

Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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Businesses endure the blizzards

James Rada, Jr.

The two blizzards in February snowed in homes, caused accidents and closed schools. Through it all, local businesses adapted and found a way to deal with the roughly 40 inches of snow that fell in the area.

Zurgable Brothers Hardware sold out of snow shovels, ice melt, rock salt and sleds during the bad weather. The store closed early a couple days, but was able to open every day that it was supposed to.

"The snow was definitely good for our business," Ornodorff.

Similarly, Harrington and Sons sold out of their snow blowers.

"We actually sold out a couple times," Paul Harrington said. "We reordered and tried to get as many as possible from Boston where the snow wasn't as heavy."

Restaurants, which depend on customers being able to get to them, saw their business affected.

"If another storm was going to fall on a weekend, I would just cry," said Bob Hance with the Carriage House Inn.

The saving grace for February for the Carriage House was the Valentine's Day weekend, which was very strong for the restaurant. It helped offset business losses from when the restaurant was closed and when customers were just staying off the roads.

The other encouraging sign that Hance said he's seeing is that the restaurant already had more group bookings for this year than he had in all of 2009.

"We feel we've seen the bottom and are coming off it," Hance said.

The Palms also saw its business drop off during the snow, although the restaurant managed to stay open. The business the restaurant did see was people from town who wanted to get out of the house and people on their way to Ski Liberty, according to Lisa Rodgers with The Palms Restaurant.

For the Rebecca Pearl Gallery, the blizzards meant they saw a log jam in their business. People who were interested in framing or artwork stayed home during the bad weather and then came out when the roads were clear.

"I think the net effect between the loss from being closed and the burst of business we got when we opened up is a net wash," said Jay Zeigler with the Rebecca Pearl Gallery.

Zeigler said he's busier than usual right now with framing work that needs to be done.

Melissa Wetzel saw a similar thing happen with her accounting business. Being tax season, this is a busy time for her, but when the snows hit, clients canceled their appointments and her workers couldn't get in.

"Nobody could make it in," said Wetzel, who stayed in the apartment above her office during the storm. "We've had to reschedule all those appointments."

The result is that Wetzel is overbooking her time and working even longer hours to catch up on all of the rescheduled appointments.

Things are back to normal now with businesses hoping there won't be one last snow-storm for the season.

Yes, Ski Liberty is having a great season!

James Rada, Jr.

It's March and there's still good skiing at Ski Liberty.

"Usually things are beginning to slack off at this point, but we haven't seen it yet," said Anne Weimer, director of marketing at Ski Liberty in Carroll Valley. "Since there's still snow covering the golf courses and fields, people are still thinking about skiing."

Despite two blizzards that nearly shut down the region for days in February, it still looks like it will be a great season for the ski resort. The early February blizzards dumped twice as much snow on the mountain than it got all of last season.

"The natural snow has absolutely been a blessing," Weimer said. "Many years all we have to rely on is snowmaking."

Having natural snow not only minimizes the costs associated with running the snowmaking equipment, but having snow on the ground reminds people that skiing is still available.

It certainly encourage the First Lady and her daughters to take skiing lessons. First Lady Michelle Obama and her daughters, Sasha and Malia, spent the day at Ski Liberty on Feb. 13 learning to ski.

"It was their first time on the snow and we were honored to have them," Weimer said

This season Ski Liberty opened a bit later than usual, but now it appears that it won't end the season until later than it usually does.

Ski Liberty has 16 trails, four of which are expert level, and the vertical drop on the mountain is 620 feet.

The lodge was renovated to create more of an alpine lodge feel to it. A new ski lift replaced an older lift on the back of the mountain and more snowmaking machines were added so that 100 percent of the trails can be covered.

"We're trying to make sure skiers have a better ski experience here," Weimer said.

While the snow helped out Ski Liberty, the resort staff found themselves needing to help out the community. During the snow storms, the Ski Liberty snowcat was able to reach six people who have been stuck on the road for eight hours. Area emergency equipment couldn't reach them, but the snowcat could. Ski Liberty personnel also helped the Carroll Valley road crew clear roads and pull cars from ditches.

"We're all part of the same community and you need to help out when you can," Weimer said.

Ski Liberty was also called on to help out Baltimore Washington International Airport outside of Baltimore. The two blizzards dumped nearly 80 inches of snow



Thanks to over 40 inches of snow from two back-to-back snow storms, the slopes of Ski Liberty have been pack.

at the airport. Ski Liberty brought a groomer to the airport to help clear snow from around a sensitive communications antenna.

"This was an innovative, outside-the-box solution that brought an important navigation technol-

ogy back online here at BWI Marshall. The Airport, the FAA, and the airlines are appreciative of the fine work performed by the entire Liberty team," said Paul J. Wiedefeld, Executive Director of the Maryland Aviation Administration.

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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.

Around the town

The Emmitsburg streets, water and charter review committees are gone. In their place is the citizens advisory committee. The commissioners decided that the change was needed because many times the disbanded committee could not even get enough members to attend to have a quorum and be able to conduct business.

The new committee will make recommendations to the commissioners for rules and regulations to improve the quality of life in Emmitsburg. The committee can have up to 10 members, including someone who does not live within the town's boundaries and a town commissioner who will serve as liaison.

Commission President Chris Staiger said that the new committee creates a, "grassroots ability for ideas to circulate up to board."

The parks and recreation committee and planning commission are unaffected by this change. The parks and recreation committee has not had trouble with attendance and the town is legally required to have a planning commission.

Businesses complying with grease trap ordinance

The Town of Emmitsburg has begun to enact the grease trap ordinance that it passed last year to keep grease from commercial kitchens getting into the town's sewer system. According to Town Manager Dave Haller, 26 businesses were contacted about the need for their kitchens to comply with the ordinance in early December and by the end of January six of the businesses were already

in full compliance. The remaining 20 businesses have until the end of the year to comply.

Council passes purchasing ordinance

The Emmitsburg Town Council recently passed a purchasing ordinance. Purchases under \$5,000 can be made without soliciting bids or approval of the town commissioners. Purchase between \$5,000 and \$20,000 on budgeted items will require three written estimates but it still does not require board approval. For purchases over \$20,000 will require contracts.

"I think this will be a major benefit to the management of the town both at your level and the town level," said Town Manager Dave Haller.

The ordinance passed on a 4-0 vote.

Around the borough

Carroll Valley Borough Mayor Ron Harris and Police Chief Richard Hileman awarded Detective Clifford Weikert a class 1 commendation during the Feb. 23 borough council meeting. The commendation is a result Weikert's quick response, prolonged pursuit of burglary suspects and the recovery of about \$2,000 in stolen goods.

The pursuit took place during the Jan. 8 snowstorm in Carroll Valley and lasted 2.5 hours. Weikert pursued the suspects from Carroll Valley and into Fairfield. Police used Google satellite maps on an in-car laptop to try and figure out where Weikert was and where he was heading. Weikert finally found tracks that led to the suspect's apartment where the suspect was attempting to get rid of his wet clothes.

The Carroll Valley Borough Council heard an update on the repairs to the Lake May dam. KPI Technology in Dillsburg, PA, did test borings in the ground around

the dam to determine the extent of the problem.

During routine maintenance work at the lake in November 2009, borough workers discovered a hole next to the spillway. At first they thought it was a gopher hole, but when they investigated, they saw that below ground, the hole opened up much wider forming a small cavern.

The hole was widened and water could be seen gushing from a crack in the spillway into the hole. The borough engineer was called in to examine the leak. Borough workers also lowered the level of the lake so that it was well below the spillway. They also put sandbags at the top of the spillway to divert water away from the crack.

Upon further investigation, it was discovered that a seam between two pre-fabricated pieces of the spillway had opened up allowing the water to leak underground.

The erosion caused by the water have undercut the ground beneath the spillway and created the cavern. Given the size of the erosion, it was estimated that the leak had existed for quite some time.

The engineering findings discovered that seepage through the lake's earthen embankment is not a problem. The dam remains stable and is not in danger of slipping.

Due these findings, KPI's recommendation for repair is, "The process will involve coring holes into the floor of the spillway, and injecting grout into the voids until it is filled."

The hole created beside the spillway can be repaired by borough personnel by opening it up and filling it in with layers of gravel and earth.

The next step is to present the findings and repair plan to the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection for approval.

Willoughby on unsupervised walkie. Have you seen him?



"Someone has taken Willoughby, the statue of a dog that has greeted residents and visitor to Emmitsburg for years, on an unscheduled walkabout. If you've seen Willoughby or have any information on his whereabouts, please contact his owners or call the News-Journal at 301-471-3306. No questions asked - his owners would just like to have him back home safely.

Mayor wants bus service to Gettysburg

The boroughs of southern Adams County would like to get closer to Gettysburg. That's why they are asking that the Adams County Transit Authority consider extending the Freedom Transit down Fairfield Road to a point past the Carroll Valley Borough Office.

The Freedom Transit has been in operation since July 2009. It operates five replica trolleys on three fixed routes around Gettysburg.

"What I'm trying to do is propose we have a connection to Gettysburg," said Carroll Valley Borough Mayor Ron Harris.

The Blue Line route for the Freedom Transit comes down Fairfield Road as far as Deatrick Commons. Harris envisions another route being added to the end of the Blue Route that continues down Fairfield Road with stops at the various boroughs and Carroll Valley Resort. Harris said one

of the common questions that Carroll Valley staff hears is whether there's a bus connection to Gettysburg.

Harris has spoken to the borough councils along the route and they are writing him letters of support. He plans on taking the letters to ACTA and asking that they con-

sider his idea as a pilot program to see if there is enough ridership.

"It's bringing all of us closer together," Harris said.

A ride on the Freedom Transit is currently \$1, but it is expected to rise to \$1.10 soon. Transfers are free.

New water plant designed in Emmit Gardens

You might have noticed that Lincoln Avenue was torn up recently. It was hard not to miss the big ditch in the ground. The reason for the inconvenience was that the Town of Emmitsburg was replacing and repairing water and sewer pipes that run beneath the road.

However, while the ground was open, town officials also took the opportunity to have new pipe laid for a four-inch water line to run from the town pool to Emmit Gardens.

"By laying the pipe now while the ground was open, it only cost us about one-third of what it

would have cost us to open it up later just for the new pipe," said Town Manager Dave Haller.

Since the new pipe is capped at both ends, you might be wondering what its purpose is.

At some point in the future, one end of that pipe will be connected to the existing water system and the other end will be connected to a new water treatment plant in Emmit Gardens. Design work is nearly complete for a new plant to be built on property the town owns on First Avenue.

The new plant is being designed to look like another house

in the neighborhood, though this house could cost around \$2.5 million to build. This amount can nearly be covered by the cost of the taps when they are sold.

"It looks like a house, smells like a house and works like a water plant," Haller said.

The completed plant will treat water from wells 7 and J and provide between 400 and 425 additional water taps to the town.

"Today the town doesn't need the additional capacity, but our projected growth says we will," said Mayor James Hoover.

Haller also pointed out that

the additional water taps bring the total water in town in balance with the total sewer taps. This is good because they are usually given out together and the town had plenty of sewer taps to allocate to future growth but not enough water taps.

Another advantage of the new water plant is that it creates redundancy in the town's water system.

"If something catastrophic happened to the line from the existing plant, the town would have no water period."

The existing town water treatment plant is in the mountains

to the west of town and outside of the town's boundaries.

Hoover said that when the design work is completed, he expects that the plan will be shelved for awhile.

"The market is going to tell us when to build this thing," Hoover said. "When we start seeing growth again is when we are going to need the additional water."

Haller said when the plant does come on line, the way it will most likely operate is to begin supplying water only when the existing system's daily capacity is reached.

Seeking reimbursement for snow removal

When six people got stranded on the roads in Carroll Valley, emergency vehicles couldn't get to them. For eight hours they endured the cold in their vehicles until Ski Liberty brought out its snow cat to rescue the stranded people.

It's just one of the problems that happened during the blizzards of Feb. 6 and Feb. 9 that dumped about 40 inches of snow on Carroll Valley.

"We weren't finished cleaning up from the first one yet when the second hit," said Carroll Valley Borough Manager Dave Hazlett.

Because of the unusual conditions of the storms, the borough has an opportunity to recover some of its snow removal costs. To begin the process the council had to declare both storms disasters for the borough, which it did on Feb. 23.

"We have the potential of recovering upwards of \$80,000 from the government," Hazlett said.

During the two-week pay period around the blizzards, Hazlett said that the average hours worked for the roads personnel was 180 hours.

It normally would have been 80 hours. He said the workers got little sleep and poor food as they worked hard to try and keep the 65 miles of Carroll Valley roads open.

"I pushed those guys to their very limits," Hazlett said.

They crews experienced multiple equipment problems such as a plow breaking off a truck, stripped gears, a broken axle, a blown transmission and more. Vehicles also got stuck or slid off the road into ditches.

The borough got some help from Ski Liberty. The resort brought out its snow cat and opened up some roads and helped pull some of the town's vehicles out of ditches. Members of the Carroll Valley Police Department also helped the road crews keep roads open.

Hazlett said the crew was grateful for the appreciative residents who thanked them and even brought them food. Others weren't so understanding, leaving angry calls on the road department answering machine or shining flashlights in the crew's eyes at night.



Farmers with big tractors found themselves in high demand after the big blizzard. Most, like Joe Wivell, (pictured above) and Bill Kuhns dug their neighbors out for free and in doing so were truly the unsung heroes of the storm.

