leaves give this tree an interesting texture through the summer months.

**Nyssa sylvatica**, or Blackgum, is a tree often overlooked. This native tree has a habit very similar to the pin oak. The canopy is pyramidal in shape, like the pin oak, but the leaves are oval. The fall color is one of the best of our native trees, changing from dark green in the summer to a brilliant scarlet in the fall. It will stretch to 30 - 40 feet, but is slow growing, making it a good street tree and nice large specimen tree.

**Betula nigra**, River Birch, a native tree to river and creek banks as well as marshy areas, has interesting bark. The cinnamon colored peeling bark is exciting in all four seasons. The leaves on this tree are small, and the canopy is not dense, allowing the bark to be visible in and out of leaf. This tree will reach 50'. This tree will thrive in moist soils, but lucky for us, it is very versatile, adapting to drier locations as well. In a grouping of three or five, this selection is outstanding. Use it as a plant grouping in the yard, or as a single tree as a specimen in a foundation planting. Grown in clumps or single stemmed allows for a variety of design styles, from a more natural look to a formal appearance.

**Acer griseum**, The Paperbark Maple, is one of my favorite trees. This slow-growing tree offers a cinnamon colored, peeling bark on the trunk and branches. It is a slow grower that likes part shade to full sun and reaches about 20-25'. It's not fussy about soil, but don't place it in a really dry location. Well drained soils are best. This is a great selection for a specimen tree or focal point in the garden where the tree bark and color will be visited on a more personal level.

So why plant in September and October? Warm soils in the fall will encourage root growth of plants and typical rainfall in our area reduces the amount of watering that gardeners need to do - and - the weather is so much cooler to work in the garden. Because of better root development in the fall, when spring arrives, the plants have a much better start when compared to plants planted in the spring. Then when the hot dry weather of summer hits, the fall planted plant will be well established and therefore, can



Fothergilla gardenii

withstand the tough summer environment.

Container grown plants as well as balled and burlapped plants do well planted during this season. If planting a container grown plant, be sure you break up the root system before placing it in the hole. This will encourage the roots to grow into the existing soil. A balled and burlapped and container plants can be planted well into the late fall until the ground freezes. These plants move best when they are going dormant, because the roots are disturbed when digging. Just be sure to roll back the burlap from the top of the ball, and cut all string from the ball, especially around the trunk.

Whether planting a container or balled and burlapped plant, be sure you don't plant it too deep,

the top of the soil ball should be level with the existing grade. Be sure to water the plant well after planting.

Imagine your garden with a variety of plants for fall color. The plants discussed here are just the "tip of the iceberg"! Many more plants are available on today's market, and with the love of gardening growing, many more selections will become available to us. Enjoy your garden, whether old or new, and always continue to learn about nature's wonders!

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

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## ROBERT CHAMBERS' The Book of Days

There is now a busy movement, for men and maidens are out, with their beaded sickles, to gather in the golden harvest. To get his harvest in quick, while the weather is fine, is the study of the great corn-grower; and such a far-seeing man scarcely gives the cost a consideration, for he knows that those who delay will, if the weather changes, be ready to pay almost any price for reapers; so he gets in his corn 'while the sun shines.'

If well got in, what a price it will fetch in the market, compared with that which was left out in the rain, until it became discoloured and sprouted!

It is an anxious time for the farmer. He is continually looking at his weather-glass, and watching those out-of-door signs which denote a change in the weather, and which none are better acquainted with than those who pass so much of their life in the fields.

Unlike the manufacturer, who carries on his business indoors whatever the changes of the season may be, the farmer is dependent on the weather for the safety of his crop, and can never say what that will be, no matter how beautiful it may look while standing, until it is safely garnered. Somehow he seems to live nearer to God than the busy city dwellers, for he puts his trust in Him who has promised that He will always send 'seed-time and harvest.'

How gracefully a good reaper handles his sickle, and clutches the corn—one sweep, and the whole armful is down, and laid so neat and level, that when the band is put round the sheaf, the bottom of almost every straw touches the ground when it is reared up, and the ears look as level as they did while growing!

It is a nice art to make those corn-bands well, which bind the sheaves—to twist the ears of corn so that they shall all cluster together without shaking out the grain, and then to tie up the sheaves, so round and plump, that they may be rolled over, when stacking or

loading, without hardly a head becoming loose.

Who has not paused to see the high-piled wagons come rocking over the furrowed fields, and sweeping through the green lanes, at the leading-home of harvest? All the village turns out to see the last load carried into the rick-yard; the toothless old grandmother, in spectacles, stands at her cottage-door; the poor old labourer, who has been long ailing, and who will never more help to reap the harvest, leans on his stick in the sunshine; while the feeble buzzes of the children mingle with the deep-chested cheers of the men, and the silvery ring of maiden-voices—all welcoming home the last load with cheery voices.

Some are mounted on the sheaves, and one sheaf is often decorated with flowers and ribbons, the last that was in the field; and sometime a pretty girl sits sideways on one of the great fat horses, her straw-hat ornamented with flowers and ears of corn. Right proud she is when hailed by the rustics as the Harvest Queen!

Then there are the farmer, his wife, and daughters, all standing and smiling at the open gate of the stack-yard; and proud is the driver as he cocks his hat aside, and giving the horses a slight touch, sends the last load with a sweep into the yard, that almost makes you feel afraid it will topple over, so much does it rock coming in at this grand finish.

Rare gleanings are there, too, for the birds, and many a little animal, in the long lanes through which the wagons have passed during the harvest, for almost every overhanging branch has taken toll from the loads, while the hawthorn-hedges have swept over them like rakes.

The longtailed field-mouse will carry off many an ear to add to his winter-store, and stow away in his snug nest under the embankment. What grand subjects, mellowed by the setting suns of departed centu-

ries, do these harvest-fields bring before a picture-loving eye!

Winged seeds now ride upon the air, like insects, many of them balanced like balloons, the broad top uppermost, and armed with hooked grapnels, which take fast hold of whatever they alight upon. We see the net-work of the spider suspended from leaf to branch, which in the early morning is hung with rounded crystals, for such seem the glittering dew-drops as they catch the light of the rising sun.

The hawthorn-berries begin to show red in the hedges, and we see scarlet where, a few weeks ago, the clustering wild-roses bloomed. Here and there, in sunny places, the bramble-berries have begun to blacken, though many yet wear a crude red, while some are green, nor is it unusual, in a mild September, to see a few of the satin-like bramble blossoms, putting out here and there, amid a profusion of berries.

It is an anxious time for the farmer. He is continually looking at his weather-glass, and watching those out-of-door signs which denote a change in the weather, and which none are better acquainted with than those who pass so much of their life in the fields.

The bee seems to move wearily from flower to flower, for they lie wider asunder now than they did a month ago, and the little hillocks covered with wild-thyme, which he scarcely deigned to notice then, he now gladly alights upon, and revels amid the tiny sprigs of lavender-coloured bloom.

Beautiful are the fern and heath covered wastes in September—with their bushes bearing wild-fruits. One may lie hidden for hours, watching how beast, bird, and insect pass their time away, and what they do in these solitudes. In such spots, we have seen great gorse-bushes in bloom, high as the head of a mounted horseman; impene-

trable places where the bramble and the sloe had become entangled with the furze and the branches of stunted hawthorns, that had never been able to grow clear of the wild waste of underwood—spots where the boldest hunter is compelled to draw in his rein, and leave the hounds to work their way through the tangled maze.

Every here and there are sunny spots, and open glades, where the turf rose elastic from the tread, and great green walls of hazel shot up more like trees than shrubs. There were no such nuts to be found anywhere as on these aged hazels, which, when ripe, we could shake out of their husks, or cups—nothing to be found in our planted. Nutteries so firm and sweet as those grown in this wildwood, and Nutting Day is still kept up as a rural holiday in September in many parts.

Towards the end of the month, old and young, maidens and their sweethearts, generally accompanied by a troop of happy boys and girls, sally out with bags and crooks, bottles and baskets, containing drink and food, pipes and tobacco for the old people, and all that is required for a rough rustic repast 'all under the greenwood tree.'

A fashionable picnic is shorn of all that heart-happiness which is enjoyed by homely country-people, for, in the former, people are afraid of appearing natural. Pretty country girls were not called 'young ladies' at these rural holidays, but by their sweet-sounding Christian names; and oh what music there is in 'Mary' compared with 'Miss!'

What merry laughter have we heard ringing through those old woods, as some pretty maiden was uplifted by her sweet-heart to reach the ripe cluster of nuts which hung on the topmost bough, where they had been browned by the sun, when, overbalancing himself, they came down among the soft wood-grass, to the great merriment of every beholder!

Then what a beautiful banquet-hall they find in some open sunny spot, surrounded with hazels, and overtopped by tall trees, where the golden rays, shining through the leaves, throw a warm mellow light on all around! Nothing throws out smoother or more beautifully coloured branches than the hazel, the bark of which shines as if it had been polished. And who has not admired its graceful catkins in spring that droop and wave like elegant laburnums, and are seen long before its leaves appear?

Nor does autumn, amid all its rich coloured foliage, skew a more beautiful object than a golden hued hazel-copse, which remains in leaf later than many of the trees. When this clear yellow tint of the leaves is seen, the nuts are ripe, and never before—one shake at a branch, and down they come rattling out of their cups by scores—real 'brown sheelers,' as they are called by country people. Wood-nuts gathered at the end of September or the beginning of October, have the true 'nutty' flavour, which is never tasted if they are gathered before.

### Historical


When the year began in March, this was the seventh of its months; consequently, was properly termed September. By the commencement of the year two months earlier, the name is now become inappropriate, as is likewise the case with its three followers—October, November, and December.

When Julius Caesar reformed the calendar, he gave this month a 31st day, which Augustus subsequently took from it; and so it has since remained. Our Saxon ancestors called it Gerst monat, or barley-month, because they then realized this crop; one of unusual importance to them, on account of the favourite beverage which they brewed from it.

On the 23rd, the sun enters the constellation Libra, and passes to the southward of the equator, thus producing the autumnal equinox; a period usually followed by a course of stormy weather. September, however, is often with us a month of steady and pleasant weather, notwithstanding that in the mornings and evenings the first chills of winter begin to be felt.

Published in England in 1869  
To read other stories associated with a particular day of the year in Robert Chambers' *The Book of Days* visit [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net)

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## THE RETIRED ECOLOGIST

# Vacation Verses

Bill Meredith

“Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace may be found in silence.” ...Max Ehrmann, “Desiderata.”

Before I retired, I used to think retirement would be one long vacation. I looked forward to it; after teaching for 41 years, I was burned out. I had the same perception as President Truman; when a reporter asked him what he would do in retirement, he said, “I will go home to Independence and carry the suitcases up to the attic, and then I’ll sit down in my chair on the porch. And after a couple of weeks, I will begin to rock back and forth, very slowly.” So that’s what I did. I cleaned out my office, hauled several truckloads of books, notes, journals and files home, stashed them away, and sat down on the porch.

The idyllic vision didn’t pan out for me, and I don’t suppose it did for Harry either. There was a lawn and garden to tend, plumbing to fix, eaves to clean.... Even the porch failed me; it needed to be painted, not sat on. One chore led to another, and I was as busy as ever; and by the end of that first summer it dawned on me that I needed a real vacation. At some point I wrote in my journal:

Remind me not of grass to mow,  
or weeds to pull, or beans to hoe,  
or trees to trim or junk to throw  
in sheds whose space was, long ago,  
filled up with things, outmoded so,  
their value only Ma could know;

We were saved when our son invited us to go to the beach. He and his wife were home-schooling their kids, so they had certain rules; chief among them was that television was limited to evening hours. Each child was expected to find things to do, so in addition to swimming, dolphin-watching, fishing and crabbing there were books to read, shells to collect and pictures to draw. There were regular sight-seeing trips; at the age of six, my grandson could name all of the lighthouses on the Outer Banks. No one had time to be bored. A vacation journal was kept, and each person was responsible for writing the record for one day. When my turn came, purely on a whim I decided to write it in verse. From then on it got to be a habit; each year I would find myself writing a poem of some kind. Sometimes it would be deliberately silly to amuse the kids; sometimes it would be more introspective. There was never any expectation that it was good poetry... after all, what would you expect from a biologist? But it was fun to do, and remarkably easy. There is something about the sound of the surf that causes words to rhyme and lines to fall into meter.

This year the trip was planned on short notice, and choices of affordable housing were limited. The drive from home was long, frustrating, tiring and full of reminders of advancing age; although we had driven there for the past 10 summers, we missed three cut-offs. When we finally found the place they had rented, it was in a crowded and commercialized part of Nag’s Head. The apartment was adequate, but smaller and less attractive than the beach houses we had in previous years. And yet, sitting on the balcony and listening to the surf that first evening, I realized that this beach was not unlike those at Duck, or Corolla, or Topsail Island; it could have been anywhere. My mind makes odd connections, especially when it’s tired; that evening, it wandered off and brought back some lines I had written several years earlier:

The moon was full the night we came;  
The beach and ocean looked the same  
As when we’d been here years before  
And will be next year, too, and more.

Years before? The truth is that we had very few proper vacations until we retired. Before then, we had only one beach vacation, and at the time we had been married over 10 years and had all of our kids. Half asleep, I wondered what it might have been like if we could have gone to the beach alone, before responsibilities began piling up? At that point, words seemed to float up from the

beach with the sound of the surf; all I had to do was write them down. The next day I gave them the title, “Beach Dream.”

We might have walked this beach before,  
some long-forgotten day...  
Not likely, though, because our hills  
were much too far away.

We might have thought we’d walk on water,  
care-free, hand in hand...  
We failed, of course, and laughed and kissed,  
feet buried in the sand.

We might have stood there in the surf  
as sanderlings ran by,  
And watched gulls soar above our heads  
and dreamed we, too, could fly.

We might have built a castle, and  
left dreams and wishes there...  
But wind and tide swept them away  
like smoke-wisps in the air.

My memory sees us... younger then...  
not long ago, it seems...  
How could it be?... Ah, yes... I know.  
’Twas last night, in my dreams.

Sea air has remarkable regenerative powers, and after a day’s rest we were able to enjoy our normal array of activities. I made my usual trip to the Pea Island Bird Sanctuary and found 61 species of birds... an acceptable number for this time of year, allowing for the limits imposed by increasing deafness and declining visual reflexes. Carrying a telescope two miles in 90-degree heat while sharing my blood supply with mosquitoes was not as much fun as it used to be, but the ritual of finishing the trip with a bowl of she-crab soup at Sam and Ohmie’s made it worth the effort.

There were walks on the beach, morning and evening to avoid the heat, and shells to be picked up and sketched, a book to be read, a mermaid to be carved on my walking stick, and dolphins to be watched; but what I enjoyed most was relaxing with a pipe or cigar on the balcony, listening to the surf and thinking. The sound of the surf was interrupted periodically by small airplanes going by, trailing signs that advertised places like Sam’s Swimwear Shop or Dirty Dick’s Seafood Bar; they always flew north. That made sense because if they went the other way the signs would be backwards; but it presented a logical conundrum. Somewhere to the north there must be a huge used airplane lot, or maybe a junkyard full of them; and off to the south must be a factory turning out a new plane every hour or so. I suppose the pilots must ride back south in taxis or shuttle buses, or maybe they have to walk. I



spent one whole afternoon puzzling about this and never did find either a satisfactory answer or a poem to describe it.

The best thing about watching the surf was the pelicans. There were a lot of them this year; I counted 51 in one flock, cruising in an orderly line just above the waves as they looked for fish. Close up, they look lumpy and off balance, as if that huge beak should make them unable to get airborne; but in the air, they are amazing fliers. Their wingspan is nearly 8 feet, and they can glide a few feet above the water for surprising distances without flapping. It is hard to believe that something so clumsily constructed could be so graceful.

It was in 1927, the height of the “Roaring Twenties,” when Max Ehrmann wrote the Desiderata. There was a lot of noise and haste in that era of bathtub gin, flappers and gangsters, but nothing to compare with the world we live in now. Today, noise and haste pile up throughout the year; the only way to reduce them is to get away. That is why I like to go to the beach. Packing the car, fighting traffic and missing turn-offs brings the pile to the tipping point, but when you get there you can sit down on the porch and look at the ocean and listen to the surf, and the pile begins to recede. By the end of the week the pile is completely gone, and you come home with the feeling that maybe you can get through another year after all.

To read past Retired Ecologists articles by Bill Meredith, visit the Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net.

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MY LIFE IS MY CAREER

# A late summer harvest of thoughts

Christine Maccabee

Where to begin on this gorgeous morning in August? I will begin, as is recommended by many spiritual sages, with Gratitude. Even if my heart is breaking, there is still the miracle of life just outside my door waiting for me to wake up and see it. I can hear it too - the early morning calling of crows through the valley, the final chorus of crickets followed by the cheerful clamor of cicadas which will continue all through this very hot day.

I sit here thankful for the coolness of the morning hours and for the sweet songs of birds which bring comfort to my soul. Even the hum of car engines as they travel along the road reminds me of the reality of life as it truly is, an on-going movement, a journey, of time and wings and songs of which I am an intimate part.

Every winter I miss the summer and I live for the coming of spring. Even though the winter grays and browns and the extremes of cold are beautiful too, I miss the green leaves and the sounds of insects and birds. I patiently await the warming of the air and the return of the healing aroma therapy from the many flowers which bloom on my property from spring through fall. The air is pure and healing here, and for that I am grateful.

When the bitter winds  
around me  
blow,  
deep within my heart  
the flowers  
grow.  
I can see all their hues,  
purples, yellows  
and blues.

