

# Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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I remember vividly the first night I spent in the old tenant house. **Page 24**

## Emmitsburg's crime spree ends with arrests

James Rada, Jr.

August was a bad month for Emmitsburg. A group of juvenile vandals broke car windows, keyed vehicles, vandalized tombstones and committed burglaries.

Cpl. Michael Grunwell with the Frederick County Sheriff's Office told the Emmitsburg Town Commissioners that there were "a lot of crimes of opportunity we saw that could have been prevented." These are instances where owners left their cars unlocked or garage doors open all night.

Not only was Elias Lutheran Church in Emmitsburg vandalized but some of the gravestones in the cemetery were damaged and Pastor Jon Greenstone's truck was keyed causing \$2,500 in damage and convincing Greenstone to purchase an alarm system.

"I was worried the next thing

they were going to do was throw rocks through the windows of the church," Greenstone said.

Deputy John Bartlett said that a domestic call led to a break in the crime spree. When the deputies investigated the call, it turned out to be the key that led them to making arrests of an adult male and a number of minors. The adult was influencing the youths to commit the various crimes.

"All of the major incidents have been closed out with arrests and juvenile referrals," Grunwell said. He added that all of the cases were "tight."

Greenstone said he hopes that the arrests will end the crimes because it reflects badly on Emmitsburg.

Greenstone said, "I haven't seen any further vandalism since the arrests have been made."

Although the vandalism was senseless, Greenstone said he



would be inclined to drop the charges associated with the church if the vandals made restitution.

Members of the community also met recently with Frederick County Sheriff Chuck Jenkins to find out what the community

could do to not have something like this happen again, such as a Community Watch program.

"What it shows is that we all need to be vigilant and watch out for each other," Greenstone said.

## Ferguson wins Carroll Valley Arts Show

James Rada, Jr.

The Carroll Valley community showed off its artistic talents on Friday, Sept. 18, with its Fourth Annual Community Arts Show. That evening, 24 artists from Carroll Valley and nearby communities displayed 48 paintings that showed a wide variety of interests.

"We have wonderful, accomplished artists here," said CC "And we had five new artists show their work this year."

The art work on display was done in acrylics, watercolor and even pencil.

- Peter Ferguson won first place with an oil painting titled "Mom."
- Freya Qually won second place with an oil painting titled "Longhorn at High Meadows."
- Jim Fisher won third place with a watercolor titled "Winter Scene."
- William Fosnaught, Raymond Buchheister Jr. and Mary Jewell all took honorable mention awards.

"I'm always amazed," said Phyllis Fosnaught. "We have more than our fair share of talent for a town this size."



The evening show allowed around 75 visitors to browse the art work at their leisure in the Carroll Valley Commons Pavilion. Visitors enjoyed wine and cheese to go with the art exhibit, but there was also cake to celebrate Carroll Valley's Founders Day.

The winning paintings and the three honorable mention art pieces will be displayed in the Carroll Valley Borough Of-

fice through the middle of the month.

"I participate in the show every year," said Mary Jewell. "I like it.

It's local and it's nice to people to be come and you can show them

what you've been doing."

The event is sponsored by the Carroll Valley Citizens Association.

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## NEWS

## From the editor

I know November is usually the month associated with thanksgiving, but as I drove home from my last riding lesson of the season, I found myself giving thanks to a whole lot of people.

With competitions almost every weekend, and two horses to ride every night, I went into September keeping my fingers crossed the paper had an autopilot – it does. It goes by several names, including Katharine Au, Chris Paterson, Jim Rada, Katelyn Phelan, Zenas and Kim Sikes, Sharon Graham, Pat Bell, and Brain Barth.

Jim Rada is a familiar name to past readers of the Dispatch. Beginning with this edition, he has assumed the role of News Editor. Chris Paterson who has held my hand for the past eight months has also assumed a new title, one more fitting for the role she plays – Senior Advisor.

Thanks to the efforts of Dr. Dorsey of the Mount English Department, September also saw an enlargement of the number of Mount students working on the paper. Junior Katelyn Phelan earned her weight in gold working with our English Edi-

tor and Mount graduate Katharine Au. In November we will be joined by Freshman Samantha Strub who'll be authoring a column that will follow her next four years as a Mount student. Each time I talk to one of our Mount contributors, I find myself giving thanks that we have such a great college with talented students in our midst.

Zenas and Kim Sikes, Sharon Graham, and Brain Barth are in many ways the invisible side of the News-Journal. They take care of the financial, advertising, and layout aspects of the paper. It's because they do their job so well that you have this paper in your hands right now. Many Editors lose sleep worrying over the tasks these pillars of the paper perform. I don't. And for that, I'm thankful.

Of course the lifeblood of any paper is its content. Every month I give thanks for the members of our community who have stepped up to the plate and authored one remarkable article after another. They truly represent the very best in our community. They have collectively created an exceptional reading paper fitting

for a community with a great University. So as I put the final touches on this edition, I give thanks to all the authors, who I also now call friends.

I also give thanks to all our advertisers and sponsors who pay the bills. While financial pundits are falling over each other to call the end to this recession, things look very different on Main Street. So I give thanks each month to our advertisers and sponsors when the bills are paid and we start to work on the next edition.

Last but not least, I would like to thank my wife, Audrey. On more times than I care to count she has quietly placed dinner in front of me while I'm working on the paper. On competition days, she rises hours before me to get my horses ready, allowing me a few extra hours of sleep so I can be sharp and on the money while piloting my horse around a course. Every night I give thanks I was lucky enough to marry my best friend.

Horses come and go, but everyone once and a while you get a brilliant one that makes you want to grab the brass ring. I have just such a horse. Because of the efforts of everyone above, and many others, I got to grab that ring this fall. And for that, I'm thankful.

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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.

## O'Donnell, Sweeney elected commissioners

Emmitsburg Planning Commissioner Tim O'Donnell will now be serving as a town commissioner alongside incumbent Cliff Sweeney after the Em-

mitsburg town election on Sept. 29. O'Donnell received 125 votes out of 226 cast and Sweeney received 124.

Incumbent Joyce Rosensteel lost

her bid for re-election with only 109 votes and newcomer Carolyn Miller received 75 votes.

"I'm disappointed to see Joyce leaving," said Mayor James

Hoover. "She did a good job for the town and did it for all the right reasons. I wish she would have won."

Voter turnout for the election

was 13 percent of the town's 1,680 registered voters. The first meeting for the new town commission will be Oct. 5.

## Carroll Valley Police help close town theft cases

James Rada, Jr.

Some of the merchandise stolen during robberies of convenience in Emmitsburg was recovered when Carroll Valley Borough Police arrested a drunken man.

Terrance Nicholas Tobler, 21, of Buchanan Trail East in Blue Ridge Summit had Ipod, XM satellite radio receiver, Microsoft Zune MP3 player, a Sony PSP game system, a bottle of cologne, a bottle of prescrip-

tion medication and two rolls of quarters in his possession when police stopped him on Aug. 16.

When police checked if the prescription was Tobler's, it was discovered that it was actually another person's medication who lived in Emmitsburg. The XM satellite receiver was also registered to an Emmitsburg resident. The owners were Adam Benvengi and Daniel Lippy both of Pembroke Court in Emmitsburg Maryland. Both checked their

vehicles and found the recovered items were theirs. Property recovered by Carroll Valley Police amounted to about \$1,267. Additionally, police recovered a marijuana pipe from Tobler.

Tobler was charged with receiving stolen property, possession of drug paraphernalia and public drunkenness and taken to the Adams County Adult Correctional Complex. Tobler was on probation at the time of his arrest so a detainer was issued for his return to Franklin County.

Carroll Valley Patrolman Ryan Eiker was called to Liberty Mountain Resort in Carroll Valley on Aug. 20 when resort personnel found a John Deere Trail Gator utility vehicle abandoned in a secluded area of the resort. Eiker determined that the vehicle had been stolen from Frederick J. Bower in the 9300 Block of Waynesboro Pike in Emmitsburg in a case being investigated by the Maryland State Police. Police found a digital camera value

at \$300 in the vehicle. Further investigation revealed the camera belonged to Adam Benvengi and had been taken with his other items in 16 August incident. Pursuant to this discovery, police amended the charges against Tobler to include unauthorized Use of a motor vehicle and receiving stolen property as a felony for the vehicle. Tobler waived his charges into Adams County Court at a preliminary hearing on Aug. 25.

## About Town

James Rada, Jr.

Emmitsburg passes grease ordinance

The Emmitsburg town commissioners unanimously passed an ordinance on Sept. 8 requiring the use of grease traps or oil and grit separators on the drains of commercial properties. This should prevent foreign materials, particularly grease, from entering the town wastewater treatment system. The final ordinance included input from the Emmitsburg Business and Professional

Association to make the ordinance able to accomplish what the town needed while not making to requirements too onerous on business owners. The installation of an under-the-counter grease trap will cost around \$2,000 while the alternative, a collection tank behind the business, would have cost around \$12,000.

## Brookfield turns roads over to town

Since the economic recession has caused nearly all new

development in Emmitsburg to cease, the community of Brookfield remains unfinished. RJD Development Corporation, the community developer, asked the commissioners if the existing road improvements to Wheatley Drive, Timbermill Court and Brookfield Drive could be dedicated to the town. The commissioners agreed, contingent that RJD Development complete the paving of the roads, make other small repairs and require a \$2,000 road guarantee bond for each new home built when development resumes. The bond will pay for any damage to the road caused

by construction of the new homes. The agreement allows current Brookfield residents to get finished roads in their community without having to wait for the community to be built out.

## Town recognizes organization anniversaries

The Town of Emmitsburg presented plaques to three of the town's long-standing organizations that are celebrating important anniversaries in 2009. Mount St. Mary's University and the Daughters of Charity are both celebrating their bicentennial anniversaries and the Vigilant Hose

Company celebrates its 125th anniversary this year.

## Playground equipment being replaced

The replacement of broken playground equipment in Emmitsburg Community Park should be just about finished according to the town's time schedule. Though the Town of Emmitsburg is confronted with having to close a budget deficit created by the State of Maryland, the playground equipment replacement is not coming out of the current budget. It had been paid for from previously committed capital funds from last year's budget.

## Rocky Ridge barn burns

James Rada, Jr.

Frederick County is slowly losing a part of its agricultural heritage as classic wooden barns disappear. Some burn down and others simply decay with age. And while some are replaced with newer structures, the new barns simply don't have the same details.

The most-recent loss happened in Rocky Ridge on Sept. 14. An old bank barn burned down on the 13800 block of Motters Station Road. Units from Rocky Ridge, Emmitsburg, Thurmont, Graceham, New Midway, Woodsboro, Libertytown, Frederick and Walkersville responded. However, by the time they arrived the barn was fully involved with fire. The barn, its contents and a nearby camper were lost with damages estimated at \$500,000. One firefighter received a minor burn to the neck and was treated at the scene.

"It's a shame to see something

like that go," said Rocky Ridge Fire Chief Steve Whetzel.

The Frederick County Fire Marshal's Office believe the fire to be accidental, but the cause is still unknown. Owner Glenn Rickard of Thurmont said his tenant on the farm had been burning out yellowjackets four hours before the fire.

"He swears there was no fire when he left," Rickard said of the tenant. "He says he filled in the hole and there was no smoke, but maybe something was smoldering or maybe a bee caught on fire and flew away and died. I don't know."

Rickard owned the barn since 1952 and used it mainly for storage for the last 20 years. He plans to build a barn on the old foundation, but it won't be the same type of barn.

"You can't build barns like that anymore," Rickard said. "It had wooden pins instead of nails and hand sawed beams."



## Scotty's Ride the largest yet

James Rada, Jr.

Despite a rainy day, the Fourth Annual Scotty's Ride drew its largest gathering yet on Saturday, Sept. 26.

"We had around 200 players and at least 160 bikes," said Kerry Shorb, who along with his wife Valerie came up with the idea as a way to help their nephew Scotty Harbaugh.

Five-year-old Scotty had an inoperable brain tumor and the poker run was a way to help him and his family with their medical expenses. When Scotty's died a month before the second Scotty's Ride, the money raised went to help other children.

The riders in the poker run left from the Jubilee parking lot in Emmitsburg, rode to Blondie's in Waynesboro, Creekside in Hagerstown, Throttle's in Clear Spring and then took a scenic ride back to the American Legion hall in Emmitsburg.

"We'd like to thank the Frederick County Sheriff's Office and local fire police for helped us all get out of town safely," Shorb said.

Following the ride, they all went back to the Shorbs' home for food, live entertainment and door

prizes. The event was all-you-can-eat and drink.

"We had at least 300 people at our house," Shorb said. "The rain was terrible, but it didn't keep anyone away. It was our largest event yet."

Scotty's Ride uses the slogan "In the name of one child, we ride for many" and that's just what the motorcyclists do. They proceeded to help other children with serious illnesses. Even during the ride this year, the group stopped to make a donation to a family with a young daughter suffering from hypoplastic left heart syndrome and right lung hypoplasia.

"We've now made over \$16,000 in donations," Shorb said and he expects to continue helping where he can.

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 5th 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](mailto:scottys-ride@hotmail.com).

## Fallen Firefighters Weekend Oct. 2-4

James Rada, Jr.

Emmitsburg will be more crowded than usual on Oct. 2-4 as thousands of people come to town to honor the nation's fallen firefighters. The National Fallen Firefighters Foundation and the Department of Homeland Security's U.S. Fire Administration will hold the 28th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend at the National Fire Academy.

A plaque with the names of 103 firefighters who died in the line of duty in 2008 will be added to the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial, located here on the National Fire Academy campus. The names of 19 firefighters who died in previous years will also be added. The plaques surrounding the Memorial, which was established in 1981, will contain the names of more than 3,300 fire-

fighters once this year's plaque is added.

Though there were no local or regional line-of-duty firefighter deaths, 36 states, including Pennsylvania and Maryland, experienced line-of-duty deaths in 2008. Deaths resulted from many causes, including vehicle accidents while enroute to or returning from emergency calls, training incidents, building collapses, diving incidents, natural disaster response, being struck by objects (vehicles, trees, waterway from aerial devices, and gunshot wounds) at the incident scene, falls, heart attacks, helicopter/air tanker crashes, and burns. Five multiple fatality incidents accounted for 17 deaths. Two multiple fatality incidents occurred at structural fires, one in an apparatus crash after a bridge collapse during heavy smoke conditions at a wildland fire, one helicopter crash during a wildland fire, and one air tanker that crashed on take-off. Wildland fires, controlled burns and training/certification for wild-

land protection resulted in 15 fatalities. Oregon and North Carolina suffered the Nation's greatest number of line-of-duty firefighter deaths in 2008 with 9 in each state, while Pennsylvania had 8, both New York and Missouri had 7, and California had 6.

Chief Dennis Compton, Chairman of the NFFF Board of Directors, said, "Our country's firefighters make a commitment day in and day out to protect others from the ravages of fire and many other life threatening hazards. Each year we gather at the site of the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial in Emmitsburg, Maryland, to pay tribute to those firefighters who paid the ultimate price in the performance of their duties. The fire service is honored and humbled to memorialize these fallen heroes and show our sincere appreciation for the sacrifices made by those they left behind."

For more information about the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend visit [Weekend.FireHero.org](http://Weekend.FireHero.org).

## Emmitsburg ponders how to balance budget . . . again

James Rada, Jr.

Emmitsburg town officials know they have to close a state-caused deficit in the town budget, but they aren't expecting any solutions soon. What they are expecting is further cuts.

"If the projections don't get better at the state it's likely they will cut more," Mayor James Hoover said during a recent town meeting.

The state has cut funds to the town's highway user funds and police aid. Hoover noted that the total so far is "roughly about 10 percent of our operating budget."

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

Town officials have been meeting to discuss ways to save money and close the budget deficit. The town will use its reserve fund to close a portion of the gap. Another option looked at has been employee furloughs, but Hoover says it won't have a major impact.

"We don't have enough employees for it to make a difference," he said. His estimate is that each employee would have to take 90 furlough days to close the gaps.

Town Commission President Chris Staiger said that the town is waiting to see what the annual audit for fiscal year 2009 shows before making a final decision. Each year, there is usually an amount of money left over from the budget that can be transferred to the next fiscal year or moved into the town's reserve fund. Last year's excess will go to help close the current budget gap.

"I feel there will probably be enough to get us through this," Staiger said.

The final audit isn't expected to be presented to the commissioners until mid-October.

The current town budget, which began on July 1, had been scaled back because the town already expected reduced revenues. Capital improvements were put off and trash collection reduced to once a week among other things. The budget also did not give employees cost-of-living raises this year, though they will still get their step increases in pay. It also did not anticipate any new growth in the town, which would have increased revenues.

Hoover said he is reluctant to make cuts now before the full

impact of the cuts is known. The state is expected to make another \$300 million in budget cuts that could affect the municipalities.

Town officials are also expecting cuts from the county as they try to find ways to close their own state-created budget gap. However, County Commissioners President Jan Gardner said that so far the county hasn't had to cut any funding to the municipalities.

"We did pass through half of a municipal cut previously made by the state legislature, but it was the municipal share of the state reduction," Gardner wrote in an e-mail to the Emmitsburg News Journal.

She did express concern about the next round of state cuts. Since Gov. Martin O'Malley hasn't decided where those cuts will be, Gardner is not sure if it will affect the county or the municipalities.

With more cuts possibly coming, town officials could work to balance the budget now only to have to come back and do it again in a couple months.

"We don't want to have to go down this road again," Hoover said.

Hoover noted that the county should try to spread out the misery of passing on cuts and not simply do it on the backs of the municipalities. He said there's one area that the county commissioners haven't talked about cutting and that's the board of education.

"We're [municipalities] going to the poor house and they [the board of education] haven't even been hit yet," Hoover said.

# NEWS

## Gettysburg Chamber Orchestra kicks off 12th Season

James Rada, Jr.

The Gettysburg Chamber Orchestra began its 12th season with a concert on Sept. 13 in the Gettysburg Seminary Chapel. The featured artist was Yerang Kim, a 15-year-old South Korean girl and winning violinist of the Johansen International Competition in Washington, D.C.

Kim performed all four of Vivaldi's "Seasons," Shostakovich's "Sinfonia for Strings" and Samuel Barber's "Adagio."

Kim has been winning international violin competitions since she was eight years old. She is currently studying with violinist Aaron Rosand at the Curtis School of Music in Philadelphia. Rosand has been influential in guiding the careers of many outstanding violinists and has been teaching at Curtis for many years. He believes Kim will be considered one of the great violinists.

Carolyn and Norman Numamaker founded the Gettysburg Chamber Orchestra in 1997. One of the missions of the orchestra is to include as many local musicians as possible, both as members and as soloists. More than half of the Gettysburg Chamber Orchestra members are from Adams County, and many local musicians have appeared as soloists with the ensemble. The orchestra has often featured, as soloists, both competition winners such as Kim and native Gettysburg musicians who are now performing professionally elsewhere, including New York, Atlanta, Santa Clara, CA and more.

Since its founding, the orchestra has worked in collaboration with Music, Gettysburg!, now in its 29th season, to bring premiere classical, folk and sacred music concerts to the south central Pennsylvania area. All concerts take place in the Gettysburg Seminary Chapel and all

concerts are presented free of charge.

For more information about the Gettysburg Chamber Orchestra, call (717) 334-5508, or the Music, Gettysburg! office at (717) 338-3000, ext. 2197 or visit the web site at [www.musicgettysburg.org](http://www.musicgettysburg.org).

Upcoming Music, Gettysburg! concerts	
Oct. 18 - 4 p.m.	Trudy Faber (organist & harpsichordist)
Oct. 25 - 4 p.m.	Atma Trio (piano, violin & cello trio)
Nov. 29 - 7:30 p.m.	Festival Choral Vespers for Advent
Dec. 20 - 7 p.m.	O Little Town: A Traditional American Christmas
Jan. 17 - 4 p.m.	Gettysburg Chamber Orchestra
Jan. 24 - 2 p.m. & 7:30 p.m.	Amahl & the Night Visitors (musical retelling of the story of the three wise men) This is a ticketed event that will be held at the Majestic Theatre.
Jan. 31 - 4 p.m.	Kathleen Sasnett (soprano)
Feb. 14 - 7:30 p.m.	Gettysburg Big Band
Feb. 21 - 7:30 p.m.	Gretchen Dekker-Elicker (harpsichordist)
Mar. 7 - 4 p.m.	Atwater-Donnelly Duo (American & Celtic folk music & dance).
Apr. 25 - 7:30 p.m.	Boston Shawm & Sackbutt Ensemble
May 9 - 4 p.m.	Gettysburg Chamber Orchestra (featuring New York Philharmonic violinist Charles Rex)
May 16 - 4 p.m.	Buzz Jones Big Band. This is an outdoor concert at the Schmucker House at 15 Seminary Ridge in Gettysburg. Bring your own lawn chair or blanket to sit on. In case of rain, the concert will be moved to the Seminary Chapel, which is located at 147 Seminary Ridge.

## FOEL to sponsor "Emmitsburg Treasures" appraisal event

Susan Allen  
Contributing Writer

Ever had a "roadshow"—as in "Antiques Roadshow"—moment? You see a valuable piece on the TV screen that looks just like a piece that grandmother had, and it now is somewhere in your



basement. Or you were cleaning out a relative's, or a friend's, attic and found jewelry or a vase or silverware that looked really old. You bought it for next to nothing, believing it to be worth a lot more.

Many of us have family keepsakes that have been passed down for at least several generations, things you secretly hope might have more than sentimental value. The Friends of the Emmitsburg Library are offering you a chance to find out if they really are as old, and as valuable, as you think.

On Saturday, October 24, the group is staging "Emmitsburg Treasures," an antiques and collectibles appraisal event. It will be held on the lower level of the Emmitsburg Community Center in the senior citizens' activity room, from 10 a.m. until 3 p.m. Each person may bring up to three items, and for a fee of \$5 per item, their property will be assessed by a professional appraiser. Multiple pieces which comprise a set, as in jewelry or silverware, will be considered one item.

One of the appraisers, Sam Tressler of Emmitsburg, has helped the Friends of the Library organize the day. He has worked

at similar events in Frederick, Sabillasville, and the Thurmont Regional Library. Tressler has enlisted the services of fellow appraisers Robert Abraham, Terry Barkdoll, and Lynn Dutton. They all recommend that clients not bring large furniture pieces for appraisal because they will not have staff available to assist with furniture moving. The appraisers will not be buying items, but providing estimated values only. Unlike the "Antiques Roadshow" experts, they won't have the time or researchers on hand to give anyone lengthy background on their objects.

"We'll be there to give some basic information...and to help everyone have fun while they're learning..." about the things they own, says Tressler.

While this is a fundraising project for the Friends of the Library, who provide financial and volunteer support for numerous programs offered at the library, they hope that "Emmitsburg Treasures" will be an enjoyable and educational event for everyone who attends. And who knows—there may be some genuine treasures brought to light from an attic near you!






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# One hundred years ago this month

## October 1

### Local Cases in Court

The case of John Wilhide versus George Wilhide was taken up before a jury on Monday. The case is a suit on a note executed by Niles Wilhide, for \$1200 in 1904, on which John Wilhide, George Wilhide, his sons were sureties. Upon the death of their father, the note was paid by John Wilhide, who is bringing the suit for the defendant's portion of the note. The jury after being out a short while returned with a verdict for the plaintiff for a \$322 and 87 1/2 cents.

Samuel Bercaw, indicted for the larceny of sugar and flour from Joseph Hoke, valued at \$3.15, about June 30, entered a plea of guilty. As he had already served 90 days in jail awaiting trial, and that he had a large family depending upon him, the court suspended sentence, but warned him that if there any suspicion of his committing a like offense, he would be brought before the court and sentenced.

The case of Samuel Woodyard, colored, indicted for carrying concealed weapons, was tried before a jury, which rendered a verdict of guilty. To the indictment against Woodyard on the charge of larceny; a plea of guilty was entered. He was sentenced to the House of correction for three years.

### Q. R. S. Entertained

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Harry Beam delightfully entertained the Q. R. S. At her home near town. The beginning of the season's meetings of this organization was most propitious. A large number of the members attended the meeting evinced much interest in the program. The paper was read by Reverend Mr. Glock and Reverend Mr. Rheingold welcomed the members. The music at this meeting was unusually fine. Miss Bean sang to the great pleasure of her listeners and members of the organization also took part in the musical features. The next meeting will be in the home of Mrs. J. H. Stokes.

## October 8

### Banking Firm of Annan, Horner & Co. Celebrates Anniversary

The banking firm Annan & Horner entered its 28th year last Friday. To be more exact the birthday of this institution was on Saturday the second. In 1882 when the firm was established the first of October came on Sunday, although it takes its beginning of each new year October 1, get the true date of its inception was October 2, 1882.

In those days, 27 years ago, the bank was housed in the basement of the residents then occupied by the late J. C. Annan, and since his death by the family of the late Dr. R. L. Annan. The present president of the bank, Mr. I. S. Annan, has been its head ever since its beginning. Major O. A. Horner was the first cashier.

In 1889 the beautiful home of the bank was built and since that date it has occupied its present quarters. The business of this institution has steadily increased and today, fully justified by the large business the firm does, they have increased the rate of interest on special and savings deposits to 4%, a rate unusually large on such accounts.

### Dancing

Owing to change in plans Miss Richie postponed organizing evening class in dancing last evening, until Thursday of next week, October 12, at eight o'clock at the Opera House. All those interested in same are cordially invited to be present.

### Hitching post damaged

They hitching post in front of the residence of Dr. Eichelberger was broken off close to the ground on Tuesday morning. A heavy team ran into it.

## October 15

### St. Joseph's Depot Burnt

Surely after the evening train had gone out it was discovered that the roof of the depot at St. Joseph's Academy was on fire. The Vigilant in hose Co. Was telephoned for a responded immediately. The work of the fireman and workmen at the Academy save the building from total destruction. As it was the roof was burned at the partition wall on the top floor destroyed but the firemen were able to save the floor and bottom story, although they were somewhat damaged. The fire was fully under control in an hour after the fireman arrived. Owing to the distance from the water plug there was an inadequate supply of water. The loss is estimated about \$600. There was no insurance.