Fear of no police department rallies Carroll Valley to support department

Some poor communication between Carroll Valley Borough President John Van Volkenburgh and the borough's public safety committee and between a reporter from a local newspaper and his headline writer caused a fear in Carroll Valley that the police department would be disbanded.

"The borough council has never had the topic of disbanding the police department on its agenda and it's not on the agenda tonight," Van Volkenburgh announced at the beginning of the Carroll Valley Borough Council meeting on Feb. 23.

The worries began after Van Volkenburgh made a presentation to the public safety committee as a public citizen. He made a PowerPoint presentation that focused on the amount of money the borough

spends annually to fund the police force and how that money is being spent. At the end of the presentation, he asked, "Is it time for a 'cost analysis' to be completed on the police department? What is our return on investment? What are our options and what do they look like?"

The department employs three full-time and one part-time officer. Though this is not enough staffing to provide 24/7 coverage, it has costs taxpayers of Carroll Valley roughly \$330,000 a year.

The article in a local newspaper read "Carroll Valley council president wants to disband police department." This set off a community effort in support of the police department and a rumor that the council would be talking about it at their meeting. The

speakers seemed to fall into two camps: those who were supporting the police department and those who supported the department but wanted to make sure that the funding was being spent effectively.

"I want to live in this community and always see that [Carroll Valley Police Department] patch," said resident Dave Etchison.

Van Volkenburgh said he only wanted the public safety committee to consider different options and what the most-effective use of the funds are. Dale Buffington, a member of the public safety committee, said he got the impression that Van Volkenburgh did want to pursue disbanding the department.

Van Volkenburgh says that he doesn't want the police force dis-

banded. "My family resides in Carroll Valley and I like knowing the help is there if we need it," Van Volkenburgh said.

While that may be, some speakers found his choice of words during his committee presentation to give a different opinion. Van Volkenburgh made it clear that disbanding the department is not on the table.

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NEWS

Bollinger family runs family of businesses

James Rada

It's always nice to see a local resident create a successful business in Emmitsburg. Josh Bollinger has done it four times.

Josh Bollinger runs Bollinger Construction, Bollinger Homes, East Park Automotive and T&M Crane from his office building on Creamery Road.

"Josh worked in construction all his life, but he decided he wanted to start his own company in 1992," said Rosie Bollinger, who handles the marketing and other duties for the companies.

Josh became partners with his parents and started Bollinger Construction, which does primarily residential construction for other developers.

"He had a good reputation before he went into business for himself and he got framing jobs right away," Rosie said.

Josh expanded Bollinger Construction by moving into the development business with Bollinger Homes in 1995. He bought East Park Automotive (formerly South Seton Auto) the same year. T&M Crane became part of the business group in 2000.

Though the relationship between the construction and the home business is obvious, the connection with the other two businesses is not so much. However, maintaining the vehicles for the home business and the construction business is a costly expense unless you own your own automotive company. Likewise, it can be expensive to rent a crane and sometimes difficult to schedule the use of one to set roof trusses and other work, unless you own the cranes.

"He's a local boy who has really done well," Rosie said with a bit of pride in voice. It's not surprising since

Josh is her son. The business also employs Josh's brother and sister-in-law. His father passed away in 1994.

Josh has lived in the Emmitsburg area all of his life and is a 1981 graduate of Catocin High School. His parents met when they attended St. Joseph's High School together. He has sponsored and coached sports teams and continues to support the community in a number of ways.

Though the Bollinger companies are based in Emmitsburg, some of them may range quite far to work on projects. Bollinger Construction has done work from Allentown, PA, to Blacksburg, VA.

The companies employ about 50 people, though that fluctuates widely with workers who are used on a job-by-job basis.

Like most companies, the recession has hit the Bollinger companies hard. They instituted a hiring freeze and are working to keep busy.

"Everybody is in the same boat and as long as they're sending some money in good faith, we're going to be fine," Rosie said.

Business is slowly beginning to pick up and Rosie said she would like to see Bollinger Homes really grow in the future.

Daughters of Charity consolidation will cause some changes in Emmitsburg

James Rada, Jr.

The Daughters of Charity are consolidating their provincial houses in order to streamline their operations and free up more sisters to work in the mission field.

"This building is no longer a Daughter of Charity provincial house," said Lori Stewart, director of development and public relations for the Daughters of Charity.

After months of meetings, planning and discussions, the Daughters of Charity are consolidating their provincial houses into a single provincial house

in St. Louis, MO. Besides the provincial house in Emmitsburg, the other provincial houses in Evansville, IN and Albany, NY.

"It was a hard decision, but the Daughters are looking for a way to do what is best to serve the poor," said Lori Stewart, director of development and public relations for the Daughters of Charity.

The shift means that seven sisters who serve in an administrative capacity for the St. Joseph's Provincial House will be transferred to St. Louis and then possibly out into the mission field.

"Our mission calls us to be

innovative, inventive, collaborative, and inclusive. We want to do what is best to advocate for the issues of immigration, human trafficking, social injustice, and national health care reform," concluded Sister Claire Debes, provincial superior in Emmitsburg.

The sisters have already begun preparing for the change, which won't become official until July 2011. Stewart said that the sisters have been going through closets and storage areas that haven't been explored in awhile and finding mementos and artifacts from different places and parishes where Daughters of

Charity have served. Many of them are being donated to a silent auction the Daughters are holding in May to raise money for some work that the Seton Shrine needs.

The remaining Emmitsburg sisters will become focused on Heritage Ministries as the National Shrine of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton and other historic buildings related to Seton will remain in Emmitsburg.

The Daughters of Charity archive will benefit from the changes. The archives from Evansville and Albany will be transferred to the archives in Emmitsburg, increasing the size

of the collection. Stewart said the Daughters of Charity would like to create a research area for researchers who want to use the archives.

The retirement facility for elderly sisters will also continue operating in Emmitsburg.

One challenge will be for the Daughters of Charity to find uses for their underutilized space in the provincial house, which is part of the 390,000-square-foot facility the Daughters of Charity own in Emmitsburg.

The American Daughters of Charity celebrated their bicentennial last year.

Trish Rowe opens her own agency

A top local Realtor has now opened her own real estate company in Fairfield. Trish Rowe recently opened Trish Rowe Realty at 138 W. Main Street in Fairfield.

Trish Rowe is licensed in both Pennsylvania and Maryland. She services south central Pennsylvania

in places like Fairfield, Carroll Valley, Gettysburg and Waynesboro and in Maryland locations such as Emmitsburg, Thurmont and Frederick. Rowe is also a graduate of the Certified Distressed Property Institute specializing in short sales and owner's hardships.

Rowe feels Fairfield is a great place for a Realtor, despite the struggling housing market.

"Fairfield and Carroll Valley are holding their own in prices," Rowe said. "Actually the market needed to decline to get back to normal. This is a normal market now with

a normal pricing structure. People are buying older homes mostly only due to the builders stopping in the area. People are buying the extra second home for vacationing from Silver Spring in their 50's and 60's years of age. The first home buyers are around 20-27 yrs old."

Rowe has lived in Fairfield for 35 years and is a graduate of Fairfield High School. She owned a flower shop, café and bed and breakfast called Trish's Treasures for 23 years. During her career as a Realtor with Exit Realty, she was a top sales person among the company's Pennsylvania agents.

You can learn more about Rowe on the Internet at www.trishrowerealty.com or by calling 717-642-9400.

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One hundred years ago this month

March 5

A Day at the High School

After these ten long years that I have been away from the Emmitsburg High School, I now recall vividly, certain happy days which I spent there. One day in particular I will try to describe to you.

The welcome old bell that hangs in the lofty tower was rung and all the scholars took their places. The boys and girls of the infant room seated themselves in Miss Ruth Hoke's room. School was opened with music and devotional exercises. Then all the scholars went to their respective rooms, the doors were closed and work began.

First the C class in History came up to recite and all did very well with the exception of one boy who, when he got to the blackboard to discuss his topic, discovered he had forgotten everything he knew about this particular subject, but suddenly recalled something from a previous lesson, that had been drilled and hammered in by the Professor. And so he roamed across seas, deserts and mountains into Egypt and commenced his discourse on sphinx and pyramids, in which he partially succeeded. After some ten minutes of pumping the Professor got about 62 percent out of him. His subject was something about Babylonians.

Next was the A and B classes in Latin Grammar, Nouns and verbs were alike to one boy, so the Professor told he and another boy, who was equally efficient, to write a new Latin Grammar with his compliments. Next came recess and when the good old bell had tolled again, work began once more.

In Composition and Rhetoric the teacher gave one of the boys, "Washington at Valley Forge" to discourse on. This is his version—"Valley Forge was a small village and George Washington marched in there one bright winter morning and captured the village. The

consequence was the school became uproarious with laughter and it took ten minutes to get everybody settled to work. I think, if I am not mistaken, that is the standard time to quiet a school full of laughter, especially when the teacher laughs himself.

March 11

Never Laugh At the Pitcher

After much trouble and correspondence the managers of the Miney Creek baseball team and the Grayson's specials finally arranged again between those two teams which was pulled off at Zora this week. The Graysons won by a close score 16 to 6.

The game went nicely until the second inning when the Miney Creek boys were at bat. Some careless fellow sitting on the fence laughed and pretty nearly broke up the game. The Grayson pitcher, heard the merry laugh and grew wroth and exceeding fierce and through an wild pitch. By the time the catcher ran out up to the barn to get a step ladder to retrieve the ball, the ball was in the creek.

Later, one of the Miney Boys pretty nearly got home, but on the way from third he fell. After one of the Miney Boys failed to catch a high pop fly, the Miney pitcher beamed the batter on his back. The next throw was wild, but the catcher managed to catch it on the second bounce and would have put the runner out at first had the first baseman not been off the field taking a smoke break at the time. The runner was trying for second when the supper bell rang and the umpires had to leave. When they came back the game was over. The management of these two teams would like to hear from others who think they can play ball.

Our Flourishing Library

The regular meeting of the executive committee of the Emmitsburg

public library was held on Monday evening at the whole of Miss Belle Rowe. Reports were received from the different officers of the committee in ways and means of increasing the efficiency of the library were considered in planned. The proceeds of the cake and candy sales amounted to \$11.05. The committee returns thanks to all who contributed both as donors and as purchasers. Last month the committee mailed a printed letter to each person who for some reason or another had allowed his or her subscription to run out without renewal. Over 30 of these letters were sent out, but so far, we regret to say, only one renewal has come from the source. It is hoped that many others will renew their subscriptions in the near future. An institution of this kind depends upon the support the people of the community give it.

Sunday's Electrical Storm

On Sunday evening and unusually severe electrical storm for this time of year passed over Emmitsburg. The disturbance was pretty general and the lightning was seen in every direction. The reflections of several fires were plainly seen on the north and onto the Southwest. The latter was the shed of Frank Borres of New Midway which was struck by lightning.

March 18

Mr. Breichner's Son Operated on

On Tuesday Dr. Stone and Dr. Jamison operated on Newman Breichner, son of the proprietor of the Emmitt House. It will be remembered that last summer this lad fell from the balcony of the Emmitt House. The injuries he sustained at that time made his operation necessary. It is thought that there will be no further troubles from the injured bones.

Car for Sale

Having contracted for a larger car I wish to sell my Snyder 1909 two cylinder solid tire runabout, with top Lance horn complete. Practically new a guarantee for \$325.



The old Emmitsburg High School on Frederick Street (South Seton Ave.) The building now houses a printing business, and on the second floor, which was added after this photo was taken, apartments.

William Henry Welty

William Henry Welty, of Emmitsburg District, died of typhoid fever Tuesday, Welty was 60 years old. He is survived by his two sons, William and James, and by four brothers and two sisters. He was greatly esteemed by a large circle of friends. After brief funeral service at the home of his son William in Detour, the funeral took place in the Rocky Ridge Church.

High School Festival

The scholars of the Emmitsburg high school will hold a festival at the school building on Saturday afternoon and evening beginning at four o'clock. Chicken and ham sandwiches, cake and ice cream will be served. The proceeds are for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The public is cordially invited to attend to help make this a success.

March 25

Tree Burned in Park

The big oak tree on the fireman's ground was set on fire on Monday evening by some boys. The boys scattered as the flames rose. But names have been named and

justice for the tree will soon be served.

Emmitsburg Milk Company

The Emmitsburg Milk Co. Has installed a complete cold storage plant. Their milk will be the same pure sweet milk in summer that it has been in winter. Milk can always be procured at Mr. Brown's residence and on short notice will be delivered to any part of the town at any time. Beginning April 1, Patterson's dairy will sell and deliver sterilized milk in bottles and pints and quarts or from the wagon as formally to suit the purchaser. After this date milk also be on sale at Patterson's meat market at all times.

New Dump Opened

The Emmitsburg railroad, until further notice, has given the use of its dumping grounds at Emmitsburg to the citizens for a dump. Earth, ashes, tin cans and all other refuse not deleterious to health may be dumped there. The agent at the station will direct anyone inquiring where the refuse can be thrown.

To read past editions of 100 years ago this month visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net.