And I dream of  
happy hours  
spent  
As I turn the soil,  
my soul  
invent;  
With each seed I sow,  
nature's wonders  
to know.

( words to song "Dreaming of Spring" )

However, when August heat kicks in with its 95 degree weather, grat-

itude takes backseat to the will to survive. Last year I chose not to put my few precious pennies into fixing the air conditioner when it died. I had always wondered if I could manage without one anyway, and so this year I have taken on the challenge of living like our poorer cousins in third world countries.

Of course, I am far more fortunate than they in that I have a system of fans, but much like them, I find myself laying around in the shade on longer than usual siestas. Time seems to move much more slowly on these long hot afternoons and yes, I do struggle with gratitude. However, thank God for a good book to read, and the radio!

I have digressed from the world of which I long to speak, that being the natural world. Due to an incredibly wet, cool spring, all my wild plants are taller than ever. The lance-leaved goldenrod is now in full bloom with thankful little bumble bees all over it. Did you know that many bumble bees even fall asleep on the flowers they feed on? Seeing them settling down on a flower to sleep gives me a peaceful feeling just as I am settling myself down for the evening here on my little homestead.

Several other species of goldenrod are free to grow on my property as I understand their incredible value to pollinators. One of my first years here I let the entire hay field go to flowers, and in September I witnessed a miracle. For three days and three nights I saw thousands of monarch butterflies feeding and resting on them before their long journey south to Mexico.

To witness such a thing is life transforming. I have not been the same ever since, and must continue to witness to the necessity for all who are able to preserve or create areas of wild plants in order to sustain the lives of our precious pollinators as well as the incredible diversity of other fascinating insects and then of course the



Butterflies use two different types of plants - those that provide nectar for the adults to eat, and those that provide food for their offspring. The much maligned Goldenrod is key source of nectar to adult butterflies.

many birds which survive by feeding on the insects and the seeds. I do not take my participation in the incredible chain of life lightly and to feel it is a joy.

I truly believe that we as humans are here on this earth to be co-creators and caretakers. As we care for the earth, it will care for us. This I believe.

I have never seen such tall wild aster as I am seeing this year! Some of them are now towering over my head some one or two feet. I think they know I love them. They are the ones just about every property owner cut down before they even become knee high, deeming them weeds.

However, if permitted, they spend all summer long growing tall and full, only to burst forth with a million tiny star-like flowers in September. Seeing them and hearing the symphony of happily feeding buzzing bees in early fall is but one more miracle I am witness to.

I do believe I am the luckiest person in the world even with-

out an air conditioner, a drier, or a man - though a good man would be a great help for this woman. But that is another chapter in the book of my life. Thank you for letting me share this one with you.

Off I go to life's little duties, bills and animals and cleaning and people. But first, one more poem titled "Moments in Time"

The clearest day  
Late summer  
Cicada is singing  
Corn is high.

Summer comes  
Summer flows  
Children come  
Children grow.

All too soon  
Corn is yellow  
Singing stops  
All too soon.

According to Reader's Digest book Magic and Medicine of Plants,

"Goldenrod was once badly maligned as a cause of hay fever until it was shown that its pollen is not airborne. It blossoms at the same time as ragweed, the real culprit, which has inconspicuous flowers."

Both poems are originals by Christine

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

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## PETS LARGE AND SMALL

# Every dog is unique

Olivia Sielaff

Every dog is unique. They all have their own personalities, favorite pieces of furniture, selective taste buds, etc. Our dogs greet us every time we come home and are always ready to play. But more importantly, dogs have a special part in our lives and other's lives as well. Ellen is one of those dogs.

My family and I raised Ellen for Guiding Eyes for the Blind. Part of the preparation for raising a Guiding Eyes puppy is that you have to "puppy-sit" other dogs that are already in the program. We had puppy-sat a few dogs after attending some classes, and then were matched with a Labrador that had just been born but was too young to leave its mother. While we were preparing for our dog, we had the opportunity to puppy-sit Ellen in November of 2006.

It turned out that Ellen's raiser could no longer take care of her, and consequently he asked us if we would like to take her through her training. We remember that when Ellen's raiser had asked us this Ellen looked up at us with her big puppy eyes and we couldn't resist. After completing the paperwork and family interviews, we were ready for a Guiding Eyes dog. We extended Ellen's "sleep-over" to a couple more

months. Little did we know what Ellen had in store for us.

Ellen was as cute as a button and we loved all of the puppy things she did. She would tease our Border Collie, Lady, romp around, chew sticks, chase butterflies, and do all the things puppies enjoy. But we remembered that we weren't just raising a pet, we were raising a Guiding Eyes dog. Even though all the puppy things Ellen did were cute, we had to start teaching her the basics to being a good guide dog.

Once a week my mom, little brother, and I would take Ellen to puppy class. It was much like obedience school for dogs except the standards were a bit higher than sit, lay down, and heel. All Guiding Eyes dogs must learn what will be expected of them when they are placed with a blind person. They need to be taught several commands besides the obvious ones. For instance, the dogs are taught to walk on the left side of their trainer without charging ahead or lagging behind, they need to pay attention to what they are told to do and not what they want to do, they must stop at a curb and sit, and the dogs need to know how to steer their blind owner out of the way of obstructing objects.

Ellen seemed promising with the way she was learning all the com-

mands. Whenever she did something we told her to do, Ellen would get a treat (one piece of Kibble). If she did something unacceptable we had to look her in the eye and tell her in a firm voice that she wasn't supposed to do that. Of course there were many times when Ellen simply wouldn't do what she was told. No matter what we bribed Ellen with, she had already made up her mind not to listen. Ellen had attitude and she knew it.

But we had to try our best to convince Ellen in some way what she needed to do. First we always carried treats with us, even around the house, hoping that maybe the temptation of food would make her listen. If Ellen would get ahead of us while we were walking her, we would coax her back with a treat. That didn't work for very long because we ended up giving her so many pieces of kibble that she wasn't sticking to her "diet", and she relied so much on the treats that she wasn't really focused on the commands.

So instead of rewarding her every time with a treat, we would keep her guessing by giving her a piece once in a while. But sometimes even treats wouldn't make her listen and we had to resort to other plans of action for all the tricks she had waiting for us.

Ellen thoroughly enjoyed stealing things. Whatever you can think of - she took it. Dog toys, laundry (especially socks), pens, scissors, paper, books, dog bowls, crystal coasters, hair brushes, eye glasses, soap, candles, collectable dolls, etc. Also, whenever Ellen stole something she loved to make a game of it.

For instance, when we would catch her with the laundry basket, she would turn around to look at us and then run around the dining room table with us chasing after her. She didn't get very far with the basket, but if she stole socks then it was a bit harder to catch her. Also, stealing shoes was one of Ellen's specialties.

The second we took our eyes off of her she had a shoe, or two, in her mouth. After countless games of chasing her around the dining room table, we decided to trick her the next time she tried to steal a shoe. We filled a soda can with coins and tied it to a conspicuous looking shoe and hid the can behind the shoe.

The first time Ellen bolted off with the shoe she was surprised at all the racket the soda can made. We quickly took the shoe away from her and set the trap again. The second time she stole the shoe, Ellen wasn't fooled and went right for the can. She started chewing it and thought it was a great new toy. Obviously there was nothing else we could do except hide our shoes from Ellen.

Also, Ellen had very fine tastes when it came to stealing food. She would take the usual sandwich, cookie, candy wrapper; but, she soon decided to try some finer foods. After eating a hole through a cherry pie, Ellen then went on to stealing an en-



tire roast off the counter. Probably the most daring she had been was at my grandparents' house when she knocked over a wine bottle, uncorked it, and drank away. We had to keep a closer eye on her after that.

One of the recommendations of the Guiding Eyes leaders, in order to keep Ellen out of trouble, was to tie her to a piece of furniture in a high-traffic room. We started off by using a long leash tied to a chair in the kitchen, but that wasn't smart because Ellen could still jump on the counters and twist herself around the table and through the chairs so that it was impossible to untangle her.

We then used a shorter leash tied to a chair, but Ellen wasn't so little anymore, and she easily dragged the chair all over the kitchen. Next, Ellen was tied to the kitchen table's leg, but even that didn't work. If she tried, Ellen could jerk the table inch by inch to get to another room where there was something more interesting.

Our last resort, which seemed like an excellent idea, was to tie Ellen to the refrigerator. This kept her restricted for quite a while, but even that couldn't stop her for long. She was so determined to escape that Ellen broke the leg off the refrigerator a number of times. Unfortunately, there was no way to tie Ellen to the house itself, but even if we could have done it she probably would have moved that too.

Ellen was a challenge and not because of the bad things she did but because she was so strong-headed and fearless. She had the determination and drive to work

and play, but in her own way.

When it was time for Ellen's IFT (In For Training) test, we knew that she would have the guts to face every new challenge, and she did. She passed her tests and was soon matched and placed with a blind woman. Ellen excelled at work, but not surprisingly, was a bit of a problem in the house.

Her unacceptable house behavior continued and Ellen's owner couldn't do much about it. Consequently, Ellen was released from the Guiding Eyes program and was put up for adoption. For various reasons we couldn't adopt her. Fortunately, a caring, retired couple who had previously raised sixteen other Guiding Eyes dogs adopted Ellen. But she didn't get off that easy. Ellen is now a therapy dog and visits hospitals and nursing homes when she's not at home stirring up trouble.

Ellen certainly is a unique dog. She came into our home and hearts to teach us patience, responsibility, and determination. We are so happy to have raised her.

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

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## CIVIL WAR DIARY

# A Union cavalry soldier's life in 1861

John A. Miller

The Keystone Rangers was a cavalry company that originated in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania after the commonwealth had turned down their service as cavalry, only enlisting infantry during that time. Not liking Pennsylvania's decision, Captain John Horner moved his small company across the Mason & Dixon Line to Emmitsburg where his ranks swelled with young men looking for adventure. After heading to Frederick, they were formed into the First Potomac Home Brigade of Cavalry. Each company that was mustered in at Frederick was to operate, as its own independent command. There were three companies that were organized at Frederick, Maryland between August 10th and November 27, 1861.

Horner's Company became Company C and was mustered into service on September 9, 1861. Most of the men in Horner's Company of Cole's Cavalry, Company C were from Western Maryland and Southern Pennsylvania including the Emmitsburg, Taneytown, Fountain Dale, and Gettysburg areas. Most of the men were farmers or planters, young and unmarried, and were accustomed in the use of firearms and the knowledge of riding. Their extensive knowledge of Western Maryland, and the topography of the Shenandoah Valley that runs through Pennsylvania deep into southern Virginia, served as a great asset to the Union cause.

William Mchenny remembered his first month of service in the Army. He later wrote:

"We went into camp in the old fair grounds which enclosed the old Military Barracks which are still standing, but used now as a hospital. We did not have our uniforms yet or tents, but we slept very comfortably in the horse stalls around the fair grounds. All we had to do for a long time was drill and do some guard duty. We had not drawn our horses yet but were very anxious to get them. Finally there was a detail made out of a certain number of men from each company to go to Washington for our horses. We were told that we would go to Washington by rail and draw our horses, saddles and bridles and ride on our horses back, but instead of going on the train we had to walk more than fifty miles from Frederick to Washington. That was an experience I will never forget. We were so worn out when we got to Washington that many of us could not stand on our feet. After resting a day or so and going through the great Capitol building, which was a wonderful sight to boys who were never more than ten miles away from home, we were finally marched out to the corral where there were thousands of horses and mules, some running loose and some tied with rope halters."

Albert Hunter who later took

over command of Company C when Horner resigned, remembered how he spent his leisure time. He later wrote:

"After being in camp of instruction at Frederick, Md., until about the middle of December, 1861, we were put on duty. I enlisted with the understanding that I was to be 2nd Bugler. Max J. Coble, a very fine musician, and a particular friend of mine, was to be 1st Bugler. I had never seen a bugle, and did not know any more about blowing the calls on one than I did of making bean soup, and did not care whether I got the position or not. I always loved the pomp and fun of soldiery, and where I got to camp it would have taken a young regiment to have driven me away. I never thought of the hardships, vicissitudes, destruction, suffering and death, all of which are present during war, and doubly increased in all civil wars.

I was extremely fond of the Drill. All of us were green in that line, I had taken lessons in Gettysburg from other soldiers there. We created a sensation, as it was new and rather fantastic; movements quick and many difficult. Our lady visitors were delighted with maneuvers, and I had as many interested spectators as the Dress parades, but this was not cavalry drill.

I spent my leisure time in reading the tactics on cavalry drill; I soon mastered the initial maneuvers, and although it was not a part of my duty, I would drill a squad of the new recruits, after regular drill, in cavalry on foot. (We did not have horses yet).

By the 1st of November we had all our arms, swords, revolvers and carbines, and at the same time our horses and horse equipment came, I tell you it was a lot of stuff to take care of - 25 to 30 thousand dollars worth. We were in the saddle every day and made good use of our time, and I must acknowledge that I devoted much more time to studying the drill book than the bugle calls, and often was in consultation with the officers, who, I feel honored in saying, accepted my instructions.

During our stay at the old U.S. Government Barrack at Frederick we had plenty of fun, along with our drilling. Military tactics was not the only tactics practiced there. The many lovely maidens of the city and vicinity did not pay us daily visits entirely for naught. I can recall a number of marriages that can easily be traced to these daily visits, also many acquaintances that ripened into very kind and good friends. I made one myself that lasted all through the war, and so far as I know. Although the lady is married is as friendly now as then, "but every rose has its thorn".

Our 1st Lieut. John Motter Annan was accidentally shot through the head and killed, by his best friend, J. Wallace Moring of Emmitsburg. A private of Company "B" from Clearspring, shot his nephew dead while instructing

him in guard duty. In less than sixty days the Uncle's hair was white as snow caused by grief.

Our brigade was allowed to select their own commissioned officers by ballot. After the death of Lieutenant John M. Annan, an election was held in our company to fill the vacancy. My having been successful in giving instructions in drill, made me a prominent candidate, even before Lieutenant John M. Annan was buried. I felt grieved and compelled by friends to wait. To tell it all, I only wanted to be a soldier, office had no allurements for me, and perhaps I would have refused positively to stand, but a majority of our company insisted that I must, and the other candidates, eight in number combined and one or two of them misrepresented me."

As December approached, the men of the First Potomac Home Brigade were getting very anxious to move. On December 10<sup>th</sup> while still encamped at Frederick, Corporal Joseph H.C. Wills wrote a letter home: "All the camps are abundantly supplied with pure mountain water. The First Regiment of the Home Brigade moved their tents last week, and are now encamped two miles north of the Barracks on the farm of Mr. Worman. There are between 12 and 13 thousand men in and around the city."

Heavy cannonading was heard here today in the direction of Harper's Ferry. We are getting quite expert at our drill, horses are being trained quite rapidly. In a few weeks we expect to get our new uniforms from the Government. No doubt Uncle Sam intends giving us a "Christmas Gift". Business in the city is very brisk. The glorious old Flag is flying from all public buildings and also from many private residences."

Finally by mid December, the Keystone Rangers were moving out of Frederick to take up winter quarters near Williamsport, Maryland. Soon they would see enemy pickets just on the other side of the Potomac River in Western Virginia. Private Clayton wrote home to his family on December 23rd at Camp Conocheague:

"We are now within sight of the Rebel pickets, one mile west of Williamsport, Md., which by the way is a town of considerable importance at this time, on the Potomac. The citizens were thrown into the wildest excitement on Tuesday morning in consequence of a report that the rebels had made their appearance, in large numbers, at Dam No. 5. and Falling Waters intending to cross and plunder the town. The Union troops are prepared for an attack, which is hourly expected, at Dam No.5 or Falling Waters.

A detailed guard of 32 men, 16 of the Keystone Rangers and 16 of the Cole Rangers, commanded by Captain Cole, and Lieuts Morrison and Vernon, went on a reconnoitering expedition on Friday to Dam No.5, and while there observed a party of rebels felling trees.

A round was fired at them by our party, when they (the rebels) scattered in all directions. On Thursday, Perkins 1 Battery was engaged in shelling Honeywood Mill, across the river, but the shells took no effect, the distance being too great.

In the evening a party of five men from the Battery went across and fired the mills, capturing a large number of picks, spades, blankets and fire arms. On Friday a young man from one of the infantry companies, bravely volunteered to go across the river, and fire a large brick house where the Rebels have had their headquarters. There was a large quantity of shells secreted in the house, the explosion of which was terrifically grand.

Our camp is in a pleasant situation, at the edge of a pine woods, one mile from the Potomac, on the Greencastle road. We have good quarters for our horses having built barracks of saplings, thatched with straw and pine branches. Some of the boys have very tasty huts, built of logs, plastered with mud. We are now in a battalion.

The boys all, without an exception, express a willingness to go into "Dixie." You may rest assured that the "Keystone Rangers" will give a good account of themselves when they meet the Rebel hordes. There is a number of our men car-

rying dispatches to and from the different camps. We enjoy excellent health, and all are in fine spirits hoping soon to meet the enemy, and give them a warm reception."

Finally, Christmas had come and the men of Horner's Company enjoyed gifts from home while in their winter quarters. Albert Hunter remembered: "Our folks from Gettysburg, Emmitsburg, and Taneytown gave us a large box of good things for a Christmas dinner, and oh how good it was. Some of the boys were away on patrol duty and we left a share for them. When that night a rascal of our company, but from New York, stole the good things. We summarily discharged him. The Corporal of the guard took him a mile from camp and told him his life would not be worth a cant if he ever appeared at the Old Mill, I need not to say we never saw him again. Our next camp was at Hagerstown, where we had a splendid time until spring. We had the Fair Ground, and all the conveniences we could ask for, besides a jolly good time in the old barn."