### Disorder on Public Streets

On Tuesday night several men more or less the worse off for the amount of booze they have imbibed destroyed one of the streetlights in front of the home of Mr. Kerrigan on E. Main St. On Wednesday morning Edward Glacken got paralyzed and went to sleep on the pavement in front of the post office. He was carted in the afternoon to the lockup. In the evening his father on the payment of \$2.50 had him released.

### Double Wedding Abandoned

What was to have been a double wedding of Mr. John White and Miss Rose Lingg and Mr. John Lingg and Miss Baker, on account of legal difficulties was abandoned on Saturday. The fact that Mr. Lingg was not of legal age and was an orphan without Guardian made it impossible for the clerk of the court to issue his license. Mr. Lingg and Miss Baker have therefore postpone the happy day.

## October 22

### Elias Lutheran Church Celebrate Pastor's Anniversary

Last Sunday was the 17th anniversary of the pastorate of Reverend Reinewald at Elias Lutheran Church, a very large congregation was present on that occasion, many remaining after the service to congratulate one another on their good fortune in having had Reverend Reinewald with them for so long a time, and to show him their appreciation of his faithful and kindly ministrations during that period.

To say that Dr. Reinewald is regarded as one of Emmitsburg's best citizens is but imperfectly stating a well-known fact. During his long residence is influenced as a man as well as a minister, has been for that which is good, and his example and inspiration to all who would live up to the perfect measure of high toned, high-minded citizenship. The community as a whole, irrespective of religious affiliation, congratulates itself in having him in its midst; a congratulates the pastor of the Lutheran Church on the splendid work he has done, and further expresses the wishes that he may remain in Emmitsburg for many years to come.

### Please Return

The person who took by mistake the Salvation Army contribution box from I. S. Annan's store, please return it at once.

## October 29

### Musical at Mr. Joseph Ohler's

The home of Mr. Joseph Ohler was crowded on Monday night by neighbors and friends who came there to hear a musical given by Mrs. Kemper and Mr. Joseph Rose. Mrs. Kemper presided at the organ and Mr. Rose played the violin. On the programme were such old-time favorites as 'Golden Slippers,' 'Marlbrook,' 'Nellie Gray' and others. Mr. Rose showed rare skill in handling of his instrument, and a musical was most enjoyable.



Banking House of Annan-Horner'

### Terrible Heavenly Visitation

Down from the mountains rich with lower comes the tale of at midnight roar that put a stop to the sonorous snore, of the sleepers roused to sleep no more for fear of the light of the meteor that swept the lofty oak trees o'er and buried itself in the earth it tore an incandescent mass of ore, heaven never again to soar, lost, alas, forevermore. All this happen back of the Blue Mountain House Bar all the night of October 21.

### Horse Had to Be Killed

Mr. Charles Brawner lost a fine driving horse last Wednesday as the result of an accident received the evening before, when the animal, pitched in front of the property of Mr. William Walter, took fright at an infernal approaching automobile and broke loose and ran away. As the runaway team approach the residence of Mr. John Roddy it fell and was later discovered that it had broken a leg. Our sympathies to Mr. Brawner on the loss of his favorite and faithful horse.



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## GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

# From the desk of County Commissioner Moreno

Hello readers. My name is Lisa Moreno and I am the third County Commissioner that you, the reader will have the opportunity to hear from. I was born and raised in Adams County and my family and I reside in Mt. Joy Township. I am in the middle of my first elected term as County Commissioner.

I have decided to inform readers of a critical project that the County is currently involved in. Hopefully most residents are aware that Adams County is in the middle of a county-wide reassessment. The information in this writing has been taken from a pamphlet that each property owner will receive once their property is visited during the reassessment and may be found in its entirety at [www.adamscounty.us](http://www.adamscounty.us).

So you ask, what is a county-wide reassessment? Real estate taxes are calculated for each property, based on the appraised Fair Market Value at a given point in time (base-year). This base-year is used for assessments each year or until a new base-year is established by another county-wide reassessment. The current base-year for Adams County assessments is 1990.

This is when the last county-wide reassessment was completed.

Why does Adams County need a reassessment? Reassessments are needed when property values, used to make up the tax base, become inconsistent, unfair, and too old to reflect current trends and changes in the value of real estate. It is the legal responsibility of the Adams County Board of Assessment to establish the Fair Market Value of all county real property. This is done to establish a base-year market value for real estate tax purposes. To achieve a fair and equitable Tax base, two primary objectives must be accomplished: 1) Market values in the year of a reassessment must be at 100 percent of true market value; and 2) Properties of similar type, characteristics, and neighborhood must have uniform values. When this is achieved, each property owner will be paying his or her fair share of the tax burden.

The problem with the real estate tax system lies in the fact that property values continue to change over time; therefore, assessments cease to reflect real market values. Since the real estate tax

is an "at value" tax, the fairness of the tax changes as the real estate market changes. These changes vary between property types, geographic areas, and other factors.

Since Adams County's last reassessment was in 1990, property values throughout the county have appreciated at different percentages. This market change has created a lack of uniformity, resulting in owners paying more or less than their proportionate share of the tax burden.

Adams County has contracted with 21st Century Appraisals, Inc. to conduct the reassessment. 21st Century is responsible for updating the Assessment Office's computer software, collecting data in the field, providing public relations program, developing new Fair Market values, calculating Clean and Green values, conducting the informal review of values, and providing certified assessors to assist the county with formal appeals.

What should I expect when a field lister visits my property? Field listers are trained to gather data in a prescribed format and will visit every property in the county. During this visit, property descriptions will be verified, photo-

graphs will be taken of the property's primary structures, and information will be recorded on a property record card. This information will later be used during the valuation phase. Field listers do not set property values, nor will they go inside homes.

All field listers will always knock on the door of the primary residence, display an official county ID, and if available will ask the resident/tenant about their home. An Understanding Reassessment Brochure, door hanger with existing property data will be left at each residential property. If an individual approaches a resident stating that they are a field lister, but cannot produce proper credentials, owners should not permit them on their property; the police and Reassessment Office should be notified immediately.

I would like to address some myths and misunderstandings of a reassessment.

A common myth is that a reassessment means that my taxes are going to increase. NOT NECESSARILY. Based on a typical reassessment, about one-third of the tax base will see a decrease in their tax bills, one-

third will stay the same, and only one-third will pay more taxes.

Another common myth is that the reassessment will provide new revenue for taxing bodies. This is NOT TRUE. There is a state law that requires that after the tax base has been equalized and brought to current market value, the millage must be reduced in order to collect the same revenue as collected in the previous year. After the equalized millage is set, and if the tax body needs to collect additional revenue, they may do so; however they are limited to the amount of additional total revenue that may be collected from taxpayers in the year following the reassessment. The statutory limit for counties, townships, and boroughs is five percent. The statutory limit for school districts is 10 percent.

21st Century will be in the Carroll Valley and Fairfield area around the second week in October. Please read your local newspapers and listen to local radio stations for up-to-date information. I hope the information contained in this article will help ease some questions or concerns that you as a property owner may have.

# From the desk of Carroll Valley Mayor Ron

School has started and the new concern is the safety of our children with regard to H1N1. Our state and local officials are trying their best to protect our young students. However, we need to make sure that we instruct our people to wash their hands often with soap and water, especially after they cough or sneeze. If you are going to provide them a small hand cleaner to keep and use, make sure it contains at least 60% alcohol. Tell them to cover their nose and mouth with a tissue when they do cough or sneeze. And, if they don't have a tissue, they should cough or sneeze into their elbow. Use the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) website [www.cdc.gov/h1n1flu](http://www.cdc.gov/h1n1flu) to keep abreast of the latest information regarding the 2009 H1N1 Flu.

Don't know if you are aware that the Borough of Carroll Valley Public Safety Committee working with our Borough Manager developed a *Public Safety Portal* on the Carroll Valley website [www.carrollvalley.org](http://www.carrollvalley.org). This portal can be used as your guide to all things "safety" on the internet. Approximately 57 hyperlinks are organized into 13 categories covering Criminal Activity/Policing, Emergency & Disasters, Environmental Protection, Hunting & Firearm Safety, Internet Safety, National & State Security, Fire Safety, Health Protection, Product & Consumer Protection, School Safety, Vehicle/Travel Safety, and Home Safety. The next time you are surfing the Internet for safety information you might want to try this portal.

Is your house or mailbox number "up" properly so that the police, fire department or an ambulance can find you? In an emergency, seconds count. It is so important that the Borough of Carroll Valley Code of

Ordinances states all improved property within the borough is required to post the official street address in three (3) inch numbers which are luminous (reflective). The number shall be easily read from 20 feet day or night. If there is no mail box at a residence or if it does not clearly identify the house, the reflective street address numbers shall be placed on the front of the house. If the residence sits back off the road or is not visible due to trees or bushes, a sign shall be erected displaying the proper address. Does your house meet code? If not, you can buy a reflective mailbox sign for just \$8.00 from the Police Department. These signs are 6" x 18" aluminum and covered in green reflective vinyl with white reflective vinyl numbers attached on both sides. They have the same highly visible qualities of PennDot directional signs. If you are interested in one of these signs, visit the Borough Police Department and ask about ordering one. You can also contact the Police Department Administrative Assistant at [pdadmin@carrollvalley.org](mailto:pdadmin@carrollvalley.org).

For upcoming events, you might be interested in attending the Carroll Valley Citizens Association's Oktoberfest being held on October 16<sup>th</sup> in the Carroll Valley Pavilion. Call Leslie Bartlebaugh at 642-4270 for additional information. Or attend the *Story Time* at Strawberry Hill Nature Preserve on Mt. Hope Road on October 14<sup>th</sup>. Strawberry Hill is inviting families to come out with lawn chairs or a blanket and enjoy stories being told around a campfire. If interested, call Joe Halinan at (717) 642-5840.

The 2nd Annual Youth Challenge Breakfast will be held on October 17<sup>th</sup>. This event is the product of a collaborative effort among Lib-

erty Mountain Resort CEO Eric Flynn, Fairfield Area School District Superintendent Bill Chain, and local business executive, author, and family advocate Mark Greathouse. From what I was told the primary goal of the event is to bring the parent and their son or daughter together in the spirit of common challenge and understanding the power of working together. Event attendees share a great breakfast at Boulder Ridge followed by the opportunity to take on an adventure at the Boulder Ridge Challenge Course. The 2009 Youth Chal-

lenge Breakfast is open to Fairfield Area students ages 10 through 14 and a parent or guardian. Students are able to obtain tickets for a nominal fee by submitting a request form and check to the Fairfield Area Middle School Student Council. So please mark your calendars to attend.

Those residents who own a iPhone will be happy to hear that AT&T wireless service is soon to be available. AT&T is projected to be installed on the Fairfield Borough and Liberty Township towers by the end of October. Keep well. If I can be of help, please do not hesitate to contact me at [mayor@carrollvalley.org](mailto:mayor@carrollvalley.org) or call me, (717) 642-9270 Extension 32.

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## GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

# From the desk of County Commissioner Thompson

To those concerned about increases in their property tax bills, I offer the following:

You represent what I used to believe was the “silent majority.” I’m no longer confident that you are still in the majority.

I retain the old fashioned and apparently outdated belief that the first order of business is to set the property tax rates at a reasonable levels commensurate with the ability of ordinary folks to pay those taxes and spend accordingly. If people find that property taxes in Frederick County are too low, there are plenty of high tax jurisdictions the dissatisfied, high-tax folks can relocate to.

Instead, governments generally figure up how much money is required to satiate the insatiable demands of the whiny special interest pressure groups, their lobbyists and political action committees, who claim that we will all die if their spending requests are not fully funded. Tax rates are set in order to generate these funds. The circumstances of those who pay more into government coffers than they get out are seldom taken into account. People like myself who prefer a low-tax, low-spend form of government are looked upon as some sort of freak of nature.

As a result, and whether intended or not, we are forcing an exodus of middle and working class people from Frederick County. If the trend continues, we will resemble the major metropolitan areas, where only the very rich (not as affected by the regressive nature of property taxes) and the very poor (who receive the benefit of numerous government programs) can afford to live.

Meanwhile, State, County and local governments subsidize (in the form of such corporate welfare handouts such as property tax credits; low interest, tax free loans; grants, etc.) the operations of out-of-county and out-of-state private business entities whose top executives pay themselves millions of dollars in salaries, bonuses, stock options, golden parachutes and deferred compensation. While there is no longer any debate about the need for a social safety net, there is considerable debate over the appropriate height and width of the net. While I stand firm on my belief that the social safety net should not be made so high and wide to accommodate out-of-state and out-of-county private business entities, I acknowledge that I often stand alone.

As long as Board of Education (“BOE”) spending remains out of control, your general real property tax bill will continue to spiral upward. I attribute this phenomena to the following:

- The political strength of the unions who represent BOE & Frederick County Public School (“FCPS”) employees and the political action committees (“PACs”) affiliated with those unions. During the 2002-2006 term, three (3) County Commissioners (including myself) voted to: i) cut the general real property tax rate; and ii) place a bill in the County’s legislative package that would have required negotiations between the BOE/FCPS and its employee unions to be open to the public. These 3 Commissioners finished 1,2,3 in the 2002 general election. During the 2006 general election, the leadership of the BOE/FCPS public employee unions targeted these 3 Commissioners for defeat because of these votes. These Commissioners finished 5th, 7th & 8th. While there were certainly other issues involved in the election, the political and campaign finance activities of the union PACs were a factor.

- Apathy on the part of those who do not draw a BOE or FCPS paycheck. Those having concerns about the BOE/FCPS spending & budget practices and choose to participate in the budget process will be outnumbered at least 100 to 1.
- The ability of the BOE/FCPS to employ its vast, taxpayer-financed public relations machinery to recast justified concerns about its spending and budget practices into attacks on public education, thereby enraging its the various unpaid stakeholders (parents, students, volunteer groups, PTAs, etc.).

The rate of increases in the amount of money spent on fire, ambulance and rescue services are totally out of control. Group dynamics and human nature suggest the day will never come when the individual fire companies, the Frederick County Fire & Rescue Association, the firefighters’ union and PAC collectively tell us that they have enough trucks, ambulances, rescue squads, buildings, money and career personnel. That is why increases in fire tax bills and the amount of public funds spent on fire, ambulance and rescue service are far out of proportion to increases in popula-

tion. If present trends continue, the rate of increase in the fire tax will continue to outstrip the rate of increase in the general real property tax. It is only a matter of time until the lines cross and the average homeowner’s fire tax bill will exceed the average homeowner’s general real property tax bill.

While ordinary folks are facing increasing property taxes, the County government continues to provide handouts and tax breaks to out-of-state private businesses.

In September, after whining about more budget cuts from the State and raising the specter of employee layoffs, salary cuts and furloughs, a majority of the County Commissioners voted to provide a \$600,000+ tax break over 20 years to Keenan Fort Detrick Energy LLC (“Keenan”), yet another a Delaware entity. Keenan refused to pay its property taxes that were due July 1, 2008. Keenan’s property should have been sold at the May, 2009 tax sale.

I acknowledge that my views on the appropriate role of government are out of step with the modern political economy. Regrettably, it seems that the wealth of society is increasingly allocated on the basis of politics, not thrift, initiative & hard work.

# From the desk of Town Commissioner Chris Staiger

Hello! As summer comes to a close, I hope everyone is sliding comfortably into their fall routine. School is back in session, it will soon be time to begin cleaning the yard and clearing the garden, and (best of all!) there will be cool fall nights sleeping with the windows open! By the time of publication the new Town Council will be seated and our most immediate challenge will be dealing with additional reductions of in-coming revenue. You may have already seen some headlines or heard some discussion on this issue, but I would like to share my understanding of where we are and where we might be going...

Due to ongoing budgetary shortfalls at the state level, municipalities can expect a 90% reduction to their share of “highway user fees.” For Emmitsburg, this represents an approximate \$140,000 reduction in revenue – or about 8% of our current, FY2010, budget. These numbers are not exact, but I believe they are in the ballpark. This reduction obviously punches a hole in the budget as approved in June 2009. The current budget was already around seven percent less than the previous year. These additional cuts mean the budget may now be down as much as fourteen percent from the previous year.

I think all of us would be challenged by a fourteen percent reduction to our income – so these are not insignificant changes! Most of the initial round of cuts (when planning the current budget this spring) was borne by the Capital Improvements Program (CIP). The CIP generally covers repaving of streets and replacement or purchase of equipment such as vehi-

cles, parks equipment, and the like. The question then becomes, how do we make up for additional, lost revenue? A FY2010 CIP budget of approximately \$50,000 was maintained for projects requiring immediate attention, but, obviously, this list should also be subject to further review in the light of current circumstances.

At this point, my expectation is that this latest hole in the budget can be filled through the transfer of funds unspent from the previous year’s budget. Each year budgets are crafted in such a way that the amount you expect to “collect” exactly matches the amount you project to spend. Of course, the reality is that the town government has historically had higher revenues than expenditures... The monies “left over” from Fiscal Year 2009 will be rolled over to the current budget once the auditors have closed the books on last year’s budget. I believe the Auditors’ Review and Budget Transfer Amendment will take place at the November 2 Town Meeting.

This “budget transfer” is an often overlooked process that takes place year after year and has allowed us, for example, to establish a “rainy day fund” of approximately \$566,000. The transfer may receive a bit more attention this year because it will indeed be necessary to fill the widening gap in our current budget. Unfortunately, this short term solution is really a “one off,” and we can’t anticipate that any remaining funds at the close of this budget year will be available to offset deficits in the following year’s budget. Indeed, it may be unrealistic to expect these monies to offset EXISTING deficits if the state and

county continue to cut their historic contribution levels to our municipal budget as their own revenues continue to fail as we all work our way through the current budget cycle...

Beyond absorbing last year’s excess to make up for the current year’s shortfall, the rainy day fund does indeed exist to shelter us from these admittedly “rainy days.” I would support the transfer of up to twenty percent of that fund, currently approximately \$110,000, in any one fiscal year to help cover these deficits that are largely related to the current downturn in the economic cycle. Beyond these actions lie structural cuts and “revenue enhancement.”

My first recommendation in regard to structural cuts would be to reverse the recent decision to increase the number of contracted, resident deputies from two to three. The decision to increase the coverage was made when revenues (especially related to new home construction) were strong – and we all know those days are gone for the foreseeable future. A return to the historic level of resident deputies would represent a savings of over \$100,000.


Additional cuts to town employees’ pay, work hours, or staffing levels are not my preferred way to re-allocate funds – although I, like many of you, have been working without the prospect of a raise from my current employer and face the likelihood of furlough days in the near future as we enter our slow winter season... Obviously, many of us are facing similar strains to our own budgets at home – therefore, I don’t feel any increase to tax

rates can be considered until all structural costs and potential service reductions have been publicly and aggressively reviewed.

But, as of today, all is not doom and gloom! I believe we can struggle through the current, and even the following, budget year utilizing a toolbox of potential, incremental counter-measures that will

see us through without layoffs or tax increases. I’ve tried to outline my vision of how we can ratchet down as conditions demand and am certainly open to your questions and suggestions. Please contact me directly or consider sharing your opinions with the entire Town Council at an upcoming meeting.

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## COMMENTARY

# Pondering the puzzlement

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

I don't like cars. They cost too much to buy, insure, drive and maintain. They also require a good deal more manual dexterity and focused attention to drive safely than I am usually able to muster.

Unlike 99% of the people I know who drive cars, I don't think I'm a "good" driver! Given my feelings toward cars, I'm seldom surprised when I have bad dreams involving the wheeled cages that confine many a lunatic. (My car should be equipped with a driver's side straightjacket and automatic tranquilizer gun.)

Years ago, a bad dream brought me out of bed gasping with a panic that left me fearful of ever getting in a car again. In the dream, I was sitting behind the driver as we moved slowly down a long gravel lane with barbed wire fences close on either side. It was full night.

The gravel and wire were so bright in the headlights' glow that I couldn't make out who the figure was walking in the middle of the lane ahead of the car. It was someone familiar to me, a larger than average man in an Army field jacket. At the time, I had several friends who fit that description. There was no sound in the dream as the car accelerated, the figure sliding up onto the car's hood and ending up spread eagle across the windshield.

I watched the speedometer climb to 50mph. I yelled at the driver to STOP! Which he did, slamming on the brake, causing whoever was across the windshield to slide off onto the road while the car skidded over him. Evidently, killing a man, even in a dream, has an adverse affect on me.

Enough time passed for me to forget the nightmare until I watched a friend come sliding across the hood of a car. There I was, behind the driver again, only now I recognized everyone as the car engine roared and we accelerated down the same barbed wire enclosed lane. When the speedometer hit 50mph, I gritted my teeth and refused to yell STOP. The car was hitting 60 when I leaned forward and spoke calmly into the driver's ear.

"Take your foot off the gas and slow down. Just let off the gas and slow down. Let him get off the car."

The car began to slow. The speedometer read 50mph when the fellow next to me screamed STOP!

There was a long moment, as the dust settled around us after the car skidded to a halt, in which I knew our collective stupidity had just ended a life. I doubt I was the only one in that car who would have given his own life to start the night over again.

The driver at least was going to

jail for vehicular manslaughter, not that the rest of us weren't as guilty for having urged him into the monumentally stupid act. As stunning as that thought was another crowded me and would haunt me for years after. I had changed my behavior from what the dream had shown I would do. I had chosen *not* to act as fate had ordained I would. The event played itself out in spite of me. Nothing I did changed anything!

For decades, that event has replayed in my head. Only recently have I come to understand that I did change my actions, which in the end is all any of us are likely to manage. I did not yell STOP, as fate would have me do. Nor did my friend on the windshield settle for his fate. He twisted as he slid off the car and managed to grab the bumper as the car went over him. Dragged for many yards down that lane before the car stopped, he survived to pull himself out from under it.

I'd like to claim I have since acted with forethought in every crucial moment of my life. I haven't. I struggle to remind myself that my choices do make a difference if only so I can sleep knowing I did what I thought was right.

So, I can't change what is pre-ordained, but I can change how I respond? Did my not shouting STOP give my friend the extra moment he needed to figure out how he was going to survive being run over by the car? This gives me pause. If enough people refuse to act in accordance with fate, do they change their fate?

To read other article by Jack Deatherage visit the Authors' section of [Emmotsburg.net](http://Emmotsburg.net)

# Words from Winterbilt Driving Habits and Technology

Shannon Bohrer

Someone once said that the one thing all Americans have in common is that "Americans are all above average drivers." When I read that I thought maybe I just drive on the wrong roads? I do believe that most Americans are good drivers and generally safe, however there are some exceptions. One that annoys me is when someone cuts in front of me but neglects to use a turn signal. It must be very annoying to purchase a very big and expensive vehicle and have broken turn signals. I do believe that I would be taking that car back to the dealer to have the turn signals fixed.

**One thing all Americans have in common is that "Americans are all above average drivers."**

I am sure that most of you have also witnessed vehicles sitting at a traffic light but when the light changes, the vehicle does not move. After a while the driver stops talking on the cell phone and then the vehicle moves. Technology has affected many drivers and it seems that on some days everyone I see is using an electrical device while driving. One device I have noticed is the GPS sitting in the windshield of many vehicles. A GPS is a device that tells you where you are and how to get where you need to go. Maybe they could be installed in politicians? I have driven as far south as the Gulf Coast, as far north as Maine and as far west as the Rocky Mountains, with no GPS. And I have never been lost. If you talk to my wife she may not agree, but this is my column so I can say what I want.

Earlier this year I traveled to Chicago for a training conference with two of my co-workers. We traveled by company car and both co-work-

ers brought their GPS units. This was an experience, not a significant emotional event, but an experience. Both co-workers, Dan and Dennis, seemed to have great confidence in their GPS. If they had asked me to program the device we would have never left. Dan's unit was placed on the dash board and he put in the address of our destination. As we traveled, the screen depicted a road with the interstate number. Very impressive!

After about an hour we had to make a stop; we needed to relieve ourselves of the rented coffee. As we turned off the highways, the GPS spoke "recalculating ." Dan and Dennis looked at each other and nodded in unison as if to say "it's working." Before leaving the rest area we purchased more coffee to go. As we pulled out, the GPS again spoke "recalculating" and I began to wonder what else this GPS says.

At some point Dennis turned on his GPS and confirmed the information the GPS on the dash was giving us. This was done as we passed an exit and I commented "It isn't that smart; I could tell you were we were." Both Dennis and Dan made a comment about my technological expertise. I don't know what they meant but it had something to do with my home telephone still being a rotary dial type. I also noticed that Dennis's GPS did not talk, or if it did I could not hear it.

After several more stops, I noticed Dan and Dennis becoming annoyed by the cool, accented female voice saying "recalculating." At one point we turned off the highway, and Dan told the GPS to "shut up." I don't think the GPS heard him.

At the top of the ramp the voice said "turn left at the top of the ramp." I was looking at the map and said "we

should be turning right," to which the GPS said, "hey old man, do you have to stop again?" Dan claims he did not hear this. We turned left and the GPS said "you have reached your destination." We were on the shoulder of a road, with an industrial park to our left and a stream on our right. This was not our destination.

**At one point we turned off and Dan said "shut up" to the GPS. I don't think the GPS heard him.**

Dan then re-entered the address of our destination and on the screen two identical addresses were displayed. Dan commented that the problem was that there were two identical addresses in Chicago area. I wondered if the hotel knew this and I also wondered how many other people using a GPS and looking for the same hotel had stopped where we stopped. With the new address, actually the same one, we went back the way we came. We passed the ramp (where we should have made a right) and several intersections later found the hotel. Turning into the hotel parking lot the GPS said "You have reached your destination," to which Dan and Dennis both made comments that I should not repeat.

Technology is supposed to be helpful, but sometimes I question it. I question if the wrong address, the one next to the woods, is it really an address? The hotel is only a couple of miles from that location. Can the GPS make excuses, "Oh I am sorry, I thought you wanted the other 10 main street." Maybe the GPS is programmed so that after it says that you have reached your destination, and you have not, it then makes up an excuse.

We drove back to Maryland from Chicago but I don't remember turning on their GPS units. We only made one wrong turn on the return trip. It was a very good conference, with a lot of new technology stuff.