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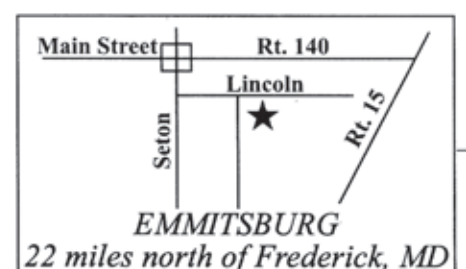


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GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the desk of County Commissioner Snyder

The year 2010 in Adams County will be remembered for record snow storms, back to back, with a total of four (4) feet in one week. The county fared well with no major problems occurring. Thanks to our Director of Emergency Services, John Eline, and his staff for a job well done.

Adams County residents will be hearing the term 'Census 2010'. A complete Count Committee has been formed in Adams County by the Commissioners. Vickie Corbett and Darlene Brown have accepted Co-Chair persons of the committee. Census questionnaires are going to be mailed or delivered to households in February and March. The individual in whose name the housing unit is owned or rented should complete the questionnaire on behalf of every person living in the residence, including relatives and non-relatives. The Census day or Count day is April 1, 2010... It is important to complete the Census form, which consist of 10 questions, for many reasons. If the form is not returned Census takers will visit households that did not return a questionnaire by mail.

Residents may ask why it is so important to be counted. Well, it is the

law and the United States Constitution requires a national census count once every 10 years. The Census data determine the number of seats each state will have in the U.S. House of Representatives. Census data also can help determine the allocation of federal funds for community services, such as school lunch programs and senior citizen centers. Let's look at federal funding – for every person not counted in this year's census, the local government loses \$1,300 to \$1,500 per year in federal funding, or \$13,000 to \$15,000 per person until the next count. Every dollar lost from federal funding is made up from local TAX dollars. If you have any questions or concerns, please call the Commissioners at 717-337-9820 or you can visit the website at www.census.gov/2010census.

The Commissioners are continuing to explore up-grading the radio system. We are taking time to evaluate the need during this process. The goal is to develop a system as good as or better than what we have now. There is a committee helping to develop the system and the needs of all emergency and law enforcement agencies. The county will be taking its time to explore all the options, including tower sites.

The Adams County Board of Commissioners in 2007 approved the Adams County Green Space Program Guidelines and invite participation by eligible entities to partner with the County to preserve lands in Adams County that include agricultural open space recreational and park lands.

The program provides financial assistance to municipalities and not for profit organizations to partner with the county to protect lands in the county. Projects have a match of 50% or greater to be eligible. In 2008 and 2009 a total of one (1) million dollars was allocated to the program with a match of 2.6 millions dollars provided by local municipalities, state or federal funds. A total of 750 acres were preserved by this program in 2008 and 2009. Applications are now being reviewed for the year 2010. This does not include the acreage preserved by the Agland Preservation Program in the county.

The Gladfelter Tree Farm, number 1, a property located in western Adams County exceeding 2,500 acres in size, and containing head waters of numerous regional streams, exceptional wildlife habitat and forest land, was for sale in mid 2007. In March 2008, "The Conservation Fund", purchased the proper-



ty from Gladfelter Pulpwood Company for \$12.5 million dollars until funding could be generated to recoup their purchase cost. Funding, now in place, generated by Pennsylvania Department of Conservation and National Resources (DCNR), the Richard King, Mellon Foundation, the U.S. Department of Agriculture, County of Adams, a group of five (5) southwest county municipalities and private trusts and individuals, making the final transfer on February 26, 2010 to DCNR and to be managed by the State Bureau of Forestry as an addition to Michaux State Forest for public recreation and Water Shed Protection.

As mentioned in my last article, the

county maintenance personal were making renovations for the 4th Court Room. This project was complete on schedule. The Commissioners are pleased with the end results and the performance of the maintenance Director and staff for undertaking this project. The energy saving project is well underway at Green Acres Nursing Home, Courthouse and District Magistrate Carr's building. The project is about 80% complete. The cost saving on energy will pay for the improvements over the next 15 years.

This has been a winter to remember but before you know it the snow will be gone and lawns will be green, snow blowers in storage and lawn mowers will be humming.

From the desk of Carroll Valley Mayor Ron

Snow in the Valley

Don't know if you noticed but we do have snow. I have been told that we had an accumulation of 26 inches which may have set a new snow record for Carroll Valley. The snow has brought out the best in us – that is neighbors helping neighbors.

We are a community of individuals. Sometimes because of our busy schedules and our desire for privacy, we may never get to know our neighbors. However, during times of need we are pleasantly surprised by our neighbors.

I have heard many stories where our people helped others clearing out their driveways and offering to food shop for those who were caught short. One such example is how Brian Wyant who in a quiet unassuming way helped many local retirees in the "K" section to clear their driveways. People like Kevin Richards, Bob Mawler, Cindy Clark, John Eddins, Jason Montgomery and others make Carroll Valley a "caring community" of individuals.

I also want to thank our Municipal Services Department for the great job they are doing in clearing our 65 miles of trails. Please remember that in some places in Carroll Valley snow narrows the road, so slow down when driving.

By the way, it was reported by Fox43.com that on February 13th the First Lady Michelle Obama and her two daughters, Sasha and Mala enjoyed a day of skiing and snow tubing at Ski Liberty.

Be Counted

In March, the United States (U.S.) Census Bureau will be mailing out the census forms. The 2010 Census hopes to count all U.S. residents – citizens and non-citizens alike. To accomplish this goal, the Census Bureau is sending out a short 10 – question form to every household. You are required to fill in the form to account for everyone living at your address as of April 1, 2010. The census package contains a prepaid envelope so that you can mail it back. If you do not fill it out, you will be visited by a census taker who will obtain the necessary information.

The information you provide is protected by Title 13 of the U.S. Code. Violating this law is a crime with severe penalties – a fine of \$250,000 or imprisonment of to five years or both. Our Pennsylvania Attorney General, Tom Corbett, has said that case law exists which has proven even FBI and immigration may not have access to personal-

ized information for 72 years after it gathered. April 1st is National Census Day. This day is being used as a point of reference for you to complete the form and return it. Census takers will be deployed during the period April to July 2010 to visit households that did not return the form. By law, in December 2010 the Census Bureau will deliver the population information to the President for apportionment. And by law, the Census Bureau completes the delivery of redistricting data to the states in March 2011. You cannot fill out this form online.

If you are interested in taking a look at the form before it arrives, go to www.2010.census.gov, click Read More under The Whole Story, and on the left side of the web page, click Explore the form here. Please fill out the form. It will help the Borough of Carroll Valley better plan to serve your community needs.

Upcoming Events and Meetings

Some of the upcoming events or meetings you might be interested

in attending. On Monday, March 1st the Planning Commission will meet. March 6th and 7th, Strawberry Hill Nature Preserve is offering a 90 minute program on the history of maple sugaring. After the lecture, the attendees are led to the forest where they select a tree, drill into it, hang a sap bucket, collect sap and watch fresh sap being cooked down into syrup before their eyes. The program costs \$5 for members and \$8 for non-members. To sign up and to check on start time contact Strawberry Hill at (717) 642-5840.

On Monday, March 8th the Public Safety Committee is scheduled to meet. On Tuesday, March 9th the Borough Council will be held. Finally, the Parks and Recreation Committee plans to meet on Wednesday, March 24th. The Borough Council, Planning Commission and Borough Committees meet at 7:00 pm and are held at the Borough Office.

Again, if I can be of help, please do not hesitate to contact me at mayor@carrollvalley.org or call me at 717-642-8269 Ext. 32.

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GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the desk of County Commissioner Gardner Mixed Signal!

Is the economy in recovery? Has the recession ended? Have we hit the bottom?

The state of the economy is a full of mixed messages. There are signs in some areas that the economy is recovering while there are signs in other areas that the economy continues to be distressed. Housing starts seem to be up, unemployment has fallen slightly, but there is fear of commercial foreclosures and bank failures. The mixed signals create a lot of uncertainty.

While the federal government is busy printing money to balance its budget and provide stimulus funding, state and local governments are facing massive deficits. Tax revenues have fallen significantly in all areas. Income taxes, sales taxes, recordation taxes have

declined dramatically and property taxes are falling due to declining assessments. Budgets are being slashed and unfortunately it only appears to be the beginning of tough budget years for local governments.

In Frederick County, we are facing an almost \$30 million deficit for the upcoming fiscal year, FY '11. This follows a reduction in the current year operating budget of 9% versus the prior year. Many programs were cut around the edges, highway and road maintenance accounts were cut, capital projects deferred, and some reserve funds were hit. Education has been held harmless and has actually experienced a slight increase in their budget due to stimulus funding. These reductions to the county budget to date have gone largely

unnoticed by the general public.

The County Commissioners have been working on reducing our budget by going through each and every program with our budget office, division directors, and department heads. We are reviewing every area of our budget searching for millions of dollars of reductions. Since almost 60% of our budget is funding to public education which is largely off limits for cuts due to state laws, major reductions have to happen in other areas of the budget including public safety, libraries, parks, and public works. The reductions in services will be noticed by the public and citizens will begin to question the wisdom of the choices.

The County Commissioners have no plans to raise taxes or fees. The budget will be balanced entirely by reducing spending. It

is the wrong time to even consider raising tax revenue when many of our constituents are already experiencing the impacts of the economy on their personal household budgets. We will live within our means.

Citizens should expect service reductions and the total elimination of some programs. The County Commissioners expect to introduce the budget in mid-March and will hold public hearings in April and May. The budget should reflect the values, priorities and needs of the community. Nothing is more important than where we spend our tax dollars. Thus, citizen input is critically important to assist in identifying the priorities and values of our community.

The capital improvement program, which is entirely separate from our operating budget, has also experienced a deferral of almost \$200

million in projects. As the county revenue declines, so does our ability to support debt. The county has deferred schools, roads, branch libraries, park development and even some maintenance projects due to fiscal constraints.

While the economy will recover, there is uncertainty as to when. Most economists agree that the recovery will be slow. In county government, we are predicting that our revenue picture will not begin to recover or improve until 2015. We will thus change our focus to maintaining existing infrastructure and providing essential services.

So, what can you, the resident/tax payer do about this? Pay attention, get involved, let us know how you feel! Public input will make a difference in our budget process. Stay tuned!

From the desk of Town Council President Chris Staiger

Spring is right around the corner, or at least that's what they're telling me... We seem to have survived the worst winter in the last ten years, with a nod to the fact that March can still serve up a big storm. But at this point I'm trying to look at the glass as half full! As you've seen, town staff was hard at work putting things right as quickly as possible - and, I think, with GREAT success.

I did find myself joking with people that you could get out and around town the morning after the snow ended (in both cases), but the real question was how far you could then get if you tried to leave town! Thanks also to partners at Bollinger Construction, WF DeLauter & Sons, and S&W Construction who provided additional plows and heavy equipment.

Finally, thank you to all of you who were able to at least get some sort of path cleared on your sidewalks. It's always dangerous to walk in the streets. Please continue to keep in mind your friends and neighbors who aren't up to the shoveling or don't have a snow blower. Events like these are when we should all pitch in to help where we can.

So our infrastructure survived largely intact, although there were one or two sewer overflows when inbound volumes four to five times the design capacity of the plant occurred. Once again, staff has found ways to cope with heavy rains and snow melts so that all effluent can be processed - except in the most dramatic instances.

No one was hurt during snow removal operations and I am not aware of any major accidents or incidents specifically related to the weather. The budget will take another hit, but a manageable one. The Town Office is already working to claim funds that may be available from different tiers of government

to cover emergency related expenses. So, all in all, I think we've made it through okay! Bring on spring!

One specific bit of town government news I would like to share concerns recent changes to the town's committee structure. The Water, Streets, and Charter Review Committees have been discontinued while a new Citizens Advisory Committee has been established to replace them. The older committees seemed too narrowly focused to get "traction" or prove sustainable.

The new committee will have an open agenda to provide recommendations directly to the Board of Commissioners. It will have up to ten members with a Commissioner acting as Chairperson and therefore a direct link between the committee and the Board. My hope is that this body will serve as a source for grass roots recommendations to the town government. The meeting schedule has not been set, but I would expect once a quarter unless projects are actively being pursued. If you would like to serve on this committee, please send a letter of interest to the town office at 300A South Seton Ave.

Otherwise, we continue to work toward redefining our zoning and development ordinances so they are in line with our Comprehensive Plan goals and newly defined State requirements. I expect to have a Municipal APFO ordinance on the books by the end of the year.



The Town Council continues to dedicate the second meeting of the month to planning issues and I hope to make hay while the sun shines and have our new template in place before development pressures renew again.


In this same context we also continue to try to better define our relationship with the County in terms of authority, responsibility, and expectations - keeping the lines of communication open and the relationship cordial, but continuing to protect our interests as a municipality. Best wishes for a safe and happy month! - Chris Staiger

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COMMENTARY

Words from Winterbilt

Bonuses—Again?

There has been a lot written and discussed about the bonuses that the financial institutions are giving out, and rightfully so. In a previous paper entitled “I would take twice the betting for half of the money,” I explained why bonuses should not exist. Apparently congress and Wall Street failed to read the article. I believe it would be proper for me to re-state at least part of my case as to why bonuses should not be given out.

Bonuses are for good work it is a reward for doing good work. If you spend all of the money and then someone has to bail you out - you have not been doing good work. When you are entrusted with very large sums of money (not your money, but money from other people) then you have a responsibility to be reasonable and prudent with the money - period. Of course this could also mean we need to fire congress.