To read other articles on the Emmitsburg area during the Civil War, visit the Historical Society section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net).



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## HISTORY

# Memories of a substitute teacher

Ruth O. Richards

Call it what you will—stand in, substitute—I was determined to take the step of filling out the application to become a substitute teacher in the Frederick County Schools. I had heard horror stories about the discipline problems in the Emmitsburg School, but that didn't deter me. I had behind me an incident in the South Dakota school where I had spent one year that gave me courage.

A freshman boy about my size decided to become the class clown in a study hall. I let his shenanigans go on for a while, and then I struck and took matters into my own hands. I went to this boy's seat, dragged him up onto his feet, took him by the waist and set him back down firmly. I used that occasion to prove to the whole study hall that I meant business when I was in charge. Word gets around, you know.

I didn't want to be a full-time teacher as I felt an obligation to be home most of the time with my children. But I also wanted to have a bit of money of my own.

My first call came very soon. I have no idea whose class I was in, but when Mr. Jones called and asked me to come in, I went. Substitutes must be ready to drop everything, all plans for the day, or even for several days. Too many refusals and the calls don't come again. So, many mornings I put aside my ironing, my baking, a shopping trip or even a good day for reading, and went.

I had lots and lots of calls which means of course, that I substituted in many areas in the schools. I know that I was in very nearly all of the elementary classes in Emmitsburg and most of the high school classes. I think, however, that I never taught for Miss Stull.

She was so strong minded that I suspect that she never allowed herself to be sick.

Regular classroom teachers have a responsibility to substitutes in that they are required to have a set of emergency plans for each class so there is no "What am I going to do today?" There must also be a list of names and a chronology of the hour-by-hour activities. Without these "helps" there is always a risk of chaos.

I was very lucky in that I had the ability to learn names very quickly. When I called the roll, I watched to see who responded and was able to remember that name almost immediately. Knowing the students' names, I think is the first step in keeping order.

## Moments to remember

I don't know where in the Emmitsburg School I began this venture, but I have some memories of this experience I want to share with you.

Opening exercises in each grade consisted of Bible reading by "the student of the day" and the salute to the flag, the words of which Mr. Eisenhower altered by inserting "under God." I was surprised by the Bible reading in a public school, as such a reading would never have happened in any South Dakota school. (Separation of Church and State). I didn't bat an eye, though, as the children were used to it and it was one time to get them to act as a group.

As an example of the kind of information she had in her

notes, Mrs. Leary wrote, "Joey is different. He likes to do things his own way." Helpful? Indeed it was. During reading class Joey got out of his seat, put his fists up to his chest and began chugging around the room. I let him chug on. The other children, apparently accustomed to his behavior, simply ignored it, and the class proceeded. Joey finally stopped chugging and went back to his desk.

I like to read aloud to children and I knew from experience with my own children that reading was a way to still a restless group. I was in Mrs. Eliot's fifth-grade class one day and after I had read a story to the group in the reading circle, Maxine said, "Mrs. Richards, you

read just like a movie star." Wow! I would have read on forever if Maxine had wanted me to.

Every teacher knows that elementary children do a lot of tattling. The more a teacher is willing to listen to the tattling, the more complaints that are heard. At recess time one day a boy came to me, "Mrs. Richards, Bobby called me 'snot rag.'" I said to him, "And what did you call him?" "I called him a snot rag." "Well, then you're even, aren't you?"

Both regular teachers and substitutes rely on inventiveness at one time or another. In some ways I had to use my inventiveness more in the high school than in the grade school. For example, I didn't have the ability to really teach music even though I could play the piano a bit. I found that rather than letting the students "do homework," singing would please them more. So we sang. Usually there was one student who could play the piano, but if not I would play. We sang favorite songs. The singing got a bit rowdy at times, but that didn't bother me. It was one way of getting rid of energy.

Other classes where I had to be inventive were math, science, shop and agriculture. We'd have spelling bees, math bees, and all the other "bees" I could think of. Then there was "Show and Tell," taking the kids back to first grade and giving them a touch of public speaking.

Probably my most memorable substituting day was one spring when plans were being made for the May Day celebration. Mr. Jones called and asked me if I thought I could carry out the Home Economics part of this program as Mrs. Remavage was sick. That challenge was made easier by the fact that the high school girls thought highly of Mrs. Remavage. She had been



Emmitsburg High School - Early 1940s, shortly after it was built

## School life in Emmitsburg in the late 1800s

Mr. John T. Eyster - 1908

At one time Emmitsburg was noted for having a pretty tough lot of scholars and it was not every teacher that could control them. The trustees took cognizance of the state of affairs and tried to get a teacher who could hold the boys down. Mr. Tearce, was selected.

According to my recollection his name was Pearce; however, we will call him Tearce. Shortly after his term commenced a few of the larger scholars undertook to run things to suit themselves. They were called upon the floor for correction and punishment. One of them refused to be punished he was quite tall and stout suddenly he made a vicious pass or grab for Tearce's throat, but the teacher was too quick for him and grabbed him by the hair of his head

and gave him a whirl that brought him to his knees. With the boy in this position Mr. Tearce applied his stick, or whatever it was, upon his back until he cried for mercy. That settled it. The boys went to their seats with a full knowledge of the kind of a man they had to deal with.

"Mr. Tearce was a man of commanding presence and possessed all the attributes that he is credited with in the "Chronicles of Emmitsburg." He was the most successful and best-liked teacher of them all. I remember of attending a term of school taught by the lawyer, Isaac Pearson, as principal, and a young graduate by the name of Biggs.

Mr. Biggs was qualified to teach but did not possess the requisite commanding qualities. It sometimes happened that Mr. Pearson's business as a law-

yer required his presence down town. Upon such occasions he would leave the school in charge of his assistant, Mr. Biggs. It was not long until the scholars found the weak points in Mr. Biggs, and they were not slow in taking advantage of them.

They knew that as soon as Mr. Pearson's back was turned they could do just about as they pleased and he, Mr. Biggs, could not help himself, he could not control them. On some such occasion a few of the boys would commence to titter and it would soon turn into a laugh, so contagious, that, every one in the house must perforce join in it, so the whole house would be in a roaring guffaw. Mr. Biggs would stand at his desk with ferrel in hand and shout, 'Come to order! I tell you to come to order!' but they would all laugh until

they could laugh no more. I felt sorrow for him but I had to laugh with the crowd.

"It was not long until Mr. Pearson found this out, and the next time he had occasion to go down town he prepared himself with a lot of switches (good stout ones.) When the time came for him to go down town he started out as usual but stopped at the corner of the house, and waited for results. It was not long until the house was in a roar. Mr. Pearson stepped back and opened the door. No sooner did the boys see him all were silent, you could have heard a pin drop on the floor. Mr. Pearson stepped inside went to his desk and hauled out the bunch of heavy switches and use them on the bigger scholars until he was exhausted. After that Mr. Biggs had no more trouble.



practicing with them before she got sick.

We practiced according to her instructions and when the day came, all went fairly well except for the fact the lights weren't on in the Auditorium. I didn't know how to turn them on and neither did anyone else nearby. The show was fine, but the parents and patrons sat in the dark and only saw the girls in their class-made finery while they were on the stage.

#### Moments better forgotten

...Twice I really had more days of substituting than I really wanted. One time was when Sue Martin was in the 9th grade, I believe. The other was the school year '57-58, the year of the Asian Flu.

A ninth grade teacher decided after the first month of school that he didn't like teaching and resigned. Mr. Jones wanted me to take the class for the rest of the year. I declined and was glad I had. I had no idea what I was to teach and got very little help, leaving me to feel that I had done a very poor job.

When the Asian Flu struck it affected the whole school. I was in every class until I got sick. That too was not very rewarding as students as well as teachers were in and out, and no one, including me, felt very well. I don't know if there was a substitute for the substitute, and at the time it didn't matter.

#### From substitute to full-time teacher

My substituting days ended when I was offered a full-time job teaching English at the Thurmont High School, which eventually led to teaching at Catoclin.

What did I take away from all those days in the Emmitsburg School? One, in many ways it prepared me to be a better teacher when I got a real job. Also I felt good that I got to know all of the teachers and all of the students. I occasionally see some of the students and am able to recognize them. I got to know most of their parents, as I was involved also in the PTA from 1954 until 1966.

And not least, by any means, I saved all of the money I earned (\$18.00 a day) and bought myself a new Volkswagen. I loved that little car, which I knew I had really earned. I have to say that I never had any discipline experience that I would call "a horror story." I managed to get along very well with most of the students and they managed to get along with me.

*To read other stories by Ruth Richards, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net*

*To learn more about the people, places, and events that have helped shaped the Greater Emmitsburg Area, visit the historical society section of Emmitsburg.net, or better yet, join us at our next meeting, at 7 pm on September 21 at Emmitsburg Community Library, as the society begins its 13th year of exploring the area's rich history.*

# Remembering the Zora school house

Jay 'Mike' Hamlin

I had attended 4th grade at Cove Elementary in Panama City, Fl. then we moved to Zora, Pa., in 1941. My mother owned a house there which she had bought back in the depression for \$800. Of course, we felt more like Emmitsburgians than Pennsylvanians, because we did our shopping there and my friends lived there, not to mention the fact that an Emmitsburg doctor delivered me, and was our family physician (Dr. Cadle). I was entered in a one room school about 400 yards north on route 116 towards Fairfield.

The school sat on a steep hill. The teacher's name was Mrs. Sheads, who lived in Fairfield. We were bussed there in an old Model T schoolbus, which left us off at the bottom of the hill, as I doubt seriously if this contraption could have made it up the hill to the school. So I started in the fifth grade there, and one of the first recollections was when I started school wearing shorts. These farmers had never seen boys wearing shorts, as the uniform of the day there was coveralls, or blue jeans.

My mother went to the store and bought me some coveralls (overalls) for 99 cents a pair, so I was then in the correct uniform of the day! The curriculum was a breeze, as I was always observing the proceedings in the grades above me, as the teacher rotated about the grades, while the rest of supposedly studied. We had wooden desks with inkwells, and we put our lunch in the desk. This gave true meaning to the word "brown bag" as most people couldn't afford a lunch pail, so we took our lunch to school in a brown bag, referred to in local dialect as a "toot", pronounced "tut" with a short "u".

During recess we played a crude form of baseball, with a broom stick and a hard rubber ball. Fly balls could be caught on one bounce for the putout. And if you hit

a grounder, the infielder could "cross you", by throwing the ball so that it was in front of you while you were running at full tilt. If the throw hit you, you were also out, and of course, infielders delighted in burning you with a throw, however, it was really better to play it safe and cross you, because if you aimed at the runner, the throw might be behind him, then he can cover as many bases as he can till the defensive player retrieves the ball.

One day I got a real baseball for Xmas or my birthday with all the New York Giants autographs on it. Names like Johnny Mize, Willard Marshall, the whole team. My aunt in NY knew Frank Graham, a renowned sportswriter in those days, who got me the ball. You ready for this, I took the ball to school, and before you know it, it was being used in a game during recess. By the end of the day, the autographs were all rubbed out with dirt, and the next day we played with that ball again, and lost it in the woods. It may still be there! Can you imagine what that ball would bring today as a collectible!

One time I got a crazy notion that boys who wore overalls were dorks, or sissies, and I wanted jeans with a belt, but didn't have any. So before the school bus arrived, I got out the scissors, and cut the bib off. What I didn't calculate was what was going to hold up these pants! I heard the bus coming down the road, so I got a belt and put it around the pants (no belt loops), so it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure what's going to happen! Here I am, walking up the hill to school, with books in one arm, my lunch in the other, when the pants started to slip. I struggled to the classroom, and faked being ill, so the teacher called mom, and she came and got me. Mother got a big laugh out of this incident, but I was really devastated at the time. As you might surmise, I made a miraculous recovery once I got home!

Back in those days, they let school out

early so the kids could go home and help out with the harvest, probably hay, apples, and horse corn to put in the silo. I tried picking apples at a local orchid, and after an hour, I realized this was not my calling. I tried peaches, and they were too fuzzy.

After one year in that school, they transferred us to another school nearer to Emmitsburg, but still in Pennsylvania. I don't remember that teacher's name, but she seemed quite elderly, but excellent. In the 6th grade, I fell in love about three times, sending notes back in forth! In the 7th grade, I learned that I had got accepted to Mercersburg Academy, a very well known preparatory school, west of Waynesboro. Since my step father was in the service overseas, the school dropped the tuition to 600 bucks for the year, provided I do some chores, called a working scholarship.

I remember how pleased the teacher was to hear that I got accepted, and in retrospect, I'm somewhat surprised that she had even heard of that school. Thinking back, I'm sure she played a role in getting me in, as I'm sure she was consulted for a recommendation. But the big endorsement came from Dr. Cadle, family doctor in Emmitsburg, who wrote me up as sincerely honest, and trustworthy. And of course my grades spoke for themselves.

Well, that's the story of the one room schoolhouses, which of course became dinosaurs. Ironically, my parents bought a one room schoolhouse on the road to Gettysburg later, using it as an antique shop, and last time I drove thru there, that building was still there. But the school in Zora is no more. I drove up that hill to find it recently, and all I encountered up there was an angry dog, barking at me, and protecting his territory.

*To read other personal memories of growing up in Emmitsburg, visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net*



What remains of the Hay Field one room school house on Old Frederick Road opposite Creamery Road. Built in the 1920s, the Hay Field school house was one of seven one room school houses in the Emmitsburg area prior to the establishment of the modern school system.

## A MOUNTAIN PERSPECTIVE

## Back to shopping

Chelsea Baranoski

It's that time of year again: back to school, aka back to shopping. The sale papers keep rolling in, jam packed with specials on backpacks, notebooks, colored pencils, and every school supply a ready-to-learn student or a ready-to-teach professor could ask for. This time of year really makes me want to pull my hair out. Summer has vanished, and I'm left with two weeks to buy all of my back to school essentials.

You would think that the majority of back to school shopping ends after the first year of college, right? Wrong! Sure, most people still use their twin xl bedding, brightly colored bath towels, and rubber shower tote from freshman year, but there is always a boatload of extra items that need to be purchased as one gains seniority on campus. Last year, I needed to buy a covering for a sofa, oodles of toilet paper, cleaning supplies, a floor lamp, surge protectors, ottoman, etc. because I lived in a suite and now had a bathroom and a common room to furnish. This year, I am living in an on-campus apartment, meaning that I must purchase kitchen supplies.

Ahh, kitchen supplies. Or better stated, AHHHHHHHHHH!!! Kitchen supplies! Have you ever stood in Wal-Mart and gazed at the seemingly trillions of shelves

lined sky-high with kitchen utensils? Chip clips, spatulas, cookie cutters, cutlery, colanders, Tupperware, ice cream scoopers, etc. Shopping for kitchen supplies overwhelms me. I would not be surprised if I discover my first gray hair from looking at too many crammed shelves of kitchen items. I feel like the kitchen aisle was made for Emeril Lagassi! Recently, I walked into the kitchen outlet in Gettysburg and found a little gadget used to take the leaves off of strawberries. Don't 99.9% of people use their fingers to take the leaves off of strawberries?

I also noticed a brownie pop maker, aka an item that resembles an ice cube tray. You pour brownie mix into the tray and put in some sticks and voila! Brownie pops! Even though brownie pops look and sound delicious, I couldn't easily whip them up between classes. Finally, I discovered a dumpling and pierogi maker. Who knew that this mechanism existed? Being Polish, I think that a pierogi maker is a cool invention. Am I getting it for my apartment? In the words of Michelle Tanner from the TV show, Full House, "No way, José!" I need to concentrate on the basics. That means a toaster, a microwave, and frying pans. Not a strawberry leaf-remover, a brownie pop gadget, and a pierogi maker.

There is only one "kitchen luxury" that I tend to purchase and that is a flame red quesadilla maker. Since I think that I actually know how to make quesadillas without starting a four alarm fire, I believe that I will get the bang for my buck (as well as a few extra pounds and a tighter pair of jeans).

Even though I have come to fear kitchen supplies even more than the swine flu, I have found a pain-free antidote: shopping for home décor. Every year, my picture frame collection grows by leaps and bounds.

Every summer, I print out the three billion pictures that I snapped throughout the previous school year. These pictures always need a home. Whether it is a funky tabletop frame or a new French memo board, I've

got it covered. My idea of fun is decorating my walls with pictures of friends, family, and one of my favorite hangouts: Annapolis.

I'll admit that my eyes often wander from the miniscule black print of a class-assigned novel to the glossy multicolored prints on my bedroom walls. Distracting? I guess so, but they make me smile. That must count for something, right? It's better than feeling like I'm in a jail cell. I like to think that my picture-clad walls make my room more stimulating, which is apparently good for education. In high school, the principal told a math teacher that he did not have enough visually stimulating items on the walls. So, he put up a plastic mounted fish. Did this help the students learn math? Probably not. But, was it fun to look at? You betcha.

Sometimes I wish that back to school shopping was more like it was when I started middle school. Back then, the school sold pre-packaged bags of school supplies. The bags were stuffed with binders, colored pencils, Ticonderoga number two pencils, a plastic pencil case, dividers, etc. Even though these school supplies were extremely cheap and probably didn't last for more than a month, the "bag of goodies" sure did make my life easier. Everything you needed to start school was in a single plastic bag. No need to run to Target and then Wal-Mart and then back again.