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## FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

# Let's hear it for followership whatever that is

**Pastor Reginald Rice**  
Incarnation, United Church of Christ

I know right where I was when I first understood what the phrase "too many chiefs and not enough Indians" really meant. I was 18 and working a summer job in an auto parts store. Unloading trucks, stocking parts, doing odd jobs and such. The guy I worked with was a nice and peaceable sort of fellow who only got wrangled occasionally; and I could always see it coming. The words out of his mouth would be, "too many chiefs and not enough Indians." This told me to stay my distance.

Over the course of the summer I learned what gave birth to his consternation and the phrase that accompanied it. His boss, the counter manager, would tell him to do something. As he went about his business the parts department manager would tell him to do it another way. To make things worse the owner would finally ask him why the "you know what" he was doing it that way and after explaining himself the owner would visit one or both offices of the other managers the end result of which was this poor sap getting chewed out by 1, 2 or occasionally 3 people. Those of us who worked there called these little episodes, "Christmas Packages." I also learned about irony that summer.

The image in my mind was simple. Hoards of folks dressed to the hilt in colorful sheepskin, moccasins and feathers atop their heads and traveling down their backs, dancing and yelling while three or four lowly peons with one plume each in their bonnets standing off to the side looking at the "big chiefs" and thinking, "what are they doing?"

Our culture teaches and encourages us to be leaders, not followers, and rewards us accordingly. I mean who gets the interview after the big game, the quarterback or the center? Yet the solution to the unbalanced pow-wow pictured above is simple. FOLLOWERSHIP!

I suppose your first reaction to that statement is, "yea, that would be nice. Big Fish swims one way and all the small fry join in. But it just doesn't happen in the real world."

Well, you're right and I know that but my concept of Followership is not about mindless masses blindly following the designated "big fish." Real followership is something that first is practiced by the leaders themselves. Lost you? Here's a story.

My wife and I were attending a retreat weekend. One of the fun activities for the group was splitting into small teams of 5 couples each and preparing a karaoke song to perform as a team before the entire group. (That's right Simon, there were judges too!) Our team couldn't seem to select a song. Ev-

eryone had a different song they wanted to do and a great winning way in which to do it. Seeing all these big chiefs dancing around I decided to be different. Plucking a few hundred feathers from my bonnet till I was down to one I finally spoke. Looking straight at a gal who seemed to have a lot of energy for her idea and a lot of frustration over not being heard I said, "you have an interesting vision there, can you say more about it." Suddenly every one was quiet.

She then began explaining why her song was a good one and how we could do it effectively. People agreed. Off we went. And our group, though the competition was a bit tongue in cheek, got the most applause and had the most energy. How did that happen? Instead of competing with other leaders to get my idea accepted I boosted one of the leaders so an idea could gain momentum and the group could move forward.

Followers, real followers, don't just blindly go lock step behind the leader. They boost them into getting their idea out there. If the group doesn't like the idea the process can fall back to square one but if the leader once boosted can make a good case, everyone can get on board.

## Followership Rule One:

Be a booster. Give people with ideas a chance to get them heard and explained.

I try to stay out of the grave yard of dead ideas. I mean who wants to wander through the gloom and stare at tombstones with inscriptions like "Here Lies Sixteen Track Tapes," "Sideways Bouffant Hairdo R.I.P." and "Life Liberty and the Pursuit of The Perfect Tea: Tasted Good But Died A Quick Death." The reason the aforementioned and so many others deserve to do RIP time is obvious but I wonder how many ideas have gone to the hereafter all too soon, without having had a chance to make their full contribution.

What scourge of malicious illness could send so much well meaning energy to an early grave. The answer. Destructive Criticism. Ah yes, we know it well. "Our corporation doesn't use that supply line." "Our people won't like it." "Others aren't doing it, why should we?" "We've never done it that way before" and the coup de gras "what if....." You can fill in the blank on that one.

## Followership Rule Two:

Ask questions that encourage rather than challenge. Instead of forcing a person with an idea into a corner and a defensive posture, what about asking questions that enable an idea to be more clear, understandable and viable to those who are considering it? This is a tough one, granted. I'm not saying that a would be leader's ideas

should be blithely endorsed out of hand, we need to scrutinize new ideas, particularly when they take us in new directions or cost lots of money. But if the attitude is more one of clarification than scrutiny, plot space in the graveyard of dead ideas wouldn't be filled so fast.

Questions like, "what kind of benefits can we anticipate from this?" "have you thought of how many people may wish to be involved?" "how much time do you think it will take to implement?" are clarifying questions and are helpful.

It's a matter of nuance. I can say, "we don't have enough people to do this!" or I can ask, "how many people do you think will need to take this on?" I can say, "people won't accept this!" or I can ask, "do we need a response to those who have a problem with this?" Not much difference in the phrasing between a question posed as destructive criticism and one posed as clarification but emotionally it's the world of gain and loss that lies between empowerment and rejection.

Maybe this sounds good, but as with all things there is a catch. A catch that even with the best of efforts given to using rules 1 and 2 without which all will fail. The catch is what Rule Three addresses.

## Followership Rule Three:

Ask What Benefits All and Act Accordingly!

There's a town in the Netherlands that was having lots of trouble with traffic jams, accidents and even auto related deaths. After years of try and fail with conventional systems they tried a new and radical approach. Eliminate all traffic lights, signs and other traffic regulating devices.

How crazy is that? What do you think the result was? Chaos, accidents, frayed tempers, angry tax payers...anarchy. NO! Quite the opposite. Traffic flow improved, accidents decreased and people were more happy with traveling around their town. How so?

Before the change, the town educated those in the area of what was going on and told people simply that they were responsible for making traffic flow and safety in their city happen. This, they were told depended on two things: 1) paying attention to what was going on around them and 2) considering the needs of other drivers in addition to their own.

At first people were terrified and in this lay the new system's success. Because people were afraid they were extra careful. And because they were extra careful they watched what was going on and gave attention to how they moved along in the traffic. Drivers stopped relying on what the signs gave them a right to do and paid attention to what the needs of everyone on the road counted on them to do.

When this happened the average vehicle speed decreased but the average commute time decreased as well. How can that be? Well, when people slowed down and saw themselves as problem solvers working together, traffic flowed more efficiently. Everyone got there faster even though they were moving slower because (that's right) there was less stopping to wait for traffic to clear. Instead of a bunch of chiefs yelling at one another to yield, slow down, speed up, get in the right lane, etc. the picture is one of humble and cooperative Indians cooperatively giving and taking as needed to help everyone get to the pow-wow. Followership at its best!

This last rule for followership that considers what is best for all is reflected in the leader/follower style of Jesus. Many times Jesus had to be the "big fish" leader and make pronouncements about what God wanted of his people. But as a close read of the gospels will show, Jesus also sought to empower his disciples with parables which questioned traditional understandings of things and statements which challenged folks to consider the needs of others. "Let the one who has not sinned cast the first stone," challenges offended people to forgive. But notice Jesus doesn't command them saying, "Forgive her!" Instead he validates their right to do what they want but consider what is just when he essentially says, "hey, if you're perfect go ahead and punish someone else for being imperfect. But if you are imperfect and cast a stone, what does that say about you?"

Of course, even in this extreme case look at what is at stake. What if Jesus says to Peter, "yeah, that's right. I'm the big fish, the Messiah, so you all and everyone else on the planet have to snap in line." Well if he does that, first of all, he no longer sounds like the Jesus we know. But more



importantly he's violating the whole notion of followership that is necessary in order for the kingdom of God to come about. Jesus preached about a world in which people boosted one another, communicated in helpful ways and considered the needs of others (gee, does this sound like something we've been talking about here?). If he is hoisted on a throne and obedience is reduced to a "do what I say" existence then world order will be soon followed by a total collapse of the human spirit demonically stripped of freedom, meaningfulness, responsibility and initiative.

Jesus' notion of a perfect world has nothing to do with locked steps but everything to do with washing one another's feet. Perhaps you remember the scene in John's gospel where he demands that the disciples allow him to wash their feet. He shows them that what is truly kingly in his kingdom is to humbly serve.

When we boost the efforts of others, encourage them to clarify their vision and goals and through it all keep an eye out for what will serve and help the most folks we bring a "little Indian/ big heart" approach to a world that currently has too many "big chiefs." We bring a little heaven to earth and in the process do a lot of good.

To learn more about the United Church of Christ, [www.ucc.org](http://www.ucc.org), or better yet, join the members of Incarnation in Sunday services at 9:30 am. 124 West Main Street Emmitsburg.

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# THE MASTER GARDENERS

## A Diary of a Garden

**Mary Ann Ryan**  
**Adams County Master**  
**Gardener Coordinator**

My husband Rusty and I purchased our present property with the best of intentions. The property was a 'useless swamp land' as some of the locals informed us. But we had vision. We chose the style of our home based on the lay of the land. We positioned the house to avoid the western winds. Geothermal heating and cooling was installed for 'green friendly' and cost efficient heating and cooling. The guy that did our grading? Yes – he put all our topsoil back and we even discussed where our gardens will go for deeper topsoil. We had plenty of open spaces to grow a large, traditional vegetable garden, and large perennial and shrub beds. All is well in the life of the Ryans.

**First growing season: (1997)**

We rototilled a large vegetable garden – about 50' x 50'. We planted our rows about 2 1/2 feet apart, so we could get the tiller through the rows if necessary. This is the kind of garden I grew up with. Intense gardening wasn't necessary when we had all this room, or so I thought at the time. Lettuce, peas, corn, beans, potatoes and tomatoes all grew quite happily this first season. We had so much produce, we shared with everyone – had my family over for a corn roast, and froze what was left. Great. The perennial and shrub garden was just starting to develop. We invested in some key shrub as we began to develop these beds.

**Season two: 1998**

The vegetable garden was another success! Friends complained of rabbit and deer damage, but not us! We are gardeners and know how to grow veggies! With advice from my Dad, a farmer at heart, there's no stopping the produce we could grow!

The shrub and perennial beds were developing quite nicely. Not too many problems, the biggest issue is lack of time to keep up with the planting beds and vegetable garden. The bank along our drive was really coming along; lots of maintenance, but worth every minute.

**Season three: 1999**

The groundhogs had found our garden! Just as the beans started to grow vegetables, those darn groundhogs ate them – then the raccoons found the corn! Oh well, guess we'll plant a bit more next year to provide for them and us – since they ate all of our harvest this year!

**Season four: 2000**

It's the end of the growing season. Something has got to be done with those rodents! No vegetables to amount to much. Lots has been lost to the groundhogs. The viburnums are filling in, and the Zelcova is starting to look like a tree. the

bank area is getting winning the battle. Maybe I'll let it go natural, since so many grasses seem to like growing there.

**Season five: 2001**

We have re-evaluated the vegetable garden. Two years of labor to feed the raccoons, groundhogs, deer and rabbits aren't working. I'll focus on the perennials and shrubs. That will keep me busy.

**Season six: 2002**

The perennial garden looks fantastic! Perennials and shrubs are surely my favorite plant types! Vegetables are a wasting my time. I think this season we'll buy at the farmer's market. The bank is going natural! I haven't been able to keep up with it, but I think I like the way it's developing all on its own. Lots of butterflies visit this garden area.

**Season twelve: 2009**

For the past several years, we've been messing around with a few tomato plants and pumpkins for the kids. But this year, we decided to try vegetables one more time. We followed intense gardening practices. Rusty built a fence to keep the animals out. We've built raised beds, 4'- 10'. In these three raised beds, we grew peas and onions, potatoes and lettuce, tomatoes and green beans. In the rest of the garden, we've grown, corn, zucchini, gourds, cucumbers and watermelon.

Our calendar looked like this: early March: planted peas and potatoes. Early April: planted onion sets, lettuce seed and four cabbage plants. By mid May: planted green beans, and I harvested the peas and had been cutting lettuce for a month. The lettuce has been great! Early June: planted zucchini, gourds, watermelon seeds and tomato plants. Because of the cool temperatures, the lettuce is still producing. By mid June the lettuce bolted and I planted more green beans where the lettuce once grew. The cabbage was eaten, probably a rabbit. But we found the spot where it dug under the fence and re-enforced it with large stones.

Early July brought us a nice crop of green beans. I was able to freeze some. Pretty exciting! The tomato plants are too shaded from the sunflowers that grew as volunteers. Between the cool nights and shade from sunflowers, the tomatoes had not produced much – just enough to



The Mature Garden - 2009

put in sandwiches. Late July: we were picking zucchini and cucumbers – lots! I made some dill pickles – the first time.

Mid August – planted lettuce seed where the potatoes were. Hoping for yummy salads again!

*Note:* throughout the last twelve years, Rusty's been developing our natural areas: providing food and shelter for the wildlife. We've planted hundreds of seedling trees and shrubs in the wetlands as well as uplands. We've planted screening from the road and developed a wildlife habitat that any bird or mammal would love to live. Trails throughout the wooded areas and lowlands have been created for our family and visitors to enjoy our surroundings and discover our fellow inhabitants, whether plant or animal life. We've successfully created a place for us and wildlife to enjoy - together.

While Rusty's been focusing on the wild areas, I've focused on the gardens closer to our home. From the vegetable garden (or lack of it), to the perennial and shrub beds that developed from a love a plants, our outside home is ever changing. Knowledge about native plants, pollinating insects, butterflies and moths have helped to create what we have today and

continues to change the plant and animal life that lives with and around us.

After our almost completed year of vegetable gardening on a small scale, with raised beds, our addition of fencing, and growing differently than when we started twelve years ago, I'm confident that no matter how hard we try, nature always is one step ahead of us. We need to learn from environment – not fight it. Our family has been enjoying

our most recent attempt at a vegetable garden, and even with all the resources, education and experience Rusty and I share, we're always learning – and enjoying – our natural environment, both in the garden and out.

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

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

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## ROBERT CHAMBERS' The Book of Days

who have perished—who have gone before us, blown forward to the grave by the icy blasts of Death. The scenery of spring awakens no such emotions, there is no sign of decay there, for all seems as if fresh springing into life, after the long sleep of winter. But now, even the sun seems to be growing older, he rises later and sets earlier, as if requiring more rest, instead of increasing in heat and brightness, as he did when the butter-cups looked up at him and 'flashed back gold for gold.'

Yet we know this natural decay is necessary to produce the life and beauty of a coming spring, and it is some solace to know, that for every flower autumn rains and blows upon and buries, a hundred will rise up and occupy their places by the time summer returns again, for it is her work to beautify decay.

Nearly all our singing-birds have departed for sunnier lands far over the sea, and the swallows are now preparing to follow them. Their places are filled by northern birds who find our winters temperate. In October the redwing reaches us, and if the autumn is fine and warm, its song may often be heard. The early arrival of the fieldfare is considered by country-people a sure sign of a hard winter, especially if there is a large crop of hawks and hoes, which they say, reverentially, Providence has stored up for them beforehand.

The woods never look more beautiful than from the close of last month to the middle of October, for by that time it seems as if nature had exhausted all her choicest colours on the foliage. We see the rich, burnished bronze of the oak; red of many hoes, up to the gaudiest scarlet; every shade of yellow, from the wan gold of the primrose to the deep orange of the tiger-lily; purple, rising from the light lilac to the darkest velvet of the pansy streaked with jet; and all so blended and softened together in parts, that like the colours on a dove's neck, we cannot tell where one begins and the other ends.

Amid this change, the graceful fir-trees seem now to step boldly out, and we are amazed at the quiet beauty we have so long overlooked as we gaze upon these stately and swarthy daughters of autumn, who have been hidden by their fairer sisters of summer. Nothing can be grander than the autumnal foliage of the oak, with its variety of tints, which are more numerous than can be found on any other tree, where there are greens of every line, and browns running into shades, that are almost numberless.

Nearly one of the first trees to shed its foliage is the walnut; next the ash, if covered with those keys that make such a rattling in the November

wind—if these are wanting, the tree remains much longer in leaf. The ash is one of the most graceful of our forest-trees, with its leaves set in pairs as if made to match one another, while its smooth, tough branches have a gray hue, that seems to make a light through every portion of the tree.

How grand is the piping of the great autumn winds, sounding like an organ through the forest, and causing us to feel that we are walking through a temple built by an Almighty hand, for there is no sign of the builder man around us! That trellised roof, where, through the openings made by the fallen leaves, we see only the sky, points to a greater Builder than imitative man.

Beautiful as many of our poetical images are, drawn from the fallen leaves, and sad as the sight is to see them lying around our walks, still the fall of the leaf is not its death, no more than that of one flower fading in a cluster is the death of the flower, as it only falls to make room for another blossom. A swelling bud will always be found in autumn above the leaf that is about to fall; and as this bud increases, it pushes down its predecessor, and causes it to break off, or to hang by so light a hold that the wind soon carries away the loosened leaf. This bud, which forces off the old leaf, forms the future stem or branches, which, during the following summer, will bear many leaves in place of the one it has displaced; and though it will cease to increase during the dead winter-months, will be among the foremost to show itself in the spring.

As for the colouring of autumn leaves, it is supposed that the trees absorb oxygen during the night, which, owing to the coldness of the weather, they have not strength enough to throw out again in the daytime, and that this gives an acidity to the juices of the tree, which changes the colour of the leaf, or, that otherwise, they would be pushed down by the new buds, in all their green summer array, Some admit that this may be the case with leaves that are red, but not with others that are brown and yellow. So

the question remains open to many doubts, and as we look at the changing foliage in reverence, we feel satisfied in our own minds, that those beautiful touches have been put in by the wonder-working hand of the Creator.

### Historical

This month, so called from being the eighth in the year according to the old Alban or Latin calendar, was, by our Saxon ancestors, styled Wyn month, (modern, Weinmonat), or the wine-month. In allusion to this epithet, an old writer remarks, 'and albeit they had not anciently wines made in Germany, yet in this season had they then from divers countries adjoining.' October was also called, by the ancient Germans, Winter fylith, from the approach of winter with the full moon of the month.

In some of the ancient Saxon calendars, this month is allegorized by the figure of a husbandman carrying a sack on his shoulders and sowing corn, in allusion to the practice of sowing the winter grain, which takes place in October. In other old almanacs, the sport of hawking has been adopted as emblematical of this, the last month of autumn.

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).

It is now yellow autumn, no longer divided from summer by the plummy sheaf and lingering flowers, but with features of its own, marked with slow decay. There is a rich hectic red on its cheek, too beautiful to last long, and every wind that blows pales the crimson hue, or scatters its beauty on the empty air, for everywhere around us the leaves are falling.

But through the openings autumn makes in the foliage, many new beauties are revealed—bits of landscape, which the long close-woven leaves had shut out, of far-away spots that look like a new country, so strange do they appear when seen for the first time through the faded and torn curtains which have shaded summer.

We see low clumps of evergreens, which the tall trees had hidden; nests in hedges, where we were before unable to find one; and in the orchards a few hardy apples still hang, which only the frost can ripen.

The fields seem to look larger, where we saw the grass mown and the corn reaped, for we can now see the bottoms of the hedges. The cherry-trees look as beautiful to the eye as they did when in blossom, such a rich scarlet dyes the leaves, mingled every here and there with golden touches.

The elders are still covered with dark purple berries, especially the branches which overhang the water-courses, and are beyond the reach of the villagers. We see flags and rushes and water-plants rocking in the breeze, and reflected in the ripples which were hidden by the entangling grass that now lies matted together, and is beginning to decay.

As evening approaches, the landscape seems to assume a sober hue, the colours of the foliage become subdued, and the low sighing of the wind, the call of the partridge, and the few notes uttered by the remaining birds, fall upon the ear with a sad sound at times, and produce a low feeling, which we are seldom sensible of at the change of any other season of the year.

To an observant eye, many little changes are presented, which shew how rapidly autumn is advancing. The flocks are now driven to the fold of an evening, for the nights are becoming too cold and damp for them to remain in the fields. It is a pleasant sight to see them rush out of the fold of a morning after their confinement, then hurry on and break their closed ranks to feed here and there on the unpalatable and scanty pasturage.

Turn wherever we may, we see the face of Nature changing; nowhere does it now wear its old summer-look, the very sound of the falling leaves causes us to feel thoughtful, and many a solemn passage of the Holy Bible passes through the mind, telling us that the time will come when we also 'shall fade as a leaf the wind has taken away. And all thou hast shall fall down as the leaf falleth from the vine.' That we shall soon be 'as oaks when they cast their leaves,' and at no other season of the year do these solemn truths strike us so forcibly as in autumn.

As we walk through fallen leaves we cannot help thinking of those

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## THE "retired" ECOLOGIST

# Global warming: complex questions, simple answers?

Bill Meredith

"Predicting is very hard, especially if it's about the future." ...Yogi Berra

This fall marked the 70th anniversary of my entry into formal education. I started school at the height of the Great Depression; families were small, and only four of us were in first grade that year. It was a lucky break for the teacher, for there were six grades in the same room. I already knew my numbers and could read stories if I had heard them often enough, so I spent most of my time listening to the lessons of the older kids. Science was especially fascinating. By the end of that year I had learned that the earth had gone through ages... a Coal Age, a Dinosaur Age, an Ice Age, a Stone Age and an Iron Age. I learned that Columbus discovered America in 1492, but the Vikings would have been here first if their colonies in Vineland hadn't been destroyed by cold climate.

I was good at remembering facts, and over the next 12 years a lot of information got stored in my head, so people told me I was smart and should go to college. It was a rude awakening. I discovered that knowing facts was not the same as being smart; many of the "facts" I had accumulated were not really true, or were limited to special situations. Instead of just spouting facts, I was expected to understand how things work. It came as a shock to learn that scientific knowledge is not permanent; it is always in a state of development, because as we study things we often find new information that doesn't fit old explanations. When that happens, we must either change the old explanations or discard them completely and find new ones. This is why scientists call their explanations theories or models. A theory is simply how we explain something at the present time; it is not the final truth, because it is constantly being corrected and adjusted as we discover new information.

Since theories explain how we think things work, they can be used to predict how things will work in the future. This is the great value of science, and also its great weakness. These predictions are what will *probably* happen; they are not certainty, because at any time we may discover new information and have to change the theory on which the prediction was based. Scientists understand this; the general public, it seems, do not. Hence, the problem. Most people want clear, simple answers. They do not understand science, but they know great discoveries have been made, so they expect scientists to foretell the future with certainty. Thus when science has incomplete information and more than one theory is possible, demagogues or special interest groups can easily mislead the public by claiming all scientific predictions are worthless.

All of this was brought to mind by a coincidence early last month. I read an article in the *Washington Post* about recent discoveries which provide new evidence that carbon dioxide emissions are causing global warming. On the same day I chanced to pick up the *Thurmont Times*, which featured an opinion poll on its website; one of the questions was, "Do you believe global warming exists?" It is a legitimate question; national polls have asked it several times in recent years. In a Fox News poll in 2007, 82% of the respondents believed in global warming, but only 68% believed CO<sub>2</sub> was to blame. In a Yale poll this year, 80%

believed in global warming, but only 51% thought it is caused by human activities. In the Thurmont poll, only 43% believe global warming exists. Of course, whether our climate is really changing is not determined by polling the public; but unfortunately, how we respond to it as a nation may be. It is a classic case of trying to give a simple answer to a complex question.

The Ice Age I learned about in first grade was first suggested in 1742 by a Swiss scientist named Pierre Martel, who noticed that glaciers were advancing, crushing villages in their paths and pushing large boulders down valleys in the Alps. He had seen such boulders much farther down the valleys, and theorized that long ago it must have been much colder and glaciers must have covered much of Europe. More evidence accumulated over the next 150 years, and now we know that the earth actually went through several Ice Ages. The most recent one began a couple of million years ago and was divided into at least four alternating cold and warm periods. The last great cold period ended about 11,000 years ago. Scientists have developed models that explain the cooling and warming of the earth fairly well over that long period of time. These models include changes in the heat output of the sun, which have been measured since the first satellites in the 1950s; changes in the earth's orbit, caused by the gravity of the larger planets, Jupiter and Saturn, as they move closer or farther away from us in their own orbits; and changes in the tilt of the earth's axis, which cause the north pole to be pointed toward the sun at some times and away from it at others. These models provide a good explanation of the last ice age and the warming that followed. They also agree with a cooling trend that began around 500 A.D.; it is now called the "Little Ice Age," and it caused the advancing alpine glaciers that Martel observed in 1742 and the destruction of the Viking settlements in Greenland.

There was no way to measure temperature accurately until 1724, when Gabriel Fahrenheit and Anders Celsius independently invented thermometers by sealing mercury in a glass tube. Weather stations were established all over the world, and over the next century it became apparent that climate was getting warmer. People began to ask why, and in 1824 Joseph Fourier suggested that carbon dioxide might cause a "greenhouse effect" by trapping the sun's heat in the atmosphere. The details of how this works were established by Svante Arrhenius in 1896. Meanwhile, more accurate measurements of CO<sub>2</sub> were being made. In the 1880s, its concentration in the atmosphere was 278 parts per million (ppm); by 1960, it had increased to 313 ppm, and the theory of greenhouse gases warming the atmosphere was in all college textbooks. Presently the concentration is 383 ppm, and its increase correlates well with the observed increase of global temperature.

The National Academies of Science of all industrialized countries have agreed that CO<sub>2</sub> produced by burning fossil fuels is a major cause of global warming. A mi-



nority of scientists did not agree; several of them claimed that the warming trend that ended the last ice age is still going on. The new discoveries described in the *Washington Post* confirm that the cooling trend that produced the "Little Ice Age" should still be going on if the sun's heat output and the earth's orbit and tilt were the only factors involved. But the fact is that the earth is getting warmer, and the warming trend began to accelerate around 1850, just when atmospheric CO<sub>2</sub> levels began to increase rapidly.

It will be interesting to see how this new evidence affects the national debate on CO<sub>2</sub> emissions. I predict that some of the scientists who honestly opposed the CO<sub>2</sub> effect will now accept it; a few will not, and in both cases they will have little influence on the debate. If you look at the sources of comments on the internet you will see a preponderance of special interest groups... coal and oil companies, energy lobbyists, conspiracy theorists and the like... and self-proclaimed "experts" who make a lucrative income by speaking and writing in anti-environmental media. These sources will continue to court public opinion with simplistic solutions to this complex problem, just as a few of their soul-mates continue to deny that smoking causes cancer. The real question is how long and how many of the voting public will listen to them. That, I will not attempt to predict.