Like many of you when you hear a news report about new bonuses being given out - your heart rate goes up, you grit your teeth and you think, “they really don’t get it” The company they work for pays them a salary so they can feed and shelter their

family - and the company went broke because of mismanagement, the very same management that’s receiving bonuses. Maybe I am being too hard on this, maybe my perception is incorrect, and then again, maybe not, maybe I do get it! If the congress had not bailed them out, the companies would have failed, the management would not be employed and they would not be receiving a pay check, must less a bonus.

“They really don’t get it” To correct this problem I would suggest that we create a new law directly related to compensation and we would call it “Bonus in Reverse.” If you are a large company and are suppose to be responsible for money that is not yours, like pension funds, etc., and you lose the money - then you don’t receive a bonus, you owe a bonus. I know this is a crazy idea, that of tying compensation to performance. I think that if we did this we could solve many problems. I wonder why nobody has thought of this before.

While I do think this is an outstanding idea, I do believe it would be difficult to pass it in Congress. After all (and this may surprise some of you), Congress

is not that responsible in handling our money. They are very good at giving it to their friends and they don’t know what a “Balanced Budget” means. They consistently overspend, go into debt and then need to borrow more money. I wonder if the big banks on Wall Street are using congress as a management model! This would explain a lot.

If you are a large company and are suppose to be responsible for money that is not yours, like pension funds, etc., and you lose the money - then you don’t receive a bonus, you owe a bonus.

We should all remember and it’s not as if you need a reminder, that it was congress that gave billions to the Wall Street banks - with no strings. Which is why we are so annoyed with the bonus issue and I would predict not for the last time. Of course Congress also bailed out the auto industry but when they did that they insisted on concessions from the unions. Let me go over that to make sure I have that right, the banks; the billionaires get billions with no strings and the people that do physical labor and actually built something are suppose to give up something to keep their jobs.

I think Congress must have been confused and reversed who was to give up something. Would it not have been better if the bankers who when broke - gave up bonuses? Would it also not be better if the auto executives who went broke gave up something? Seems to me the only people doing a day’s work, the auto workers, are the only ones that were suppose to give up something.

Let’s revisit my idea of the bonus in reverse law, or tying compensation to work completed. I do believe this could solve a lot of problems. We could even expand it to schools. The students that study hard and do well on test should receive the highest grades. The teacher’s that teach the best and have the best results from their students could receive the highest salary. Fairness and equity what a novel idea. Of course we all know that the students who study the most usually receive the best grades, but in general the majority of teachers receive a salary. Apparently the bonus in reverse rule works well for children, but not for adults....

I think Congress must have been confused and reversed who was to give up something. Of course this takes me back to my first article on the financial

mess which included my recommendation that we should put high school seniors in charge, since they know everything. I am sure that many of you laughed at that idea, but I bet you’re not laughing now. However when you think about it, in a strange sort of way adults that act like children are already in charge. I am not talking about the bankers, but the congress. As strange as it may sound, adults that act like children are not that responsibly.

When someone says that bonuses are required to keep the best and brightest, they should preference their words with “Once upon a time.” That’s how a fairy tale begins. If they were speaking the truth, they would preference their words with “This is no bovine fecal material” Bonuses for failed management of companies that went broke, is not only absurd it rewards individuals for poor behavior. It has been over a year since the financial meltdown on Wall Street and not one law relating to financial responsibility has been enacted. I guess the 400 million that the financial industry spent last year on lobbying congress - is just a coincidence. Hum, “Once upon a time.”

“The significant problems we face cannot be solved at the same level of thinking we were at when we created them.”
- Albert Einstein

Pondering the Puzzlement

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

Bushido: Japanese, the ‘way of the warrior’.

Arete: Greek, the goodness or excellence of a thing.

Bushido and Arete have worked their way into a conversation I’m having with my homesteading friend in Texas. She was trying to express her attempts to perfect a wheatless bread she could tolerate eating on a regular basis. I made some comment about the Samurai Code of Bushido requiring the practitioners to seek perfection in every aspect of their lives. She came back with the Ancient Greek’s goal of Arete.

The Texan is evidently a very good cook, though few people are likely to ever test that brag because she seldom cooks for any but her husband. I’m always getting pictures of meals she put together along with descriptions that set my mouth to watering.

For her, Arete in the kitchen is the goal. Having decided on that, she quickly realized that perfect meals require perfect meats, vegetables and seasonings. Those, she hasn’t been able to acquire from her readily available sources. She’s turned her mind to her garden and the livestock she keeps.

Instead of trying to grow food for a market, she seeks perfection among the rows of peppers and cabbages for her own use. That led her to taking a serious look at her soil and what she feeds it. As a Pagan, her first concern is to do no harm to the earth, her Mother. Seeking the best additives to feed and encourage the life already in the soil has become part of her Bushido, the way of the warrior gardener.

At her urging, I’ve begun to consider Arete in my life. I’ve been seeking the perfect loaf of bread for more than 20 years. Now I’m taking a new look at my past efforts and have decided to toss much of what I thought I needed. No more expensive flours or additives to improve flavor, crumb or crust. I’m bread building with “off the shelf” flour my mother would have used.

The only items my mother wouldn’t have used (they were never in her house, but are a must in mine) are good olive oil, a baking stone and parchment paper. I have a recipe I’ve had some success with, an Italian bread from Peter Reinhart’s “The Bread Baker’s Apprentice”. Armed with these essentials, I become a Samurai following the code of the Bread Builder.

And what a Samurai! I haven’t a knife sharp enough to slice a loaf

of bread. Which leads me to Arete in knife sharpening. I used to carry an Arkansas stone and always kept my pocket and belt knives sharp enough to shave with. Having long since stopped carrying most of those tools I also lost the stones and the ability to put a razor edge on a blade. Like the Texan, I’m finding I need to expand Arete into other areas of my life if I want success in something as simple as building bread.

I think the Texan set me up! Knowing how lazy I am she tricked me into working toward a goal I wasn’t likely to resist. She knew very well what would happen once I began seeking Arete in bread!


I guess working toward perfection in simple tasks isn’t so bad when I take time to consider how everything sort of pulls together. I’m thinking the mead ferment could be used to start the bread ferment. As I’ve not yet found the patience to let a mead age to perfection maybe I could pass the time working out the perfect bread and getting a knife sharp enough to slice it. While I won’t go so far as to try growing perfect wheat I could get serious about growing excellent lettuce, or chickens, or beef to put between the perfect slices.

There is a chance I’ll abandon the bread and knives in favor of something I’m already good at napping. Currently I don’t have a chair suited to perfect napping, but I’ve been considering one based on the Adirondack style. I’d have to make it bigger to accommodate my long frame, and

I’d have to make my own cushions. All that requires a knowledge of lumber and tool craft I don’t have. I’d also have to learn to sew. Which would require my learning about fabric!

Life would simpler if I accepted what is available from the stores. But where is excellence in that?

To read past editions of Pondering the Puzzlement visit the Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net.



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HAPPY
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GENERATION X PERSPECTIVE

Pure Onsense

Scott Zuke

Some wonderful things, for whatever reasons, have yet to catch on in America: the metric system, the afternoon siesta, curling, to name a few. One idea that seems conspicuously absent from political discourse in recent months is that of constitutionally mandated term limits for elected officials.

For many years confidence in Congress has been bottomed out due to the stultifying effects of partisan politics, where lines are not drawn in the sand but carved in stone, and even honest attempts at compromise are answered with sharp criticism or outright dismissal.

The strongest condemnation of Congress in recent weeks came from one of its own members, as Illinois Senator Evan Bayh announced he would not seek reelection. In an op-ed for the New York Times he laid out a daunting list of dysfunctions with D.C. politics, from a broken campaign finance system to overuse of the filibuster.

The bottom line, in his words: "Congress must be reformed." He goes on to discuss a few proposed changes, but one wonders how his decision to abandon the Senate fits into any of them.

Any means of dislodging this status quo are certainly worthy of renewed discussion, but perhaps the most effective reform is one that may be deduced from his actions rather than his words. Having been in office for over a decade he has chosen to voluntarily limit his term, a welcome decision, but not one that we can typically count on politicians to self-impose (for example, consider Rep. Roscoe Bartlett [MD-06], who advocated for constitutionally mandated term limits in his campaign...in 1992).

The main argument against term limitation is that voters should retain the right to vote for whomever they wish to represent them, especially since an incumbent is often the most qualified candidate in an election. Voters are rightly concerned about any limitation upon their most basic political power, but the system as it is now is, in its own way, even more restrictive. While it is often said by critics of that voters should be allowed to enforce term limits at the ballot box, there is no incentive for constituents to put forward an inexperienced representative while other states retain their seasoned and well-connected career politicians.

If the idea of term limits is to be considered at all, it has to be done across the board as a constitutional amendment. Such a move is not unprecedented. We already limit the presidency to two terms with the twenty-second amendment, but even looking further back we see examples of democracies and republics in which measures were in place to defend against the rise of overly-influential career politicians.

In the Roman republic a consul, the highest executive officer, was elected for a term of one year, and could not be reelected to that office until another ten years had passed. In the more chaotic 5th century Athenian democracy, the citizens could vote to "ostracize," or banish a rising political figure from the city for a period of ten years. This was not done on any charge of wrongdoing, but often because the politician was too popular, and thus a potential threat of someday becoming a tyrant. Themistocles, whose military strategy single-handedly saved Athens and its democracy from the invading Persians, was exiled in this way.

Even with our constitution's innovations in checks and balances, the lesson we can learn from the past is that it is surprisingly easy for voters to willingly elect their own tyrants, and thus there are many good reasons to place certain restrictions on who is eligible to run for office, and for how long.

In a column in last month's issue ("How come you got us into this mess?" p.9), Lindsay Coker cited Mikhail Gorbachev's distinction between a statesman and a politician: "A statesman does what he believes is best for his country, a politician does what best gets him reelected." Cicero also put it well when he wrote, "So the aim of our ideal statesman is the citizens' happy life--that is, a life secure in wealth, rich in resources, abundant in renown, and honourable in its moral character." The best way to ensure that the statesman's understanding of what is good for his country is as accurate as possible is to ensure that he has spent enough time as a private citizen under its laws, and that he is aware that he will be returning to that roll very soon. Ideally, "politician" would become only a brief bullet-point on a citizen's curriculum vitae.

Rather than calling forth charismatic and well-connected rising politicians, a primary goal in enforcing strict term limits is that it would create a demand for new public servants to be drawn from the ranks of ordinary, good citizens--those who may very well be charismatic and well-connected, but aren't seen or seeking to be seen as modern day aristocracy. While some professions do indeed require special education and are best left to highly-trained professionals (law enforcement, military service, and climate re-

search, to name a few), our political system of representative governance is designed to be accessible to ordinary citizens.

Aristotle said, "A good citizen must have the knowledge and ability both to be ruled and to rule," and this is a major reason we should mourn the loss of civics courses in public education. Increasingly it seems that politicians are viewed as an exclusive class, a select group of individuals solely imbued with the skills and institutional knowledge needed to govern. This severely limits the good citizen's chances of participating in the political process, and this is only a psychological consequence, to say nothing of the more tangible obstacles that a challenger faces when campaigning against an entrenched incumbent.

While voters on both sides of the aisle have expressed support for mandatory term limits (the Republicans have repeatedly turned to it as a campaign ploy, at least as recently as last year), CNN contributor Jack Cafferty's observation that "It's an idea that's long past due and it will probably never happen" appears likely to hold true for the foreseeable future. The same might be said for American adoption of the metric system and, sadly, the siesta. I'm holding out a little more hope for curling.

Scott Zuke is a 2005 graduate of Catocin high school

Down Under! Left, right, left, right, left...

Lindsay Coker!
Melbourne Australia

This month I would like to remember the life of one of the great modern dissidents in American history, Howard Zinn. Born of Immigrant Jewish parents on August 24, 1922 in Brooklyn, he passed away last January 27, aged 87.

His 'A People's History of the United States' is possibly the most important non-fiction book to have been published in the 20th century. It was the runner up for the National Book Award in its year of publication, 1980, and since then has sold over one million copies in English, and countless more in translation. Zinn was awarded Diplomatic Friends of the World prize for the French version of the book in 2003, while various high Schools and Colleges across the United States have adopted it as a reading text.

It's not my intention to review the book – anyone can read it and form their own opinion – but rather to put it in context. Zinn was an avowed leftist, a renowned scholar and teacher, and he was convinced

that his duty to all Americans, and by extension, all people, was to expose what he believed to be a conspiracy of the right to (a) remove unflattering history from common knowledge and debate, (b) discredit any and all attempts to tell any truth that was against their interests, (c) promote their world view at all costs, (d) ensure that the great majority came to believe that this was the right and only way for government to be run.