Now, I can barely fit all of my back to school essentials into my mom's spacious green van. One of these days, I'm going to need a U-Haul for all of my "necessities." Sure, I could probably do without the fifteen shirts, the dress or two, the few pairs of shoes, the collection of purses, and the various knick-knacks, but I am one of those "you never know" people. I am probably the best person to be stuck with on a deserted island because I pack like I am about to travel the entire universe, from Tokyo to Timbuktu.

I wonder if back-to-school shopping would be easier if I was a boy. I wager that boys have it easier packing for back to school — they tend to live without a ton of the decorative elements and even some of the cleaning supplies, for that matter. Boys also don't need to pack a million clothes and a million mix-and-match accessories. Lucky ducks!

Even though it seems like the shopping will never go away and that my cash supply will never be reimbursed, I know that soon it will all come to an end. Soon, I will be sitting in a desk in the Academic Center listening to the finer points of personal writing, the image of my perfectly furnished apartment neatly tucked away in the back of my brain. This day can't come soon enough.

*Chelsea is a senior at Mount St. Marys majoring in English*

## My last return to Emmitsburg

Ananda Rochita

It is about a week until many students return to their dorms and say goodbye to their parents to return to Mount St. Mary's University. For some, it is the first time they are packing their things to live away from their parents, while for the Seniors of the class of 2010 like myself, it may be their last.

I graduated from high school in 2007 and I remember the wide vast of emotions I felt the weeks leading up to move in day such as nervousness, being scared, sad, and anxious all at the same time. Most of my close friends in San Francisco stayed close by and continued their relationships with their friends from high school, while I had to make completely new friends on the opposite side of the country. I was nervous yet excited to meet different types of people outside of the stereotypical California lifestyle. I was also sad because I knew that that summer would be the last where I would be able to have a tight bond with my friends. Maintaining that bond especially from the opposite side of the country would be hard and a few years later I would come to re-

alize that we have changed so much that we would soon separate on our own paths. That summer, I also felt that I abandoned my parents especially since I am an only child and their lives have revolved around my golf practices, appointments, and wants for the past few years. I would think to myself, "What would they do without me?" Especially since my mom or dad would leave the country or city to do work and one would be left alone at home.

The end of August 2007, a few days before move in day, my parents took a few days off work to help me move in to my new dorm. The day I moved in was set aside only for incoming freshman and many cheery and enthusiastic peer mentors helped carry all my stuff to the third floor. I also saw many parents starting to get emotional and teary eyed, like my parents, since it was the first time they sent their child away for a long period of time. I was so new to everything and did not know what to look forward to. That feeling was so exciting yet scary. However now as I am entering my third year at the Mount it is very different.

As this will be my third year there will be many things I will

look forward to and many others that I will not. I am not looking forward to the strenuous schedule that I have put myself in for the fall and the tiring golf practices and matches. However I am looking forward to my close friends and roommates, but most importantly my favorite teachers that I will have in the Fall.

The teacher that I've had the most for the past semesters at the Mount is Professor Shealer. Not only was he a Mount graduate, but I always looked forward to his classes every morning. He always brightened up my day with his energy and I enjoyed the student interactions during class and bonds that formed even after the semester ended. He always helped me with my writing and was always there when I needed help for classes or with questions I may have. But this being the Mount, I have never met any teacher that I have had that would display anything other than kindness, respect, and understanding for their students, which is one of the best aspects that the Mount holds.

As I am packing for the last time to head to the Mount, I reminisce of all the good times I've had, the people I've met,

and how I've changed and grew so much as a person. Who would think that this city girl would be able to learn how to cook, do things for herself for a change,

and become independent by just going away to the Mount. I definitely did not.

For now I'm saying goodbye to San Francisco and hello to Emmitsburg.

*Ananda is a Rhetoric and Communications major at the Mount.*



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## CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN

# Crossing off accomplishments— Mount Cross Country

Brad Gerick

If you want to reach Dylan Bernard in the evening by phone, don't bother calling before 7 p.m. He would probably still be in the midst of one of his nightly 90-minute runs that cover no fewer than 12 miles.

That is typical training for not only Bernard, a sophomore, but most of his teammates on the Mount St. Mary's men's cross country team as well. After a Northeast Conference championship fifth place individual finish for Bernard - one behind senior teammate Kyle Ryan - and a second place showing for the team, the Mount men's cross country squad will not be content with anything less than last year's admittedly surprising finish.

"Last year was great ... [but] there's no reason we couldn't shoot for first," Ryan said.

That will not be easy, however, as the team lost three of its top five runners to graduation. Matt Logie, who joined Bernard and Ryan as 2008 All Conference selections (top 14 at the NEC meet), was the top senior. Logie was a four-time All-NEC selection and captured Rookie of the Year honors in 2005. Morgan Sowell and Justin Brackett rounded out the team's lineup last season.

"The seniors [who graduated] did leave their mark," Ryan said by phone.

Senior captain Will Mitchell and a highly-anticipated group of freshmen figure to fill in the gaps left by the class of 2009.

"We sort of shorted ourselves I think," said Mitchell by telephone of last year's low expectations entering conferences. It was not until the ride home from the NEC meet at Monmouth University that the team reflected on the small changes it could have made that day that might have made them champions. Selected in a 2008 preseason coaches' poll to finish fourth, the men realize they were not the only ones who were a little surprised by their results.

"We kind of scared the conference," Bernard said by phone. Because of those results, the team will not have the element of surprise on its side this year - it was recently selected to finish third in NECs and that is fine with them.

Ryan, however, has high aspirations not only for his teammates, but also himself.

The goals for his final season are simple: win team-wise and individually. Not only does Ryan want to be the first across the finish line in late October, but he hopes to earn the conference's Most Outstanding Performer award.

When prodded, Bernard expresses the same desire of winning the individual conference title, but neither runner would be disheartened if they finished second behind their own teammate.

"I'd be incredibly happy for him," Bernard said of what a victory by Ryan would mean. The senior, although running out of time, would be just as happy if Bernard stole the title.

"I'd rather have him beat me than someone else on a different team," Ryan said.

A one-two finish is not out of the question. Bernard's finish last fall made the Mount the first team with two runners across the line in last year's meet.

Ryan's time of 26 minutes and

trip to Hershey Park for the team more than a week before it was due to return to campus. The runners returned to Emmitsburg on Aug. 22 to begin training together. Among the other things the team does together are trips to the movies and pasta nights on the eve of meets, which are not just limited to the men, as the women's team usually joins them.

Ryan says that the small size of the Mount's squad compared to other teams in the conference likely aids in their relationships.

ever, the squad takes on a more challenging terrain that naturally breaks the runners into groups based on individual capabilities.

In these situations O'Hara expects the "higher mileage" Bernard and Ryan to lead the way with the potential for incoming freshman Patrick Hayes to keep pace by the end of the season. What O'Hara describes as his "mid-range group" figures to include Mitchell along with sophomores Andy Stakem and Johnny McAuliffe. Freshmen Chris Swisko and Sean Caskey have a chance to break into that group as well, according to O'Hara.

The wide-range of runs provide preparation for every conceivable

"The key to cross country running is to have your entire top five have a good day on the same day, which is not easy, but we do our best to be prepared to do so," O'Hara wrote.

In most cases, that can be as simple as avoiding something that is not in the runners' control namely injuries, which slowed Logie in parts of last season.

One thing the team can do to ensure the best results is smooth the transition of losing three of its top five runners by preparing the freshmen as well as possible.

Mitchell says that keeping the new runners focused is always the hardest part. The off-the-course transition to a college schedule is something the captain and the rest of the team's leaders will focus on with their youngest teammates. Additional captains figure to be selected along with Mitchell before the season begins, but he says that everyone on the team has their own leadership qualities.

"We lost a lot of good talent," Ryan emphasized of the departed seniors. "We're going to demand a lot of [the freshmen] they're going to find out what college cross country racing is all about real quickly."

That will also mean adjusting from five-kilometer high school courses to eight-kilometer college meets.

Mitchell, who sounds like he could just as easily be training for a triathlon, has been putting in time on a bike as well as in the pool to break the monotony of the typical distance running for his summer training. Bernard says he is in the best shape of his life. And there is nothing unclear about Ryan's desire to capture a trio of accomplishments.

After last year's conference meet, some of the runners let loose with a tasteful champagne-fueled celebration.

"That was totally like a random thing," Mitchell said with a laugh.

And despite proclamations that the runners would be thrilled with another second place finish, there is something about their preparation indicating that nothing short of a championship would be worthy of popping bottles this season.

"Just being able to place in the top three would be good," Mitchell said. "Top one or two would be really satisfying. I don't know if it would be champagne-worthy."

But it certainly would not be random.

"If you know that you've accomplished something and you know that you've achieved everything you've been working for ... that's worth celebrating in itself," Mitchell said. "I have a good feeling about it."

*Brad Gerick is the former Editor of the Mountain Echo, as well as the Echo's Sports Editor. Over the next year he'll be showcasing all Mount St. Mary's sports teams and their activities. If you looking for great sports entertainment, turn off the TV and head over to the Mount!*



Dylan Bernard



Kyle Ryan

49.7 seconds was 29.6 seconds behind first place and 12 seconds ahead of Bernard.

Quinnipiac sophomore Richard Klauber won the individual title in 2008 and is also the reigning NEC MOP. Third place finisher Ry Sanderson of Central Connecticut State will also be back for his senior season meaning that Logie and runner-up John Kenworthy of Sacred Heart are the only two 2008 All-NEC runners who will not return, placing even more pressure on Ryan and Bernard if they wish to contend for the title.

### Unity for Victory

"The minute we saw them put the Mount St. Mary's nameplate on the second place trophy we were just ecstatic," Bernard said of the program's best finish in 10 years. "We all felt so good after we saw that."

But Mitchell points out that it would not be the same to simply repeat last year's performance, and fortunately the team holds what the runners believe is the key to reaching a new level this season: unity.

As evidenced by Bernard and Ryan's willingness to accept defeat from a teammate, the members of the Mount cross country team run for each other an oddity considering the individual nature of the sport.

Mitchell was already planning a

In the day or two leading up to a meet the athletes often isolate themselves to get mentally prepared to race. Once at the course, though, the men can be found in prayer and chant to prepare for the race. A Hail Mary coupled with an off-the-cuff prayer intended for that day's meet is usually followed by a more raucous "Mount what? Mount U!" chant that is familiar to most of the school's athletic teams.

Mitchell, Ryan and Bernard all identified the unit's closeness as the element that sets it apart from others. Support from others is not always a given in a sport that offers such rigorous mental tests.

The team has daily practice at 3:30 p.m. along with an additional morning practice three days out of the week. It also lifts and does core exercises three days per week in the fall according to Larry O'Hara, who has been at the Mount since 2004, serving as head cross country coach since 2006.

Early in the year the team works on its strength and form with 50-minute hill circuits before transitioning into more distance runs as the season progresses.

The flatter terrain of the Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday runs are considered easier and enable the team to run as a unit. On Monday and Wednesday, how-

course, which should serve the team well when it travels to Quinnipiac University's course for the first time, where the 2009 NEC championship will take place.

### Conferences in Connecticut

The Mount will get its first look at the course of the defending champion Bobcats at the pre-NEC meet Sept. 19 and return to Hamden, Conn., on Halloween in hopes of winning the men's first title since 1998. Last year the Mount totaled 76 points 24 short of matching Quinnipiac. Having two runners outside the top 20 kept the Mount from matching the Bobcats' pace that included four All-NEC runners.

O'Hara has a strong vision for what the team must do to win this season.

"It will be very difficult, but in order for that to happen, we would need Kyle and Dylan to equal or improve their fourth and fifth place finish from last year and have our next three runners finish in the top 20 - 23 places," O'Hara wrote via e-mail. "Last year we capitalized on a few teams and individuals who possibly should have finished higher."

This year the Mount must be sure it is not one of the teams that opens the door for an underdog to unexpectedly climb the standings like it did in 2008.

## STAGES OF LIFE

# Mom's Time Out

## Are your kids a mirror of you?

Abigail Shiyer

Every time I sit down to write an article for this column, I think "What am I going to write about this time? I don't know anything about parenting. Every day I am just trying to stay 1 step ahead of the next disaster – and I only have 2 kids... and every day – I gain a little more respect for Moms and Dads who have 3 or more – these are what I call REAL parents.

Do kids who come from big families fare better "out in the real world" because they learn to do more for themselves? I don't know. Do kids from small families have better self esteem because they get more individual attention? Maybe – Maybe not – I just don't know. I am not an expert on this subject. But, one thing that I have noticed is that, regardless of family size, children do seem to be a reflection of their parents.

This came to me one morning as I was exercising. I was riding my bike pulling my 2 kids (ages 1 and 3) in the trailer behind me wondering if I was going to make it up the hill dragging this extra 50 pounds behind me. As we were headed up the hill my 3 year old back seat driver wanted to know why we were going so slowly. In fact, she commented "I hope we don't go backwards" – which I have

to admit was a little funny – even though she wasn't joking.

I was struggling – having a hard time getting up the hill and I was determined not to walk, so I said, "this is hard for Mommy – I don't know if I can make it" and then she said, "Mommy, just do your best". I was so proud. For about 20 seconds, I was thinking – Wow – we really are doing a great job raising such a perfect little girl – she is polite, she is friendly and she has such a positive attitude – I was feeling good. So good that I had to push it – I wanted to hear her say it again because it was so cute!

So, again I said, "Oh – I still don't know if I can make it". And Again – she said "Are you doing your best?" – I smiled to myself – she gave me just what I wanted to hear – Then it came – in a tone that sounded oh too familiar – "Just do your best – I already told you that 2 times now – don't make me say it again".

Hmmm – where did she hear that? She would never hear Dora say that – She would never get that tone from the Wonder Pets. She doesn't go to daycare or a babysitter – I can't blame it on them.

Another lesson learned from a 3 year old. I need to watch what I say – and not only what I say, but more importantly how I say it. I heard once that it is not what you

say to people that they remember, it is how you make them feel.

I felt several different emotions after that exchange – it was funny, I felt proud, and then I felt a little guilty. This worries me a little because she is only 3! But, in the big scheme of things – this is so small compared to the issues we may be faced with in 12-15 years from now. But – I look at it this way. These are life's little lessons for me.

My job as a Mom is to keep my kids safe; to teach them what is right and what is wrong; what is acceptable behavior and what is not; how they should treat people; and how to have patience. The Wake Up Call here is that they learn this from watching, listening and emulating their parents or caregivers.

I am learning how to be a parent – each exchange like this lets me know that maybe I have gone a little off course and I need to "correct me to correct her" – by setting a better example. I just hope that I am learning these things in time not to screw up little brother...

My daughter starts Pre-School in September. Just 3 afternoons a week – I think it is important that she be around other kids and learn how to interact with them. I just hope she doesn't teach them any new words... or vice versa.

While I am sitting in my self appointed time out this evening, I will think about what I did wrong and how I can be better next time. I need to try to stay one step ahead of the game. I love being a Mom!

To read other article by Abigail Shiyer visit the authors section of Emmitsburg.net



# Very Vicki

## Summer is almost over

Vicki Moser

Great—summer is over and school has started again. Is anyone here happy about it? I didn't think so. What is there to go back to anyway? There's school work, drama, icky food, drama, homework, drama, drama, and more drama. Sound exciting? If you just answered "yes" to yourself I think you may be wacko. I'm definitely not excited to go back to school although there are some things to look forward to, for example school shopping, reuniting with friends, sports, work, discovering new things, and drama.

I'll admit there are a few good things about summer ending and school starting. As summer begins to fade away I get to go school shopping. The shopping for supplies isn't very fun but the shopping for clothes definitely is. I love to shop for clothes. I rarely buy much but I enjoy it anyway.

I also love seeing all my friends that I haven't gotten to see all summer long. There are always great stories to be heard about how their summers went and I love listening to them.

When school starts my Fairfield Middle School soccer season also

starts. I love playing soccer. I like playing for fun and even though some people on my team play only to win I still enjoy it. I am really interested in getting into a good college and playing for the middle and high school soccer teams will help me.

This is the first year that I will be able to get a job. I am really, really excited to get a job. I will enjoy knowing how it feels to make my own money. And working will teach me many new things. I will get to try out things I haven't done before and solve problems I have never had to solve.

While there are many good things to look forward to at school, there are also a lot of things to dread. There will be schoolwork, tests, and homework all clumped together. The fear of failing these and the trouble of even having to do them is a dread. These tasks are even harder and scarier when you play sports because of after school games and practices you don't have time to do work or study.

Sometimes, after away games, I don't get to do my homework until 10 o'clock at night. By that time I am exhausted from playing the game, the bus ride home, and most definitely don't want to

do my homework. And then, after an hour or two of homework, you have to get up!

Also, there is the fact that the food at school is horrific. My lunch table actually packs lunch for school every day. We might buy lunch 10 times a year.

As you will notice, I listed drama very frequently on the list for the things to not look forward to. There are things that happen in every middle school, even in the more rural ones, that parents know nothing about. There is a lot of teen drinking, drug abuse, and smoking.

While there is the bad drama, there is also the more normal drama like dealing with relationships, friendships, and insecurities. These are the more innocent kinds of drama. But, while drama can be a bad thing it can also be good. It can result in new or more friends, more self-confidence, or just trying new things and having new ideas about what you are going to do with your life.

So, all in all, there are reasons to look forward to school and reasons to try to avoid school as much as possible. So there are a lot of mixed feelings that go through

a kid's head when you ask if they are ready for school. Mostly you will get a no, especially with boys. But always know that somewhere in the back of the brain they are looking forward to school. Just like me.