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MY LIFE IS MY CAREER

# On canning tomatoes, and love

Christine Maccabe

“Well, I asked for it!” I thought as I looked at the pile of beautiful tomatoes on the counter. I had gathered these tomatoes to can them for the winter, though when it came time to do it, I found myself semi-reluctant. I do love tomatoes, though, whether it be growing them, tasting them, and even canning them. Love is a funny thing, be its object people or tomatoes. We usually do not realize exactly what we are getting ourselves into. All we know at the time is that we love what we see, and who can resist fat, juicy, plump tomatoes with flavor so sweet they make you swoon?

As it is, I usually jump into canning with both feet and my eyes half opened. This year was no exception. At least I know my heart was in the right place. Canning tomatoes this summer meant I would have at least a dozen wonderful chili dinners this winter with family and friends. I had no choice but to start canning. Though I had a pain in my arm and knew the process of canning would take hours, I also knew the investment of time and energy would be worth it. Unlike with tomatoes, this same investment of time and energy into human relationships is not guaranteed to be worth it. In tomatoes, though, one can rarely lose!

I am a very particular woman. I must have the best, and so I have been growing Heirloom tomatoes almost exclusively for 20 years now. I find the Heirlooms to be superior in taste and a fascinating study in diversity, as there are so many varieties.

How is it that so many types of tomatoes exist, anyway? There are hundreds of tomato varieties, many stemming from a wild botanical ancestor which grew prolifically in Mexico and was “tamed” in the 1500’s. The seeds and plants were taken by explorers to Europe and grown there by crazy gardeners and botanists like me. Then later, before the Revolutionary War, these tomatoes made their way back across the ocean with the settlers and slowly became established as a food crop in the United States. What a history!\*

So history is teaching me that some of the most important things in life can be the most difficult, or at least can take the most time and effort. From beginning to end the process of growing and canning tomatoes requires lots of heart and commitment. Tomato plants, like people, are very sensitive and require not only careful nurturing as young seedlings (such as my grandson) but plenty of space and time in order to grow well. If there is one lesson I am learning from my gardens it is to be patient. However, patience is not my greatest strength, even though I know “all things come to those who wait.” The first of my tomatoes to fully mature is popped in my mouth and savored right there on the spot!

A confession: The tomatoes I had collected on my counter waiting to be canned were not all from my garden. New garden friends of mine who also raise Heirlooms had given me some different varieties: Mr. Strikey, or Marvel Striped, Mortgage Lifters, and Yellow Brandywines. My own tomatoes are Bran-

dywines, which are large and juicy, Manyels, which are yellow in color, and some small golden nuggets. I had also picked up three huge beefsteaks from the Emmitsburg Farmer’s Market. My entire collection of beautiful tomatoes was staring at me that morning as I waltzed into the kitchen. Despite my hesitations, I was committed to these tomatoes...

...I cut tomatoes removing bad and hard parts while my little grandson played on the floor with trains and stones and sand. The sun was out on another glorious day in late summer and I savored one of the last summer days we would have this year. As I cut my tomatoes I could feel the sun that they had soaked in as they grew all summer.

While I cut, cooked, and canned my tomatoes, I worked through the pain in my arm, I worked through the pain in my heart, and I kept working. I listened to Native American flute music, and paused at times to stretch, working out the kinks in my body and soul. I kept on working because the tomatoes needed canning and there was no one to help me.

I worked because of this winter’s chili. I worked for my family, and for my friends. And as I worked, I realized I was never truly alone in my kitchen. As I cut and cooked and canned tomatoes, I learned to love. I loved myself and I loved others. I loved my little grandson as he came to “help.”

By now I was hot in the middle of my commitment, the heat was on and everything was cooking...the tomatoes, the water, the lids... fire and heat being the se-



cret behind successful sealing of lids to jars. I worked with skill I have learned over the years and with joy as I thought of the love I would feel as friends consumed the fruit of my labor.

The choice of the heart is not always wise, but with tomatoes it never fails, that is unless the jars do not seal properly. Yes, we must take the time to do it right, through the sorting of the good from the bad to the preserving of the goodness to the

cleaning up of the messes...a never ending process.

By the end of the day I was finished. My little grandson was in bed dreaming, perhaps of cutting tomatoes, and the one low light left on in the kitchen cast a mellow glow on the 12 canned jars of tomatoes. It was a labor of love, done by many. As I look back now I realize that I was truly never alone in my kitchen that day. Rather, I was immersed in love, TRUE love!

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## PETS LARGE AND SMALL

# Animals are unpredictable creatures

Kim Brokaw DVM

Animals are unpredictable creatures with horses probably being the most unpredictable of all. The only thing predictable about horses is that if you own them long enough they will get themselves into some sort of trouble - usually with a little help from their owners!

An old neighbor of mine was convinced that his horses would always follow him from their field into their stalls every evening for dinner. Of course at least once a month he was wrong and all the neighbors would get together to round up his horses who had gone gallivanting throughout the community. On one such escapade, one of the horses ended up in a swimming pool. Luckily the horse didn't weigh much and the owner was strong as an ox. He went in the pool and lifted the horse up and out of it. Other than being a bit cold, as it was the middle of winter, everyone was fine.

One of my most unique calls actually involved a very well behaved horse named Jelly Bean. Jelly Bean is a 6 year old black Tennessee Walking Horse. She is very sweet and has that youthful curiosity that has the potential to lead to trouble. Jelly Bean lived on an old dairy farm which her owners were in the

process of cleaning up and converting into a 'Gentleman's' farm.

The farm was beautifully landscaped with the colors of the garden flowers complementing the paint on the house perfectly. The foyer to the house, which at one time was the dairy barn, had large cathedral ceilings as the owners had torn down part of the hayloft to leave it open and airy. Large windows allowed the perfect amount of natural lighting. Jelly Bean's human mom had a gift for interior design, so in addition to the house being beautifully renovated the furniture, artwork, and throw pillows all tied together nicely.

Building a barn for Jelly Bean and her companion was on the owners' to do, list but was still a ways off. To provide Jelly Bean and her companion shade and refuge from flies, her owners had altered one of the trailer houses on the property to serve as a temporary barn. It wasn't perfect, but served their purpose until what I'm sure would be the Taj Mahal of all barns was built for Jelly Bean.

Up until this point, I had only been out to the farm for routine vaccinations, coggins tests, and teeth floating as Jelly Bean and her companion are fairly healthy horses. All the previous emergen-

cies had involved the owner's dogs. Still, I winced every time I looked at the fencing, most of which was held together with bailing twine and duck tape. It looked like an accident waiting to happen. But Jelly Bean was so content with her large field and the stream that ran through it, that she never challenged the make-shift fence. As far as Jelly Bean was concerned, she was in paradise and the grass wasn't greener on the other side.

Her owners were retired, and while they pretend they used Jelly Bean and her companion for trail riding, I don't think the horses had worn a saddle in the past 5 years. Instead, Jelly Bean's job was to eat grass, be brushed, and let the grandchildren feed them carrots. Certainly, she had a life that would be the envy of any horse.

Jelly Bean's farm is a bit further away than some of my clients but as it is a lovely drive through the woods, and as most of my visits were routine examinations, it allowed me time to take in the scenery. So I always looked forward to a call from her owners. Though I'm sure her owners didn't share the same joy in calling as I did in getting the call, they were always pleasant and happy.

I was on the road between appointments one day when I received a call from Jelly Bean's owner. "You're never going to guess what Jelly Bean had decided to do today," her owner said. One of the interesting things about her owner was how calm and collected he was. Because animals can't tell us where they hurt, or how hurt they are, most animal owners always fear the worst and you can hear it in their voices when they call. But Jelly Bean's owner was calm and collected. If he had said, "Jelly Bean has a little scratch on her leg and it might need stitches," then what he might have meant was that his horse has just about cut her leg off and there are puddles of blood everywhere. So while his demeanor suggested that everything was okay, I was braced for the worst.

He said, "You know how we have been using that porch on the mobile home as a shelter for the horses to hang out under? Well, Jelly Bean decided to jump through the window into the house and strolled about for awhile before falling through the floor. I think you might need to look at her knee."

My immediate concern was where Jelly Bean was then and what was she doing. Some horses will thrash about when in trouble and others will stand quietly until help arrives. I hoped Jelly Bean was one of the later rather than the former.

To answer my question of where Jelly Bean was he said calmly, "she is in the kitchen where her legs went through the old flooring. Fortunately, the trailer is only knee-high off the ground, so she is standing on the ground with only her body above the knees visible. I threw her a flake of hay, and last



Dr. Kim Brokaw and her horse Bart

time I looked, she was happily eating away."

When I asked how much blood there was, he replied, "none." I had my doubts but was pleased that the mare didn't seem to be distressed. Jelly Bean takes after her owners in that nothing seems to stress her out either.

As I made the long drive to their farm I tried to anticipate the injuries the mare most likely sustained. By my calculations, she should have multiple gashes on her body from jumping through the glass window-pane. Her legs were probably all sliced up from repeatedly punching through the floor as she walked about in the trailer. On top of all that, I had to figure out a way to get Jelly Bean out of the trailer without inflicting any more injuries.

I figured that I was going to be spending hours stitching up tendons and getting the skin to close around her multiple lacerations. After the initial repair I anticipated a struggle to keep infection under control. I thought repeat visits for antibiotics administration would be required. Then, I thought that they lived closer.

I decided to skip going my leisurely pace and headed to the farm as fast as I could. When I arrived, I found Jelly Bean in the front yard happily eating grass and her owner sitting in a lawn chair next to her sipping a beer. Both he and the horse looked just as happy and relaxed as if they had called me out for a routine vaccination visit.

I breathed a sigh of relief. At least from the car, no large puddles of blood or obvious wounds were visible. Upon closer examination, I find just one minor wound just above her knee. She also had avoided injury to the joint - which is very fortunate as joint infections tend to be difficult to treat and frequently fatal. I put in about a dozen stitches, gave her a tetanus shot and some antibiotics, and marveled over her lack of injuries.

I asked how he got her out. He replied that he just threw a rope

around her neck and she followed him through the front door. It didn't surprise me. One of the lessons I've learned over the years is that the trust that is developed over the years between animals and their owners is a powerful tool. Even the most skittish of animals will develop a bond with their caregiver. A kind and soothing voice from a trusted person can almost always overcome a natural survival instinct. Obviously, Jelly Bean trusted her owner enough to allow him to lead her to safety.

After treating Jelly Bean her owner gave me a tour of the mobile home. It had been completely trashed with multiple hoof-sized holes where Jelly Bean had stepped through the flooring. The holes were about two and a half feet deep and could be followed through the hallway into kitchen. The floor was completely caved in at the back pantry where Jelly Bean fell through and got temporarily stuck. As I looked at the holes, I marveled at her lucky escape.

But that was the story of her life. Jelly Bean was a lucky horse. She was lucky enough to have wonderfully caring owners, lucky enough to have job that required her to only eat carrots, and a lucky enough to have a wonderful field that she could graze all day in and a companion to share it with.

I went back to see Jelly Bean 14 days later to remove the stitches from her legs. She and her companion were standing under the trailer overhang eating hay, both happy as could be, as all horse should be.

*Editor's Note: Kim Brokaw earned her Doctor of Veterinary Medicine at Virginia Tech. She applies her talents and love of animals at the Walkersville Veterinary Clinic.*

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# The 1862 Confederate occupation of Emmitsburg

John A. Miller

In October of 1862, nearly two weeks after the battle of Antietam, the Union Army was still waiting to be issued orders. During this time President Lincoln repeatedly sent out messages to General McClellan asking why no attempt was made to pursue General Lee. General McClellan continued to send dispatches back to President Lincoln stating his army was not ready; they needed supplies and time to heal their wounds. General McClellan's cautiousness led him to lose his command in late October.

That same month, General JEB Stuart with 1,800 troopers and Major Pelham's Battery of two to four guns made their way to the Potomac River and on October 9th, crossed a ford near Clear Springs, Maryland. General Stuart received orders from General Robert E. Lee to capture equipment that the Confederates needed, to disrupt communication lines, destroy parts of the C&O Canal and also take out parts of the B&O railroad at and near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

On October 10th, General Stuart entered Chambersburg and had captured the Federal arsenal containing clothing, along with supplies that the Confederate army so desperately needed such as rifles, pistols, and swords. General Stuart ordered the arsenal to be burned, destroying excess items that they could not carry.

Due to torrential downpours that had caused the Potomac River to swell, making fording of the river problematic, Stewart ordered his troops to mount up and the Confederate cavalry left Chambersburg. Needing an escape route, General Stuart took a detour and traveled in an eastern direction, down Old Chambersburg Pike toward Cashtown.

Union General Pleasonton, who was attempting to track the Confederate cavalry, was ordered to proceed toward Emmitsburg and Mechanicstown. Due to incorrect intelligence, General Pleasonton lost two hours of valuable time that allowed General Stuart and his Confederate cavalry to slip by and head directly to Emmitsburg.

On the afternoon of October 11th, General Stuart made his way into Cashtown, where \$32 worth of goods was taken from local stores. Upon leaving Cashtown, General Stuart's Cavalry took the road leading toward Fairfield.

In Fairfield, over \$1,200 worth of merchandise and clothing was taken in addition to 30 stands of arms from the Home Guard Armory. Jacob M. Sheads noted that during the raid in Adams County,

General Stuart took 13 prisoners in addition to confiscating over 80 horses.

After leaving Fairfield, General Stuart's Cavalry headed toward the Emmitsburg and Waynesboro Turnpike. At the Pike, Stuart's Cavalry turned towards Emmitsburg. Once at Emmitsburg, General Stuart ordered his men to dismount and sent out pickets blocking the intersection at Zora.

Just an hour before the Confederate arrival in Emmitsburg, 140 men of the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry had passed through the town headed toward Gettysburg. Members of General Stuart's advance guard charged through Emmitsburg chasing after the stragglers of the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry. This would be the first of two cavalry battles fought in the streets of Emmitsburg during the civil war.

As Stuart's Cavalry entered Emmitsburg, they were hailed by the residents, many even applauding them. Stuart ordered his troops to rest and to feed and water the horses. As Stuart's men began to mingle with Emmitsburg's residents, they received fresh bread, butter, milk, and meat. While many men from Emmitsburg had gone south to fight for the Confederacy, few in town had ever seen a Confederate soldier in uniform and were curious to hear the tales they had to tell.

Confederate Lieutenant Colonel W.W. Blackford, who was a captain during the 1862 Chambersburg Raid, noted in his diary: "We reached Emmitsburg at about sundown. General Stuart ordered pickets to guard the road leading out of Emmitsburg and capture anyone who attempted to leave. Just as the advanced guard entered the street, a young lady rode out of a yard of a house before us, and seeing, to her dismay, a body of soldiers, which she took for Federals, of course, she dashed off out of town towards her home some miles in the country.

"Our men called upon her to halt, but this only made her whip up her horse the more, and being reluctant to use their firearms, the only thing to do was for two of the best mounted to overtake and capture her. It was an exciting race for a mile and the poor young lady was, as she told us, scared almost to death, but finding she could not escape she pulled up and surrendered in great terror. But when she and her captors appeared leisurely riding back they were in high good humor, laughing and talking over the adventure.

"The young lady returned to the house she had been visiting



The Farmer's Inn (the present day Emmit House) as it appeared in 1862 during the Confederate Occupation of Emmitsburg.

and was requested to remain there until we had been gone an hour. Though only a mile or two from the Pennsylvania state line, the people here seemed to be intensely southern in their sympathies and omitted no opportunity of showing us attention during the short half hour we passed among them."

Cinfederate Private Henry Matthews remembered the women of Emmitsburg: "Basket after basket of provisions was passed around." He continued: "The old battle scarred boys of the battery, with their farmers' hats were indeed an object of curiosity to those sweet and dear ladies. Several boys could not resist the tender smiles of the fairer sex; I was one of the first victims, so we gave them our straw hats as souvenirs. I doubt not that some of those hats are still treasured by some of the ladies in that locality yet."

While General Stuart's Cavalry was at Emmitsburg, the alarm was sent to the other communities around Frederick County, Maryland, and also Adams County, Pennsylvania. Fearing that a large Federal force was nearby, the order was given to mount up. General Stuart left Emmitsburg shortly after sundown, and with it, the first Confederate occupation of Emmitsburg ended, peacefully.

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

# History of the Vigilant Hose Company of Emmitsburg

As many in the greater Emmitsburg community already know, our local all-volunteer fire department, the Vigilant Hose Company (VHC) has been proudly celebrating its 125th Anniversary Year. A number of public events since the beginning of the 2009 have recognized this milestone - something certainly worthy of celebrating. The Emmitsburg News-Journal along with all its predecessor newspapers over the decades have featured coverage of nearly all aspects of the community's fire department. Those stories included tragic consequences of fire, vehicle accidents, severe storms, dramatic rescues, and the like along with achievements of fire personnel, the Auxiliary, Fire-Police and youth programs, too.

With the theme of "community service and volunteerism," open to the public, the VHC will conduct station tours both before and following an official 125th anniversary celebration program and facilities expansion / renovation dedication ceremony. The organization's history is a proud story of the many people, both men and women, who have devoted untold years of blood, sweat and tears - literally - toward keeping the community and its environs safe from fires, emergencies of all kinds and even major disasters, too.

Little known to most in this region is that a predecessor organization, the Emmitsburg Fire Company (EFC), melded into today's VHC following the formation of the Emmitsburg Water Company in 1883. The Water

Company was formed to provide water mains throughout the town with much needed fire hydrants and with the earlier EFC having been overseen directly by Town government. On September 26, 1884, the Vigilant Hose Company (VHC) was established as an independent all-volunteer fire department which it proudly maintains to do to this day.

Also not well known, is that the original "Engine House" was located at 115 North Seton Avenue (2 doors north of the current American Legion Post Home). VHC moved to its present quarters on West Main Street in the early 1920's. VHC's current fire house was previously Home to The Chronicle Newspaper and even earlier, the Emmitsburg School.

The histories of the EFC and the VHC are linked with the earliest form of fire fighting here actually evolving from the late 1700's when all homes were expected to have leather fire buckets evolving over the years to the first purchase of fire equipment in 1840. Those early years are referred to as "The Bucket Brigade Period." When the alarm sounded, everyone grabbed a bucket and ran to form a line from the Well in Town Square to the fire. Men would pass filled buckets while women and children would return the empty ones.

Every able-bodied person was expected to fight fires, and shirking of this duty brought notices like this one dated May 25,

1829 - "(Name), you are hereby requested to present yourself at the Engine House in Emmitsburg, on the 4th Saturday of May, June, July and August, precisely at two o'clock p.m. with buckets and other requisites for company training."

Along with a suction pump in 1840, a Town Ordinance was passed that required all men to join the fire company. There was a fine levied for non-compliance. Such subscription produced 141 members. A hand-pulled hose cart, built locally in 1851 at a cost of \$13, is on display in the fire station museum and features leather fire hose from this period. Made of riveted leather, the hose is an example of the first type of fire hose used in the United States.

The big problem of this period was water supply. The town and surrounding area saw many fires due to a lack of water, wooden construction plus an increasing population and housing density. In 1845, the Otter Hotel, located on the southwest corner of the square, burned. In 1848, the Elder and Taney Warehouse, then located where a portion of the Lutheran Parish House now stands, burned.

This latter fire nearly destroyed the church itself, which is the oldest non-residence building in the community. And, on June 15, 1863, fifty buildings northeast of the square were consumed in what James Helman called, "The Great Fire." He writes in his history: "Oh, the desolation a fire makes; most of the people lost their all, and never recovered. Money was

sent from the cities to aid the poor." Following this fire, 70% of the men had to leave the community to find work.

It had become clear that a new weapon for fighting fires was needed and that new defense arrived in 1884, when water from a newly built reservoir in the hills west of town was piped along the streets and fire hydrants were installed. Again, due to construction and the means of heating used in building fires continued to plague the area - one major fire was the loss of the Presbyterian Church on August 28, 1902.

Another particularly large fire of note occurred in winter of 1885 at the then St. Joseph's College (today's National Fire Academy/NETC). Frederick City fire companies were summoned to help as were firefighters from the Cities of Hagerstown and Baltimore, too.

Comprehensive descriptions of several major fires to hit the community long ago are detailed on the [www.emmitsburg.net](http://www.emmitsburg.net) website. The Emmitsburg Area Historical Society along with local service clubs, businesses and education institutions, too, have been helping VHC this past year research the history of community-based fire protection that has its roots back some 2-1/4 centuries ago.

All during its history, as is still true in this modern era, VHC personnel have gone about their work without much fanfare - working quietly to hone their skills to be better prepared and equipped for future demands.

The detailed history of the department is replete with examples of dedication, commitment and ever improving equipment - and lots and lots of fund-raising efforts on a never ending basis to allow for increased capabilities. The attendance at thousands emergencies over the many decades not to forget many other forms of community service, too, invariably lead to hundreds of wonderful stories being told over the years.

The War Years of both World Wars saw most men in the community off to War during which several teenagers helped out with a number of them staying active with the department for decades afterward. There were several large fires during this period and with meager resources the fire company continued to add to its arsenal of equipment and vehicles.

Two of the largest fires occurred in 1958 at the Stouter Oil "Bulk Plant" west of town and then the Bowling alley fire on West Main Street in 1965. It was also during this time that a number of horrific vehicle accidents occurred to include one particular intersection at the then crossroads of Route 15 and Route 140 (then Rt. 97) an at-grade intersection and along many other areas roads, too. Unfortunately, it took one especially bad event causing the Governor of the State to visit the site then leading to today's overpass there.

As the citizens, businesses and other institutions all across the region know the men and wom-



Front Row left to right: John Hoke, M.F. Shuff, Jimmy Martin, Sam Ohler, Jerry Rowe, Dave Frailey, Joe Motter, Juleit Rowe, Helen Frailey, Charles Edward Rowe, F.S.K. Mathews, Charles Hoke, Clarence Frailey, Tom Fitez

Date of photo - Approximately 1929



## Vigilant Hose Company: a community resource

The origins of public fire protection in Emmitsburg date back to the beginnings of the community in the late 1700's when every able-bodied male was expected to be part of what was a rather primitive and loosely organized group of firefighters using buckets.

Today, the VHC serves an area of some 100 square miles in a five county / two state region and is headquartered in northern Frederick County, Maryland, approximately one mile south of the Mason-Dixon Line. An all-volunteer fire department to this day, the Vigilant Hose Company (VHC) was officially established in 1884 in the same year the Emmitsburg Water Company was estab-

lished. All during 2009, the VHC has been celebrating its 125th Anniversary Year.

Staffed by over 100 active volunteers, the men and women of the VHC provide 24-hour first due emergency response to over 6,500 area residents in just over 1,700 living units. When also counting the several thousand additional students and visitors to the area yearly, nearly 10,000 persons are served by the VHC. Additionally, the VHC regularly provides automatic mutual aid responses to thousands more in surrounding communities.

The VHC is one of 27 community-based volunteer fire, rescue, and emergency med-

ical services organizations serving Frederick County. Community requests for assistance for both emergency and non-emergency responses now exceed 500 calls yearly, many requiring multiple unit responses. VHC is indeed privileged to enjoy outstanding support from local citizens and area businesses alike. Department members are continually mindful of the importance of maintaining excellent working relationships with all those we serve as well as our neighboring departments plus local, county, and state governmental entities with missions supportive of community preparedness and the local fire and emergency services.

A range of nondiscriminatory VHC membership opportunities are open to persons of good moral character in such service categories as: operations (emergency response and fire-police), auxiliary, organizational / non-operational support (fundraising and social) and also the department's active youth program, too. The VHC also provides an array of non-emergency, life safety initiatives including public fire and injury prevention services. The VHC operates with an annual budget of approximately \$450,000 of which about 25% is tax supported.

en of the VHC remain at the ready day in and day out to respond to calls for help be it during large snowfalls, wicked summer storms, bitter winter nights or blistering hot summer afternoons, too. Photographs of many events from VHC's history adorn the walls of VHC's museum area including many old emergency response vehicles now gone.

Of course, the real story of the VHC isn't trucks or equipment or buildings - rather it's the people of the VHC who have so willingly over these past 125 years given of themselves again and again to help others in their time of need. Such dedication has included thousands of hours of community service, training, formal education and also the redoubling of efforts when times were tough. For it has been that VHC members - men and women - working together for the residents of Emmitsburg and surrounding communities - along with their supporters who have developed their hard earned reputation that they can be counted on.

To be so positioned is without doubt an awesome and often tiring responsibility yet, most of the time, an extremely rewarding one, too. The membership has always been pleased that some of the men and women of our department who began their fire and emergency services career with the VHC and who then went on to serve with honor elsewhere including in the full-time (career) fire service across the region and beyond, too.

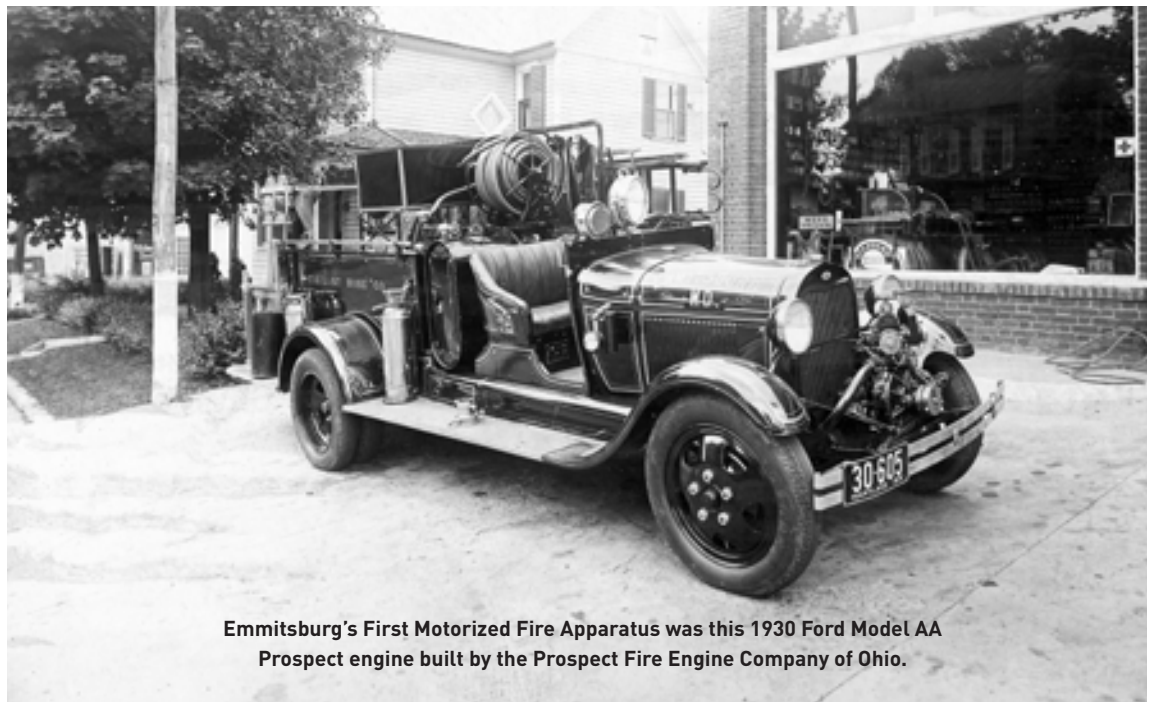
A particular source of pride comes from the fact that the VHC is among the most visited fire stations in the world owing to its proximity to the National Fire Academy / United States Fire Administration - NETC (established in Emmitsburg in 1979). VHC's "Firehouse near the Town Square" has received thousands of visitors from all over the world.