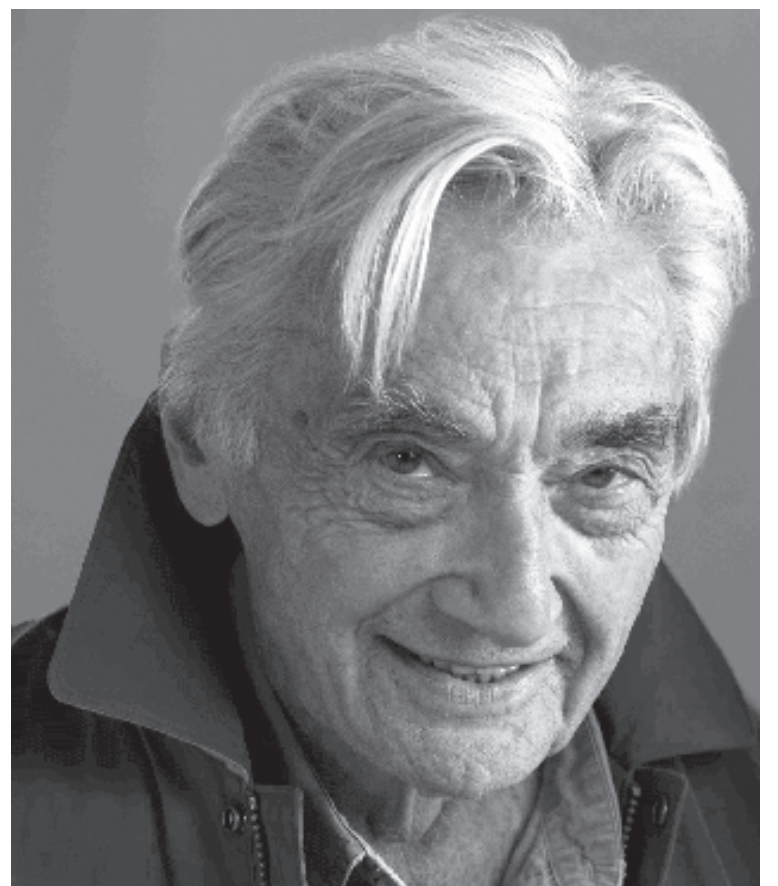
During one of the many interviews he gave on this and associated topics, he said in 1998 that his aim in writing A People's History was the making of a 'quiet revolution': Not a revolution in the classical sense of a seizure of power, but rather from people beginning to take power from within the institutions. In the workplace, the workers would take power to control the conditions of their lives.

The importance of his book is not in the doctrine, but rather in the searchlight he turned on history. Ignorance, in the sense of not knowing what has been covered up, is not bliss, but numbness. The notion of 'ignorant masses' predates

history, came to flower in Caesar's Rome, and has been alive and kicking ever since. Attempts in the past to shine a light in dark places have largely failed, as mainstream media is by and large part of the right wing stream, but, and here is the nub of my article, the success of this book could only have happened in a Democracy.

The strength of any nation is directly related to anyone being able to freely tell people the truth. Not some half-baked jingoistic wish list, not some untruth that has the veneer of age, but provable, demonstrable facts. And this is what Mr. Zinn has done. Many, many critics and criticisms have been made of the book, but it has been embraced by many thousands of 'ordinary' Americans, to whom it is primarily addressed. An understanding by the people of all a nation's history is more than power, it gives empowerment, and this was the ultimate aim of this man.

Some of his ideas have, of course, been shown to be based on a less than complete understanding of human nature: Workers may take power over their workplaces, but sooner or later generally become part of the right. Unionists are often less than capable of making sound commercial decisions. Altruism in business is scarcer than hen's teeth, and self interest does tend to rise to the top, whether it's a multi-national or a union. But that, as I said earlier, is a fact of life. Revelations of cover ups, however, are vital if the health of a



nation is to remain strong.

Zinn also produced a version for young Americans, and I can do no better than to conclude with his introduction to this. I titled this piece, 'Left, Right, Left, Right, because not only are there two political categories in play, but we all march onwards. With Zinn, may it be towards a more balanced, humane society.

"I want young people to understand that ours is a beautiful country, but that it has been taken over by men have no respect for human

rights or constitutional liberties. Our people are basically decent and caring, and our highest ideals are expressed in the Declaration of Independence, which says that all of us have an equal right to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' The history of our country, I point out in my book, is a striving against corporate robber barons and war makers, to make our ideals a reality."

Let's give thanks to Howard Zinn, and above all, let's give thanks to Democracy.

THE BLIZZARD OF 2010

As a native New Englander . . .

Michael Hillman

... I'll be the first to admit, the Blizzard that descended upon the area on February 9th & 10th got my attention, and got it good.

Having grown up with snows that really did leave drifts too tall to look over, I've always been disappointed in the winters of the Emmitsburg area. Sure, the history books do talk of storms that caused life to come to a grinding halt for days at a time. And there have been the occasional storms that gave one pause, like the great storm of 1993, but nothing like that could even compare to a traditional New England Nor'easter.

It's usual for the first snow of a New England winter to come in October. By November, roads have become snow packed lanes; the asphalt surface was in hibernation. The rest of the country would have flowers blooming before we would see it again.

In New England, snow falls upon snow. We didn't keep track of how much snow a storm dropped; instead, we measured the ferocity of the winter by how deep the snow was that blocked doors from opening, or by how long snow mounds in shopping mall parking lots lasted. If come July snow was still present, then all agreed it was a bad winter.

Coming from that environment, living in an area where people panicked at just the thought of a light dusting, winter has always been a major disappointment for me.

Year after year, I eagerly anticipate a major storm, only to be disappointed over and over again. I grew jaded as weather forecaster's hyperventilated into brown paper bags while prognosticating the storm of the century, only to wake up the following morning to a coating of snow. And when we were lucky enough to get a good snow, it was always followed by a stretch of warm weather which quickly turned the storm into a distant memory.

Let face it, winters around here just suck for a native New Englander, no ifs, ands, or buts about it.

While the December storm got

my hopes up that this winter just might be the one I've been waiting for, my hopes were dashed when any trace of it was gone with days. While January's cold snap was reminiscent of the temperature one experiences in a New England winter, but the lack of snow made the cold pointless.

So when the weather channel once again became abuzz with talk of a major storm, I shrugged my shoulders; I would believe it when I saw it.

The first storm

But just to be safe, I fired up the emergency generator which had sat dormant since last summer, and filled up the extra gas cans. It's one thing to not believe a forecast; it's something totally different not to be prepared in case it did come true. Having suffered through three days without power after the storm of '93, I wasn't ready to risk it again, no matter how jaded I had become.

When the first flakes started to fall that Friday, I crossed my fingers. Maybe this will be the storm I had waited 20 years for. But by 11:00 that night, with barely 8 inches, I resigned myself to the fact that I would wake up the next morning to yet another disappointment. Boy was I mistaken.

It snowed all night, and by morning, nearly 20 inches covered the landscape. In the mountains above Emmitsburg, the snow was as deep as 43 inches. But I was happy with 20, especially knowing that the cold weather that was to follow would ensure it would be around for a while.

My wife, having gotten up before me, had already made the start of a path to the barn. I followed in her tracks to retrieve the snow shovel. My Jack Russell managed to put only two of his four paws out the door before he decided being an outside dog wasn't all it was cracked up to be. My lab mix on the other hand, bounded into the snow drifts with all the glee one expects of a lab.

With the snow still coming down fast and furious, there was no doubt in my wife's or my mind that this would be a rare 'indoor' day for the horses.



Taking Care of Daily Chores

The first order of business was to free up the backdoor of the barn which was wedged shut by the snow. Once freed, the arduous task of clearing a path to the 'muck heap,' where the manure was piled, took priority. With four stalls to be cleaned, the single wheelbarrow filled quickly. The ability to empty it would mean the difference between being able to keep the horses inside, where they would be safe and warm, or outside, exposed to the elements. For my wife and I, there was no question what took higher priority.

When the storm finally ended that afternoon, and the sun made its guest appearance, I shoveled a pathway to the paddock gate. Even though the snow was now more than two feet deep, I knew the horses would enjoy some time out.

The first to go was the oldest, at 23, he had seen a lot in his life, but nothing like this. He walked up to the wall of snow where I had stopped shoveling and turned and looked at me with an express that said, "OK, so now what am I supposed to do now?"

The next horse I retrieved was one I knew would plow right through the snow, and he did. But still the old horse refused to budge. He waited until the last and youngest horse had been turned out, and a suitable path had been made for him through the snow, before he dared venture out into the snow-covered field.

For the next hour I watched as the horses gallivanted about in the deep snow. My wife and I laughed as simultaneously we said, "We're

going to have some mighty tired horses tonight." And we did.

As the horses played, we busied ourselves with digging out and refilling the multitude of bird feeders. At times, the back yard look like LaGuardia Airport at its peak. Blue Jays were stacked up by the dozens waiting for their turn at the peanut feeder; Nuthatches, Chickadees, Finches and Sparrows mobbed the sunflower and thistle feeders.

For most of the afternoon, I watched as the horses played. I found myself thinking that, had I been younger, I would have jumped at the opportunity to ride one of them in the snow. "You're not that old yet," I told myself, and like a warrior going off to battle, I hiked out in the waste deep snow and retrieved my youngest horse.

We gingerly walked about the field. His easy-going manner I had become so accustomed to during seasons of green grass, was replaced by a gawking way of going. But I persisted. I asked him to trot. He shifted his balance for-

ward and my mind suddenly filled with the thought of him falling in the snow, so I did what anyone stupid enough to be doing what I was doing at the time would do; I asked him to canter!

We didn't canter long before my senses regained control of my body. "Well that was a dumb idea," I thought.

Having proven to myself I wasn't too old to be stupid, I untacked my horse and turned him free once more.

By dusk, both the birds, horses, and my wife and I had had our fill of excitement, and the farm went quietly to bed.

Sunday was spent digging out. The radio was abuzz with talk of a major storm on Tuesday, but I was happy enough just enjoying what nature had given us the day before.

By Monday, the storm which was now blowing outside my window was increasingly becoming more ominous. I cast a wary eye to the snow-covered roofs of my house and wondered how much they could take.



THE BLIZZARD OF 2010

Dumb Ideas

On Tuesday, with the forecast now calling for an additional 16 to 24 inches, I decided to lighten the snow load on the roof. Knowing my luck, I recognized that had I tried to clear the roofs while standing on them, I more than likely would have fallen off. So I pulled out the ladder and, placing it against the roof line, began to shovel them off.

All was going as planned until I dislodged one huge pile of snow; unfortunately, as I quickly discovered, the mound had been keeping the top of the ladder in its place. As it slid off the roof, the ladder began to slide sideways. It was a long way down ... too long.

I dropped the shovel and grabbed the rain gutter and righted the ladder. What to do next was the question of the moment. I had cheated death the day before by riding in the snow; could I cheat it again? If I let go of the gutter for a moment, the ladder moved. I quickly calculated that I would only be 1/4 of the way down before it would fall, carrying me with it. I thought about climbing onto the roof, but then remembered why I had opted to use the ladder in the first place.

With nothing else to lose, I leaned the ladder in the direction opposite of the way it wanted to go, almost to the point where it began to slide in that direction, then quickly made my way down the ladder as it swung back. I no sooner touched ground than the ladder fell.

"Well, that was a dumb idea," I thought.

Cold and tired, I retreated into the warmth of the house, vowing never again to regret the lack of New England winter storms. The first snowflakes of what will undoubtedly be called the great blizzard of 2010 were just beginning to fall. It was going to be a long night.

While the snow fell fast and furious at first, the much anticipated winds were absent. At ten, I took the dogs out. The air was still and quiet. A light snow was falling and not a sound could be heard.

A snow plow had made its way by a few hours before, so it was easy walking. As I walked, I found myself back in the late 1800's. This is what winters must have been like for the first owners of my house. It was peaceful, almost innocent in quality. It was at times like this that living in the country was worth its weight in gold.

But it wasn't the blizzard everyone had predicted: just a typical New England snow falling upon a snow-covered landscape. I was finally had my wish. I was finally at home at my home.

Little did I know, as I turned my electric blanket on that night, that mother nature was just warming up for the big show the next day.

The Blizzard Is On!

I woke up to the purring of a cat, not a howling wind as the meteorologist had predicted. Huh, so much for the big blizzard, I thought to myself.

Snow had indeed fallen through

the night to the tune of twelve inches or more. I made my way out to the barn where I was once again shoveling the pathway to the muck heap. I was just about to step out the barn door when out of the corner of my eye I caught a solid wall of white bearing down on the farm. The Blizzard was officially on!

By the time my wife made the 30 foot trek from the muck heap back to the barn, the wind was howling. With difficulty we managed to close the door, but not before snow had made it halfway down the 60 foot barn aisle.

'OK Guys,' my wife said to the horses, "It's another indoor day for you guys, so settle down and get used to it." Having learned our lesson from a near brush with death a year ago, the horses were given a warm bran mash for breakfast.

As I prepared to brave the winds and return to the house, I caught a glimpse of Riker, the oldest horse in a mad weave. This was clearly outside of his daily routine and he wanted out. "Sorry guys" I said to him, "you're better off in than out."

By the time I got to the back walkway, the path I had taken out to the barn had disappeared. It occurred to me that I probably should bring in a load of fire wood, but thinking is about as far as I got. I would soon regret it.

Having 'blown' opportunities other snow storms had offered, I was determined not to blow this one. Having yet to lose power, I turned on my computer and began to write. It was a perfect day to write. No one was coming over, and I sure wasn't going out. The wood burning stove in my study was going full bore and the room was nice and warm. No writer could ask for more.

My intention was to write about this storm, but I soon found myself sidetracked writing a story about the great storm of 1993. It was the storm that saw a neighbor's house burn down, which led to one of the sweetest dog We've known coming into our lives. Almost six years had passed since he had died, yet his story had remained unfinished. As the day was much like the day we first saw him, it seemed fitting to finally finish the story I had started the Christmas night he had died.

As I wrote, I kept a wary eye on the birds that called our farm home. With the wind now gusting to 40 and 50 mphs, our feathered friends sought shelter where they could. Fortunately, even with the deep snow, the many native plants of my wife's garden offered refuge. Those unable to find foliage to retreat to sought shelter in front of the garden's picket fence. As the wind whipped the snow against the fence, a wall started to grow, which created a hollow on the opposite side that provided some protection.