Vicki is an eighth grader at Fairfield Elementary and member of Toms Creek United Methodist Church

To read past articles by Vicki Moser, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net



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## STAGES OF LIFE

# A Teen's View

## Summer memories that will last a lifetime

April Hilderbrand

As mid-June approached, I just couldn't wait to be out of school on summer break. I had a car and a job, so to me this meant I could do whatever I wanted. It was going to be the best summer of my life. I had several competitions with my horse Tango, a Hershey Park trip with my friends, a family vacation to Los Angeles, California and so much more planned. I planned to swim everyday, get a good tan, and of course spend some quality time with my boyfriend. I just wanted to have one last relaxing, awesome summer.

On the first day of vacation I thought I'd go for a swim—a great way to bring in the break. I climbed the pool ladder and just as soon as I dipped my toe in the water I yanked it right back out. The water was 55 degrees! Hyperventilation was not on my “to do” list.

A few days later, I went outside to tan. I was drenched head to toe in a full sweat so I thought maybe I would attempt the pool again, but the sweat on my body nearly turned to icicles! The summer wasn't going exactly as I planned.

My friends and I were psyched about going to Hershey Park. We were looking forward to the roller coaster adrenaline rush, the soaking water rides, and of course the chocolate world in general. The day of our trip we woke up to a cold, gray sky. We decided to reschedule our trip to the following week, but I completely forgot my best friend wouldn't be able to go. Maybe this whole “getting older, being able to drive thing” was not the greatest ever. With our busy schedules, we never ended up making it to Hershey Park.

Even though I was busy with my new job and getting my horse ready for our competitions, I seemed to find plenty of time to spend with my boyfriend, or perhaps, too much time. After many conversations about football, cars, working out, and big muscles, I soon came to the realization that having a boyfriend was certainly not on my priority list. I quickly ended that relationship and now I could really focus on my horse! That is, after I came back from my trip to California.

I was very excited about going to California with my family since I had never been away from the east coast. However, each member of the family had a different idea of fun. My mom wanted to shop, shop, shop until you drop, literally. I wanted to go to amusement parks, ride a ton of roller coasters, and go to the beach for a day or two. My brother and dad wanted go karts and the speedtrack, to sleep late, waste time, and make last minute decisions about what to do. We all compromised and spent at least one day doing what each person wanted to.

Even though I looked forward to California more than anything else the whole year I was ready to kiss the ground when we arrived back home in Maryland. I was ready to go home to my dog's wagging tail and get my horse back into shape for our upcoming competition.

After a great spring season I was looking forward to moving her up to the next division of difficulty this fall, but while jumping around a course a week ago, my horse stopped at a fence. I flew over her side and my foot got stuck in the stirrup and I found myself dangling from her side in mid-air.



I hit the ground, but thankfully I was able to jump right back on and jump the fence. Tango gave it her best shot, and sprung over it with a little too much effort and she ended up pulling a muscle. Not surprisingly, she lost her desire to move forward. When I finally got her to move I realized she was lame!

Two weeks of rest, and a slow return to work was the vet's advice. Away went my high goals for the fall competition season - all in about two seconds. Thankfully, we have the whole spring season to accomplish our goals.

If there was one thing I learned this summer it was to not get upset about things that don't matter. The day I fell off Tango, my coach noted with pleasures how much my attitude had change. “Four months ago you would have been in tears,” he said, “but instead you got up with a smile.”

My friends and I didn't get to go to Hershey Park, but we still spent many sleepless long nights together, working around our busy schedules. California wasn't exactly the “ideal” family vacation, but I still got to see some amazing sites and experience once in a lifetime opportunities.

So many people waste their lives worrying and stressing over the simple annoying things in life that just aren't worth fussing about. Even though my summer was much more hectic than I expected it to be, there were still many moments I will never forget and memories that will last a lifetime.

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

# Parenting by Zenas

## Back to school, yesss!

“Mom, I'm bored, there is nothing to do.”

“Ok”, I pipe in, “how about: cleaning your room; helping your mom wash the clothes; dust the house; mow the lawn; wash the car; read a book; help paint the house; tend to the vegetable garden; plant some vegetables; ask a neighbor if they can use some help; get a job; clean your room some more, yes it still looks like a pig lives in there; clean up the family room (no, pigs don't live in there; clean out the refrigerator; wash the windows in your bedroom, (yes there are); wash the windows in the rest of the house, (there are too); vacuum out the cars (yours too); wash the cars (I know the dirt makes a great easel but you aren't even close to being an artist); water the plants the front yard, or for that matter in any garden; read another book; become a volunteer for more than an hour; wash the dogs; comb the dogs; hey, how about feeding them every day of the summer; clean out the garage, (ok, so just sweep out the garage); make some lunch; better, make us dinner for the entire week; figure out how to pay for all your expenses for the next day, week, how about a month, or even better, the entire year???” “Parents”, she utters back at me. My wife just gives me “the look.”

### But then it ends ...

Summer time is such a great time of the year. There is just so much to do in such a short time. For many parents, summer is the time we get to see more of our kids than any other time of the year. Alright, for some of you that is just way more time than you would like to engage with them. So next summer mark a spot on your calendar in May . . . . “call Zenas to see what projects he can have my “\_\_\_\_\_” do over the summer!” Yes, just send them over here. We will have plenty to keep your son or daughter busy!

### And school begins...

Four is just way too young to bundle up a child and deliver them into someone else's care for the day! “Rubbish”, I say to the experts who profess that a child needs to start early to learn the disciplines of life! (My wife looks over my shoulder and wonders if some of us ever get it!) It's only those who wish for their child to get a head start that really want to send their four year olds off to pre-school! A “head

start. There is more to life than heady stuff. There is running, playing ball, finding frogs, fishing, riding bikes, playing cowb . . . (oh, they don't do that anymore), and all the fun things kids enjoy most. So why not give the kids a couple of more years before sending them off into the worldly arena of school?!! Or at least wait till, October or early November to start school?!! Go inside to learn the “heady” things once the outside is no longer habitable!

Thirteen is another story altogether . . . . at that age . . . well, let's face the facts . . . school ought to be all year long and 24/7! Misery just loves company. Nothing is more gratifying to me than watching another parent deal with a young teen! Horrifying you may think, but alas, it is true. I once watched a father of two young teen daughters almost blow up over his dealings with the both of them. At the time, our youngest were shy of the teen years. I couldn't understand why any father would raise his temper over something as simple as helping to load a car with one's own belongings. Now I know. More wise I have become. Young teens belong in school all year long, no recess for Christmas, Easter, summer, holidays, nothing. . . . just straight schooling for them until sanity is validated by several third party, non related authorities. At whatever age that may happen.

Funny thing about college; the exact same feeling that overwhelmed me when I dropped off my five year old on her very first day of kindergarten, happened when I dropped her off her very first day of college. Not every parent experiences that same feeling of abandonment. Some actually cheer, saying that the freedom has been long over due! The more outgoing parents are more than happy to announce to the world of this freedom. The quieter parents are a bit more discreet, cheering in the privacy of their own minds!

No matter how you cut it, the season is changing.

Another summer is gone. Fall, then winter, will be upon us soon. Was your summer the kind that creates loving memories from which you can feed from in the winter of your years?

### Calling all Parents:

*Like what you see? Have an idea for an parenting article? Want to just comment? Please feel free to forward your thoughts to me at (P.O. Box 543; Emmitsburg, MD 21727) or email them to: zenas@emmitsburg.com.*

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## IT IS WHAT IT IS

## Daddy called her Freda . . . I call her wonderful!

## Part 2

Sandi Leonard Polvinal

“My dad drove a Model T Ford. Mom would never let me ride with him. Mom said he would get to talkin’ and not pay any attention to me. One day he rode around a curve too fast and upset the car! Laid the Model T right on its side! It was on Harney Rd. near the Presbyterian Church. He waited for the first person to come along and right the vehicle. Good thing he was a strong man! He never got too excited about anything. I remember the man’s name. He was a man named Wag Clingan. Yes, Wag Clingan helped to set the Model T upright. Ha!”

“Jacob Moses farmed for a living and sold insurance. He drove into Taneytown and sold his beautiful raspberries from the back of his truck, along with the produce he raised from his 56 acres. Mom had a truck patch. You don’t hear that term used anymore. A truck patch means a big garden. We had corn, tomatoes, limas, potatoes, cabbage, peppers, and of course chickens, cows and pigs.”

“Mom did all the canning, baking, and cooking and still had time to make our clothes. She used the same dress pattern and dressed us alike. Since I was the baby, she made bloomers to go with my short dress. I just loved to twirl around to see my cute bloomers! Ha! For the fabric, Mom went to the dry goods section in Penny’s Department Store in Hanover. And we had aprons made from feed sacks.”

“So, what did you do for fun or to play, I asked.” “Well, we did

simple things. I had a doll baby called Byelo. It looked like a real baby.” “We also had Bingo parties on weekends! Mom would make lard-cooked potato chips from our own potatoes and all of us kids helped. We had a potato slicer and cooked them on the cast iron Home Comfort Range that was stoked with wood to heat. Mother would grind chicken to make chicken salad. Oh my lands, yes! We had wonderful times.”

“My mother’s maiden name was Ohler. She and Dad were married on December 28th in the 1800’s. The snow was so deep they rode over a fence right over the snow in a horse pulled sleigh to get to the church!”

“I came along in 1919. Dad had a heck of a time getting a Doctor to deliver me. The Doctors were all celebrating the 4th of July! Well, I couldn’t wait to be born, so we had a midwife. Being born on a holiday was difficult! Mother had a friend named Freda, so I was named after her. My sister Ruth was born in 1906. My siblings were all born at home. Most were in those days.”

“How did you meet your husband William?” “I was working in a hospital then and had a girlfriend who wanted me to have a sleepover with her. I came for the overnighter and ended up talking alone with her brother all night. William said he didn’t think I would look at him twice. He was 8 years older than me. He thought I was lovely. He never said it but gave the impression.” (Believe me, I have seen photos and I see why William was so taken with Freda.)

Men never communicated things

like that back in those days. “We got married when I was 41 and he was 50. He was embarrassed, for lands sake, when I got pregnant because we were both older! I just laughed and said well, my lands, what did you think people were thinking, that we were playing tiddlywinks?” Freda laughed and a huge grin came over her face. She was remembering wonderful times in the old days. “He always remembered my birthdays and anniversaries with flowers and candy and such. Such a fine man”. “I can see that he worshiped you Freda!” “Yes, he did at that.”

“I left Taneytown in 1941 and went to work at N.I.H. I worked as a secretary for a pathologist. That got me interested in nursing.” Freda’s niece Bonnie, or Bunny as her grandfather endearingly called her, recalls riding with her humorous grandpa. “My grandfather Jake would point out everything on the way to town in the fields, so I would know what was growing, being as he was a farmer.” Bonnie said. “The funny part was that while he was driving giving his commentary, the steering wheel would go in the direction where he was looking! And before you knew it, we’d be in the corn!” Jake would say, “Now, Bunny, that there is sweet corn, and over there is field corn.” “And there we were again, IN the cornfield!”

“I was just a little kid at the time, but he thought it would be very important for me to know, being as he was a farmer.” Bonnie adds.

Jake, as Maude called him, was very humorous even when he didn’t want to be. “He was a stitch,” Bonnie

said. “Grandfather would make us all laugh!” In Taneytown, there was one light. He would get close to the light and say, “Now Bunny, what color is that light?” I said “RED, Grandpa.” He said, “That’s just the way I want her!” “Then he would smile, and wave to the cop as he drove by,” Bonnie laughed.

“Jake knew everybody and everybody knew and loved him.” “I always liked smelling the kitchen.” “We would wake up to the smell of wonderful aromas.” “I lived there for 2 weeks in the summer and thought I’d gone to heaven!” Bonnie says smiling a big nostalgic smile. “Grandma was a great cook.” “She would bake all in one day.” Every day had a specific chore. She baked for the week on Fridays. “Oh, the wonderful smells of sticky buns, pies, cakes, and shoo fly pie!” “Grandma never measured anything.” She made pepper slaw with sugar and vinegar. Very Pennsylvania Dutch.

The wash was done on a Monday. There was a separate wash house for that job. There was a fire-heated kettle to heat the water with the wringer washer! Doing the wash back then was an all-day affair. You did the wash in a round tub, then placed the clothes in the wringer, rinsed them again, then hung them out to dry.

“I left Taneytown in 1941 and went to work at N.I.H.” Freda recalls. “I worked as a secretary for a pathologist.” “That got me interested in nursing.” “I went to nursing school in 1945.”

Freda recalls that her husband William had a good sense of humor. “He called cemeteries ‘marble orchards’” Ha!” William was very reserved but would get into

long conversations with Freda. Freda said, “I did most of the talking in our marriage.” “My son David took after me.” “David was even put out in the hall by his teacher for talking during class.” And Freda was smiling while saying this. “Yes, David said, ‘Well, I didn’t mind. I could hear everything that was said in there anyway!’ Ha!”

Just not fair, I was thinking to myself. Just not fair at all! There are a lot of questions I will ask God when I see Him face to face one day. I do hope and pray I do see God’s shining face one day. But that, along with why he loved my husband Christopher so much to call him home at 47 will be my first question.

So, dear Freda Grace, that Daddy, Mother, William, Bonnie, Sonya, David & Maggie, and all your siblings loved so much. . . . I deeply can understand why you long for home. Why you said you were homesick that other week when you were already at your home. I do understand. But God has work for you to do. Mentoring, laughing, reading, joking, teasing, and chatting with Pearl and all the wonderful people at your church that love you as well as all ‘your girls’ who adore you! Yes, you will see your God and your dear ones again. . . . But please, not too soon!

Happy 90th birthday to a wonderful, dear, intelligent, talented, strong woman! You make me proud to call you . . . Friend.

To read more articles by Sandra Polvinal, visit the Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net.

In the Country  
The onset of autumn

Lynne Holt

Here we are, approaching autumn. My horses have begun to shed, preparing for the thicker coat required for the cooler weather to come. Dogs and cats will do the same. Blackberries are in season, copperheads are at their most aggressive, and I have yet to treat my barn cat for fleas, due to the wet summer.

It is natural to gain a little weight to make it through the winter. But, as we do not hibernate like bears and reptiles, we do not need to bulk up. Most people are less active in winter. Outdoor winter sports are a little more difficult to pursue here than in the frozen north. I believe it is important to get outside all year round. Golf has to be put by the wayside and tennis can be continued indoors, but what can you do to keep that activity level up? Do people really prefer gyms? Artificial light, artificial heat? I have met people

who use their treadmills, while their dog sits and watches them!

So many people suffer from bad lower back pain. My sister tried all sorts of things to remedy this situation. When I started back to work, I found all the sitting to be a source of this pain. I sat in my vehicle to and from work, I sat at work, I even sat when I rode the horses. I found the answer to this to be activity. I found a job with diverse duties.

We, of the baby boomers, are in the autumn of our lives. Our generation has so much to deal with; so many things are available to us. Who would ever have thought that in our 50’s and 60’s we would be dating, married, divorced, and married again? We were not prepared for this and the sad thing is, because of our busy, fast paced lives, we do not seem to meet people. Time compounds the problem.

At this point, we may not have not even met that special person yet.

We still have that desire to build a life with someone, but it takes time to get to know people. I once heard that we live too long to spend all of our lives with one person. For many this is very true. For the ones who have remained together, kudos to y’all! But how can one person be all to another? We spend so much time at work and have to tolerate so many different personalities.

How does one come home and keep that up with family? I think this has divided many of us. For some, tv and video games are their escapes. For others, activities keep the carrot in front of the donkey’s nose. I “borrow” a lot of my material, but this one is mine, “I got up to feed the horses this morning, so I may as well go to work”. I do that each and every morning.

For those of us who grew up in the 1940’s through the 1960’s, we were promised something different then we got. Marriages do not last, jobs are no longer secure, retirement, both funds and actually getting to that point, is elusive. Our mothers ended up living alone, as they generally outlived our fathers. But will our generation be able to afford that? I see us moving in together

and that is going to be most difficult for people who have been driven apart.

So. . . .we were promised something different and it is getting late. I surely do not know what the answers are, but I do adopt some of the attitudes that work. Keep a smile on your face, it may not lift your mood, but it will annoy enough people to be worth the effort. Maintain an open mind and try new things with new people. And you know what? Autumn has always been my favorite season, so I am not going to miss out on life, because unexpected events have changed everything.

I have posed a lot of questions, and we owe it to ourselves to find at least some of the answers. It

is human nature to resist change and it can be more difficult as life progresses. In all aspects of life, we must be our own project managers; particularly when it comes to our health, finances, relationships, work, and general well-being. I have no idea of how life will change for our children, but let’s hope we not only prepared them for change, but set the good example of how to roll with it.

Autumn is a time to prepare for the oncoming winter. We have this season every year. Take stock in it and let it guide you.

To read other articles by Lynne Holt visit the Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net.



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IN MY OWN WORDS

# Travels with Harry: On the road again

Harry Au

Katherine, my pet, told me one day that we were moving to South Carolina from California. She then began the process of sorting and packing and I watched as most all of my things were put into boxes. Then one day in June her parents picked me up from home and we all went to pick Katherine up from work to begin our journey.

Katherine and I were in the back seat of the truck, her parents were in the front, and the truck was hauling an Airstream trailer that was going to be our home for the trip. At least this time I wasn't perched on boxes and surrounded by bags, but the seats were too high for me to jump up and down from, so I was constantly lifted into and out of the truck for the entire journey and I found it a little embarrassing. I was very happy that I was able to stand on the back seat with my front paws on the center console which ensured that I was the first to sight squirrels or anything else that might require my attention.