Today, preserving the excellent tradition of community service are over 100 active members, both men and women, in emergency response roles including First Responders titles ranging from Fire Officers, Firefighters, Emergency Medical Technicians, Rescue Spe-

cialists, Fire-Police and Hazardous Materials Technicians, too. Many others are involved in critically important support roles via respected positions in the department's Auxiliary, Fire Corps and Explorer (youth) programs. Further, a number of those who have earned the honored title of Life Members continue to assist as their health, availability and well-being allow.

The department has also conferred special recognition on others as Social Members and also a very prestigious category - Honorary Members. And, as has always been the hallmark of the Vigilant Hose Company, at 125 Years, the department is still reaching new heights with a passion to serve with distinction, honor, compassion and dedication.

*To learn more about the rich history of the greater Emmitsburg Area visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net or join the historical Society at their next meeting, October 19 at 7 pm in the community room of the Emmitsburg Library. All meetings are free and open to the public.*



Emmitsburg's First Motorized Fire Apparatus was this 1930 Ford Model AA Prospect engine built by the Prospect Fire Engine Company of Ohio.



Back Row left to right: Ward Kerrigan, George Wilhide, Vince Topper, Hub White, John Mentzer, Roy Bollinger, Chic Rowe, Frank Shuff, Charlie Bushman, Dr. Martin, George A. Ohler, Roy Wagerman, Irvin Brown, Earl Eyler, Jim Wagerman, George Ashbaugh, Doher Eyler, Lewis Kugler, Frank Rowe, Lewis Rosensteel, John Hollinger, Ed Myers, Jesse Troxell, Raymond Eyler, Bob Eyler, Arch Eyler, Tommy Hoke, Thomas Eyler, John Topper, Marris Gillahan, Walter Eyler, Jonce Eyler

## A MOUNTAIN PERSPECTIVE

# A Mountie move-in

Chelsea Baranoski

The cars started to roll in, single file, like a presidential parade. It was freshman move-in day at Mount St. Mary's, aka the hottest, busiest, most emotional day on the university calendar. I waved the cars into the Sheridan parking lot like those guys who wave in planes at the airport. The cars were jam-packed with huge plastic storage containers, cardboard boxes, colorful clothes, and puffy bedding. It is a wonder that the nervous parents and the excited freshmen could fit into their vehicles!

As a peer mentor, my day started when the sun began to peek through the billowing Emmitsburg clouds. My eyes felt puffy and tired, but I knew it was my duty to welcome the freshmen to their new home on Mary's Mountain. At that point, my task was as easy as cooking rice. Directing traffic and telling parents where to park did not compare to what was ahead: moving students into the residence halls.

Over the course of the day, I moved freshmen into three residence halls: Sheridan, the Terrace, and Pangborn. The sun beat down hard when I was moving freshmen into Sheridan. The smell of perspiration was thick in the sticky

August air. Once a vehicle rolled into the parking lot, a troop of pink-shirted resident assistants (RA's) and blue-shirted peer mentors swarmed the scene.

Parents could not believe that students would help move their children into the residence halls. No sooner did the RA mark the belongings with the student's room number, then the peer mentors and RA's grabbed pillows, trash cans, toiletries, and memo boards. The favorite words of the day were "first floor" because that meant no climbing three flights of steps in a building without air conditioning.

Thank goodness there were plenty of boys helping with move-in. The boys carried the heaviest belongings: massive suitcases, floor lamps, and television sets. They didn't need to go to the gym that day! They built up enough muscles carrying college "necessities" up and down the stairs. Both President Powell and the Vice President of Academic Affairs, David Rehm, helped haul heavy luggage into Sheridan. Dr. Rehm carried some of the heaviest items, including a set of golf clubs.

Move-in wasn't as difficult in the Terrace and Pangborn. My lunch break fell during my time at the Terrace - quite a Godsend, since I still do not know my way

around this residence hall. I am directionally challenged and the Terrace reminded me of a corn maze. Whenever I moved people into the Terrace, I simply followed whoever was in front of me and hoped they knew where they were going. Moving people into the Terrace was not as difficult as it was in the past, since elevators have recently been installed in part of this building. No more hauling huge boxes up flight after flight!

This was the first time I had been in the Terrace since the extensive summertime renovations were completed. These renovations were incredible! When I walked into McCaffrey ("Mac"), I felt like I entered a hotel. There was a huge lounge filled with oversized furniture. The hallways were carpeted and the elevator was spacious. There was even air conditioning! In some ways, I wish I was an underclassman so I could live there in the future!

Moving students into Pangborn brought me back to reality - stairs and no air conditioning! I was lucky, however, since most students had already moved into this residence hall. Sitting outside of Pangborn made me remember my own freshman move-in day. My entire family was with me on that warm day in 2006. I

was excited to meet new people, but I was nervous about academics and getting "in the swing of things." Surprisingly, I never got homesick. Maybe this is because I called my mom every night (and still do!) or maybe it is because I genuinely enjoyed campus life at the Mount.

I spent two years living on the third floor of Pangborn, where I was a member of LOFT (Lifestyles of Opportunity, Fellowship, and Temperance). When you join LOFT, you sign a contract saying that you will not drink, smoke, or do drugs. It was nice living with people who shared by beliefs. I did not feel the pressure to party hardcore during my freshman year. Pangborn makes me think of movie nights and all of the times I fell asleep in my book in the fourth floor lounge.

After moving in the freshmen, my day got even busier. I attended the first Mass of the school year, celebrated by Fr. Brian Nolan, our campus chaplain. Then, I ate dinner and went to a resident student community meeting. This meeting is when the RA goes over basic rules in the residence halls. An attempt is also made to get to know fellow floormates.

I remember my first residence hall meeting... I was scared because I had already broken a rule - I had put posters and pictures on the bedroom wall with push pins, not tape. Luckily, I would not get charged for these holes because

pin holes were already in the wall. (My freshmen brain worried a lot back then). After the residence hall meeting, I listened to the presidential welcome for new students and watched as freshmen participated in a Thinkfast game show. Freshmen answered questions on pop culture for the chance to win a cash prize.

Even though freshmen move-in day was busy, the next two days were even busier. I spent my days getting to know my Freshmen Seminar section and attending a presentation by Brett Scarpo, a transformational speaker. I helped the freshmen discuss their summer reading and get to know one another. Ice breakers abounded and many tough questions were answered.

Freshmen move-in day was an incredibly busy, tiring day. This would be the last time I helped the freshmen move in, even though I will probably need to help my sister move into the Mount next year. I enjoyed getting to know a lot of the freshmen and answering all of their mind - boggling questions. I hope that they realize they have made the perfect choice, the right choice, the smart choice. Soon, they will call the Mount their home and their friends will become their family.

Here's to a new school year and the Mount's largest class to date: the class of 2013!

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

# The importance of reading

Katelyn Phelan

Being an English major, it's sort of a given that I love to read. Reading is not something that I have recently picked up, though. I have loved to read as soon as I learned how. Though I love reading, and many others do as well, reading is not something celebrated in our culture. Every free second of our day is taken up by electronics- television, computers, iP-ods, cell phones- the list is endless. Reading is not something that is an integral part of our culture. I think this is unfortunate, beyond unfortunate, it's tragic.

As a little kid I always had a book with me- whether it was Nancy Drew or something I picked off the library shelf. I spent so much time reading that if my parents needed to punish me they would take my book away. Conversely, when my parents needed to punish any of my three younger brothers, they would make them read. I, of course, was a golden child and rarely needed reprimanding. How much trouble can you really get into when you read all the time?

Though I spent (and spend) most of my free time with my nose in a book, most people do not. Most don't read at all, let alone constantly. Why don't they read? Well, it's really easy NOT to read. How much more convenient to turn on the television

and mindlessly watch an uninteresting show. There are so many things in society which distract us and saturate our senses. Other forms of entertainment are much more convenient "ways to relax." Personally, I find most TV shows mind-numbing. Rather than feel relaxed after watching something, more often than not I feel like I've wasted my time. Watch MTV some time and see if you don't agree. Our culture has us hooked on these almost soul-sucking shows and electronics.

How does reading help this problem? Well, if people read it means they are not watching TV. Reading forces us to turn the TV off, close the laptop, and take off our headphones. We remove the overwhelming stimuli and are left with only words of the author printed simply on the page and our interpretation of those words. This rest from the bustle of everyday life is not only refreshing, but relaxing, and against all the odds, it's entertaining!

Since reading is such an important part of my life, it is really amazing to me that so many people do not read. Even when a book is required reading for class, the first thing many students do is reach for the SparkNotes. If people don't even read when they are required to do so, is there any hope for them to read in their leisure time? Some will make the argument that required school reading is "boring." Yeah, some

books are pretty bad; I've certainly read some lousy ones. But there are really great books out there. There has to be something that appeals to you. Your challenge is to find it.

Thus far, I've lamented the loss of reading, but I haven't told you why I think the act of reading itself is so enriching. When I read I have a tendency to become totally enveloped by my book. I cannot tear myself away from my reading; this is especially problematic with mysteries. There are many days that I've woken up in the morning, started a book, and literally read without stopping until I was finished. If you let yourself become absorbed in your book, it will take you in. Depending on your book choice, you can be enthralled in a murder mystery, uncover history, or learn about a new culture.

My taste in books is somewhat varied. For example, the Harry Potter books make up seven of my favorite books. Through the series I grew to know and love the characters. The fantastic nature of their world and their ability to do magic captured my imagination. Through Harry Potter I had a world vastly different in setting from my own, but with characters that appealed to me and that I could relate to. On the other hand, books like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and Crime and Punishment also capture my attention and draw me in. These books bring out fundamental truths

about human nature and sometimes call my attention to things I had not noticed before.

Reading has enriched my life in a way I cannot measure. It really is a shame that more people don't read, especially when the alternative is reality TV. If you used to read and have let it fall out of your day-to-

day schedule, pick it back up. Read a short story or a chapter of a book before you go to bed. Look at the New York Times Bestsellers list or the classics or amazon.com or the library to pick out a book. Help bring reading back into our culture, start by bringing it into your life.

*Katie Phelan is a junior English and Fine Arts major at Mount St. Mary's and will be covering Fine Arts at the Mount for the Emmitsburg News-Journal*



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## CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN

# Cross training

Bradley Gerick

Katelyn Catanese and Breana Waraksa were teammates for four years on the Mount women's lacrosse team before graduating in the spring. Naturally the two offensive stars of their college team expected to stay in touch even though their lacrosse careers had ended.

What they probably did not foresee, however, was becoming teammates for one more year – on the women's soccer team.

A welcoming new set of teammates and a few strokes of luck reunited the close friends and roommates in what has become their fifth year playing on the same field, but the first away from lacrosse.

Waraksa ended her lacrosse tenure as the program's all-time leader in assists for a career (71), single season (38) and single game (six). Many of those assists went to Catanese, who scored 170 goals in her career to go along with 195 points – both second all-time at the Mount.

The graduate students faced the unique challenge of transitioning from the stars of the Mount's most successful women's teams to newcomers in a program that is still trying to find its footing.

"We definitely bring a winning attitude but no one likes to lose ... they've just struggled in the past and I think this year the team clicked as a whole," Catanese said of a turnaround she senses in this year's squad.

Catanese, who has yet to appear in a match, says part of her motivation was just to be on a team for another year.

"I don't mind not playing. I like watching girls on the field and their experience. In lacrosse it was different because I was always on the field. In soccer I enjoy watch-

ing the team perform and be successful," Catanese said. "I just always liked being part of a team no matter what kind of a team it was ... Even though I'm not out there helping them I'm helping them on the bench one way or another."

Waraksa has appeared in some of the games off the bench but expresses the same happiness with just being able to be on the team.

"I don't even care if I play or not, they just make it so much fun," Waraksa said. "And the coaches are so positive with everything knowing that I haven't played in so long."

Six years, to be exact. It was Waraksa's junior year of high school when she gave up soccer altogether to focus her efforts on playing NCAA Division I lacrosse. Considering the torn ACL she incurred during her sophomore year of high school and a broken ankle two years before that – both injuries from playing soccer – lacrosse seems to have been the logical primary choice.

Both players say that soccer was the first sport in which they participated and the mix of being able to play again while receiving a master's degree was attractive enough for them to contact head coach Tom Gosselin.

Catanese was the first to do so, and once Waraksa heard the news, she also got the itch to come back to Emmitsburg for another year.

"Katelyn had a lot to do with it because she was like 'Oh, I'm going back to school and playing soccer,'" Waraksa said. "I just really wanted to come back to school with Katelyn and everybody."

It was not until mid-July that Waraksa applied for the MBA program, and had to wait until two days before her potential move-in date to find out she had been accepted.

"Going into it I knew that I wasn't really going to be playing ... I was just excited because it was another chance to play soccer," Waraksa said.

Catanese had similar feelings about the academic-athletic combination.

"Both brought me back to the Mount, I definitely came to get my masters but knowing that I could play soccer just made it 10 times better," Catanese said.

Perhaps the most important piece of the puzzle, though, was the acceptance from the rest of the women's soccer team who had to decide whether to accept two outsiders into their clique.

But Catanese and Waraksa say they could not feel more welcomed than they already do by their new teammates.

"When I met all the girls they were all so inviting ... they understood that I hadn't played in like six years. They have a whole different mentality," Waraksa said. "They really encourage you when you're dying on the last lap of running or something."

This was never more evident to the newcomers than when Catanese was at home under the weather and some of the women's soccer players came over to check on her.

"They're just very nice and caring," Catanese said. "I was sick ... and they always asked how I was and came to my house to see how I was."

In her senior year of high school, Catanese gave serious consideration to playing soccer in college until the Mount gave her a better offer to play lacrosse. Among the schools she considered for a soccer career were UNC-Wilmington and the Mount's bitter NEC rival Monmouth.

"I've always wanted to play soccer in college," Catanese said. "Back in the day when I was good," she added with a laugh.

Another positive of joining the women's soccer team this year? The two got an opportunity to be on the field for the first-ever women's soccer night game under the stadium



Katelyn Catanese

lights that were not installed in time for a women's lacrosse game. Unfortunately the party was spoiled as the women lost the game 1-0 in overtime to Bucknell.

A non-conference loss, however, was not going to spoil what has been a great experience for Catanese and Waraksa so far.

"They gave us a chance," Waraksa said. "It was their team. They could have just said 'No, we don't want them on our team.' But they didn't have any problem with that, they invited us in."

Catanese agreed and said that she and Waraksa approached the opportunity like they were in their first year all over again.

"We came in thinking like we were freshmen. We didn't come in with big voices, big mouths. We

didn't really carry that onto the soccer team. The lacrosse team we played on is completely different from the soccer team so we took on different roles," Catanese said. "We're the learners, whereas on lacrosse we were learners but we were also teachers for the underclassmen ... The girls just made it easier for us to come in and do that."

When it came down to it, though, Catanese and Waraksa came back for one reason – they felt a void for their first love in athletics.

"I wanted to play because I really missed soccer," Waraksa said, and Catanese agreed.

Now the two got their chance to play soccer in college, and the only thing they may miss after this year is each other.

# The secret life of a Mount journalist

Ananda Rochita

It's currently midnight and what am I doing? Writing an article for my column for the Emmitsburg News-Journal and also thinking about my golf round, running around to finish my articles for the Mountain Echo (school newspaper), thinking about my scripts for my NBC internship, doing my homework, organizing my week, and also online shopping.

Am I busy? Well, people may think so especially my roommates who have not seen me in a week and I have not spoken to in about two. However keeping busy has helped me not think about being homesick and also keep active.

I have never procrastinated so

much until this year, but that is due in part of all the activities I have signed up on for my "senior" year at the Mount. However, I have noticed that most of my hard work and energy have been put in the school newspaper.

I just had a golf tournament for a Towson Invitation this weekend, sitting in the Echo Office and listening to my newly found love of Jason Mraz music. I had been unable to get to my homework and also to interview people for my articles that have been piling up in the back of my mind to return to when I arrived at school.

To many adults like my parents, being a student is an easy task. Do your homework and study and that's it. But I feel like it is easier said than done, especially when

you have writer's block and have articles that are due tonight. I have three articles to write with each being around 500 words each. That is 1500 words total that I have to type and collect with my mind, but all I can think about is precious sleep, which I have not been able to enjoy for who knows when.

The way our school newspaper works is that it comes out every week. So each week (because I am one of the News Editors), I look for "interesting" things that are happening at school. Sometimes there isn't much, so I have to search for things and talk to numerous people to get enough articles for an issue. I take a week to interview the right people for the articles then write them.

It seems pretty easy right? Well before it wasn't so easy.

I had to learn "Associated Press" style of writing, which is what all Newspapers have. That took a lot to learn and my first article took about three hours to process. A lot of people don't know how much time it takes for the whole process to take and all the all-nighters many editors pull off Tuesday night so they can send out the papers out to be printed to be delivered around school Wednesday night.

Last week, the editor-in-chief left the Echo Office around 6am. 6 in the morning ... when it is daylight and when most athletes wake up for practices. Many people don't know how often the paper comes out or if we even have a paper so some people are baffled

by why I spend so much time on it. To be honest, I don't know why I do either.

I guess I have a weird attachment to it and trying to find out things before people in the world know about it. Whatever it may be, I am here STILL in the office and I'm pushing a little over 12:30. I have not slept yet, and probably won't until I see the sun come up around the corner.

Whatever happens to me after tonight, whether I get sleep or not does not matter to me. At least my articles will be done. That's all that matters ... Oh how I am such a trooper!

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

## STAGES OF LIFE

# Mom's Time Out Abundance

Abigail Shiyer

Okay – so I got a letter from my sister who lives in Texas. We try to call each other a few times a month, but keeping in touch has been more and more difficult as each of our families have grown and we live so far away from each other. Age-wise – my sister and I are very close – only 11 months apart (Mother – bless your heart – but, what the heck were you thinking?).

We were raised in the same home by the same parents, but other than that – we are miles apart. She likes art, I like math. She's a vegetarian, I love a good steak. She's a Democrat, I'm a Republican. She loves to travel, I like to be home. I could go on and on. Anyway – she closes her letter by telling me that she hopes I am living in abundance.

Living in abundance? What does

she mean by that? I have read my share of self help books, I run a home based business, I know how important your mental attitude is – But, this really got me thinking. What was behind this wish for me? The dictionary defines abundance as “an extremely plentiful or oversufficient quantity or supply”. Supply of what? Doesn't she remember I am a mother? I have an abundance of sleepless nights. On any given day I hear an abundance of whining and “no” and “that's mine” and “he touched me”, etc... I have an abundance of wrinkles forming around my eyes. I have an abundance of “crud” on my kitchen floor because my 1 year old likes to throw his food. – So – Yes, I'm living in abundance.

No – that's probably not what she meant. Maybe she hopes that I am having a lot of fun. Well – Yes – I am. Again – I'm a mother. My son just started talking and I love to hear him say my name (Mama). My

4 year-old daughter just started at St. John's Pre-School in Thurmont. The teachers there are great. She loves going to school and I love that she has a few hours a day of her own life. She has met great new friends, she loves coming home and telling me about what they did.

I feel so lucky to have such a great school that is so close. She also just started dance class. She goes to Elower Sicilia Productions in Thurmont. We love it. She has been wanting to take dance lessons for a long time. She feels so special – her dance teacher is wonderful – what a beautiful smile she has. You can tell that she thoroughly enjoys being with these kids. Again – I feel so fortunate to have such a great atmosphere for my daughter to learn how to dance and to be introduced to something new in a group setting.

Is that what she meant? Maybe I am getting closer. Or did she mean she hopes that I have lots of wealth

and prosperity? Hmm. Again – is this what she was wishing for me? Is that why my thoughts spun out of control when I read that? Do I feel like I am not living up to par because I don't drive a new car? I don't live in a new home with an extraordinary kitchen? I don't have that grand master bedroom suite that I see in all the magazines? My sister has all of that – is that what she meant?

Okay – I admit my reaction to a very innocent wish for me, may have been a little “off”. Do I need to take a time out? I think so. I think the reason that this comment bothered me is because I am a mother of very young children and when your children are this young you give up “you”. Nature takes over.

You love and nourish your children every minute of every day. Your happiness is only ever as grand as your least happy child. For this stage of my life, my happiness is a direct reflection of how my children are doing. Material wishes go away.

So – Sis – Thanks! Thanks for making me take a “time-out” to reflect and realize that I am in fact living abundantly. I have everything that I want and more. I am truly blessed to be the mother to these 2 young “no neck monsters”. I appreciate them each and every day. My cup runneth over.

To read other article by Abigail Shiyer visit the author's section of Emmitsburg.net

# Very Vicki What do you do on Halloween?

Vicki Moser

The witches fly  
Across the sky,  
The owls go, “Who? Who? Who?”  
The black cats yowl  
And green ghosts howl,  
“Scary Halloween to you!”

What do you do on Halloween? Dress up like scary goblins and monsters? Circle the neighborhoods aimlessly searching to get candy? Do you really know what Halloween is? Do you know the actual traditions from around the world? Do you know the original superstitions? Well you're about to find out. Whether you like it....Or not.

Muahaha!

### AMERICA

The word Halloween came from All Hallows Eve which occurs November first. It is also from All Hollows day or All Saints Day. These days are all important on the Catholic calendar because Catholics use it as a day to observe and honor the deceased. It was believed that the dead come back to visit their friends and families.

In the 1840s Halloween traditions were brought to America through Irish immigrants. As people became less believing of the supernatural the practices of Halloween faded. However people still enjoyed dressing up as ghosts and witches. This began to become ceremonial.

### IRELAND

In 5th century B.C., in Celtic Ireland, the summer season's official ending date was October 31. This

was Celtic, Ireland's New Year. It was believed that on this day the spirits of everyone who had died in the past year would come forth and seek living bodies to possess for the following year. Therefore, on this night, the citizens would make their houses look cold and dreary and undesirable. They dressed in frightening costumes and held loud parades to scare off and discourage the spirits. Anyone who was possessed would be burned at the stake as a demonstration to the spirits. Ireland brought Halloween traditions to us in the 1840s.

Now, moving away a bit from the strict history, I am going to tell you about some of the smaller, more fun things about Halloween.

### SUPERSTITIONS!

There are many different superstitions, most of which seems really dumb. There is one called “The Dumb Supper.” It was a tradition brought to America by the Africans. The “Dumb Supper” was when the family was to have dinner and not speak at all because it encourages spirits to come to the table.

Another is called “Nutcracker Night”. It started in Great Brittan when the British thought that the devil was a nut gatherer and nuts were used as lucky charms.

Another is “Husband Finding”. It was believed that if a woman placed a sprig of rosemary herb and a sixpence under her pillow on Halloween night, she would dream of her future husband. If anyone tries this and it works, I would really, really like to know about it.

There are also animal superstitions too: like black cats. Everyone's heard of black cats, but were they good or bad? Some people say that certain bones on the cat can make

wishes come true or even make you invisible. But in Europe, black cats had nasty connections with witches. Another superstition is about owls. It was believed that owls swooped down on Halloween night to eat the souls of the living. If a person heard an owl they would turn their pockets inside out. They believed that this kept them safe.

Now that you know ALL about Halloween, you can actually appreciate it as a holiday instead of just another day to stay up late and get some candy. But, in my point of view, Halloween is all about opinions. You can believe what you want to and no one can tell you your wrong, unless, of course, you say something really crazy that has nothing at all to do with Halloween.

Halloween is an annual celebration, but what kind of celebration? Is it, as some claim, demon worship night or just a harmless pagan ritual? After all, Halloween is only as evil as you make it.

As for me I am going to relax and enjoy all the spooky costumes. I will take my baby cousin trick or treating or I will walk around Fairfield with my friends. Who knows? Maybe I'll dress up and go trick or treating just like when I was little.

I remember a house on the Main Road in Fairfield by the school that has the best candy. Amazing sweets for me!!! And after I have finished my trick or treating I will go home, check all my candy (because that's how to keep yourself safe), and sort it ALL out into little piles or all the relayed candy and colors. Then my brothers and I will trade candies, get into a fight, then Mom will yell at us and we will have to stop.

But after that, I mix up all my candy again because candy is NO fun organized and I take about a year to eat it (maybe just one night to eat all the good stuff). Normally on Halloween night I try to prank my brothers. It works....sometimes.

# Gingerbread and apple cider

Donna Sterner

What child, or adult for that matter, doesn't remember those fall delicacies waiting at the Grove across from St. Joseph's Church on Halloween? I live in Texas and summer weather can and often does linger through to New Years. But every time I carve a pumpkin I'm reminded of a simpler time. There was no conservative complaint that it was the Devil's holiday. Nobody stuck pins in popcorn balls. And if you egged or soaped a house, you could figure that your parents knew it before your foot even hit the front step and it was NOT going to be a pleasant confrontation.

Holidays of my youth were individualized, unlike today. I remember my mom and dad buying my costume in October, not July. Oh, yes. there might be 50 princesses or Batgirls strolling down Main Street on Halloween night. Each one was unique, however, simply by how much clothing the mother could pack underneath the costume to ward off the sharp autumn chill.