Around noon my wife informed me that she had just used the last piece of firewood in the wood burning stove. I glanced out the window and watched a chickadee holding on to a branch for dear life. Yes we needed wood, but not right now.



Braving the Elements

By two the fire was beginning to die, and with it, the temperature in the study was becoming noticeably colder. I could procrastinate no longer. The dogs, bored from doing nothing all day, jumped at the thought of going out. "You're going to have to stay," I told my Jack Russell. He would never make it past the huge drifts that now blocked the pathway to the barn. And had he, I knew only too well that he would show no mercy for the birds that I knew had sought refuge in the barn. Their day was bad enough without having to deal with a stupid Jack Russell chasing them.

The wind nearly ripped the door out of my hands as I stepped outside into the gale. My labbie mix led the way. That is, until she came face to face with a six foot snow drift. Like Riker before her, she turned to me as if to ask what to do next.

"Go on," I said. With my encouragement, she made a mighty leap and came down in the middle of the drift. Then crawling for all she was worth she finally made it to the other side of the drift. I followed suit.

As expected, the barn was full of birds. A few gave flight at the sight of me, but I spoke softly and put them at ease. "Don't worry guys, you're ok. Just hunker down."

I spread some bird seed on the

floor for them and they rushed to it with abandon.

I checked in on the horses, who greeted me with whinnies as if to ask: "Can we go out now?" I threw each a flake of hay and headed to the back to get my arm full of fire wood.

As I turned the corner near the door, I saw a finch fighting the wind to make it into the safety of the barn. Reaching out my hand, I gently grabbed it in midair. It was clearly exhausted. I set it down on countertop, but then thought better of it. Picking it back up, I carried it into the main and much warmer part of the barn and set it down in a pile of straw, sprinkling some sunflower seeds for it to feast on.

"There you go," I said to him. "You stay here. It's safe here." He looked up at me as if to say thanks. But I found it was me who wanted to thank him. His trust in me had made my day.

By four, the wind was dying down enough that I dared to venture out refill the bird feeders and waterer. By now the birds were so hungry, that they mingled at my feet pecking at seeds that fell as the feeders were filled.

Having noticed that many birds had taken refuge under my truck, I threw a handful of seeds under it. Back in the barn, I checked in on the bird I had grabbed from the air. He was sitting on top of a bale of straw. He chirped at me when he saw me, as if to say "I'm still here."



By now, with the sun setting, the horses had finally realized they were not going out. Dinner was all they had on their mind. I smiled at the thought of watching them the next day as they once again pranced around the snow-covered field.

The sun has now set and with it, the wind has returned. Even though I am warm, I can't help but worry about the birds that spent the day in a life struggle with nature, or the feral cats that increasingly have called our property home.

All I can hope is that they have found a safe spot to hide and will be there in the morning to greet me with the sunrise that will bring a much different day than today.

A day to recover, a day to dig out, a day to thank God that we live in a time where we can appreciate a blizzard like today from within the safety of a warm a house. But most of all, appreciate the opportunity to be reminded that all God's creatures contain his divine spark.

As the winter winds once again howl, I find myself thinking of an age old poem, a poem fitting to conclude this tale with.

Scatter Out the Crumbs

Amidst the freezing sleet and snow,
The timid robin comes;
In pity drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs.

And leave your door upon the latch
For whosoever comes;
The poorer they, more welcome give,
And scatter out your crumbs.

All have to spare, none are too poor,
When want with winter comes;
The loaf is never all your own,
Then scatter out the crumbs.

Soon winter falls upon your life,
The day of reckoning comes:
Against your sins, by high decree,
Are weighed those scattered crumbs.

—Alfred Crowquill

But of course, as bad as the Blizzard was, it paled in comparison to the digging out from it. For that part of the story, turn to Layal Watkin's The Zoo Keeper article on page 31

FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

Talking about the future

Pastor Reginald Rice
Incarnation, United Church of Christ

The future! An amazing and wonderful place or just a maze of confusion and turmoil? I am not a futurist, scientist, psychic or sociologist. I am someone who believes that reflecting upon our hopes for the next two, five, ten or more years may help us in getting through the tough times we face right now. Ahead are what I'll call conversation starters. You may agree, disagree. Regardless, what I really hope you do is talk to others about your reactions to these ideas. Perhaps as a result our path ahead can have real and meaningful direction.

Paper or Power?

A good indicator of how well we are doing a decade from now might be found beside the sink in a public restroom. Are we all using those electric hand driers that some of us hate or is there still concession being made to the impatient who simply must grab one of those forest felling, germ spreading, landfill bloating paper towels? Whether we opt for paper or power will say a lot about us. If we humans go the route of power driers we are not only helping the environment but our souls. Power driers force us to slow down, pay attention to what we are doing in the moment and they reward us with warm soft hands like no paper towel can deliver. Saving the environment, slowing down a notch, living in the moment, enjoying a basic bodily sensation. That's a good future. What do you think?

Space, The "used to be" Frontier?

When I was a kid I thought space exploration was the coolest thing going. But I grew up. Extended space travel for people is not only expensive but there is as yet no way to prevent the muscular atrophy that is experienced due to long periods in zero gravity. And how about that price tag? Then again there is all the technology we've gotten from the space program. Well that's a two edged sword. Some advances have been great, but who can afford them? The people who can pay for them I suppose, not me. And then there's the whole notion that technology is in a runaway state. Accelerated technology that is running away with us. What caused accel-

erated technology? Oh yeah. The space program. Before bridging the space between us and the stars maybe we need to look more earnestly at the space that separates us from one another. What do you think?

Education—Please Remember to Remember

I asked a friend of mine who has a PHD in Education what he saw in the future for education. Basically he expects a revolution in how we learn brought on by technology. He imagines a classroom in which information, images and computer power at the fingertips of educators and students will change the very way we learn. I don't have any problem with that as long as we don't forget the need to reclaim the power of memorization.

I know, memorization went out with reciting the times tables, naming the presidents and all those other dinosaurs of years gone by. But consider this. The best computers need more than the best hardware and programs, they need memory. Without the capacity to store information, no information can be processed. I say all ahead with technology in the classroom but please train, drill and practice the next generations so they will have the memory capacity to put to work all those concepts they have access to. What do you think?

Medicine—Enough Wonder Drugs, How About the Wonder of Compassion?

Maybe if enough people become ashamed of living in the richest, most powerful nation on the planet that has the least efficient and effective health care delivery system in the industrialized world things will be different. Health care for all. If that's our future we'll be right up with where most of the rest of the industrialized world is today.

In the last fifty years we moved from regarding natural, traditional and spiritual remedies as "alternative" to considering them "complementary." That's progress. Maybe in another fifty we'll call it "integral" medicine. Can your Ivy League educated physician say, "acupuncture?" That would really be progress. What do you think?

Music and the Arts

Three years ago I was delighted when I heard that Marin Alsop had

become the Baltimore Symphony's music director. But despite her intellect and charisma (which rivals that of Lenny Bernstein) we need not just someone but something to revitalize the world of the performing and visual arts in years to come. Many orchestras have experimented with video projections during performance and some even with audience interactive compositions (the audience uses clickers to vote for which direction the composition will take).

I hope that new media will enable visual arts to come out of the museum (some artists like Chrysto are doing this already). Or imagine a play in which each audience member has an opportunity to interact with the cast during the show. Arts are not an extra. They are a reflection of who we are and a catalyst for what we will become. What do you think?

And Then There's That 2012 Thing—Will It Be Mayans 1, Universe 0?

The Mayan Calendar (which is really a mosaic of calendars) reaches fundamental synchronization in late December 2012. That means that all their little calendars align (kind of like a new year's celebration that occurs once every several thousand years). No big deal. It's just how their calendar is designed.

We also know that at that time an astronomical event of colossal proportion will take place when the earth and sun align with the center line of our Milky Way Galaxy. And, just to sweeten the pot the earth will also have completed its once every so many thousand year axial wobble. All of that is scientifically proven. It's the way things are. The only amazing thing there is that the Maya had such sophisticated knowledge. No big deal. It's how the planets and stars move.

The final thing is the tough and controversial one. The Mayans predict that things will change at that time in ways that will make for a future totally different from the present. Is it the end of everything? Will humanity be wiped off the planet? Will there be natural catastrophe, wars, epidemics, etc?

While no futurists, psychic, apocalyptic, scientist or self respecting Mayan will weigh in with

absolute certainty as to what's going to happen, the general consensus among folks who have studied this thing from an objective perspective is that the sun will set and rise again on a new day with no apparent change. But they do hope that years later people will look back at the time around "the great alignment" and say, "you know, this is when things really started to change." We can just hope that it will have been for the better. What do you think?

Economies of What?

The last century saw a shift from an economy of subsistence to an economy of consumption. What will the next paradigm shift be? Regardless of what it is I'd like to see our children receive better education about such things as supply and demand, the relationship between interest and inflation, the jobs and market cycles and most of all, the stupidity of too much credit. Maybe the kinds of consequences we are now reaping can be avoided by a generation that knows some basic truths about resources, wealth and the relationship of scarcity, time and effort. My greatest hope is for an economy of "stewardship." As opposed to an economic engine driven by relentless consumption an economy of stewardship is a heart driven by compassion, conservation, human values and thrift. Is stewardship and conservation better than consumption? What do you think?

The Ugly Side

I remember reading a Time Magazine article back in 1976 which mentioned that one of the great dangers of the future would be nuclear weapons in the hands of terrorists. That idea has stayed with me all these years. In a post-nine eleven world, when people start talking about what is next I surely can tell them what I hope is NOT next. Regardless of whatever future we may imagine or hope for, the pivot point from which it will either catapult into reality or slide into oblivion is what the dark forces of anger do in our world. My three point prescription for eliminating terrorism in all forms: 1-ever decreasing reliance upon oil as a global commodity...2- international mandate for shared lands in the middle east...3-attention to



addictions, abuse and other dark angers in ourselves that fuel those same fires which can direct passenger planes into public buildings and convince human beings to become walking bombs.

Will Religion Be "Hi-Tech Holy?"

Yes we have seen what I'm sure some folks consider the "invasion" of technology and modern music into the world of worship and church but that is a small matter compared to what I see is needed. And what is needed is not about technology, it's about humility.

The failure of the "Council on Church Union" to unite all main line churches under one banner back in the early 1970's was the beginning of what has been the most precipitous drop in traditional Christianity in our nation's history. Denominations were too proud of their petty particularities and too stubborn to see one true center. The problem is solved very simply. Humble up. Forget the differences. Define common goals. What do you think?

Don't Mess With The Public Library

Will the most institutional and democratic of all democratic institutions be changed in the future. I hope not much. Some good things shouldn't change more than they need to. I hope, in addition to still being points of shared information, libraries will more fully become points of intellectual exchange. Places where knowledge is not just disseminated but created. A good example of this is Wikipedia on the net. Imagine the excitement if shared creation of information could take place in public as well as virtual forums? What do you think?

Obviously I believe the future needs to be slower, more thoughtful and thought filled. A place where we seek less outward action and more inward satisfaction. But that's just what I think. What do you think?

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The Book of Days

The legendary history of St. Patrick



Almost as many countries arrogate the honour of having been the natal soil of St. Patrick. Scotland, England, France, and Wales, each furnish their respective pretensions: but, whatever doubts may obscure his birthplace, all agree in stating that, as his name implies, he was of a patrician family.

He was born about the year 372, and when only sixteen years of age, was carried off by pirates, who sold him into slavery in Ireland; where his master employed him as a swineherd on the well-known mountain of Sleamish, in the county of Antrim. Here he passed seven years, during which time he acquired a knowledge of the Irish language, and made himself acquainted with the manners, habits, and customs of the people.

Escaping from captivity, and, after many adventures, reaching the continent, he was successively ordained deacon, priest, and bishop: and then once more, with the authority of Pope Celestine, he returned to Ireland to preach the Gospel to its then heathen inhabitants.

The principal enemies that St. Patrick found to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, were the Druidical priests of the more ancient faith, who, as might naturally be supposed, were exceedingly adverse to any innovation. These Druids, being great magicians, would have been formidable antagonists to any one of less miraculous and saintly powers than Patrick.

Their obstinate antagonism was so great, that, in spite of his benevolent disposition, he was compelled to curse their fertile lands, so that they became dreary bogs; to curse their rivers, so that they produced no fish: to curse their very kettles, so that with no amount of fire and patience could they ever be made to boil; and, as a last resort, to curse the Druids themselves, so that the earth opened and swallowed them up.

A popular legend relates that the saint and his followers found themselves, one cold morning, on a mountain, without a fire to cook their breakfast, or warm their frozen limbs. Unheeding their complaints, Patrick desired them to collect a pile of ice and

snow-balls: which having been done, he breathed upon it, and it instantaneously became a pleasant fire—a fire that long after served to point a poet's conceit in these lines:

'Saint Patrick, as in legends told,
The morning being very cold,
In order to assuage the weather,
Collected bits of ice together;
Then gently breathed upon the pyre,
When every fragment blazed on fire.
Oh! if the saint had been so kind,
As to have left the gift behind
To such a lovelorn wretch as me,
Who daily struggles to be free:
I'd be content—content with part,
I'd only ask to thaw the heart,
The frozen heart, of Polly Roe.'