The next day we made it into Utah. I had never been to the salt flats and it all looked and felt just a little bit odd to me, but I was happy to be out of the truck and peed on everything I could. Then we went

over Donner Pass and Katherine's father told us its story. I didn't like the story very much and I was glad we were going over it around July instead of January as I thought I'd be the first to go if something like that should ever happen. I think Katherine sensed I was uncomfortable because she started to rub my belly and told me not to worry since we weren't in the 1800's anymore, the pass was paved and well-traveled, and we had cell phones.

The next night we made it to Idaho and stayed beside Rainbow Lake. There was a lot of wind, but it was one of the most beautiful places I had seen, so I didn't mind that I couldn't really catch a good scent of anything. We all took a walk around the lake and I was very happy to be able to sniff and pee whenever and wherever possible and I finished my day with a long nap on the grass.

We then went to Yellowstone National Park. During that day I saw my first sighting of a moose, a buffalo, and an elk as we drove to the campground. I was amazed at how large the animals were. They seemed almost as big as the truck but I still had to bark and growl at them since I took my job of protection seriously.

As we left Yellowstone we drove through a herd of buffalo. There must have been at least 30 just



walking down the road towards us. We stopped and let them pass by as they didn't seem inclined to get off the road. This time I didn't bark or growl because I saw just how big they were. Some even looked into the windows right at me. I know I'm supposed to be a good guard dog, but even I didn't have a death wish and felt it was probably better not to provoke them.

We then went to Polson, Montana before heading into Glacier National Park. I remember that the scenery was some of the most beautiful I had ever seen. I began to understand why humans call it the 'big sky' state. It was as if the sky melted into the landscapes and it was amazing.

The next day we entered Glacier National Park and when we got to our campground we were told by a ranger that there was a black bear around. While my pet and her parents were cooking dinner I started barking. I needed to warn them that a bear was coming to our campsite. I also was tied up outside and I wanted to be inside. Katherine came out of the trailer and told me to stop barking. Then, our neighbors told her that I must be barking at the bear. I heard her say to them, 'yeah, sure, the

bear,' but then I saw her look to the area they pointed. She saw the bear then. I don't think I've ever seen my pet move so fast. She had me off the leash and into the trailer in a matter of seconds.

The next day we left Glacier and while driving we passed a motel that advertised a sign saying, "Goldilocks slept here and she liked it just fine." I thought it was an odd advertisement, but I've learned over the years that humans are odd. Like, when my pet read The Night of the Grizzly in Glacier Park and she couldn't sleep. She kept me awake all night tossing and turning and I was very annoyed.

Luckily, the next day I wasn't allowed into the place where my pet went so I was able to catch up on my sleep in the air-conditioned trailer while Katherine and her parents were out and about. I know I was supposed to be guarding the trailer, but I was just too tired to be a good guard dog that day.

The next day was a long travel day as we drove through Mississippi, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and then we entered Kentucky. After a couple of days in Kentucky we made stops in Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, and Maryland before heading to-

wards our destination. By this time the trip had taken a full month and I think we were all ready to get to our destination and have a bigger home than a 28 foot trailer.

When we arrived in South Carolina I remember wondering how I was ever going to survive the humidity. It was so sticky and hot and all I wanted to do was lie on the cool kitchen floor near the AC vent. I didn't even want to go outside for a walk, but my pet told me I'd like it and that I didn't have a choice, so I went. She was right - I loved it! We walked to the beach and I was let off the leash. The waves weren't big like on the Pacific and they cooled me off when I played in the ocean. I was able to run after birds, sniff all the things that washed ashore, and pee on whatever I wanted. I even forgot about how hot I was while we were out. The only thing I didn't like was I had to have a bath after the walk to get the sand off me, but that wasn't so bad since it cooled me off even more. I was going to really like being a beach dog.

We stayed in South Carolina a year before moving again, but that trip is another story for later.

Until then, I remain your Jack Russell/Basset hound friend, Harry.

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## THE OLD TENANT HOUSE

# Updating heating and plumbing systems

Michael Hillman

The first time I met Joe Reckley was almost 18 years ago. It was a hot summer day and the pump in our well had bit the dust -or at least I hoped it was the pump. I fretted away the time calculating the cost of a worst case scenario, which was a dry well and the cost of which gave me pause, so I poured a double Gin and Tonic.

Now if you have ever met Joe, you know 'fretting' is not something he puts too much stock in. Ignoring my questions on where we should drill the new well, he removed the cap to the well and began to pull the rope holding the pump in the well - all 240 feet of it.

"Wow, whoever drilled this well never wanted it to run dry," puffed a tired Joe as the pump finally reached the surface. Sure enough, Joe was right, after 20 years of service, the pump had simply worn out.

Less than half an hour later a new pump was in the well and pumping water. "Twenty years is a long time for a pump," said Joe as he wrote up my bill, "most people consider themselves lucky if they get 15 years out of a pump."

As I hadn't inquired on cost before I called Joe, I steadied myself for a whopper of a bill. I was thinking it would be somewhere in the area of \$3,000 or more.

"Umm Joe, did you misplace a decimal point?" I was shocked when he handed me the bill.

"No, that's right. Why? Is it too much?" He asked the last question almost apologetically. Too much? I thought, "on the contrary, it was one tenth of what I had expected."

It was that day Joe hooked me as a lifetime customer of Reckley's Plumbing and Heating, which after Zurgable Brothers' hardware, is one of Emmitsburg's oldest businesses. So when it came to who we would entrust to update the 50 year

old plumbing and heating systems in the house, Reckley's Plumbing and Heating had the job by default.

### Oil or Gas Heat

The first question that needed to get answered was whether we wanted to abandon oil and go to propane as our fuel source. Now I have to admit, after suffering through winter after winter feeling like I was burning dollars and not oil, I was open to a change.

As much as I wanted to switch to propane, I found the 'strings' attached to that switch unpalatable. Unlike oil, the propane tank for safety reasons had to be located outside of the house. Given the focus on the renovations was to open up the view to the mountains, the last thing I wanted was to spoil that view with a propane tank.

Now I could bury the tank, but that would mean I would have to buy a special tank which would cost more than a new oil heating system would cost all together. So, we stuck with oil.

With that decision made, it was time to decide what type of oil burner to get. Joe brought over several catalogues to help me make an educated decision - had he known how much I trusted him, he could have saved himself the effort.

"Joe, you're the guy who'll have to install it and service it. So just tell me what you recommend and let's get it."

A befuddled Joe asked, "don't you want an estimate?"

"No," I replied, "if you were going to cheat me, you would have done it a long time ago. The job's yours. Just order what you need and do it."

### Re-plumbing the heating system

As the portion of the house that housed the old boiler had been torn down, Joe was faced with re-plumbing the whole heating circulating system in the house.



Once the new high efficiency boiler was installed in the addition's basement, Joe and his crew set about deciphering the existing Gerry-rigged circulating system. Even my nuclear engineering background didn't prepare me for the questions balancing the heating system presented. Unlike modern heating systems, our system was one single loop with 'diverters' that directed the hot water to individual radiators.

To make matters worse the downstairs had twice as many radiators as the upstairs. While logically one would think the reason would be because heat rises, in our case, it wasn't. Instead, one room in the house would be hotter than Hades while another room was cold as an iceberg.

Fortunately, Joe had seen this type of system before, and was able to reach way back into the depths of his talent and supply-bin and pull the necessary components to 'balance' the system. Of course we wouldn't know for sure until the winter, but Joe seemed pretty sure he had nailed it. As time would soon tell, he had.

### The Chimney

One of the biggest questions after oil vs. propane was whether

we wanted a chimney or a 'power vent' for the boiler. Frankly, I was sold on the 'power vent' the moment Joe mentioned it.

Every time I painted the roof of the house, I struggled to paint the old boiler's chimney. Standing almost 10 feet above the slanted roof line, it was next to impossible to stand a ladder against it to reach the top.

On more than one occasion, I found myself stacking whatever I could next to the chimney-roof junction, and with bated breath I would climb the makeshift mound clinging to the chimney with one hand while holding a bucket of paint with the other.

Once, while grasping the top of the chimney, the 'mound' gave way, leaving me dangling. My wife couldn't resist inquiring about the truthfulness of my so called nuclear engineering credential, and left me hanging for all in the neighborhood to see. Fortunately, Joe Wivell eventually drove by and rescued me.

Needless to say, I was happy to see my chimney nemeses removed as part of the renovation, and was loath to replace it. The only downside of the power vent was a requirement that prevented windows from being within a certain distance of it. Fortunately, Joe was able to position the power vent in such a way that we only lost one window in the addition - a window we now are happy we never installed anyway.

### The Plumbing

Next to hanging out with Tony Orndorf while he did his drywall work, hanging out with Joe and his crew was quality time for our dogs!

As most of the work required his crew to work at doggie nose level, Joe's guys had to fend off hours of face licks as they installed the new plumbing. But as Joe's crew were all dog people, no one cared.

Given that the new kitchen sink and dishwasher were 12 feet from the old counterparts, the location of the washing machine was moved, and a brand new bathroom was to be installed meant utilizing the old plumbing was out of the question.

In the long run it was cheaper to run all new pipes. A good call on Joe's part, for when he cut the old pipes apart we discovered the reason it took 2 hours to fill the washing machine. 50 years of scale build up had almost closed all the pipes in the house and we soon found out the drains weren't much better.

### Epilogue

The true test of the quality of Joe Reckley work came the first winter in the form of getting through the heating season without needing to refill the oil tanks. In spite of the fact that the house was 40% larger, the new high-efficiency boiler used half the oil that the old boiler used, and all the while it was delivering a better quality heat.

As for the plumbing, it's amazing how much better life is when you can turn on a faucet and fill and glass of water in seconds as opposed to minutes or hours.

Am I a satisfied customer of Joe Reckley's Plumbing? You bet I am! Try him yourself and see why.

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



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THE ZOO KEEPER

# Really, there's no place like home

Layla Watkins

It's been nearly 20 years since I packed up my little Toyota, left Colorado Springs, and headed for Maryland. It was me, my two cats, and a mostly non-functional AM radio for three days, braving it cross-country in winter weather. I left behind a cute little apartment, a decent job, my family and friends, and a whole lot of memories—all for the potential to build a new life for myself. I was 18 years old.

I'll be honest. When I first got to Frederick, I hated it. In fact, it took me about two years to decide it wasn't the worst place in the world. But bit by bit, it grew on me. It wasn't until my first trip back to Colorado that I realized Frederick County had become home. After a day or so, I found myself homesick for Maryland. I couldn't believe it.

Over the years, I've been back to visit family in the Boulder/Denver area a few times and while it was nice to see everyone, I was always ready to come home. I had not, however, been back to Colorado Springs...until this summer.

I went back to visit my best friend from high school, Connie. In school (and well, out of school too—we "missed" a lot of classes) we were inseparable. We were as close as two friends could possibly be, and though we didn't meet until I moved to the Springs when I was 15, it was like we'd been best friends all our lives. We did a lot of living in three years.

Our lives went in different directions after getting out of high school. She had kids young; I had kids later. She was focused on her family; I was focused on college, career, and horses. But still, we kept in touch and were able to see each other a handful of times over the years.

Prior to this summer, the last time I'd seen her was in January 2000, when she came out here to be in me and Wayne's wedding. There had been many "Oh, we have to get together" conversations, but they never went anywhere. Finally, this summer, we made it happen. I left the Zoo in Wayne's hands and went to see my friend.

I could hardly contain my excitement as I drove to the airport. But somewhere over Tennessee, I started getting nervous.

What if it's not the same? What if we don't have anything in common anymore? What if we can't talk like we used to? What if our high school friendship was just that—a high school friendship?

As the plane descended into Colorado Springs, any concerns I had were squelched by an overwhelming feeling of nostalgia to the point of heartache.

The sight of the city at the base of Pikes Peak literally moved me to tears. I was absolutely shocked to realize that after all these years, coming back to Colorado Springs felt like coming home.

It made no sense. I'd lived in Maryland longer than I'd ever lived anywhere else and I have a wonderful life and family here. I'd been back to Colorado before and not felt this type of connection. I spent most of my childhood in the Boulder area and only a little over three years in the Springs—why am I so drawn to this city, to these mountains, and not to Boulder?

**History —That's why.**

Though my time living in Colorado Springs was relatively short, it was one of the best times of my life. My youth was spent around Boulder, but I grew up in the Springs...with Connie.

Well, suffice it to say, I had nothing to be nervous about. Connie and



I together again felt just like old times. Sure, we revisited some of our old "stompin' ground" but mostly, we just played like good friends do. It was the most fun I've had in a long time.

Today, our lives are very different. Her kids are nearly grown (which by the way, is practically unfathomable given that I was there when her first child, Zac, was born). These days, Connie is the one focusing on her career while I stay home with my two little ones. She and her hus-

band, Jim, do a lot of traveling; Wayne and I rarely leave the Zoo for more than a weekend. But, other than somewhat complicating the logistics of us getting together, none of those differences matter.

Connie is still the one I can tell anything. She is still the one I know will be 100% honest with me, even if the truth hurts. She is still the one who makes me laugh so hard I can't breathe. She is still the one I think of first when I think of a best friend.

As my own kids get ready to start school this month, I can't help hoping that they too will find a lifelong friend. Home is where the heart is, and of course, my home is here with my family. But, there's a part of my heart, and therefore a part of my home that is, and always will be, Colorado Springs.

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

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## FITNESS AND WELL BEING

# Complementary Corner

## The five elements and the cycle of the seasons

Renee Lehman

Last month I explained the Yin-Yang symbol. Along with the use of Yin and Yang to express the “Oneness” of the universe; the ancient Chinese observed a cyclical pattern of expression in nature. They called this the Five Elements. These Elements or energies are felt to be the prime energetic building blocks from which everything in the material world is composed. 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.



However, the ancient Chinese never saw the Elements as five “distinct things”. When describing the Five Elements, it can be easy to forget that we are describing the “Oneness” (just imagine putting a Yin—Yang symbol inside the above circle of the Five Elements). Remember that the Qi (pronounced “chee”), or vital life

force that makes up everything and that shapes everything, is in a constant state of change and transformation. The Five Elements express and embody the aspects of this change and movement within the Qi energy.

Each Element describes a particular movement and the particular qualities which belong to a specific state of the changing Qi. Together, the Five Elements 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.

So, as you read the rest of this article (a general review) and future articles on the Five Elements, please keep in mind that you are reading only about parts of a much bigger picture!

Each Element is related to a different season. You may say, “Wait, there are only four seasons” (Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall). Well, consider the weather and what is happening in nature in late August into September. It is not quite like Summer, but not yet Fall... something you may call Indian Summer. The ancient Chinese called this Late Summer, and that is the fifth season. Related to the season of Winter is the element of Water, Spring is Wood, Summer is Fire, Late Summer is Earth, and Fall is Metal.

In the season of Winter, life seems to stop. The days are shorter and colder, and there are no leaves on the trees. However, life does not stop. The bulbs in the soil are still alive and storing potential to burst through the ground in the spring. The bears are just hibernating until spring arrives. This ability to use inner resources to survive and endure a more “barren” time relates to the qualities of the Water Element. There is will and determination to see winter through to spring.

The season of Spring is associated with the Wood Element. Think about what you see happening in nature during the springtime. It is a time of birth and renewal. There is a surge of energy, as seen by plants pushing themselves through the ground toward the sunlight! This birth and regeneration within a flexible pre-determined plan for growth relates to the qualities of the Wood Element.

When you think of the season of Summer, can you feel warmth and enjoyment? The flowers bloom instead of continuing to climb higher toward the sun, and fruits reach maturity. The days are longer and warmer than in the wintertime. The warmth, joy, fullness and maturity are the qualities that relate to the Fire Element.

The season of Late Summer is associated with the Earth Element. Think about this transition as the

heat and warmth of summer begin to give way to the chills of Fall mornings. The flowers’ coloring begins to fade and dull. However, this happens so that the “fruit” ripens. For example, ears of corn and wheat grow full and firm, and we begin to harvest them. This nourishment relates to the qualities of the Earth Element.

Finally, when you think of the season of Fall, this is a time of decline and death. The leaves change to brilliant colors then drop to the ground and begin to rot. Everything in nature “lets go” in the fall. Everything becomes quieter and more subdued. Without this “letting go” there would be no new growth in the springtime. Also, by the fruits and leaves falling to the ground and rotting, they bring needed nutrients to the soil. So, this is not only a time of death, but also of enrichment. This “letting go” and inner quality/value relates to the qualities of the Metal Element. We can see how the cycle of the seasons is turning full circle.

Along with being associated with a season, each Element is also defined as having other associations. For example, some of the associations are a Yin and Yang Organ, a color, a sound in the voice, a body tissue, an emotion, a taste, and a climate.

### How does this relate to you today?

Think about the details of what happened today and ask, “Was today a good day?” “What was underneath all of your concerns today?” “What was important?” You may get some insight into how your Five Elements were in balance for today.

- Do you crave sweets? Your Earth Element may need tending.
- Do you easily flare up with anger? Your Wood Element may need some tending.
- Do you hate winter time? Your Water Element may need some tending.
- Are you always hot or sweat too much? Your Fire Element may need some tending.
- Are your skin, nose, eyes, and mouth dry? Your Metal Element may need some tending.