The best costume was the homemade. Dad's oversized clothes could be layered underneath for warmth without damaging the effect. A burnt cork made the perfect five o'clock shadow for the many hobos that lined up at the Doughboy. The pre-packaged costumes always looked far better in the package than they did when worn. The thermals and sweatshirts made us all look like we hadn't left the buffet table in days. But I don't think any of us really cared. We got to primp and prance down Main Street like royalty.

I remember waving at the onlookers like Jackie Kennedy at the Democratic Convention! We'd all stop in front of the Fire Hall for the pictures that would inevitably end up in the Chronicle and for the judges to scrutinize us for the awards that would come with the gingerbread at the grove.

I remember a lot of fund raising events at the grove. In fact, I was in the Dunk Tank at one of the summer ones. But nothing gives me the warm fuzzies like walking from the Doughboy as my Halloween alter ego only to be rewarded with a big hunk of gingerbread sprinkled liberally with powdered sugar and washed down with a cup of icy cold local cider. Did I ever win a prize? Nope! But it didn't matter! There was still the rest of the night for Trick or Treat!

Even before 9/11, Halloween became a lost holiday. People heard about razor blades and needles in apples and poisoned popcorn balls and they became too afraid to let their children celebrate the harvest season in the traditional way. I last took my son through the Emmitsburg autumn ritual in 1982 or '83. I didn't have to worry about x-raying his candy because I knew everyone he held his bag out to. They were the same people, or mostly so, that I held my bag or plastic pumpkin out to 20 years earlier. (And you always got the best stuff from Mr. Crouse, Dr. Carter, Boyle's store and Ralph Irelan and the like...wink, wink!) I guess our society has “outgrown” Halloween.

And if it fell to our growing wariness about the person living down the street, then I guess I was very privileged to have grown up in another era in small town America. I experienced something that my grandchildren, (whenever I have them), will probably never fully enjoy.

Some line in some old forgotten movie says, “at least we had Paris.” I hope they can forgive the paraphrasing. At least I had Emmitsburg

## STAGES OF LIFE

# A Teen's View Moving to Emmitsburg

Kat Dart

Moving was not easy for our family. We have six of us plus five cats. There are four children in our family. Two of them are teens and two of them are still in elementary school.

I'm one of the teens- going from a middle school to high school. This move is different to me, mostly because of the school swap. In York, where I used to live, most of the kids who were my friends went to the West York school district. I like to work alone, so I chose a different route, which was cyber-schooling, throughout middle school. Cyber-school should not be confused with home school. I had teachers who sent me textbooks, and had online lessons using microphones and telephones. It was like a real school at home. I had half of two rooms in our house set up like a classroom.

This will be my first year in three years going back to a public school, and some of the normal questions are bugging me. *What's it like? Will I get lost? How do you open up the locker lock?*

I'm still having trouble opening my lock. I keep spinning the knob left when I should be spinning it right. And to me, that's a major problem. I need to be able to access my books! I need to be able to get it open in time to find my classroom since on day one I don't want to be late, and give myself a bad first impression with the teachers. They grade my reports.

I do feel somewhat ready to start school though as I got all my school supplies the other day. I got new pencils and notebooks just for me. My sisters also were made ready. I have three sisters, Elizabeth, who is the oldest, I'm next, then Miriam, and then Olivia.

Our new house in Brookfield, is amazing to me. I have gone through it only once, and it was then that I fell in love. My sisters and I all agreed immediate-

ly on whose bedroom was whose, so that was nice. No arguing, no 'I get this one because...' I really don't see why a bunch of people make a fuss on painting colors and what each room is. We were kind of like, 'okay, we get to choose our bedrooms, Mom can take over the other rooms and Dad can have whatever room he wants to put his 'man-stuff' in.'

A lot of children seem to think moving is scary because of new neighborhoods and new friends. It's more than that. It's an entire life change. I was living in York for almost 11 years. Emmitsburg is a lot different. In York, we had to drive everywhere except for the parks. We had everything set up and were adding onto our house. We knew where all of our friends lived, how to find our house, memorized our address, and we knew what our schools actually looked like!

Here, we walk down a hill to go to town. We have cows in a field behind us. We can walk to any jobs we get.

The first time I came to Emmitsburg, it was to visit my 'Uncle' Ken, who we are close to, and to meet his daughter, Katelynn, in person after talking to her on



Facebook for a while. I'm happy to say I already have a very cool friend in Emmitsburg.

When we first drove up the neighborhood, I was overwhelmed to say the least. It was so beautiful! It was better than the last house we looked at. Then we drove up in front of Uncle Ken's House. The house next door would be ours. My first reaction: was our house the one on the left or the right? Everyone laughed as we got out of the truck.

The tour of the house almost frightened me- it was bright yellow everywhere. That frightened me and then also I was frightened because right then it sunk in- we were moving! I mean, I knew we'd be moving since about last October. But all the time we were packing and renting different storage units and looking at houses, it was almost surreal to me. I was calm about the whole thing, excited to move because for whatever reason, I thought everything would be the same.

I suppose the best thing I learned about moving is to hire movers next time. It was a pain to get those boxes in the storage units. I also learned that I really loved my old house and it was my home. I still call it home. I haven't called my new house home yet. It's just the new house for now. But I look forward to calling Emmitsburg home.

*Editor's note: While I've yet to meet Kat, I've enjoyed corresponding with her as she geared up to take over this column. I look forward to see life through her fresh set of eyes. As she's new to the area, I'm sure her insights will be both insightful as well as humorous! Welcome aboard Kat!*

# Parenting by Zenas Unselfish & Sensitivity

Being generous and being aware of external influences. Activity: Building - using pieces to create the whole.

## A recent conversation with a new dad:

Zenas: "Hey Rex, congratulations on the arrival of your new baby son!"

Rex: "Thanks, Zenas, my wife and I are really excited about the start of our new family! Hey Zenas, tell me something. You and your wife have five kids, and I know three of them are in college now. Wow, that has got to cost a pretty penny. Tell me what new parents like us should be doing to save up for that expense?"

Zenas: "Well, Rex, I would sure forget about the cost of college! There is a lot of education money out there and if you and your wife spend your time teaching your kids to learn their ABC's and apply themselves to their education, well, the real out of pocket cost of your future scholars education should be pretty minimal. But Rex, I am so glad you brought up the discussion about money. Let me tell you where the real out of pocket cost that is going to take a whopping bite out of your wallet! Your kids and their driving!!! That's where you need to be saving up now, and save big! There is no one out there who will want to grant your kids money so they can drive around in a car!!!"

## A "not to far" in the past conversation with my wife:

Wife: "Honey, do we have enough money to build a deck? Wouldn't you just love to be sitting out there in the evening, watching the sun set over the Catoctin Mountains?"

Me: "Oh WOW, that would be really terrific! Let me check our budget!" I take a peak at our numbers and find, yes, there does appear to be some funding we could use. "Sweetheart, I'll start working on some ideas that we can go over in the next couple of weeks."

Now you might be thinking "what the heck does a conversation about going to college and cars have to do with building a deck?" Plenty!

## A more recent conversation with my wife:

Wife: "Zenas, I thought when you taught the kids to drive, you also taught them how to take care of the car. You know, car maintenance . . . change the oil, rotate the tires, that sort of thing?" This coming from a woman who has acknowledged that engine oil is still good after 10,000 miles . . . that's right . . . **T E N T H O U S A N D M I L E S !!!!!**

Me: "Oh? Of course I did. Why do you ask?" After each

driving lesson in the car, we would take time to review some of the essential "acts" necessary to keep the car in good running condition.

Wife: "Well, your (accent on your) daughter just called and says she is stuck on the Baltimore beltway because your (again the accent on your) car has broken down."

Me: "Ok, so what does my teaching her to drive have to do with her situation now?" My brain became frenzied . . . I just knew I was in for something, and something that wasn't good! The sooner I could figure out what was going on, the sooner I could get into a position to defend myself!

Wife: "I'm not sure. But what I can tell you is that if you had taught her correctly, (here it comes), she would not be in this mess right now."

Me: Sirens go off in my head! It was tough enough teaching them that curbs weren't for cleaning their sidewalls; always keep your eye on what's around you; drive the posted speed. Change a tire? Replace the oil? Wash the car? You have to be kidding! "Well, honey, guess we best get her car into the shop and have them figure out what went wrong."

Which we did, and they found a broken timing chain.

Me: "Honey, didn't the two of you get the car serviced a month or so ago?"

Wife: "Well yes we did. What would that have to do with the timing chain?"

Me: "Did you also say at that time the oil was changed, that the mileage was indicating the chain needed to be replaced?"

Wife: "I did, and when we said we would think about getting it done after her graduation trip, you said ok."

Me: "I see."

The timing chain broke roughly five thousand miles after the manufacturer said to replace it! When it snapped, several of the valves fell into the engine head, which bent the valves and dinged the cylinder walls. Let's stay non technical. That meant the engine wouldn't run! For \$2,750, we got the car back on the road. But wait, it's not over. At the beginning of the month we found out that the car also hadn't been tuned for some time. \$650 later. Nope, not over yet. A week later the engine light came on . . . the catalytic converter needed to be replaced. . . \$1,200 more. Four thousand, six hundred dollars later. And we have four other kids!

Me: "Honey, guess we will be watching the sunsets from the back yard grass for a while."

This is real life!! Start the article again . . .

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## IT IS WHAT IT IS

# The Apple of His Eye

Sandra Polvinale

It seems God smiles a big smile with apple cheeks here in Adams County! Wherever you look on the scenic rambling rural roads, you can't help but spot those overflowing bushel baskets of...YES... delicious Adams County apples. You can almost smell your way there, just as you can in the top of peach season smell the heavenly aroma of succulent, juicy peaches. Peaches are my favorite fruit next to apples, or pomum as it is in Latin. Yes, apples are from the pome, not stone group of fruits.

As an artist, I love to drive along the Adams County roads for inspiration or just to experience the trunks and branches of the trees that have become twisted, distorted and knarled into a visual magical painting. No wonder there are so many artists in this area. The composition of the rows of apple trees in the orchards on rolling hills are stunning, to say the least, in any season! "Spring apple air, so sweet, so sweet, and I'm afraid I'll gain weight from sniffing it up!" That was a short little tongue-in-cheek poem I wrote years ago. The beautiful fragrant blossoms of our county's apples range from white to pure white with red tinges. Get your paints out!

This season is full of outdoor surprises as people from everywhere converge on South Mountain for the beloved Apple Harvest Festival. You can experience the complexity of autumn aromas with that wonderful blend of tartness, sweetness, and bit-

terness as your senses explode with a conveyer belt of tempting treats to try. I fondly remember strolling through the fairgrounds with my nose at the helm drifting me in and out of everything from iron pots of apple butter to apple fritters. Everyone seems so jovial, as laughter is heard from the children on pony rides and antique cars and tractors. They even have an apple press making fresh cider. Oh yum! When can we go?

Please buy your apples locally! You are not only supporting hard working farmers, but you are eating one of the healthiest foods around that you can find at farmers markets and local stands with tender skins that hold the delicate trace minerals right under the skin. With the demise of a lot of locally run orchards and farms around the country, many people are eating apples that come from other states. You can have those waxed shipped apples! Just save the local apples for me. Shipped apples have tough skin that is waxed and hard, necessary if they are to be shipped from a long distance.

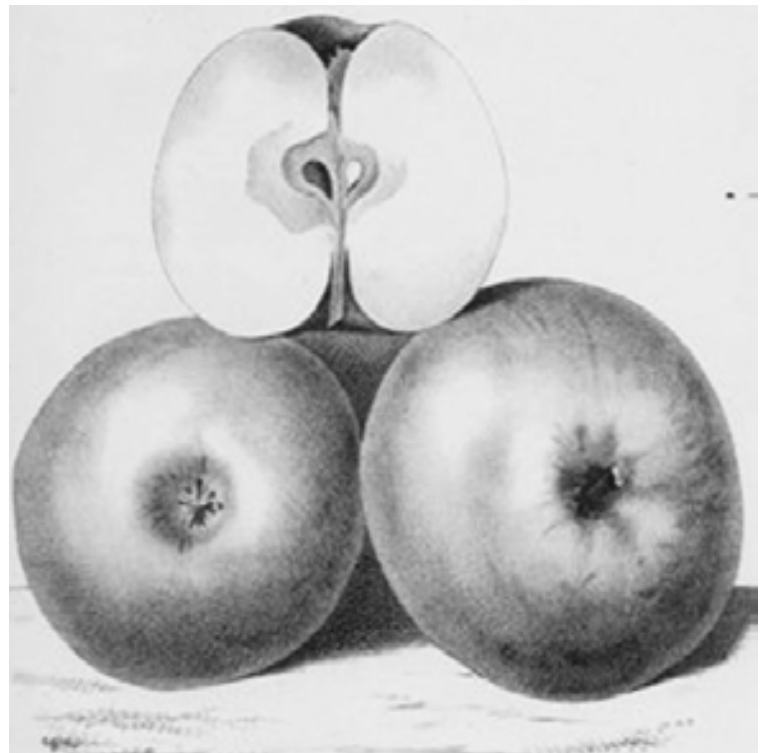
Don't be shy in picking out your apple du jour. There are brave souls that are resurrecting the old antique apple varieties. These have complex flavors and beautiful names. Ask around to see what different varieties farmers are selling at your local farmers markets.

Speaking of antiques, did you know that apples were not native to our country? They were brought over by the settlers in the colonies during the 1600's! Believe it or not,

there were 2,500 varieties then and 700 alone came from New York. Now, there are about, uh the last time I counted, 7, 500 varieties all over the world! You could eat a different apple every day.

Apples are shipped from Adams County all over the world! Yes, we are the Apple haven. That makes apples pretty valuable to all of us living here. In the 1600's, apples were so valuable here in our country that you could exchange apples for land! Oh, my lands, yes! And, was there really a Johnny Appleseed? There sure was, and his name was John Chapman. This man started on the East coast and very carefully planted little seedlings of apples from European seeds. He was diligent in his planting tiny orchards all the way to Fort Wayne, Indiana. I am sure you have seen old illustrations of Johnny Appleseed with his sack over his shoulder throwing seeds as he traveled west. But he was more than broadcasting them. He very carefully developed the tiny orchards. What an angel he was to all of us!

Here is a piece of local information. Do you notice all the nice golf courses around Adams County? Well, the wooden parts of golf clubs are made from...guess what? Apple wood! And here we have all these beautiful apple orchards in and around the mountains. Did you ever wonder why Adams County has so many apple orchards and other fruits? The soil is perfect! The mountains pushed the soil and over the years the soil was many feet deep so the apple roots could have



Apple developed by James Hersh of Adams County, c.1880

plenty of room to develop downward. Ah, yes, God had a marvelous plan for this area!

I originally grew up in the Baltimore area. One of the finest memories I have are the steaming hot fragrant apple pies I helped my mother bake. That has to be one of the best smells in the world. Our neighbors had many apple trees, one being my favorite, the winesap. Yum! It was so funny, though, because my mother would make such huge pies that she would double the crust and the edges would fall off on the tray in the oven and become shortbread cookies more or less with the yummy smell of apple pie. Get out the old family cookbooks and let's bake!

When I was first married and living in an apartment complex, there was this lone apple tree that was very

obviously neglected, abandoned, and long forgotten. It was on a little plot of "no man's land" as I called it. They were tart, funny shaped and spotted. Poor thing. We did what any good samaritan would do in a situation like that...came back to the apartment with three grocery bags of apples! I made everything apple I could think of and canned them also for the State Fair. Yes, I won a ribbon, but it didn't belong to me. I had to gently tie it to our dear friend's limb. Come to think of it, I do believe as we were pulling away, that tree actually smiled at us and we heard a faint whisper of "Thank You!"

To read more articles by Sandra Polvinale, visit the Authors' section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net).

## In the Country What is your gift?

Lynne Holt

Have you met people who know from an early age just what it is they want to do? Often, it comes quite easily to them; they are "born to it." Some people have a calling. They seem to gravitate towards religious roles, teaching, health care, and rescue. These people usually have an aptitude toward their chosen profession. Some have a need to help others. There are those who may want to discover the secrets to the universe and beyond. However, what about people who need to progress through life to find their gift? Perhaps they have to learn as they go about what direction they will travel? Some of the more brilliant people have had an ordeal getting to their creative point. Albert Einstein did not do well in school. Homer Hickam Jr. was determined to build rockets in a town that mined coal. Nikola Tesla had to endure the scorn of his arch rival Thomas Edison in order to advance in life towards his goals.

Some people are born with various talents. These talents might be the finer arts of singing, painting, writing, or acting. There are also characteristics

which we must learn and then cultivate. What is your gift? Maybe you are still evolving towards it. The gift may be elusive at this time. Someone once said to me, go after IT now. No one wants to be on their deathbed and say "oh, now I get it."

Allow me to present a few ideas to you. Maybe you are funny; you can make people laugh. In this stressed out society, that is a gift. A good listener is one who really hears you and can keep the information to himself. Now that is a golden gift. Just as in all aspects of life, some people may misuse a gift. A good listener may also be gleaned ammo. You know, the kind of person who listens only to use the information at a later date. Remember, a real gift is one without gain. Have you ever stopped in the middle of something to go help your neighbor? Maybe their project is not too important to you, but being a good neighbor is truly a gift. Are you a thoughtful person, one who can give a gift without waiting for the thank you? You might mow a neighbor's lawn or plow the driveway without demanding a single thing.

The gifts in this world often travel in a circle. This means if I take you to your next doctor's appointment, you do not have to repay me. My helpfulness benefits you, and your talent for listening may allow another to release some bottled-up stress. So, our gifts can travel the world when we do not expect something in return. Be patient--your gift to someone can result in yet another's generosity. And your kindness will prompt the recipient to pass that gift along to someone else. So, you are getting the idea now.....

Sometimes this can be a direct link that goes back and forth. I will give you an example. I take a young girl riding on my horse each week. I do this because I saw her interest. Also, this little girl gets along fine with my thoroughbred mare. Virginia, the mare, can be crabby. She is older and does not want to be bothered. Well, here we go again. The girl tolerates the horse's crab-biness and, in turn, Virginia is very gentle with her young rider. So I gave to the girl, the girl gave to Virginia, Virginia gives to the girl, and I get weekly produce. This could be defined as the barter system. It's a system which I like to utilize, your talent for my talent. But I want to adhere to the gift. If you can give of yourself and not give it another thought, there is your gift.

Having lived on a horse farm all my life, I tend to equate most things to horses and country living. When I was young, I learned about horses. I still learn about them, but once you have a foundation, the learning process slows down. I would initially go to clinics and come away with all sorts of information. As we progress through life, it is the same thing. There is a plethora of knowledge to learn in the beginning. But as the stream of information slows its pace, even if you attend one clinic and learn but one new thing, it was still worth the fee that you once paid to learn all about horses.

I am no one special. I do not have special talents. Horses are the biggest part of me, and that part of me is quite clear. But just like all of us, I have some gifts to give.

I have made a study of horses and of nature, and I want to educate myself

with each endeavor I make. I went to public school and church, then away to college, and have moved about. My parents provided us with horses, a boat for water skiing, each of us played a musical instrument, participated in sports, and had a wonderful home in the country. We all have had life experiences, good and not so good. But through it all, the gifts should rise to the top, as cream separates from the milk in the bottle. I can sing a little, but I have no real talent. I cannot paint a picture. I do not have that creative mind. But I do have ideas. And if I can get my point across in this column to even one person, then it has been worth all the effort on my part. If not? Well, then I will continue my attempt. After all, :) it is one of my gifts.

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

IN MY OWN WORDS

# “I’m going to have to let you go.”

Katherin Au

My mom recently said to me, “I think it was Ronald Reagan who said something like ‘a recession is when your neighbor loses his job and a depression is when you lose yours.’”

I was driving to work listening to NPR last fall when our economic market started to show signs of tattering. Like a patchwork quilt made generations ago that had suddenly shed multiple patches, our economy was starting to show its wear. I’m not an economist. I don’t know the intricacies of why profit wasn’t suddenly as prolific and why business belts started tightening as soon as the first domino fell. I just know that’s what happened. I remember thinking when the first financial institutions fell to their knees that I was hearing the first murmurs of a movement that might affect many.

I got an email from a friend a few months later about her job ending. She was notified and asked to leave that day. In the course of a statement that took seconds, both her life routine and her financial soundness became quite a bit more blurry than they had been when she woke a few hours earlier. She’s smart, dependable, loy-

al, and had worked her way up the ladder in the field she chose as her career. And it was suddenly over. She was my friend rather than my neighbor, but I suddenly felt the concept of the recession hit home. However, within the course of a few months’ time, she’s gradually moved forward and changed her career to something she has long loved doing anyway in her spare time.

Sometimes I think even the most subtle of shifts that occur during dastardly times can have a profound effect. I can’t say how hard or simple her path was, but I can say she made certain choices during the next months after losing her job to become more adaptable to her environment, and now she’s in a job that suits her well, and she seems content with it.

This recession story is my friend’s story. For me, it was still recession. While I did feel like the recession was creeping closer to my little alcove of the world, it was June and there were lovely flowers blooming where I worked, and in passing by them every day to and from where I needed to be my thoughts eased about words like recession or certainly about depression.

By July the flowers were fading in the garden and by its end my employment status sudden-



ly changed. “I’m going to have to let you go.” The depression had arrived. I stayed in the job for two more weeks, during which time I thought of what I wanted to do next as I drove to and from work each day. Some days I wasn’t so productive and brooded about words like depression and feeling the effect of what experts were calling a recession. But most days I was able to be clear about what was important to me. First and foremost, I wanted to remain locally employed. I wanted a job with employees I respected and a setting I would enjoy going to each day. I wanted a job that would challenge me in new ways and still let me build on what I already had come to learn. And, I wanted to work where it was inappropriate to wear flip flops, even though I never thought I would think I’d prefer to wear heels again.

The two weeks went by, then a month, and I felt increasingly that I was looking into an abyss since I still had no idea who my next employer might be. I felt the meaning of the term depression! But, although the uncertainty was un-

settling, I actually found myself looking forward to what could lie ahead more than I was looking back at what I had left behind. I had learned wonderful lessons, was grateful I had worked with my boss and coworkers, and did miss much about my previous place of employment, but I was surprised by how grateful I was for having been given such a graceful way to exit. What surprised me even more was the day that I just happened to walk into a restaurant nearby with my resume and left with a job.

Although my resume does contain the word “art” on it once, it is not in reference to my experience with art, but I was hired at the art gallery adjoining the restaurant. Needless to say, I’m new to being a knowledgeable source about artwork, but I’m starting the process of learning. It feels a bit like I’ve been given a full scholarship to learning a new field or degree, and I feel excited by the challenge. Everyone I’ve met at work has been kind and professional. And so far I don’t feel like I have sunk, even if at times it feels like a little water may be seeping into my boat. There are lots of

skills I’ve learned at jobs past that I’ll still use with my new one, but I’m excited for all the new skills yet to learn. And to top it all off, flip flops are out of the question.

Fortunately, the experience of my Great Depression has ended. But I have gained valuable insights about the reality of the current recession in this country. It is a circumstance which can become very personal very quickly. I know that my friend and I were among the lucky ones. We were fortunate enough to land on our feet and turn the experience into one that resulted in growth in the midst of change. Our experience, however, is unfortunately not everyone’s experience. I am left feeling very humble and very aware of how lucky I am.

If a recession is when your neighbor loses a job and a depression is when you lose yours, my hope is that the current word on the news is accurate—the recession may be beginning to ease. Let’s all hope that is true.

To read other articles by Katherin Au, visit the Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net

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## THE OLD TENANT HOUSE

# It was a cold and windy night....

Michael Hillman

I remember vividly the first night I spent in the old tenant house. It was bitterly cold and windy. With each gust the old house shuddered, as if wracked with pain. The wind blew through the old windows as if they were mere screens.

Free from the obstruction of furniture and rugs, the wind whipped from room to room without challenge. Every crack in the wall gushed cold air and the floor was cold as ice. Try as it might, the old boiler could not keep up, and slowly but surely the temperature inside crept further down. It had been less than 12 hours since my wife and I had inked the purchase papers, and I was regretting it already. It was a very, very long night.

One of my first projects that first spring was to re-glaze the 120-year-old windows. Actually, a better description would be 'I glazed them,' as the old glaze had long ago fallen out.

After what seemed like a winter with no end, spring finally came. Having lived in suburbia, we looked forward to lying in bed in our country house with the windows open, listening to the rustle of leaves.

We had just settled in for the night, books in our laps and cats and dogs at our feet, when I happened to look up at the ceiling. Something didn't seem right. It was much darker than it should have been, and it looked like something on it was moving. I turned the light up higher and looked again. The ceiling was darker, and it was moving; I wasn't imagining it ... it was a mass of bugs! And so began the summer from hell.

That would be the story of our lives for the next 17 years. Each winter we would struggle to keep the house warm. But like the old

children's toy where you hit one figure and another pops up, each hole I plugged seemed to open another somewhere else. On windy nights we would sit at the dinner table, bundled in heavy sweaters, and watch in awe as the flame of the candle on the table struggled for life. It was as if the outside wanted in and the inside wanted out.

Summer was no better. Our only relief from the plague of insects that descended every year was to close up the house and run the air-conditioners 24 hours a day, not exactly what we had in mind when we envisioned living in the country.

Needless to say, replacing windows was at the top of my list for projects during the renovation. In spite of freezing in the winter and being eaten alive in the summer, we liked the charm of the old country windows. The old two pane over two pane had a classical look. Unfortunately, all the 'big store' replacement windows were six panes over six panes, and vinyl to boot! Once again, Joe Wivell came to the rescue.

For as long as I've known Joe, he's been the man to call when it comes to replacing windows. With the addition now framed, and the main part of the house fully gutted, it was time to call Joe in. Unlike the store salesmen who try to talk you into their brand, Joe listened as we told him what we wanted - double pane, two over two, energy-star windows with aluminum on the outside and stainable wood on the inside. To make his job harder, we added the additional requirement that they had to fit into the pre-existing openings.

"Mike," smiled Joe, "I know exactly what you need - Anderson Windows. They're top of the line, and you're going to pay for them,

but you'll not be disappointed. Let me make some calls and let's see what it's going to cost. I'll get you a good deal."