The greatest of St. Patrick's miracles was that of driving the venomous reptiles out of Ireland, and rendering the Irish soil, for ever after, so obnoxious to the serpent race, that they instantaneously die on touching it. Colgan seriously relates that St. Patrick accomplished this feat by beating a drum, which he struck with such fervour that he knocked a hole in it, thereby endangering the success of the miracle. But an angel appearing mended the drum: and the patched instrument was long exhibited as a holy relic.

In 1831, Mr. James Cleland, an Irish gentleman, being curious to ascertain whether the climate or soil of Ireland was naturally destructive to the serpent tribe, purchased half-a-dozen of the common harmless English snakes and brought them to Ireland, where he turned them out in his garden. A week afterwards, one of them was killed at Milecross, about three miles distant.

The persons into whose hands this strange monster fell, had not the slightest suspicion that it was a snake, but, considering it a curious kind of eel, they took it to a celebrated Irish naturalist, who at once pronounced the animal to be a reptile and not a fish.

The idea of a 'rale living sarpint' having been killed within a short distance of the very burial-place of St. Patrick, caused an extraordinary sen-

sation of alarm among the country people.

The most absurd rumours were freely circulated, and credited. One far-seeing clergyman preached a sermon, in which he cited this unfortunate snake as a token of the immediate commencement of the millennium: while another saw in it a type of the approach of the cholera morbus. Old prophecies were raked up, and all parties and sects, for once, united in believing that the snake fore-shadowed 'the beginning of the end,' though they very widely differed as to what that end was to be.

Some more practically minded persons, however, subscribed a considerable sum of money, which they offered in rewards for the destruction of any other snakes that might be found in the district. And three more of the snakes were not long afterwards killed, within a few miles of the garden where they were liberated. The remaining two snakes were never very clearly accounted for; but no doubt they also fell victims to the reward.

A more natural story than the extirpation of the serpents, has afforded material for the pencil of the painter, as well as the pen of the poet. When baptizing an Irish chieftain, the venerable saint leaned heavily on his crozier, the steel-spiked point of which he had unwittingly placed on the great toe of the converted heathen. The pious chief, in his ignorance of Christian rites, believing this to be an essential part of the ceremony, bore the pain without flinching or murmur; though the blood flowed so freely from the wound, that the Irish named the place *St. Fluil* (stream of blood).

And here we are reminded of a very remarkable fact in connection with geographical appellations, that the footsteps of St. Patrick can be traced, almost from his cradle to his grave, by the names of places called after him.

Thus, assuming his Scottish origin, he was born at Kilpatrick (the cell or church of Patrick), in Dumbar-tonshire. He resided for some time at Dalpatrick (the district or division of Patrick), in Lanarkshire; and visited Crag-phadrig (the rock of Patrick), near Inverness. He founded two churches, Kirkpatrick at Irongray, and Kirkpatrick at Fleming; and ultimately sailed from Portpatrick, leaving behind him such an odor of sanctity, that among the most distinguished families of the Scottish aristocracy, Patrick has been a favourite name down to the present day.

Arriving in England, he preached in Patterdale (Patrick's dale): and founded the church of Kirkpatrick. Visiting Wales, he walked over Sarn-badrig (Patrick's causeway): and departing for the Continent, sailed from Llan-badrig (the church of Patrick).

Undertaking his mission to convert the Irish, he first landed at Innispatrick (the island of Patrick), and next at Holmpatrick, on the opposite shore of the mainland, in the county of Dublin. Sailing northwards, he touched at the Isle of Man, sometimes since, also,

called Innis-patrick, where he founded another church of Kirkpatrick.

Again landing on the coast of Ireland, he founded an abbey in East Meath, called *Domnach-Padraig* (the house of Patrick), and built a church in Dublin on the spot where St. Patrick's Cathedral now stands. In an island of Lough Deng, in the county of Donegal, there is St. Patrick's Purgatory: in Leinster, St. Patrick's Wood; at Cashel, St. Patrick's Rock; the St. Patrick's Wells, at which the holy man is said to have quenched his thirst, may be counted by dozens. He is commonly stated to have died at Saul on the 17th of March 493, in the one hundred and twenty-first year of his age.

Poteen, a favorite beverage in Ireland, is also said to have derived its name from St. Patrick: he, according to legend, being the first who instructed the Irish in the art of distillation. This, however, is, to say the least, doubtful: the most authentic historians representing the saint as a very strict promoter of temperance, if not exactly a teetotaler.

We read that in 445 he commanded his disciples to abstain from drink in the daytime, until the bell rang for vespers in the evening. One Colman, though busily engaged in the severe labours of the field, exhausted with heat, fatigue, and intolerable thirst, obeyed so literally the injunction of his revered preceptor, that he refrained

from indulging himself with one drop of water during a long sultry harvest day.

But human endurance has its limits: when the vesper bell at last rang for evensong, Colman dropped down dead—a martyr to thirst. Irishmen can well appreciate such a martyrdom; and the name of Colman, to this day, is frequently cited, with the added epithet of *Shadhack—the Thirsty*.

The shamrock, or small white clover (*trifolium repens* of botanists), is almost universally worn in the hat over all Ireland, on St. Patrick's day. The popular notion is, that when St. Patrick was preaching the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish, he used this plant, bearing three leaves upon one stem, as a symbol or illustration of the great mystery.

To suppose, as some absurdly hold, that he used it as an argument, would be derogatory to the saint's high reputation for orthodoxy and good sense: but it is certainly a curious coincidence, if nothing more, that the trefoil in Arabic is called *skamrakh*, and was held sacred in Iran as emblematical of the Persian Triads.

Considering St. Patrick's connexion with snakes, is really remarkable, and we may reasonably imagine that, previous to his arrival, the Irish had ascribed mystical virtues to the trefoil or shamrock, and on hearing of the Trinity for the first time, they fancied some peculiar fitness in their already sacred plant to shadow forth the newly revealed and mysterious doctrine.

To read other selections for Robert Chambers' *Book of Days* visit emmitsburg.net

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THE (retired) ECOLOGIST

Of Snow, and Silence, and Salvador Dali

Bill Meredith

The horse was lean and lank; misfortune was his lot. We ran into a drifted bank, and we, we got upst. "Jingle Bells."
James Pierpont, 1857.

It is mid-February as I write this, and I have spent most of the day shoveling snow off the walk in front of our house. It is 21 inches deep, a relatively meaningless figure because it came in two separate storms a week apart, was drifted by winds that were said to reach 50 mph, and has packed itself down by its own weight. If it had fallen all at once with no wind, it might have been three feet deep, but I've no way to tell. The Weather Bureau says it's a record; I'll take their word for it.

Record or not, it isn't unusual; every decade or so, we get snow like this. Last month's article on "100 Years Ago" described sleigh races down Main Street and people getting dumped into drifts when sleighs ran off the road, just like in the song. I remember digging out of snow piled over the hood of the car in the '60s when we lived out at the college, and a similar storm completely buried our VW Beetle here in town in the '70s. One day in the '80s it started snowing about 8:00 a.m., and we had over a foot by noon; the college closed, and I tried over an hour to locate my son so we could come home. He and his girlfriend, who later became his wife, had decided to go for a walk in the snow, and by the time I found him it had drifted over two feet in some places and we almost didn't make it home. And the previous record for snowfall was in 1996. Looked at from this perspective, we were due for such a storm.

I have always enjoyed snow. To be sure, getting old makes you feel insecure and less certain that you can cope with it, but I still love the beauty of it. I used to collect verses for my calligraphy students to copy in Adult Education, and among them was the shortest poem I ever saw. It consisted of just three words:

"Snow.
All's new."

Brief as it is, it captures the essence, and in that sense the value, of a snowstorm: it explains why it is beautiful. Snow covers up the dirt and disorder of our everyday surroundings, and it forces us to stop whatever we're doing and think about something other than our daily grind. I looked out the kitchen window the morning after the storm passed and almost didn't recognize my own yard; the dead vegetation in the flowerbeds on the bank was gone, as were all the bushes less than three feet high. In their place the wind had sculpted the yard into the contours of the sand dunes at the beach. The whole world looked new; even the

birds at the feeder were different. Within the next few days I had a fox sparrow, a rare migrant, and a towhee, whose usual date is April; and oddest of all was a myrtle warbler, which I never had seen in the yard before.

In addition to its visual beauty, snow has an effect on sound. Several years ago, when I was still able to wade through drifts, I walked to Toms Creek one day while snow was falling. There was about a foot of it on the ground, and I had to concentrate to keep from falling. When I got to the creek I watched the flakes come down a while, and then I saw a red fox running across the field about 200 yards away. It had its full winter coat with a long, bushy tail floating behind it, and it moved without effort, like a leaf blowing in the wind. As I watched, I suddenly realized that there was absolutely no sound. The storm had stopped traffic; the road noise that is always in the background and you learn to tune out like elevator music was missing. There were no helicopters overhead, no chainsaws, no ATVs, no farm machines, no construction noise... nothing, except a few things that really belonged there, like the breeze rustling a dead leaf, the water flowing over a riffle in the stream, or a woodpecker tapping in the distance. My mind does strange things in such situations; I had been thinking of Haiku poems the day before, and these three lines came to me out of the air.

Child: "Grandfather,
what makes it so quiet now?"

Old man: "Nothing at all."

I don't know enough about poetry to say whether this is a haiku; it has the requisite 17 syllables in the prescribed 5-7-5 arrangement, but syllables in Japanese and English are different. But, no matter. The essential

truth is that, in our fast-paced world, times when nothing at all is making noise are a rare experience, a golden moment that may have been commoner once but we rarely experience any more. I know of nothing but snow that can make that happen.

My wife constantly reminds me of the latest horror stories about old geezers having heart attacks while shoveling snow, so when I was clearing the sidewalk I took frequent opportunities to rest. Leaning on a snow shovel in the bright sunshine with the wind blowing gently at your back and no background noise makes your mind go off on strange tangents. I can't retrace all of the steps my mind went through, but I was recalling childhood memories of snow... sled rides, my first experience driving in it, hauling hay to the barn on a horse-drawn sled... and just then came one of those golden moments when it got quiet and there was no noise of any kind. Somehow... it seemed logical at the time...

I thought of Salvador Dali. He was one of the most eccentric artists of the past century; people of my age will remember his picture in *Life* magazine, with the ends of his mustache waxed and sticking up like the horns of a Texas steer. Everyone remembers his most famous painting, a strange landscape in which several watches were laying on tables. The watches seemed to have melted, and drooped limply over the edges of the tables. He called the painting "The Persistence of Memory," which always puzzled me; maybe that's why I thought of it, there on my sidewalk daydreaming in the snow. I was thinking of why memories come back to us, and it occurred to me that perhaps in order to have a memory, time must stop in our brain and turn off the distractions that are happening around us for a brief instant. And if time did stop, wouldn't it would be perfectly



normal for watches to go limp, like letting the air out of a balloon?

I never heard that explanation of the painting, and I wished I could ask Dali if that was why he chose that title, but he has been dead 50 years or so now, so I rushed into the house and asked my wife what she thought about it. In terms of producing a fruitful discussion, that turned out to be a failure; she just shook her head with an expression of resig-

nation and went off to the kitchen to start supper. However, I think it may have piqued her curiosity; several times that evening I noticed her peering at me out of the corner of her eye when she thought I wasn't looking. Maybe time stopped in her mind too; maybe the discussion will come later. Snow does that, sometimes.

To read past editions of the *Retired Ecologist* visit the authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

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THE MASTER GARDENERS

Starting Seeds

Mary Ann Ryan - Penn State Cooperative Extension Horticulture Educator

Jim Seymour - University of MD Master Gardener of Carroll County

Snow, snow and more snow! Seems to be the theme this winter; however, spring will come, and it's time to start thinking about starting seeds. Hopefully, you've had an opportunity to look through seed catalogs and start planning, but if you didn't, that's o.k. too. Garden Centers now have seeds available, so you can visit your favorite place and spend time looking at the availability of different types and varieties. It's still not too late to buy seeds through seed catalogs either.

In my experience, the biggest mistake many gardeners make when starting seed is starting too soon. When buying seeds, be sure to look on the back of the seed packet for how much germination time the seeds need. Count back from the time that you are able to plant seedlings outside. Allow for one to two weeks of growing time after germination and you'll have your start-up date.

For example, I have a seed packet of red and yellow pear tomatoes. On the pack, it tells me that it takes 7-14 days for the seeds to germinate. In our area, you can safely plant out tomatoes by mid-May with no frost protection. Counting back two weeks for the transplants to grow and another two weeks for the seeds to germinate, I'm looking at a starting date of mid April. Knowing that problems could arise, I would give a little extra time for mistakes or possible replant, so my indoor starting time for these seeds should be early April. How often do we hear "What do I do with my tomato plants? They're getting so tall and I can't plant them out for another month!" If you time properly and not get too anxious, this mistake can be avoided.

After determining when the seeds should be started, giving the seeds the requirements they need become most important. Seeds need four things: light, water, oxygen, and heat. Getting to know your seeds makes this an easy step. Again, reading the seed packet will tell you the depth to plant the seed - this is the light requirement. Keeping the seeds evenly moist and the soil temperatures between 75°-85°F should provide just the right environment for these seeds to germinate - this is the heat requirement. The oxygen comes from the soil. Use a light soilless mixture that is formulated for seed starting. This will give your seeds and roots the air that is needed for good germination and growth.