In future articles, I will discuss in more detail the associations of the Five Elements. Until then, keep observing your movement through the Five Elements, and remember: It is tempting to say that ‘Water is this’ and ‘Fire is that’, but this is NOT what the Elements are. They are just a way of describing the ONENESS that is constantly changing and transforming!

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

# Moderation is the healthy way to weight loss

Linda Stultz

Moderation is the way to maintaining the good health God gave us. The reason we become overweight is not from eating well, getting enough exercise and taking care of ourselves. For whatever reason, we get so wrapped up in our busy lives that, before we know it, we are 5 or 10 pounds overweight, or even more. Sometimes we even see the weight creeping up on us, but we think we can take care of it later. By the time later comes, we are overwhelmed and confused about how to get the weight off and, of course, we want it off NOW.

It is true that, in order to lose weight you need to lower or maintain your present calorie intake while increasing your daily activities to burn more calories. The trap most people fall into is lowering their caloric intake too much while not increasing their exercise level at all. In doing this, they confuse their body into thinking that it is being starved and therefore it holds on to every bit of food consumed. Weight loss is different for each person, but in most cases

starting out slowly and developing healthy eating habits is the key to steady, permanent weight loss.

When I decided to write this article about moderation, a very wise friend of mine told me that “We can’t handle doing things in moderation”. I realized she was so right. People either go overboard with strict diets that are completely unlivable or they don’t watch what they eat at all. As I stated above, when trying to lose weight you do need to keep track of what you are eating and make some changes, but most people could just modify their eating habits and

add a little exercise and watch the pounds slowly disappear. What we need to realize is that the weight did not accumulate over night and it is certainly not going to disappear over night. Small changes in your life and especially patience will bring you the results you are looking for.

Check with your doctor, nutritionist, support group or a trainer if you are not sure where to begin. Everyone needs a little help sometimes. The successful people are the ones that ask for it. Join the people that are improving their health for the future and their quality of life

in the present. Moderation is so much easier to live with than strict, unhealthy diets. Moderation in everything in our lives will help with blood pressure, joint pain, stress and our relations in general. I know how life can get in high gear and we have trouble hitting the breaks to slow

down. Let’s just try to run in neutral and see if things glide along a little smoother.

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ASTRONOMY/ALMANAC

# The September sky at night

Professors Wayne Wooten

For September, the Moon will be full on September 4th. Two days before, the waxing gibbous moon passes 3 degrees north of brilliant Jupiter in the SE on September 2nd. This full moon is the Harvest Moon, the Full Moon closest to the Autumnal Equinox, which occurs on September 22nd at 12:22 PM CDT. The next two weeks find the moon waning in the morning sky. Last quarter moon sits high in the sky and half-lit at sunrise on September 12th.

The waning crescent moon passes a degree north of Mars on September 13th, then 3 degrees south of brilliant Venus on September 16th. The new moon is on September 18th, so the last two weeks find the moon waxing in the evening sky, with it reaching first quarter on September 26th, and passing Jupiter again on September 29th, when it is 3 degrees north of Jupiter.

Note this defines the sidereal month of 27.3 days, for the moon to orbit us once, and come against the same background of stars, or in this case, a slow moving outer planet. By contrast, the synodic month of 29.5 earth days is based on the moon's phases. It takes an extra two days due to the earth also revolving around the Sun in the course of the month, and is based on alignments of earth, sun, and moon.

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.

Jupiter in the south east in Capricornus dominates the evening skies for September 2009. He was at opposition in August, and also had a small comet or asteroid hit his north polar region in early August, creating a black impact similar to those seen in July 1994 when 21 pieces of Comet Shoemaker-Levy 9 hit the giant planet.

Also, the four moons make for an interesting physics demonstration, as Io the innermost moves around Jupiter in only 2 days, while outermost Callisto takes over two weeks to make the trip. It was 400 years ago this month that Galileo was amazed to spot the four tiny "Medician stars" in a row around Jupiter's equator, strong proof of the Copernican theory, for these orbited Jupiter, not us.

The Big Dipper rides high in the NW at sunset, but falls lower each evening. Good scouts know to take its leading pointers north to Polaris, the famed Pole Star. For us, it sits 30 degrees (our latitude) high in the north, while the rotating earth beneath makes all the other celestial bodies spin around it from east to west.

It is this time of year at an American Indian legend tells of the Bear and three hunters. The bowl is the bear, the three handle stars of the

dipper the hunters. The first carries a bow, and has shot the bear in its flanks. The second optimistically carries a bowl on his shoulder for bear stew; look closely, and you can see the pot (Mizar, horse in Arabic, and Alcor its rider more traditionally). The last hunter carries firewood for the feast. The wound is minor, and the bear has not lost a step, but in the fall, as the bear goes into hiding along the NW horizon, the wound opens slightly, and blood oozes out to fall on the tree leaves and paint them red this time of year.

From the Dipper's handle, we "arc" SE to bright orange Arcturus, the brightest star of Spring. Spike south to Spica, the hot blue star in Virgo. Note that Spica is now low in the SW, and by September's end, will be lost in the Sun's glare due to our annual revolution of the Sun making it appear to move one degree per day eastward.

To the Greeks, Spica and Virgo were associate with Persephone, the daughter of Ceres, goddess of the harvest. In their version of "Judge Judy", the beautiful young daughter falls for the gruff, dark god of the underworld, Pluto. He elopes with her, much to the disapproval of mother Ceres, and they marry in his underworld kingdom of Hades...a honeymoon in hell...really, he does love her as well, and the marriage itself works well. But it is the reaction of Ceres that creates alarm.

Very despondent over the loss of her young daughter to a fate as bad as death, Ceres abandons the crops, which wither. Soon famine sets in, and humanity appeals to Jupiter to save us all. Calling all together, Jupiter hears that Ceres wants the marriage annulled, Persephone loves them both, and Pluto wants his mother in law to stop meddling. Solomon style, Jupiter decides to split her up, not literally, but in terms of time. In the compromise (aren't all marriages so?), when you can see Spica rising in the east in March, it means to "plant your peas".

For the next six months, she visits upstairs with a happy mama, and the crops prosper. But now, as Spica heads west (to the kingdom of death, in most ancient legends) for six months of conjugal bliss with Pluto, it is time to get your "corn in the crib".

This simple story, told in some form since prehistory, was one of the ways our ancestors 7,000 years ago knew the solar calendar and when to plant and harvest. As you watch Spica fade, thank this star for agriculture, and in a certain sense, even our own culture.

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 super-

giant, big enough to swallow up our solar system all the way out to Saturn's orbit! The scorpion's tail also houses two naked eye star clusters, M-6 and M-7, one of the nicest vistas for binocular users out there.

East of the Scorpion's tail is the teapot shape of Sagittarius, which marks the heart of our Milky Way galaxy. Looking like a cloud of steam coming out of the teapot's spout is the fine Lagoon Nebula, M-8, easily visible with the naked eye. In the same binocular field just north of the Lagoon is M-20, the Trifid Nebula. A little east is another telescopic treat for September, the fine globular cluster M-22, just to the upper left in the same binocular field as the star at the top of Sagittarius' teapot.

The brightest star of the northern hemisphere, Vega dominates the NE sky. Binoculars reveal the small star just to the NE of Vega, epsilon Lyrae, as a nice double. Larger telescopes at 150X reveal each of this pair is another close double, hence its nickname, the "double double"...a fine sight under steady sky conditions. The fine Ring Nebula, M-57, lies midway between the bottom two stars of the parallelogram of Lyra and appears as a smoke ring at 50X in smaller scopes. Only giants reveal the tiny white dwarf star in this center that powers this cosmic neon light display.

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

## Farmer's Almanac

**Mid-Atlantic Regional Weather Watch:** Fair, very warm, and humid (1,2) with showers and storms in the southern part of the region (3,4,5). Fair and mild (6,7,8,9,10,11,12) turning cooler and showers (13,14). Fair, warm, and humid again (15,16,17,18) with some remnants of a tropical storm (19,20,21). Fair and cooler (22,23,24,25,26,27) with showers and mild temperatures (28,29,30).

**Full Moon:** September's full moon is most famously known as HARVEST MOON. However, in 2009, it does not occur in September. It is always the full moon that falls closest to the Autumnal Equinox at a time when the moon rises soon after sunset on several successive days. According to tradition, the extra light from the moon during that period gave

the farmer more time to finish up his chores and bring in the harvest. This year, the Autumnal Equinox occurs on Tuesday, September 22nd. The closest Full Moon to that date occurs on the 4th of October and is therefore, the Harvest Moon of 2009. It has also been referred to as FULL WORT MOON. The word "wort" originates from the Old English word, wyrt,

which refers to plants, particularly herbs. Witches and natural healers would gather herbs at this time of year, stocking up for the Winter months ahead.

**The Garden:** As nights get longer, your lawn gets hungry as it prepares for Winter. Feed with appropriate fertilizer for your region and water if necessary. Now is the time to reseed thin areas in bluegrass, tall fescue, and other cool-season lawns. Gently rake off leaves when

they fall. Young, sprouting grass plants need all the light they can get. Cover that woodpile with a tarp to keep it dry.

**Holidays:** In 2009, Labor Day falls on the first Monday, September 7th and Citizenship Day is on Thursday, September 17th. Religious holidays observed this month include Rosh Hashanah on Saturday, September 19th, and Yom Kippur on Saturday, September 28th.

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## UNsung HERO

## Pastor Jon Greenstone

Caroline Trevorrow

The swell of lush greens bursting forth from the soil and the satisfaction of seeing the earth offering up yet another bounty of an organic garden is a sight to see. The collective rays of the sun's awesome power beaming down (via solar panels) and the sweet, innocent purity of a children's choir filling the air.

If this sounds like heaven to you, one could say that you're getting close, but this would best describe a peaceful scene outside of the historic and majestic Elias Lutheran Church. All of this can regularly be found smack dab in the midst of Pastor Jon's wonderful little corner of the world, which also happens to be right here in Emmitsburg.

Jon has just come back from a mission trip to Kenya and one can sense that he is filled with a renewed sense of energy, inspiration and hope, especially for the young people of the Emmitsburg community and children from all over the far flung corners of the world.

Looking much younger than his 48 years, Jon was born in Washington, D.C. He grew up as the son of a scientist in Brookeville, near Olney, Maryland and Pastor Jon seems to have caught the scientific bug from an early age. Formerly a farmer, growing flowers and vegetables and with a background in Agriculture and Horticulture, Jon enthusiastically told me about his varied and interesting hobbies. His eyes lit up as he explained about his interest in amateur (Ham) radio and that he is a member of the "Frederick Amateur Repeater Group."

Jon has a rig in his house and his truck and enjoys talking to people all over the world. "There is something mysterious about

picking up the receiver and hearing an unknown voice," Jon says. He is also interested in solar energy projects, (he presently has 4 panels set up), and organic/bio-intensive mini-farming, which is basically growing your own food without depleting the soil. Along with the garden, Jon has several fruit trees. Although he admits he barely knows what he is doing with fruit growing - and is learning along the way, you get the feeling that he goes about it with the open mind and wonderment of a child.

Pastor Jon found Christ while he and a friend were on a bicycle trip as young men. He found God's grace in the charitable and loving nature of the Christians they encountered along their two and a half month journey. They bicycled all along the East coast and into Canada. It was not long after that experience that Jon sensed a call to go into ministry.

He attended the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg (LTSG) and received his Masters of Divinity. He was called to Elias and has been there for almost six years now. Jon and his wife, Suse, have no children of their own, but it seems that providence intervened to open up more of their time to devote themselves to helping and nurturing others which is obviously what God knew this world needed.

Jon loves his church work, especially visiting his parishioners and organizing the various children's church programs. Starting at 7:00 PM on the second Friday of every month during the school year, the church transforms its basement dining hall into "The Basement Coffee House." This endeavor was started by Frank and Leslie Potts to be a cool, safe and wholesome Christian environment for young people and features awesome Christian rock bands, free coffee and snacks, and it is open to anyone in the community.

Pastor Jon told me that, "it is a good thing to have fun and to spend money to make it happen." It is open to everyone and is now into its fifth year. The church hosts Emmitsburg's own ecumenical Christian teen rock band called "Silver Lining" and the adorable "CPC" or "Children's Praise Choir" that I have personally have had the opportunity to experience.

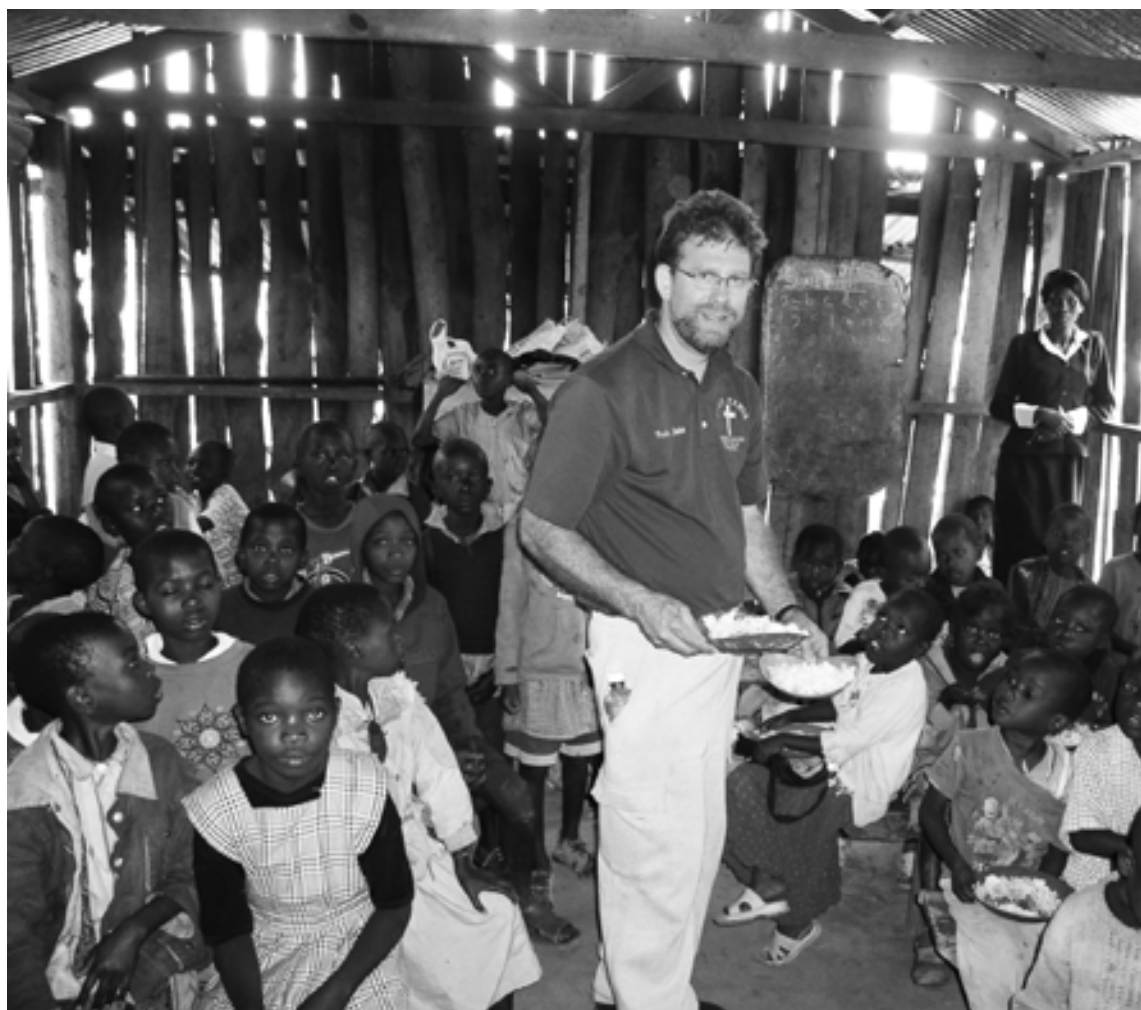
Pastor Jon's hopes for Emmitsburg are simple. He wants people to come back to church and keep on track. There is stability in established congregations and I can tell you from experi-

ence that your church family is always there for you. In this day and age, that alone is a very comforting thought. Young men should do their best to set an example of what a good man is. It is in their best interest as well as for the best interest of the community.

It is obvious that his love for his hobbies, along with nurturing his flock at Elias, is close to Pastor Jon's heart. Jon and his wife of twenty seven years both have a passion for "food, faith, horticulture and farming." The both aspire towards the goal of making people and communities healthy both spiritually and physically, and at the same time caring for the earth and just generally making the world a better place.

It is my understanding according to Pastor Jon, that there is a simplicity and timelessness in getting your hands dirty in the earth and nurturing a living thing. It serves so many purposes on so many different levels, one of which is getting closer to God and actually experiencing a connection with Him - an experience that is not unlike a connection that can also be found through helping children, the underprivileged, or raising animals. The connection can open up your heart and let it sing. That is basically what life on earth boils down to, or should anyway, and Jon is a remarkable, shining example of that.

To read about other *Unsung Heroes*, visit the *People Article* section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net)



Pastor Jon helping feed school children in Kenya during the recent Emmitsburg Council of Churches' Mission to Kenya trip which he organized.

## Down Under! Excuse me, what did you say?

Lindsay, Melbourne, Australia!

Many years ago an English author was visiting this city of Melbourne, Australia, to promote a book that had just been released. It'd had lots of publicity, and the line of people wanting to buy a copy was long and orderly. After signing innumerable copies, the author didn't even look up as the next person stood at the table.