Joe didn't have to tell me that; I already knew he would look out for me. And he did. Using connections built up over the years, he negotiated for me a price that bettered even the best deal I was offered at Lowes or Home Depot.

Three weeks to the day, an Anderson truck pulled into the driveway and offloaded 25 windows - including the bay window that would grace my wife's study and allow her to look out upon her garden, the French doors that would connect our bedroom to the new second story summer porch, and two new doors for the house. Joe nodded in approval as he looked over his new charges.

"Well, as you don't have much room left to store these in, I hope you don't mind if I get to work installing them?" he asked with a knowing smile.

The truck had no sooner disappeared over the horizon before Joe was test fitting the first window in. "Your brother built the openings for the windows perfectly; putting the windows in the addition is going to be a snap." Joe said. "Replacing the windows in the main part of the house is going to take some figuring, but we'll get it done."

The next morning Joe and his partner Luke showed up ... did I say morning? Let me rephrase that... at dawn the next day, Joe and Luke woke up the birds... "Hey, Mike," Joe yelled up the stairs, "if the hammering disturbs you, let us know and we can wait till you get up."

I pealed my eyes open. It was going to be a long day.

Joe and Luke went right to



Joe Wivell - The area's best 'go to man' for trustworthy home repairs and window replacement

work, and by lunch they had all the addition's windows in, save the bay window. While that took some heavy lifting, it too was soon in place and secure. The next day Joe and Luke returned and sided the addition with siding that matched that of the main part of the house. As we had hoped, the addition blended in with the original house.

Replacing the windows in the original part of the house proved problematic, as Joe had predicted. Had he been replacing the siding at the same time, it would have been easy, but he wasn't; instead, Joe had to cut through three sets of siding to free the old windows: the original 120 year old German siding, early ceramic shingle panels installed in the 1930s, and aluminum siding installed in the 60s.

To make matters even worse, unlike the addition where everything was square, nothing was square in the main part of the house. A hundred twenty years of settling had played havoc with the position of each window. Not only did the windows tilt horizontally, but vertically as well. Needless to say, installing each window was like performing surgery.

Fortunately Joe had foreseen the issues and ordered windows one inch smaller than the original windows, which allowed him room to shim the windows so they sat square in the original openings. As each window was installed, Tony Orndoff, Emmitsburg's king of

drywall, finished the inner wall. Between the two, it was soon hard to detect where the old house ended and the addition started.

The new screen on the last window had no sooner been installed when it became obvious to all that the number of insects in the house was dropping. Within a week, Audrey and I finally got what we had always wanted, the chance to sit up in bed late at night and read to the sound of rustling leaves, not the whining of flying pests.

When winter finally made its return, for the first time in years, it stayed where it belonged - on the outside. No matter how hard it blew, the flame on our dining room table candle burned straight and tall. The house was finally air and insect tight.

But before victory could be declared, the house had to be trimmed out, Brina Reaver would prove his skill as a master cabinet maker by turning the old kitchen into a functional work of art, and Tim Wantz of Woodcrafters would wow everyone by bring back to life floors everyone said were through.

So if you've got a drafty window that needs replacement, now's a good time to do it before the cold winds of winter descend upon us. Give Joe a call at 301-748-7269 and he'll take of you!

To read past editions of the Old Tenant House, visit [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net).

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



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# THE ZOO KEEPER

## Boo at the Zoo

Layla Watkins

The other day, my three-year-old Gavin decided he needed a toy sword to go with his pirate hat. We usually save presents for special occasions or as a reward for an accomplishment, so I was hesitant to comply with his request. But as I thought about it I realized that now would probably be an easy time to find a sword because Halloween costumes were starting to fill the store shelves. I also realized that since he already had a pirate hat, if I got him a sword we'd be that much closer to having a Halloween costume for this year. So, I agreed to take him sword shopping.

I had to go to the craft store for a few things anyway, so I figured we'd start the sword hunt there. Sure enough, they had quite an assortment of swords, daggers, sickles, and other weapons of mayhem. Gavin spent a few minutes excitedly perusing the sword section and finally settled on a relatively simple one. I thought "Wow, that was easy," then I looked at the price tag - \$15. "What? Fifteen dollars for that? You've got to be kidding." I started looking through them myself and found prices ranging from twelve to twenty-five dollars.

I was in complete support for getting him a sword, but I was not going to spend that much money on a 2-foot piece of plastic. So I explained to Gavin that the swords at this store were too expensive and we would find him a sword somewhere else.

Bless his heart, his sad little face showed his disappointment but there was no whining, no complaining, no tantrum, just an "Oh. Ok Mommy." He was such a good sport about it, I was tempted to just buy it anyway, but in the end we left the store empty handed.

We made our way around Frederick stopping at toy stores, discount stores, and party stores. Everything we found was either ridiculously over-priced or so flimsy it would never last until Halloween. I had all but decided to go back and get the first one from the craft store when I thought, "Hey - why don't I just make him a sword myself?"

### Creativity 101

"Where are we going now, Mommy?"  
 "We're going home."  
 "But what about my sword?"  
 "I'm going to make you one myself."  
 "How?"  
 "Well, I'm not sure yet, but it's gonna be super cool!"

As we made our way home, I was lost in a flurry of brainstorming, trying to figure out just exactly how I was going to create this "super cool" sword I had promised my son. When we pulled in the driveway, I was no further along than when I'd started.

Once home, I headed up to the attic in hopes of finding some inspiration among the assortment of old furniture, baby stuff, and home repair supplies. "Hmmmm, what could I use..." I started poking around some old paint cans and that's when I hit the jackpot - I found an old stirrer for a 5-gallon bucket of paint. "Ah-ha!"

The wheels of creativity were rolling! I grabbed the stirrer and a cardboard box and headed back downstairs to create my masterpiece.

The stirrer was great, but the sword needed a point so I cut out a cardboard triangle and duct taped it to the end. Then I cut out another piece of cardboard, put a slit in the middle of it and slid it down the

stirrer for the "hand guard" part. More duct tape. Next I wrapped the stirrer in tin foil and then wrapped the foil with clear packing tape so it wouldn't tear apart. For the handle, electrical tape gave it a shiny look and some cushioning for little hands. And...

...Viola! One super cool sword for one patient little boy!

### The Ghost of Halloweens Past

As I sat in the kitchen working on Gavin's sword, I started thinking about some of the homemade creations from my childhood and reminiscing about Halloweens past.

When I was little, the store-bought Halloween costumes were not nearly as elaborate as they are today. They mostly consisted of a plastic mask with an elastic strap and a plastic cape imprinted with a picture of a hero. Remember those?

When I was about six or seven, I was completely and totally in love with Batman and Robin (especially Robin!). That Halloween, I remember shopping with my mom and seeing a Batgirl costume. I absolutely had to have it. My mom's response was "No way am I paying that much money for a bunch of plastic."

Well, I don't remember for sure, but I'm guessing I was not nearly as accepting and compliant as Gavin was when I said, almost verbatim, the same thing about his sword. My mom did not make me a Batgirl costume, but she did get pretty creative



on our limited budget. I ended up going as one of my other favorite things - A Reese's Peanut Butter Cup.

It's amazing what one can do with a cardboard box, some paint, and a little imagination. The best part of the costume was that instead of brown face paint, I had an actual Reese's cup smeared all over my face, most of which I managed to lick off before Trick-or-Treating even started.

So off I went in search of candy. No flimsy little plastic pumpkin for me (what it is with me and plastic?) - I was ready for some serious loot

with my blue-flowered pillowcase.

Sometimes I'd get lucky and someone would leave a whole bowl of candy on the porch. I'm sorry, but if you aren't going to pass out candy, don't expect the candy in the bowl to last very long! Other times, much to my mom's horror, I'd sweetly sing out "Trick or Treat, Smell my feet, Gimme something good to eat!"

Ah, the good ol' days.

To Read other article by Layla Watkins, visit the Authors' section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net)

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## FITNESS AND WELL BEING

# Complementary Corner

## It's Autumn! Stay Healthy

Renee Lehman

So how many of you have said, "Wow, look at the leaves on that tree!" "They are beautiful!"? Well, I have too. Here we are, summer has quickly passed by and we are settling into the season of Autumn.

Autumn is nature's season of harvest. I hope that you have been gathering nature's products before Winter comes. In nature you can see the leaves changing color and beginning to fall. This will enrich the soil for next year's Spring growth, along with giving children piles to play in. Sap in the trees drops to the roots, light and warmth of the sun grows scarce, and there is an abundance of fruits, vegetables, nuts, and grains. Can you see how nature's energy is moving downward and inward?

Some of the gifts of Autumn include letting go and pruning; crisp, dry air that allows us to breathe deeply; acknowledging of nature's awe; and acknowledging the intrinsic value of everything of creation. How many of the gifts of Autumn do you identify with? Can you see the energy of Autumn within yourself?

How can you follow the rhythms of the Autumn season and stay healthy? By 1) being

receptive to the harvest of your year; 2) deepening and clarifying relationships; 3) reflecting on your creative spirit; 4) general reflection; 5) exercising; 6) enjoying nature's bounty; 7) preparing for the cold and flu season; and 8) resting.

**Receptive to Harvest.** Take time to acknowledge all that you have done this past year. Also, acknowledge others for their accomplishments. Ask yourself, "What are my unique gifts, skills, and talents?" "How can I acknowledge the gifts and skills of others?" Try a card, letter, or gift/flowers. Who doesn't like acknowledgement?

**Deepen Relationships.** Autumn is a great time to deepen and clarify your love and family connections. So, ask yourself: "What are my needs?" "What are the needs of those around me?" "What are my important relationships?" Then listen to the answers that arise within you.

**Reflect on Creative Spirit.** Start a project/program that you can work on in the colder, darker months (more inward and home-oriented projects). This can help to improve motivation with new energy and excitement for life (and who doesn't need this as the days have less daylight).

**General Reflection.** You may not be aware of how many times you pause, take a breath in, and say, "The air is so clear and crisp" or "Wow, look at those leaves!" Autumn gives us the chance to acknowledge and be in awe of the beauty around us. It gives you time to reflect on the quality and value of your external and internal world. Why not take the time to recognize the value within your day to day routine, rather than viewing it as just another day? Surely there is something vital and of importance to you that you may be overlooking. Finally, ask yourself: "When am I most inspired and in awe of life?" "What am I doing when I feel that way?" Listen to the answers!

**Exercise.** As the weather cools, having indoor exercises that you can do is important. Stretching, yoga, tai chi, and qigong are great ways to keep you flexible, enhance vitality, and support your immune system.

**Enjoy Nature's Bounty.** Don't you just love stopping at all of the local fruit and vegetable markets? We are so fortunate to live in an area surrounded by orchards and farms. There is so much fresh produce available. (Go to <http://adamscounty-localfoods.wetpaint.com/> for a list of local farms and orchards. Also, do an internet search for

orchards in Frederick county, Maryland and you will come up with an abundance of choices). There are also so many types of beans, grains, and nuts available. As the weather becomes cooler, consume foods that have more protein and are heat generating such as: cooked grains and beans, soups, spicy peppers, ginger and cinnamon (2 spices that are "warming"), and try starting your day with oatmeal.

**Prepare for the Cold Season.** In Chinese medicine, the season of Autumn is related to the lungs and large intestines (think about breathing in crisp air and the letting go that you see in nature). Staying clean and clear this season, along with a healthy immune system will help keep you well. Wash your hands regularly throughout the day. Minimize touching your eyes, nose, and mouth with your hands/fingers. Use a saline nasal spray to keep sinuses clear. If your sinuses are congested try a facial steam and breathe in an herbal mist (mints, rosemary, chamomile, and lemon verbena). Vitamin C, garlic, echinacea, goldenseal are all immune system defenders. Sneeze or cough into your elbow or shoulder instead of your hand. Drink plenty of water, and lastly, get plenty of sleep. Sleep is very important to your vitality.



**Resting.** This is very important, because the demanding holiday season is just around the corner. Don't burn out your batteries before November. Make sure that you schedule time during the week or weekend to "just be" or rest. Shift some of your focus to nurturing your inner self. You might just find yourself with less "winter blues" later on in the new year.

So, this Autumn, harvest the bounty that grew during the summer so that you can store up for the cold winter ahead. Let things be, and let things go. Be respectful. Be inspired.

Be in awe!

*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.*

*To read past article by Renee Lehman visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net*

# Continuing exercise after rehab

Linda Stultz  
Certified Trainer/Therapist

Many people do not realize how important exercise is for your overall health. When you have an operation or are involved in an accident and you need rehabilitation for a certain part of your body, you go for physical therapy or "Rehab". This process can last from a few to several weeks, depending on the extent of your injury and recovery. People are willing to go for this type of "Exercise" because the doctor prescribes it and they need it to get back on their feet. What they don't realize is that they need to continue after they are finished with their rehabilitation. The progress they made during rehab will regress if they do not continue the stretches and exercises.

Exercise improves strength, mobility, circulation, energy and overall health and needs to be continued or started by everyone. People use the excuse that they have no time or energy and

are too tired to exercise. What they do not realize is that exercise gives you energy. It may be hard to get started, but once you do, you will find energy you never thought possible.

Doctors realize the importance of exercise, that's why they tell people to watch their diet and walk or do some type of physical activity. If you are one of the many Americans that need to "get on the move" and get some exercise, start today. It is the beginning of a new season, the perfect time to get started. If you

are not sure what kind of exercise you need or want to do, seek advice from your doctor, therapist or a trainer. These trained professionals can help you set up an exercise program just for you.

Start slow and work your way to better health and higher energy levels. Along with an exercise program, incorporate a healthy eating plan and a strength and conditioning program. You won't believe how much better you feel and look in just a few months. Once you incorporate this new lifestyle (starting slowly), you will look forward to your workouts and never miss the junk food. This is not a "Quick Fix".

It takes time to get in better shape. Don't give up after just a short time; stick to it and soon it will be a way of life.

Water is essential for a healthy, lean, strong body. It is also a

helpful way to loose weight and keep it off. If you have any question, please call me at 717-334-6009.

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# ASTRONOMY/ALMANAC

## The October sky at night

Professor Wayne Wooten

For October, the Moon will be full moon on the 4th, this is the "Harvest Moon", closest to the Autumnal Equinox in late September. The first two weeks find the moon waning in the morning sky. Last quarter moon is October 1th and lies just south of Mars the following morning, and the waning crescent moon passes six degrees south of Saturn and much brighter Venus on October 16th, and seven degrees south of Mercury on October 17th. New Moon is on October 18th. Halloween finds the moon just past first quarter on the 26th, so the waxing gibbous moon and Jupiter in the south make for sharing telescopic views with the trick or treaters in the evening twilight.

While the naked eye, dark adapted by several minutes away from any bright lights, is a wonderful instrument to stare up into deep space, far beyond our own Milky

Way, binoculars are better for spotting specific deep sky objects. For a detailed map of northern hemisphere skies, about September 30th visit the [www.skymaps.com](http://www.skymaps.com) website and download the map for October 2009; it will have a more extensive calendar, and list of best objects for the naked eyes, binoculars, and scopes on the back of the map.

Jupiter dominates the southern sky just above the tail of Capricornus the sea goat. Any small scope will reveal what Galileo marveled at 400 years ago this month; four large moons, all bigger or similar to ours in size, orbit it in a line along Jupiter's equator. So get out the old scope, and focus on Jupiter for a constantly changing dance of the moons around the giant world. Bigger scopes reveal much detail in its clouds, including the attached Great Red Spot.

Venus dominates the morning now, and plays an interesting game of tag with Mercury and Sat-

urn in the dawn. On October 1, Venus is above much fainter Mercury, which in turn is above faint Saturn 45 minutes before sunrise.

Mercury passes Saturn very closely on October 8th, and the most striking grouping is on October 10, with the three planets equally spaced and Saturn in the middle. Venus passes Saturn on October 13, and the waning crescent Moon joins the club on October 16th, passing just south of Venus, and by Mercury (but very difficult to spot in the dawn) on October 17th. These fine groupings are easy to capture with any tripod mounted digital camera in nightshot mode, so see if you can capture the fine sequence of planetary "dancing in the dawn".

The Big Dipper falls lower each evening. By the end of October, it will be only the three stars in the handle of Dipper still visible in the northwestern twilight. By contrast, the Little Dipper, while much faint-

er, is always above our northern horizon here along the Gulf Coast.

To the southwest, Antares and Scorpius also set soon after twilight, and will be gone by month's end. 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. This stellar nursery is ablaze with new stars and steamers of gas and dust blown about in their energetic births. In the same binocular field just north of the Lagoon is M-20, the Trifid Nebula.

The brightest star of the northern hemisphere, Vega dominates the sky overhead. To the northeast of Vega is Deneb, the brightest star of Cygnus the Swan. To the south is Altair, the brightest star of Aquila the Eagle, the third member of the three bright stars that make the Summer Triangle so

obvious in the NE these clear autumn evenings.

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

The constellation Cassiopeia makes a striking W, rising in the NE as the Big Dipper sets in the NW. Polaris lies about midway between them. She contains many nice star clusters for binocular users in her outer arm of our Milky Way, extending to the NE now.

Her daughter, Andromeda, starts with the NE corner star of Pegasus' Square, and goes NE with two more bright stars in a row. It is from the middle star, beta Andromeda, that we proceed about a quarter the way to the top star in the W of Cassiopeia, and look for a faint blur with the naked eye. M-31, the Andromeda Galaxy, is the most distant object visible with the naked eye, lying about 2.5 million light years distant. It is a bigger version of our own Galaxy, which it may collide with about three billion years from now.

## Farmer's Almanac

Mid-Atlantic Regional Weather Watch: Fair and mild (1,2,3,4) turning cooler with some showers (5,6). Fair and mild again (7,8,9) but beware of TROPICAL STORMS (10,11,12). Fair and much cooler (13,14,15,16) with more showers (17,18). Fair and quite pleasant (19,20,21,22,23,24) turning cloudy and colder (25,26,27). Showers return (28,29), turning fair and mild once again (30,31)

**Full Moon:** The Full Moon in October will occur on October 4th at 1:10AM and is the Harvest Moon for 2009. It has often been referred to as Yellow Leaf Moon because of all of the leaves turning colors at this time of year and Moon of

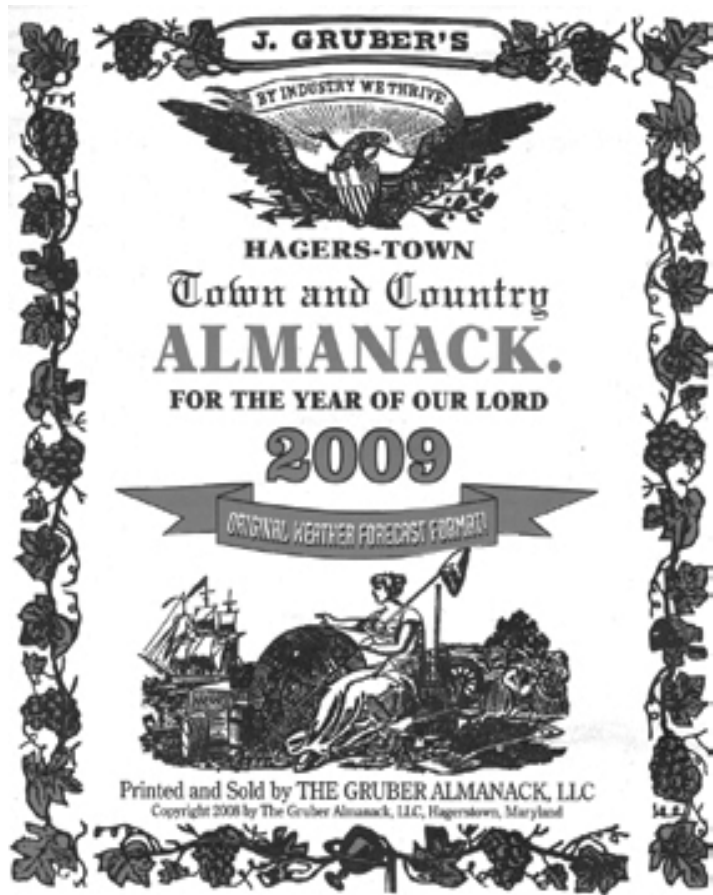
Falling Leaves because so many trees lose the last of their leaves in October. It also has been called Big Feast Moon because of the many harvests and bounty this time of year enjoys.

**Special Notes:** Many Fall Festivals are planned throughout the Mid-Atlantic Region. Be sure to check your local newspaper for information about the ones nearest you. Many have contests for the best scarecrow or the scariest pumpkin. This is a great opportunity to spend quality time with your children and help develop their imaginations and express their creativity (and your own, too!).

**Holidays:** Columbus is honored on Columbus Day on Monday, October 12th. United Nations Day

falls on Saturday, the 24th, and Halloween is on Saturday, October 31st. Don't be "tricked" into taking safety for granted so "treat" yourself and young ones to safe and early-evening activities that will end by dusk. Be sure to have older children wear reflective clothing (or costumes!) after dark. Be sure to check all treats when the children return.

**The Garden:** Now is the best time to have your soil tested. Treat the soil according to the results and it will be rejuvenated, revitalized, and ready when the warm weather returns in the Spring. Shredded leaves, along with lawn clippings, dead plant stalks from the vegetable garden make a fine addition to the compost heap. Do add fertilizer to compost heap with new mulch and check the soil's pH levels. If too acidic, apply lime. Cut back perennial foliage and shrubs to discourage winter pests. The birds will enjoy the seeds left from flowers after they have bloomed.



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**FREDERICK COUNTY HEALTH DEPARTMENT SEASONAL FLU CLINICS**

This year there will be two vaccines: one for regular seasonal flu and one for Pandemic H1N1 flu.

Currently only regular seasonal flu vaccine is available. This may change after we receive Pandemic H1N1 vaccine. Any changes will be announced.

**CLINIC DATES & TIMES**

**October 16 10 am - 2 pm**  
Brunswick High School  
101 Cummings Dr., Brunswick, MD  
Gov. Thomas Johnson High School  
1501 N. Market St., Frederick, MD

**October 23 1 pm - 6 pm**  
Urbana High School  
3471 Campus Dr., Ijamsville, MD

**October 23 1 pm - 6 pm**  
Emmitsburg Senior Center  
300 S. Seton Ave., Emmitsburg, MD

No Appt. Needed Flu Shot or FluMist Available

**CLINIC DATES SUBJECT TO CHANGE**  
For more information call:  
**(301) 600-3035**  
[www.co.frederick.md.us/fluclinics](http://www.co.frederick.md.us/fluclinics)

## Seton Center Thrift Shop

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**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24**

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## UNsung HERO

# Meet Courtney Myers Wolf

Caroline Trevorrow

*Editor's note: We often assign the term 'hero' to only people who do something spectacular that makes the news, but as I read Caroline's article I realized that most of my heroes are my best friends - and I think that is probably true for most people. Best friends tell you what you 'need to hear,' not 'what you want to hear.' Best friends pick you up when you're down, applaud your victories and share your sorrows. A best friend is a hero to someone. So to everyone who is a best friend to someone, this article is for you.*

My dear friend Courtney has the sweetest heart. Growing up in Emmitsburg she has a lot of fond memories of the simple pleasures of living in our wonderful town that are worth sharing. Hopefully, some of them will bring back some happy memories for you too.

Meeting Courtney is a real delight and the first thing you notice about her is how beautiful she is. From her fine patrician features and regal bearing to her stunning blue eyes and naturally blonde hair, she is a sight to behold. Her greatest beauty comes from her heart and burns as bright as a sunrise on a spring morning. Like the sun, you can't help but be warmed by it when she's near.

Courtney happily gives so much of herself to others. There was a time recently when Tom's Creek United Methodist Church's contemporary praise band lost their keyboard player. She didn't hesitate and stepped up to the task of learning to play the keyboard. Courtney barely knew how to play at first, but with a borrowed keyboard, no outward signs of frustration and a little encouragement from the band, she dogged-

ly pressed on. Courtney just wanted to give of herself, playing music with her mother who sings, her father who plays lead guitar and to make friends with the other members of the band. To have fun, praise God and be a part of something greater than herself. Now, after a few months, she adds yet another rich layer to the depth and tone of the praise band at Toms Creek known as "P.B. & J." (Praise Band & Jesus).

In the grand scheme of things, you could say Courtney is just a regular girl making her way in this world like the rest of us. That may be true. But, I have never met someone who simply radiates happiness and enthusiasm like she does. Since October 27th is her birthday, I was determined to write an article about Courtney and let the people of Emmitsburg know a fine young woman has emerged from their midst having grown up right here in Emmitsburg. In fact, her whole wonderful family is from Emmitsburg.

Courtney was born in 1982 to Steve and Brenda Myers, who are longtime residents of Emmitsburg. The same day as Robbie Siedel, who is her cousin and best friend as many of you readers may know, died serving our country in Iraq. Courtney is very touched and honored to have shared a birthday with him. She lived in the Northgate community and you might have seen her playing football or volleyball on every major holiday with the Myers clan in the front yard. She considers Janet Newcomer her dear old neighbor, who has always looked out for her, and has since passed on as her guardian angel. Courtney graduated from Catoctin High School in 2000 and Mount St. Mary's in 2004 with a B.S. in Psychology. She has been with BB&T Bank

in Westminster for the past five years as an Assistant Investment Counselor/ Financial Consultant. She met her husband Jesse Wolf on the first day of high school in 1996 when he walked into typing class. He came in late after the bell rang and Courtney said to herself, "I'm going to marry him someday." He was the only guy she ever really dated.

Her Grandfather, Gene Myers, owned the Radio Shack in town on Main Street that is now "Grannies Attic." Her Uncle Mike fixed televisions there. She always walked to Crouse's Ice Cream & Candy Store on the square. According to Courtney, they made the best milkshakes ever. (Now it's home to a flower shop.) Finding a good vantage point at the town square, she would wait for hours with her family to watch the parade. Courtney's dad Steve coached the Red Sox Little League baseball team and after practice the whole team would walk over to the Pizza Hut for dinner. Courtney was the "bat-girl". She was also a cheerleader in middle and high school.