"Emma Chisset," she said, so he dutifully wrote that on the fly leaf and signed his name yet again. Handing her the book and looking up for the first time, he saw a plump middle aged woman in a print dress. He smiled tiredly as she read the inscription. Thrusting it back at him, she snarled, "No,

you bloomin' idiot, that's not me name. I asked you the price. Don't you unnestand English?"

Now, for the benefit of anyone as much at sea as the author, what she said in Australian was 'How much is it?' The author was astonished, then amused, and finally excited. This was culture in all its diversity, this was... another book. So he changed his name to Alphabeck Lauder, (get it?) and proceeded to have fun with accented meanings.

It's a strange fact that English, as she is spoke, varies so much from country to country—even city to city—that all kinds of confusion can result. Take the case of a visiting Pentecostal preacher from Kansas here in his revival tent, scooping up a baby from his mother's arms and

cooing delightedly, "Oh, my, isn't he a real little buggger?" Instant uproar. That's a term of derision out here, meaning 'really bad or awful'. Or worse.

That was not something misunderstood, just a case of divergent meanings, and although confusing, someone is sure to get a laugh. It can lead to the odd disaster - 'full on' does not mean 'full speed ahead' as the English sailor found out as he rammed another boat instead of knowing that his wit had been appreciated, but it is a barrier to uniformity, a repository of diversity, and a source of merriment and wonder. We discovered this first hand in New Orleans many years ago, where we had to learn that 'bah' meant 'boy

and that at a service station the answer to 'how's ya arl' was not answered by 'we're well, thank you', but by popping the bonnet.

But Australia, having its roots in the lower classes (convicts and soldiers) from the British Isles (well, no Scots, who were too canny to get caught), has its own lingo that baffles many a visitor. So, for your eddication an' Confucian, here's a little story in Aussie-speak.

'I was lookin' in a cattle dog for some jocks but they all looked too cathedral, so I thought I'd fossick through the local op. I was flush, but me ute had had a prang an' me goanna needed tunin, an it's easy to pinch from the oppo's. Well, they had some real good speedos, so I lifted one and took me esky to the bondi. It was bonzer lookin at the shielas and drinkin me tinnies, one even said I was real flash, but she wouldn't take a pull, so I did a bare surfie. It's a bonzer life, aint it?'

Confused? Here's the translation. 'I was looking in a catalogue for some

underpants but they all looked too tight, so I thought I'd search in the local opportunity shop. I had plenty of money, but my utility truck had been in an accident, and my piano needed tuning, and it's easy to steal from opportunity shops. Well, they had some very nice bathing costumes, so I stole one and took my cooler to the beach. It was lovely looking at the girls and drinking my beer, one even said I was showy (cool), but she wouldn't sit and talk with me, so I went for a surf without a surfboard. It's a wonderful life, isn't it?'

*Notes: An opportunity shop is a charity raising money by selling second-hand goods. 'Too cathedral'—cathedrals don't have ball rooms. Bondi, a famous Australian beach. Esky, locally made portable cooler. Speedos, locally made swim trunks.*

To read other articles by Lindsay, visit the *Authors' section* of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net)

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Rich Boyd

## LIBRARY NOTES &amp; SENIOR NEWS

## LAUGHS among the library stacks

Caroline Rock  
Emmitsburg Librarian

When the editor of the Emmitsburg News-Journal asked me to inject some humor into this month's column, my first thought was, "How does he know about my secret past as a stand-up comedienne?" My second thought was, "How does he know how neatly I can tie that past to my current situation as an associate librarian at the Emmitsburg Library?"

To be fair, my stint as a comedienne was very short and very long ago. Okay, when I say short, I mean that it lasted about thirty seconds. I was in my early twenties, fresh out of college with no direction in life but to pay off (and justify) my massive student loans. My parents were hosting a St. Patrick's Day party and had invited dozens of friends and family members. They had the bright idea that green beer and loud music would not be quite enough to amuse the masses, so they sat down to plan the entertainment.

Thankfully, karaoke had not yet become popular in the United States, and anyway no one was really excited about allowing Uncle Arnold to monopolize the microphone with his favorite Oak Ridge Boys songs.

My father's idea was to create a make-shift stage from a warehouse skid, and compel the guests to take turns delivering comedic performances. It fell to me to assemble as many one-liners as I could, copy them neatly onto strips of paper, and drop them into a shoe box for the guests to draw from should they have no favorite joke of their own.

I was an English major with an education minor and thus had no sense of humor. But I did have some research skills. Off to the library I went.

Knock knock.  
Who's there?  
Wire.  
Wire who?

Why're the comic books in 741.5 when they're not even nonfiction?

I promise that's my one and only Dewey Decimal System joke.

In the library, it is interesting to note that, according to the Dewey Decimal System, jokes and riddles are shelved dangerously close to poetry. My recent study of literature caused me to bristle a bit at seeing Walt Whitman and Why Did the Pickle Cross the Road and Other Riddles in the same bookcase. As I have grown older, Walt Whitman by himself is enough to make me bristle. But I found a few promising books of one-liners and wisecracks and checked them out.

Once home I spread my supplies on the table: paper, pen, scissors, a shoe box, and my borrowed joke books. Instantly I flashed back to my days of preparing lessons plans during my internship in college. I had done my student teaching in a Baltimore County public middle school, and had gained a true appreciation for body humor and food riddles. I had also been subjected to endless hours of preteens tugging at my elbow and saying, "Hey, Miss Keller, I got a joke for you."

Knock knock.  
Who's there?  
Smell mop.  
Smell mop who?

But at the crucial moment when I was sitting at the dining room table, I could recall not a single one of these middle school gags. So I began to scour the library books. These jokes were lame, even by my pathetic standards. But somehow I imagined the holiday crowd about to descend on us would find them campy and hilarious. So I began to copy them onto the paper, and slice them into long strips. Each strip I folded into quarters and dropped into the shoebox.

But one joke, one very special joke, made me smile. It was a genuine smile, and even had a little giggle attached to it. This riddle I wrote on a slip of paper which I tucked into my own pocket. Yes, I myself would take the stage that night.

In the library, if you wanted to find books related to comedians, you might look in just about any corner of the building. Bill Cosby's books, in addition to being shelved in the 818's for humor, can be found in the 305's, which is African American studies, and among education books in the 371's. Jerry Seinfeld, not only in humor and biography, has written a children's book. There are also books about the Seinfeld Show at 791.43, the television and movie section. Comedian Dave Barry has written humorous novels, which are shelved in the fiction area.

I wondered, if I were a comedian, how many sections of the library would include me. Certainly not cooking or art or mathematics or car repair. And as the crowds assembled for that St. Patrick's Day, and the party reached its pitch, my nerves told me I probably would not be found in the humor section either.

The moment had come. The music was hushed and I took the stage. I felt the wood slats give a little under my weight. My audience waited, generous and patient. I built my setup.

"Did you hear about the lonely young girl who was excited about a book she found in the library called 'How to Hug?'"

I waited for my comic timing. This is the moment of power for a stand-up comic, the moment when the listeners need to know the answer to your question and willingly give you their attention and trust. I felt the power. I liked it. I delivered my punch-line.

"It turned out to be volume eight of an encyclopedia."

There was a long silence as the

audience tried to figure it out.

Perhaps, I thought, I had waited until too late in the evening to offer such cerebral humor. Perhaps my audience, family though they were, was mostly illiterate. Or perhaps, as I had feared all along, I simply had no sense of humor and could not tell a joke to save my soul.

As the meaning of my punch-line became clear to some, they leaned to their neighbors and whispered an explanation. I began to hear, "Ohhh!" as understanding spreading across the room.

I was still standing on the stage, waiting for my homage. My face must have been red, so they offered uncomfortable chuckles and polite claps. My cousin Jerome shouted something inappropriate about my knees, and the place erupted with laughter and applause. The music wound up again and the party resumed.

I stepped off the platform and decided to become a librarian.

How many librarians does it take to change a light bulb?

Usually 645.5.

Sometimes 808.882

The Thurmont Regional Library will welcome teachers from any grade, from any area school and from the homeschooling community to a special open house on Thursday September 3. This drop-in open house will be held from 4 until 7 p.m. Teachers who attend will find useful information to support them during the upcoming school year as well as help them prepare to send students to the library to do research. Library staff will be on hand to discuss scheduling school visits and tours and to answer specific questions about how educators can take advantage of the many services and materials Frederick County Public Libraries have available. In addition to gathering information, teachers will be treated to a seated massage and refreshments.

The library is located at 76 East Mosser Road in Thurmont. For further information, contact the Thurmont Regional Library at 301-600-7214 or visit our website at [www.fcpl.org/information/branches/thurmont/](http://www.fcpl.org/information/branches/thurmont/)

Upcoming Programs for  
Teens at the Emmitsburg  
Library. All events are free.  
Some require registration  
at [www.fcpl.org](http://www.fcpl.org).

#### Ongoing

Wii Wednesdays—First  
Wednesday of each  
month. 3-5 P.M. No  
registration necessary.

Anime Club—Fourth  
Friday of each month.  
6-7:30 P.M. No  
registration necessary.

Dragons and Droids Sci-  
fi/Fantasy Book Club  
(ages 8-12)—Second  
Monday of each month.  
4-5 P.M. Pick up books at  
circulation desk.

#### Special Programs

Monday September  
14, 2009 Photography  
Workshop Part 1. 6:00-  
7:30 P.M. Register online  
or at the library.

Wednesday October  
14, 2009 Photography  
Workshop Part 2. 6:00-  
7:30 P.M. Register online  
or at the library.

## SENIOR NEWS

Susan Allen

**SPECIAL PROGRAM:** *The seniors will observe a tribute to community emergency workers on the anniversary of 9/11 on Friday, Sept. 11 at 9 a.m. Firefighters and ambulance personnel who would like to join us that morning should call Linda Umbel, 301-600-6350.*

Other special Friday programs are: Sept. 18 a representative from the Health Department will speak about colon cancer, and on Sept 25 we will host a program on the history of the Underground Railroad. Both events start at 9 a.m. Wii bowling continues on Fridays, 10-noon. And remember that whatever the weather, it's always cool to come in and shoot some pool.

The seniors encourage all eligible persons (50 years and older) to join them for regular program activities and special events. Our lunch program is open to those 60 and older. Programs are held in the Community Center on South Seton Avenue. Call for lunch reservations 24 hours in advance. The Senior Center will close whenever county offices are closed. To register for special events or for information, call program coordinator Linda Umbel, 301-600-6350.

#### REGULAR ACTIVITIES

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

**Walking Group:** Monday, Wednesday & Friday at 9:00 a.m.

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

**Bingo:** Sept. 9 & 23.

**Cards, 500, and Bridge Group:** Sept. 2, 16 & 30.

**Men's Pool:** Wednesdays at 1:00 p.m.

**Pinochle:** Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

**Canasta:** Fridays at 12:30 p.m.

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



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## UPCOMING EVENTS

### ONGOING EVENTS

#### Mondays

St. Joseph Youth Group Chess Challenge Club. Learn to play chess or just play games with other teens. For more information call 301-447-2326

#### Fridays

Emmitsburg Farmer's Market next to the Community Center. This year's market will run from 3 pm to 6:30 pm.

#### Saturdays

Gettysburg Farmers Market on Lincoln Square: Lincoln Square, Gettysburg, PA. All Day

#### September 2

4th Annual Angels Above Golf Tournament at the Mountain View Golf Club in Fairfield, PA to benefit the Mother Seton's Scholarship Fund established in memory of Jack and Shirley Little. Sponsorships are available. For more information, contact Tony Little at 301-644-2671 or [LittleMoore@LittleMoore.com](mailto:LittleMoore@LittleMoore.com)

### SPECIAL EVENTS

#### September 4

Imagination Station Announces Student - Teacher Art Show and Sale. The Adams County Arts Council's Imagination Station will present a student-teacher art show as part of Gettysburg's First Friday celebration on September 4. The show will feature works by participants in the Imagination Station's summer classes—as well as by the instructors who taught the classes. Refreshments will be served. For more information call 717-334-5006 or visit [www.adamsart.org](http://www.adamsart.org). Show starts at 6 pm.

#### September 7

Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and St. Anthony's Shrine Parish's annual Labor Day Festival. Music by Home Comfort Bluegrass Band, bingo, raffles & games.

#### September 11

35th Annual East Berlin Colonial Day East Berlin. Colonial Day offers wonderful food: pig roast and sausage sandwiches, kettle corn, apple dumplings, fries, root beer in old-fashion bottles and much more. Don't miss the famous funnel cakes made from scratch and fried individually in cast iron pans. Music throughout the day will be by Tasker's Chance, a trio including hammered dulcimer, fiddle and guitar, blending 17th-19th century music of America's past.

Adams County Arts Council's "Howl at the Moon" show. No, you don't have to bay like a dog, but you will be treated to a "howlin'" good time with refreshments, hors d'oeuvres, a silent auction, and music by Robert Dunham. Proceeds from the event will benefit the Adams County Arts Council. For more information call 717-334-5006 or visit [www.adamsart.org](http://www.adamsart.org). Show starts at 5:30 pm.

Ice cream social at the Emmitsburg Community Park Pavilion. Scooping of ice cream begins at 7 pm.

The Basement Coffee House at Elias Lutheran Church located at 100 W. North Ave. Featuring: SOUL'D OUT! Come join us for Emmitsburg's best contemporary Christian music scene plus free Coffee and snacks! See you then, bring a friend. For more information call 301-447-6239 or visit [www.emmitsburg.net/elias](http://www.emmitsburg.net/elias). Music begins at 7:30 pm

#### September 11 & 12 Annual Emmitsburg & Thurmont Community Show

Tom's Creek United Methodist Church yard sale and flea market. Tom's Creek Church property, Rt. 140 (Between Four Points Bridge Rd. and Tom's Creek Church Rd.) Cost: \$10 per 10 x 10 space per day bring your own tables and tents. Call Jocelyn at 301-447-2082 or Linda at 301-447-6564 to reserve space. Sale starts at 7:30 am.

#### September 12 & 13

5th Annual Gettysburg Wine & Music Festival. Escape to the foothills and enjoy a beautiful fall weekend in historic Adams County and savor the flavors of hundreds of Pennsylvania fine wines. Presidential Circle - Intersection of Routes 15 & 30. The festival will feature; fine wines from over 15 Pennsylvania wineries, great live music (jazz, classic rock and other favorites), vendors/artisans, cooking and wine pairing demonstrations and much more. For more information call 717-334-8151. Wine starts flowing at noon.

#### September 13

Music Gettysburg! presents the Gettysburg Chamber Orchestra with the dazzling Vivaldi's Four Seasons.

#### September 18 & 19

Tom's Creek UMC Annual Revival—M Rt 140. Sept. 18th speaker is Jim Farmer and Musical guest is Catoctin Promise Band. Sept 19th speaker is Chris Holmes and Musical guest are Emmitsburg Children's Choir. Revivals start at 7 pm.

#### September 19

Creagerstown House and Tour. Visit [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net) upcoming events section for more details

Sabillasville's St. Mark's Lutheran Church Peach Festival and community yard sale, open to the public. Sale starts at 9 am.

#### September 19

Fr. Vincent O'Malley, pastor of St. Joseph's Church will be available from noon to three for book signing at St. Philomena's book store. Father O'Malley has authored several books among them are: *Saints of Africa*, *Ordinary Suffering of Extraordinary Saints* and his current one, *Saints of North America*.

#### September 19 & 20

Gettysburg's World War II Weekend - This World War II living history weekend features an authentic recreation of both Allied and German army camps, complete with original World War II vehicles. Over 100 living history enthusiasts will portray military personnel from the European Theater in 1944 and present programs on World War II medical services, weapons and equipment, communications, military vehicles, and the life of the common G.I. A mock Army Air Force Fighter mission briefing will be presented. Location - Eisenhower form Historic Site. Gates open at 9 am.

#### September 20

18th Annual Adams County Heritage Festival celebrating the rich history of the area and featur-

ing crafts, food, live music, and more! Gettysburg Area Recreation Park, Gettysburg, 717-334-8943 or visit [www.icpj-gettysburg.org/festival.htm](http://www.icpj-gettysburg.org/festival.htm)

#### September 21

Regular Monthly meeting of the Greater Emmitsburg Area Historical Society. For the last 8 month you've been treated in the pages of this paper to just a small sample of the history of the people, paces and events documented by the Greater Emmitsburg Area Historical Society - now come hear those and many other stories first hand as the Historical Society begins it's 13th year. All meetings are free and open to the public. Story telling begins at 7 pm in the Emmitsburg Community Center. For more information visit the Historical Society section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net)

#### September 26

4th Annual Scotty's Ride. See story on page 1 for more details.

Gettysburg Fall Outdoor Antique Show. This one-day event features 150 antique dealers from 13 states displaying their unique pieces on the sidewalks radiating from the historic Lincoln Square. Lincoln Square, Gettysburg. For more information call 717-334-8151.

#### September 26 & 27

Fairfield Pippinfest—An old-time country street festival featuring arts & crafts, apple products, live country music, antiques, vintage cars and great food! Main Street, Fairfield. For more information call 717-642-5640 or visit [www.fairfieldpa.net/pippinfest.htm](http://www.fairfieldpa.net/pippinfest.htm)

#### September 30

Gettysburg Majestic Theater invites you to take a nostalgic musical journey with Irving Berlin's "I Love A Piano" This live performance spans seven decades of American history as seen through the eyes of Irving Berlin, America's most beloved songwriter. For more information call 717-337-8200, or stop by the box office, 25 Carlisle Street. Show starts at 8 pm.

For more upcoming events visit [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net)

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