Courtney shared with me an interesting tidbit about an old house on Seton Avenue that she lived in for a while. Everyone believed the house was haunted. The house was used as a Civil War hospital after the battle of Gettysburg. It was reported that the ghost of a little girl would play in the house and a soldier with no legs who would crawl from the basement had been seen there on a few hair-raising occasions. Sometimes, a mischievous unseen ghost would "move" things from one place only to have the object reappear later somewhere else.

Courtney loved living in Emmitsburg and remembers spending hot summer afternoons walking down to the creek to catch



Crawfish and going to the High's Store just outside of town to get ice cream. On the weekends, Courtney's dad Steve played lead guitar in the bands "Sail Bunny" and "Tommy Can't Count" that performed regularly at the Ott House. Courtney was a little "roadie" and would help set up the lights for the band. She fondly recalls her mom Brenda dancing and smiling until midnight.

Some general cool stuff about Courtney is that she enjoys bungee jumping. She and her husband took a honeymoon cruise from New York to San Juan, St. Thomas and Tortola. Courtney used to have a Hyundai Tiburon that she had fun with and had "suped up". She loves Sudoku puzzles, action adventure movies, and pop music. (She has a massive DVD collection of over 750 movies!) She has one brother, Chris, four nephews and one niece.

For two years now, Courtney has been living with her husband and daughter, Lilian Azure, in Fairfield. You can find Courtney just about every Thursday night dining with her family at her favorite place to eat, which is an Emmitsburg institution in and of itself, The Palms. She loves it so much there that she practically knows the menu by heart. I hope that you get the chance to meet Courtney in person. I'm so glad I did. She is a wonderful friend and her smile will definitely make your world a little brighter.

Happy Birthday Courtney!

*To read about other Unsung Heroes, visit the People section of Emmitsburg.net*

*Know an Unsung Hero? Send their name to us and we'll feature them in an upcoming issue!*

## Down Under! Aussie Rules, ok?

Lindsay, Melbore Australia!

Australia is one of the greatest sporting nations on earth. Per head of population there is more sport played than in any other country, with virtually every sport known to man having a following. Well, perhaps not too many follow gridiron, and ice hockey is down due to global warming, but you get the drift. About 80% of the population follows their favorite game or games, state legislatures put in cash, venues, and the odd sports institute; TV 'news' often puts sport first, and nearly everyone seems to have a good time.

The very first was sport was probably cock-fighting or bare-knuckle bouts, closely followed by the more gentlemanly sport of horseracing.

Then there was that that strangely fascinating game called cricket, which is not for the fainthearted or the easily bored. The English also had to play rugby, of course, and the 'forced colonists' (convicts) had to play it too. A lot of the convicts were Irish and would have no truck with anything of the hated Brits, so they began to play their own version, Irish football. Being of a somewhat excitable nature this had none of the finesse and skill of Rugby, but was a rough and tumble game with about 15 per side trying to kick a ball between two posts. With no holds barred, it didn't seem to matter if what went through the posts was a ball or a head, provided a goal was scored. It proved to be a great diversion from the misery of an open prison from which you could

not escape and live - although a very few did just that - harsh punishments and a weird countryside full of dark skinned natives that might spear you or give you succor.

But that, ladies and gentlemen, is the origin of the best game in the world, Australian Rules football. Over the 200 years or so since those beginnings many changes have been made; heads, for instance, are not allowed to be removed, nor any other limb, (forcibly, that is), and melees bring heavy fines. Seriously, though, to play Aussie Rules these days you have to be able to run an Olympic marathon, win the high jump, kick or punch a one pound leather ball shaped like an egg, 720x550 mm in circumference (28x21"), think on your feet, remember how the rules have been changed this week, refrain from damaging one of the two umpires, tackle the opposition out of

the game, mark a spinning, slippery wet ball, and kick it dead straight through two white posts about 20' apart from a distance between zero and 70 yards, often while running full tilt. It's a high scoring game, even so. Easy? No. Complex? Only to the dedicated. Exciting? You bet! No marching girls, no hoopla, no bands, maybe a charitable appeal at half time (there are four 25 minute quarters). Each team of 18 (plus three interchange) guarantees a high standard spectacle, with the odd bit of blood, wrenched knees, and concussions thrown in. And lots of money.

There are now 22 senior teams nationwide who play once a week from April to the end of August, attracting crowds between 20 and 110 thousand. As I write this the four week final series is about to get under way - my team is fourth - and are at this moment playing the top team. Wow! They've just hit the lead. They're killing them! Half the population is rabid about their team, and many a fight has broken

out over an almost innocent remark - but that's sport, that's people.

And where there's a sport there's a bet. The bookie (bookmaker) has given way to two organizations that between them control about 90% of all the bets placed, turning over several billion dollars a year. The other 10 % is mostly unavailable to them because it's about betting on which of two flies crawling up the wall will fly off first, or something. Yep, we'll bet on anything. We're sports mad. Maybe we're just mad. But we sure enjoy it. So would you, if you came.

Then there's the odd percent who can't stand it, prefer mind games, don't bet, and are probably artistic, or are over 50.

Yes, you're right. I'm one of them.

From the goalposts,  
Lindsay

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

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## LIBRARY NOTES &amp; SENIOR NEWS

## Spirits Among the Stacks

Caroline Rock

No ghosts haunt the Emmitsburg Library. At least that is what I have been told. But then again, the library closes at 9 PM most nights, and no self-respecting ghost would haunt a place before 9 PM.

Still, I know what I saw.

"Can I help you find something?" I asked right out loud.

Because I know what I saw.

The ghost looked a little insulted that I did not recognize him, but I am not a native of the Emmitsburg area.

"I am the Ghost of Libraries Past," he said, with just a little umbrage in his tone.

If a ghost were to haunt a library, where would he roam? The paranormal aisle? The history aisle? Biographies? These are the logical places where one would anticipate meeting a ghost. Why would a ghost be in the medical/surgery books?

"My feet are killing me," said the ghost when I asked him just that.

"Sorry to hear that. Wait a minute. Aren't you supposed to come at Christmas?"

"Budget cuts," he explained. "I'm pulling double duty this year."

"Oh. Well, what do you want?"

I felt pretty certain I did not deserve a haunting a la Ebenezer Scrooge. I come to work on time. I give good customer service. I wash my hands after using the rest room. And yet, here I was, face to face with a ghost, albeit, a rather pathetic one.

"I'm here to remind you of the past."

"My past?"

His eyebrows raised. "This is a family newspaper," he reminded me. "No, I am here to remind you of the past of the great institution of the public library in Emmitsburg." He leaned against the bookcase and folded his arms.

His face had a faraway expression. "Long ago, in the year 1906. . ."

"Is this going to take long?" I asked. "I get my lunch break in about ten minutes."

He sighed and launched into the ten minute version of the library's history.

"In 1906 the library began in a rented storefront on Main Street. There were only one hundred books and . . ."

"Two hundred."

"Two hundred?"

"Yes," I told the ghost. "There were two hundred books."

"Right. Well, the library patrons paid one dollar for a membership fee. Nowadays patrons probably pay fifty or sixty dollars."

"It's free."

"What?"

"There is no membership fee for a library card. You really should stick to the past, Mr. Ghost."

I could tell the ghost was getting a little annoyed, but budget cuts should not excuse inaccuracies, in my opinion.

"So," continued the ghost, a little less confident, "the stalwart librarians decided that, in order to raise a little money, they would also include a bakery in a back room of the library. They began making cakes and cookies, and those little round pastry tubes with the cream in the center. One day the oven caught fire and all the books burned up and they decided, 'Hey, the bakery is doing all right. Let's just forget about the library.' So they. . ."

Apparently ghosts have issues with staying on task, and this one was a case study in tangential storytelling. My advice to anyone who comes across one of these specters is this: be firm—redirect.

"Mr. Ghost, I don't mean to be rude, but I don't think you know a whole lot about the history of the Emmitsburg Library," I said. "There was no bakery. Some ladies in the town did sell baked goods to raise money for the library, but

there was no bakery. And there was no fire, either. So why don't you just tell me the real reason you have come here to haunt me."

"Okay," he said. "In one word, 'shushing.'"

"Shushing?"

"Yes. Shushing is a lost art. Libraries used to be places where people went for quiet reading, for studying, for meditating."

"Well, I don't think there was a lot of meditating going on, but you are right that libraries used to be much quieter than they are now."

"Yes they were. Nowadays you can hardly hear yourself think in a library. People talk right out loud! Computers with their clickety-clack keyboards. Telephones ringing. Children laughing and running around. The air conditioning unit rumbling overhead. Noise, noise, noise! Whatever happened to the deafening sound of a page turning? Or the startling crash of a sigh from someone reading quality poetry? Those are the noises a library should encourage."

I have to admit I agreed with him. I missed the tranquility of libraries past. Libraries used to be a sanctuary from the tumult of the world, a place where one could think free of interruption or distraction. In the past, one was assured that the only disturbance allowed in a library was the entice-

ment of more more more books!

"Okay," I told the ghost. "I accept your challenge. I will honor the Spirit of Libraries Past."

And he disappeared.

I shushed for the rest of the day. I confiscated chirping cell phones. I scolded crying children. I turned away chatting teens before they even got through the door. The library was as quiet as a tomb.

The next afternoon, as I turned the corner into the Nora Roberts wing, I saw him again.

"Hi, there, Ghost of Libraries Past!" I whispered.

He frowned, clearly perturbed with me.

"I am the Ghost of Libraries Present," he said.

"But you're the same—" "Budget cuts," he snapped. "Get over it."

"Okay," I said. "I did what you said, er, what the other spirit said yesterday. I shushed until the end of my shift, and the library is once again an oasis of silence and study."

"Shushing is a thing of the past," he said.

"What?"

"Stop shushing. Your library should be a hub of cultural activity. Libraries are no longer restricted to academia and spinsters. They are not just buildings used to store and organize information, but places for sharing information. Libraries of today are for socializing, learning, and even having fun."

"Having fun? Sharing information? Socializing? I thought that's what high school was for."

The ghost winced. He was avoiding my gaze.

"I thought knowledge was more important than information," I persisted.

The ghost pretended he had lint on his sheet.

"There are malls, and coffee shops, and employee lounges where people can go to socialize

and share information," I continued. "The library is the only place where someone can go to seek knowledge." I was getting loud, so I shushed myself.

"You know some libraries are installing televisions in their children's area," said the ghost.

"You aren't helping your case any," I warned.

"I know," he said.

"So why did you come to haunt me today? What is my assignment? To undo everything I did yesterday?"

"No. But you really should think about where libraries are these days. You don't want to be left behind. This is not your father's library, you know."

"So you want me to compromise."

He shrugged. "Yeah, I guess. Quiet is the new silence."

I looked around the library. Every computer was busy. One man sat quietly reading a newspaper while he waited his turn. Several children occupied themselves with blocks and puzzles while their parents looked for a new book to read. A young man sat at the tables with his laptop working on a resume. Two ladies from the town stood by the door discussing choices for their next book club. It was not silent, but it was quiet. People were finding information, and some were even seeking knowledge.

"Okay," I grudgingly agreed. "I will compromise for a while. But as soon as they bring a television in here, I am putting my foot down. Quietly, of course."

"Of course."

"Thanks, Mr. Ghost, for coming here to help me."

"No problem."

"Where are you off to now?" I asked.

He jangled the change in his pocket. "I have some teeth to pick up."

"Teeth? You mean you're the Tooth Fairy, too?"

His face turned pink. "Don't start with me."

"I know, I know," I said. "Budget cuts."

## SENIOR NEWS

Susan Allen

**SPECIAL EVENT.** We are holding a Harvest Party & Dance for all seniors on Friday, October 30, 7-10 p.m. Admission: \$3 per person or \$5 per couple. Reservations are required; call Linda at 301-600-6350.

**Special programs:** Oct. 8, Senior Expo at the Lynfield Event Complex, 9 a.m.-2 p.m., transportation is available; Oct. 14, Judy Hallman (Seniors and Law Enforcement Together), 11-11:30 a.m.; Oct. 18, a speaker about reverse mortgages, 9 a.m., and Oct. 23, a guest speaker from the Gettysburg visitor center, 9 a.m. Evening card party, Oct. 28, 7 p.m. Wii bowling continues on Fridays, 10-noon. Volleyball and games, Monday evenings, 6-9 p.m.

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:** Oct. 7 & 21.

**Cards, 500, and Bridge Group:** Oct. 14 & 28.

**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

**Oct 2**

St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Harney fourth Annual Basket Benefit Bingo - For tickets, please call 410-756-2613 Brenda Keeney or 717-359-7919 Ellen Rodgers. Cost \$12.00 per person. Bingo begins at 5:30.

**Oct 3, 4, 10, 11**

44th Annual National Apple Harvest Festival - Harvest time is celebrated in this old time festival held at the South Mountain Fairgrounds, 10 miles northwest of Gettysburg. Don't miss the live entertainment, over 300 arts & crafts vendors, farm displays, antique farm equipment, antique and classic cars, steam engines, antique cider press, orchard tours, pony rides, a petting zoo and so much more! National Apple Harvest Festival, South Mountain Fairgrounds, Route 234, Arendtsville. For more information call 717-677-9413

**Oct 3 & 4**

National Fallen Firefighters Weekend - Survivors of the fallen firefighters will participate in Family Day activities on Saturday on the National Fire Academy campus in Emmitsburg. An evening Candlelight Service at the National Shrine of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton will conclude the day.

On Sunday, honor guard units and bagpipers will open the Memorial Service with a procession honoring America's bravest and their families. The national tribute will conclude with the unveiling of plaques listing the names of the 2007 fallen heroes and others being honored who died in previous years.

**Oct 3**

Tom's Creek Church Buffet Breakfast & Pork Sale - Adults \$7.00, Children (5-10) \$3.00, Under 5 free. To order call Ernie Staub 301-447-6384, Dottie Davis 301-447-2403.

Hauser After Hours - Enjoy Free Live Music by "Jazz Me" and catered food by a fire-place Hauser Estate Winery will host Hauser After Hours, offering a warm food buffet, free live music and great wines. No reservations needed. Food: \$10- \$15. Hauser Estate Winery, 410 Cashtown Road, Biglerville. For more information call 717-334-4888. Music begins at 5 pm.

**Oct 4**

Annual Pilgrimage for the Sea Services - Members of the U.S. Navy, U.S. Marine Corps, U.S. Coast Guard, the U.S. Merchant Marine, and the public will come together to honor Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton, "Patroness of the Sea Services." The Annual Pilgrimage for the Sea Services is hosted by the Daugh-

ters of Charity, and supported by a committee of retired Naval Officers and their spouses, chaired by Admiral James D. Watkins, USN (Ret). The Mass begins at 3:00 p.m. in the Basilica at the National Shrine of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton.

**Oct 10 & 11**

Mt. Tabor Church of Rocky Ridge's Ridgefest at Mt. Tabor Park - There will be an Apple Butter Boiling demonstration, Food Stands featuring good home-cooked food both days, and Flea Markets. Of course, the Rocky Ridge Fire Company will be making their famous Fried Ham Sandwiches for sale both days.

Mt. Tabor Park is home to the "big slide", a giant sliding board that is fun for kids of all ages (adults, too!) This event is sponsored by the Willing Workers of Mt. Tabor Church. Directions to Mt. Tabor Park: follow Route 77 East to Rocky Ridge, turn onto Motters Station Road, the park is just ahead on the left.

**Oct 17**

11th Annual Land Conservancy of Adams County Road Rally - Every fall for the past ten years, over 200 travel lovers from the East Coast gather to participate in the Land Conservancy's Road Rally. Although not a race, Rally contestants vie for the Conservancy Cup, adorned with the coveted "fuzzy dice," while they visit the hidden treasures of Adams County and traverse the unparalleled landscape. If you can get a sponsor for your team, you may ride for free! For details or to register, visit [www.lcancet.org](http://www.lcancet.org) or call 334-2828.

BeadforLife Party at Emmitsburg Trinity United Methodist - from Saturday, Oct. 17 through Saturday, Oct. 24 in the church social hall. BeadforLife is a socially responsible global organization, working with women, all of whom were living on less than \$1 a day in extreme poverty. Like extremely poor people worldwide the members have experienced many sorrows and difficulties. Yet they remain strong, resilient, and hopeful for a better life. Based in North America and Uganda, BFL has partnered with industrious women who make vivid beaded jewelry out of recycled paper. The 300 members of BFL support almost 5,000 others to climb out of poverty. Contact Fran Eyler at 301-447-2723 for more details.

Boyd's Bear Country Car Show to benefit Breast Cancer Awareness - Cars will be on display from 11am until 4pm and food, drinks, and door prizes will be given out throughout the day (must be present to

win). Boyd's Bear Country, 75 Cunningham Road, Gettysburg. For more information call 1-866-367-8338.

Catoctin National Park's Blacksmith Shop Demonstration - Before the days of mass production, every community needed a skilled blacksmith. The smithy forged nails, and hardware, sweated wagon rims, shod horses and repaired broken metals implements. The Blacksmith Shop is located in Camp Round Meadow on Manahan Road. Please call the Visitor Center at (301) 663-9388 for further information.

**Oct 18**

Bingo Bonanza - VHC Auxiliary - Emmitsburg Fire Hall. \$40 (In Advance) or \$50 (At the door if available). Include: Light Lunch and 20 Games paying \$250 each (9 cards) For tickets, call: Shirley Little 301-447-2703 Or pick up at The Palms Restaurant in Emmitsburg. Bingo begins at noon.

Catoctin Youth Football & Cheerleading Longaberger Basket Bingo - Thurmont Activities Building (Carnival Grounds). Tickets are \$20.00 in advance and \$25.00 at the door, food and baked goods will be available. For more info. please call Sherry Myers at 301-447-3430 or Tina Rubeck @ 240-409-1252. Bingo begins at noon.

Music Gettysburg! presents Trudy Faber - one of America's great Organ and Harpsichord talents. Concert will take place in the grove of the Schmucker House located at 15 Seminary Ridge in Gettysburg. Concert begins at 4 pm.

**Oct 19**

Regular Monthly meeting of the Emmitsburg Historical Society - Emmitsburg Community Center. Meeting begins at 7 pm.

**Oct 24**

Seton Center Thrift Shop's Autumn \$5 Bag Sale.

Gettysburg's Majestic Theater presents Jay Johnson - America's Funniest Ventriloquist. Prepare to be amazed with this laugh-out-loud comedy, as 2007 Tony Award Winner, Jay Johnson, entertains you with his menagerie of friends. Star of the 1970's mega-hit TV series "Soap," Jay has appeared on Broadway, "The Late Show with David Letterman" and "The Today Show." This is a family-friendly show that parents may well love even more than their kids. Majestic Theater, 25 Carlisle Street, Gettysburg. For more information call 717-337-8200. [www.gettysburgmajestic.com](http://www.gettysburgmajestic.com)

**Oct 25**

St. Mary's Church's Pancake Breakfast, 256 Tract Road, Fairfield. Breakfast \$6.00, \$3.00 children 6-12. For more information call 717-642-8815

**Oct 25**

Emmitsburg Vigilant Hose Company's 125th Anniversary Program and Facilities Dedication.

Music Gettysburg! presents Atma Trio - internationally acclaimed piano, violin and cello trio. Concert will take place in the grove of the Schmucker House located at 15 Seminary Ridge in Gettysburg. Concert begins at 4 pm.

**Upcoming Mount Sports' Schedule**

**Soccer**  
 10/2 - Mount Women's Soccer vs Long Island - 4 pm  
 10/4 - Mount Women's Soccer vs Wagner - 1 pm  
 10/9 - Mount Men's Soccer vs Long Island - 7 pm  
 10/9 - Mount Men's Soccer vs St. Francis - 1 pm  
 10/16 - Mount Women's Soccer vs St. Francis - 4 pm  
 10/23 - Mount Men's Soccer vs Saint Francis - 4 pm  
 10/23 - Mount Women's Soccer vs Quinnipiac - 7 pm  
 10/25 - Mount Women's Soccer vs Central Connecticut State - 1 pm  
 10/30 - Mount Men's Soccer vs Quinnipiac - 7 pm

**Tennis**  
 10/3 - Mount St. Mary's Invitational Tennis Tournament  
 10/7 - Mount Women's Tennis vs Wagner - Noon  
 10/10 - Mount Men's Tennis vs Wagner - Noon  
 10/18 - Mount Men's Tennis vs Delaware State - 1 pm  
 10/18 - Mount Women's Tennis vs Delaware State - 1 pm  
 10/24 - Mount women's Tennis vs Rider - Noon  
 10/24 - Mount women's Tennis vs Rider - Noon

**Swimming**  
 10/24 - Mount Women's Swimming vs Saint Francis - 1 pm



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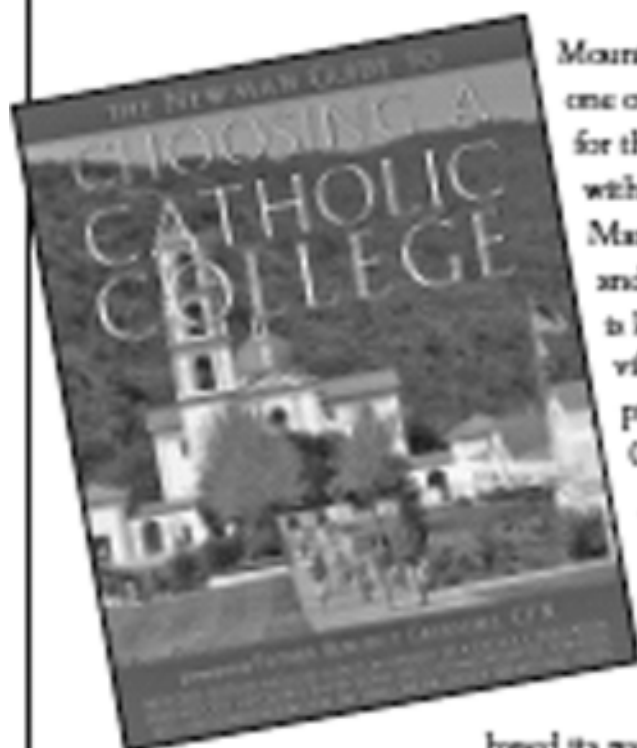


# MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

The Mount is built on four pillars—faith, discovery, leadership and community.

## MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY NAMED AMONG TOP CATHOLIC COLLEGES IN THE NATION

*Newman Guide lists the Mount as  
Faithful and Affordable*



Mount St. Mary's University has been named one of the top Catholic colleges in the nation for the second year in a row. The Mount, with campuses in Emmitsburg and Frederick, Maryland made the list of Catholic, faithful and affordable colleges and universities and is known for its rigorous academic programs, vibrant campus activities, and its four pillars – Faith, Discovery, Leadership and Community.

The Cardinal Newman Society recommends Mount St. Mary's University in the 2009 edition of *Choosing a Catholic College*, just released. The guide for parents, grandparents and students

based its recommendation on academics, governance, spiritual life, student activities and residence life, i.e., how well it "embraces the Catholic mission in all facets of campus life."

Mount St. Mary's University, according to the guide, "is intricately linked to the rich Catholic heritage of the United States and has strengthened its mission at a time when many other Catholic colleges are struggling with issues of growth, academic freedom and economic constraints."

"We're honored and humbled to be among the top Catholic colleges in the nation in the Newman Guide. We have worked diligently to strengthen our academic core, our campus life and our mission to help students, faculty, and staff with their continual faith journey; it is wonderful to be recognized for these accomplishments," says Mount President Thomas H. Powell. "As the second oldest Catholic university in the nation, we used to be the best kept secret in the Mid-Atlantic, but our journey based on our four pillars of Faith, Discovery, Leadership and Community reveals that to be changing."

The Newman Guide agrees and says "the Mount now is becoming increasingly well known throughout the United States because of its Catholicism, solid curriculum, vibrant student life and impressive location."

The Mount has entered its third century of educating future leaders as the nation's second-oldest Catholic university.



## CAMPUS EVENTS

### VIANNEY, PERFORMED BY LEONARDO DERILIPPIS

October 2  
Knott Auditorium, 8-10:30 PM  
Celebrate the Year for Priests with this performance by Leonardo Derilippis that will inspire the entire community!

### EDUCATORS FOR JUSTICE FORUM

October 21  
Knott Auditorium, 7-9 PM  
"The Catholic Church and the Educational Commitment to the Poor: A Discussion of Ecclesia in America 71"

### DR. PETER DAVIS

October 26  
Knott Auditorium, 7-9 PM  
Christians in the Movies: A Century of Saints and Sinners

### JOHN RIST LECTURE

November 5  
Knott Auditorium, 2-4 PM  
Caritas in Veritate: Philosophical Foundations and Future Prospects

2nd Annual  
Symposium  
on Socially  
Responsible  
Investing

### SOUP UP YOUR PORTFOLIO:

#### THE CAMPBELL'S SOUP

#### COMPANY AND SOCIALLY

#### RESPONSIBLE INVESTING

November 16

Knott Auditorium, 7-9 PM

Steve Lydenberg, Chief Investment Officer, Domini Social Investments, and Dave Stangis, Vice President, Corporate Social Responsibility and Sustainability, Campbell's Soup Company

## ATHLETIC EVENTS

### W/M SOCCER VS. LONG ISLAND

October 2  
Waldron Family Stadium  
6 PM - 6 PM (W) and 7 pm - 9 pm (M)

### MEN'S TENNIS HOST THE MOUNT ST.

#### MARY'S INVITATIONAL

October 3 and 4  
Outdoor Tennis Courts, Noon-4:30 PM

### WOMEN'S SOCCER VS. WAGNER

October 4  
Waldron Family Stadium, 1-2 PM

### M/W TENNIS VS. WAGNER

October 10  
Outdoor Tennis Courts, Noon-2 pm

### M/W SOCCER VS. ST. FRANCIS (N.Y.)

October 11  
Waldron Family Stadium  
1-2 PM (M), 4-6 pm (W)

### M/W TENNIS VS. DELAWARE STATE

October 18  
Outdoor Tennis Courts, 1-2 pm

### SWIM MEET VS. SAINT FRANCIS (PA.) AND SACRED HEART

October 26  
MSM Swimming Pool, Knott ARCC, 1-2 pm

### WOMEN'S SOCCER VS. CENTRAL

CONNECTICUT STATE  
October 26  
Waldron Family Stadium, 1-2 pm

For more information contact the Office of Communications at 301-447-5366.