You can purchase seed starting mix and your local garden center or through mail order.

Before planting your seeds, find out if they need any scarification or stratification before planting. Scarification refers to breaking the seed coat. This is sometimes needed for quicker germination of some plants. For

instance, morning glory and gourd seeds germinate quicker if you soften the seed coat by soaking overnight. This allows for the embryo to break through the seed coat faster. Stratification refers to the temperatures required for the seed to germinate. An example of this would be the acorn. It needs a cold period, winter, in order for the seed to break dormancy. This becomes especially important when collecting your seeds as opposed to buying of, because seed companies often stratify seeds prior to selling.

Consider the container. Seed starting supplies are available from garden centers, nurseries or mail order. There are all types of containers and the choice is often a matter of preference. Container types include peat pots, peat pellets, fiber blocks, plastic pots cell flats and trays. You could even make your own containers with newspaper, or use cardboard egg cartons. Whatever container you choose, it must provide drainage of excess water from the bottom to keep potting mix from staying too wet.

After the seeds begin to grow, they will send up what appears to be leaves. These first set of "leaves" are called cotyledons. Next to develop are the true set of leaves. The true leaves take on the identification features of the plant.

Damping off is probably the most common disease of young seedlings. It is caused by several types of fungi that attack the stem at or near the soil level. This causes a collapse of the stem, and the seedling falls over and dies. Once again, be sure to use soilless growing medium and practice careful watering to allow the surface of the medium to dry between watering. This will help reduce damping off problems.

After the true leaves appear, the seedling can be transplanted into a larger container or planted into the garden.

Reduction of temperatures and moisture or exposure to outdoor con-

ditions for a week prior to transplanting will help plants to acclimate to outdoor conditions. This process is referred to as "hardening off" transplants. This can be done simply by setting the seedlings outside in a protected area for a few days to one week, then planting them in the ground. Be sure there is no danger of frost if you are keeping them outside overnight. You could bring them inside each evening if you are hardening off the plants during the time of possible frost damage.

The time required to grow transplants to desired sizes will vary with the type of vegetable, the temperature, and the amount and quality of light. The following are approximate times required for planting seeds until transplants are ready to be planted into a garden:

- 2-3 weeks: cucumbers, muskmelon, pumpkin, squash, and watermelon.
- 5-7 weeks: tomato, head lettuce, broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower, brussel sprouts
- 6-8 weeks: eggplant, pepper.

Do not allow transplants to become too large, especially if they are grown in small containers. Tomato and pepper transplants should be about six to 8 inches tall. Cucumbers, squash, and related vine crops should be planted when the second true leaf is expanding. If plants are small, remove any flowers or fruit from plants prior to transplanting.

Now you plants are in the ground, growing, producing flowers and seeds or fruit. You're thinking about collecting seeds for next year's crop or to sharing with a friend. If you are collecting seeds from hybrid vegetables or flowers, and you're hoping for the same hybrid that you grew this year, don't bother. Hybrid plants are produced by crossing the same two parent plants. Without this step, your seedlings will not develop into the hybrid it was collected from.

Plants will cross-pollinate, pulling genes from both parent plants to produce something different than



You can use any type of container, as long as you provide drainage



If saving your seeds from one year to another, test first to see if they are viable

the original parent plant. Insects, wind, or other pollinators will transport pollen from one plant to another plant of two different hybrids or varieties. This is often noticed in tomatoes and squash.

If you are truly looking at collecting seeds, be sure they are collected from open-pollinated plants. Open-pollinated plants have proven to be true to the parent plant. This is why collected seed from heirloom plants are the same as the parent plant. These are open-pollinated.

When collecting seeds, allow the fruit to ripen completely on the plant before picking the vegetable. Harvest the fruit when completely ripened, and separate seeds from the pulp as best you can. Then allow the seeds to dry completely. Store the seeds in a cool, dry place. Your refrigerator is a good place, as long as you don't store apples in it. Apples give off a gas that can cause the seeds to not be viable.

In late winter, you may want to check the viability of the seeds. This is done by counting out ten seeds, planting them, and observing what percentage has germinated. Then

you will know what to expect from the seeds you've collected, and you'll be ready to go again in the spring!

On your mark....Get set....GROW!

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

So you want to be a Purple Martin Landlord?

Rusty Ryan

Did you know that martins in eastern North America nest exclusively in bird houses (human supplied housing) or that one million households in North America provide housing for martins?

Over the past 10 years, numerous persons have asked me about "my colony" of martins. Some of these folks have been trying to establish their own colony but with little success.

It is hoped that this article will provide useful information as to what I've done or learned to be a lucky and so far successful landlord to these unique feathered tenants.

General information: The Purple Martin is the country's largest member of the swallow family. Martins are about the size of a Red -Winged Blackbird. Only the adult male sports the purple/black plumage. The martin can be found throughout the eastern half of the U.S. Martins feed primarily on flying insects.

The martin is a neo-tropical migrant. This means they breed in North America but migrate to warmer climates for the non-breeding season. Martins winter mostly in the country of Brazil. This annual migration ends up being about a 10,000 mile round-trip flight. Not bad for a bird that weighs a mere 2 ounces.

The first martins (scouts) generally arrive at my property about the third week of March. They are my harbinger of spring. The birds of my colony usually have left me by mid-August.

The establishment of my colony

My wife and I built our home on our Fairfield property back in 1997. The first several years I tried to attract breeding martins but with no success. I used an aluminum-housing complex, which I thought was erected in the correct location on the property. I

had martins visit but no successful nesting.

A local martin landlord (see mentoring program on web site) gave me some advice about placement. It was his opinion that my housing was too near my non-manicured lawn. I extended my mowing but still no luck.

The next season I purchased some plastic decoys and a cd. The cd consists of recordings of martins performing certain vocalizations. These vocalizations are basically those of happy martins letting other martins know that my place is good to raise young. I fastened the decoys and proceeded to play the CD an hour before dawn. My wife thought I was crazy but after a few days, I noticed martins. Since then, I've had an established colony. As a footnote, for the past several seasons, my youngest daughter and I have had a friendly competition as to who is the first to locate the first martin.

Some simplified tips for attracting "America's Most Wanted Bird" I often joke that I practically provide everything for the martin except genetics.

Location, Location, Location!

When it comes to attracting martins, it's all about location. If you ever watch martins, you will quickly understand their aerial space requirements. Martins require open space for flight in and out of nesting area. Martins need to be in close proximity (30'-120') to occupied human housing. Martins are people birds. To establish a new colony, the housing should also be a good 50' from trees and the areas surrounding the pole should be more or less clear of obstacles such as landscaping. Your odds are made even better by being near open water and/or near an established colony.

Housing/nesting

There are basically three types of housing: Gourds, (natural or plas-

tic), aluminum boxes or wood boxes. My choice is exclusively gourds. About 2/3 are plastic and 1/3 are natural. Trivia: Prior to the arrival of Europeans, our Native Americans were hanging empty gourds for the martins. The height of the housing should be between 12'-20'. The housing should also be manageable which means the pole should be telescoping so that the housing can be lowered for easy access to nests. All housing should be light in color.

Supplemental stuff

Food - There are times when a landlord may need to provide food because of a cold spell. There are several ways to provide the food. I've chosen to erect a separate feeding station with several shallow plates. Martins will readily eat crickets, mealworms and even scrambled eggs. I also provide crushed oyster shells, which they need for calcium and grit.

I also line each gourd with some fine grasses or pine needles. This action provides comfort during that dreaded cold spell when flying insects are grounded.

Predators

The worse thing that could happen to a landlord and their colony is predation! A bad experience is enough to have that colony never return. A good landlord must monitor the colony and take immediate action. Obviously being proactive is better than being reactive. The most common predators are House Sparrows, Starlings, Black Rat snakes and Owls/Hawks.

I have twice experienced Black Rat snakes at my colony. I still don't know how they got up the metal poles but they did. Last year I applied Vaseline on the bottom 3 foot of pole and that seemed to work.

Tape and Decoy

If you have the right habitat and still no success do what many others and I have done and utilize the



playing of the "dawn song" recordings and use decoys.

Why Martins? Because they need humans and we need them if only for the pleasure and stress relief they provide. They are fun to listen to and even more fun to watch their aerial display and going about the job of raising their young. Not many wild birds can provide humans with such close-up activity.

So if you have the right property and you wish to become a martin landlord, check out the web sites and move forward with the tons of advice given. You still have time!

As per my last trip to the Purple Martin Society web site, the scouts have arrived in each of the states bordering the gulf coast. The scouts should arrive in this area around Easter. The sub-adults that the new landlord is hoping to attract usually arrive 4-6 weeks later.

Believe me when I say you won't regret being a landlord once you've been successful in establishing your own colony.

I hope you've learned some basics about Purple Martins. In my next article, I hope to provide guidance on attracting the Eastern Bluebird.

While not all property owners have the appropriate habitat requirements to successfully establish a colony, if you're looking to give it a try, here are some helpful websites that you can go to for more information:

- www.purplemartins.org
- www.purplemartin.org
- www.chuckspurplemartinpage.com
- www.naturesociety.org/

Russell Ryan is the Conservation Chairperson of the South Mountain Chapter of the National Audubon Society (and husband of

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

The perils of a barn cat

Linda Knox

Little Bo ate his supper and then ran off to play on the far side of the barnyard. One night as I looked to see whether he was into his usual antics, I thought I saw an extra furry form scurry behind the bales placed in the barnyard. Just one kitten flying across the open space and back below the trough? Strange I thought, but at the time I didn't dwell on the possibility. My mind was on Albert Doodle.

Every now and then a special cat emerges from among the general barn population—a cat that is unique and stands out in every way. Such a cat was Albert Doodle. He was a beautiful grey tabby with dark stripes, white feet, and white markings on his face extending down his nose and over his neck.

From the time of his kitten hood Al-

bert Doodle trusted more than the ordinary barn cat that his keeper would provide for him and chose to eat in a spot near the beginning of the food distribution line. With him came a less confident tortoiseshell sharing the same plate. After eating their portions of food, they retreated to the tractor mower, washed paws and face, and sat in a cozy spot at the base of a small stack of hay bales. As I left the barn, I would see one at the base of the mower and one nearby in the loose straw by the bales. After each had gotten short drink they carefully washed again and appeared to settle down.

Little Dorie worried me because she usually appeared to have a cold; yet it didn't affect Albert Doodle. I worried about her simply because she didn't get any closer to me than necessary; most of the time staying behind Albert Doodle. Even after I decided to lure Albert Doodle

into a carrier to eat, Dorie stayed as close as she possibly could.

After the neutering of Albert Doodle I believed that I had accomplished my goal. Unfortunately an unexpected turn of events followed.

There had come into the group a "Bully Cat" that picked on Albert Doodle after the feeding time each evening. He continued his practice of growling and attacking every night. The feud occurred until I could stand no more. One evening when Albert Doodle had taken refuge under the mower as Bully Cat kept advancing and swearing with ear-wrenching cat curses, I hurried over and yelled, "Stop picking on my Albert Doodle." The two ran in different directions, but it was my Albert Doodle who was not seen for several days.

Never in all the years I have had barn cats have I seen an "alpha cat"



torment and bother a cat that had been neutered or spayed. This one drove away a female and she finally returned after several months.

Albert Doodle stopped coming around altogether after a few evenings that stirred hope in my puzzled brain. The message has become clear: the barn is not a safe haven.

So, I now return to the case of Little Chenille. Because she resembled a ragmop sweeping across the barnyard that late summer kitten became known as "Little Chenille." Gradually she chose a place to be served dinner as I called out

"Who's here for snack?" and ate only after she stretched and received special attention.

Little Chenille, pictured above, is an adorable little tabby that seeks attention and has her own unique "catonality". She needs a home where she is safe from the perils of life in the country. She needs a protected place where she doesn't have to look over her shoulder as delicately eats her meals.

Do you know someone who would want to adopt such an appealing little creature? She is spayed and up to date on all her shots!

Seasonal challenges

Dr. Kim Brokaw, DVM

Winter poses its challenges. I certainly am not a fan of standing out in frigid temperatures in the middle of a field while treating a horse. Even taking care of my own horses and dumping frozen water troughs gets less and less pleasant as the temperature drops. Every morning I find myself putting on enough layers of clothing that I look like the Michelin man. My parents have found that toe warmers and wool socks are always welcome gifts as I go through them so rapidly.

For a few days after the second huge snowstorm this year, the vet clinic was closed for regular appointments yet we remained open for large animal emergencies. A couple feet of snow were on the ground, and there were five foot drifts on parts of the clinic driveway, but my Ford Explorer had already been dug out. As the snow shoveling had already been done (albeit, not by me), it left me time to pursue my other hobby, cooking.

Over the past few days I had time to make chocolate almond soufflés, penne with sausage and tomato, banana bread, cookies, sausage lentil stew, and molasses bread. I was contemplating my next cooking endeavor while looking through the cupboards to see what ingredients I had, when the pager went off. It was a sick cow.

The owner reassured me that their street and driveway were plowed out well enough for the milk trucks to get to them, so I shouldn't have any trouble at all. I had no problems getting to the farm. It was cold—about 20 degrees—and during the entire drive to the farm I was crossing my fingers that the cow had not twist-

ed her stomach because abdominal surgery in this kind of weather would be very unpleasant.

A quick physical exam revealed a dehydrated and ketotic cow but luckily no stomach twist. I got a bucket of hot water and put a bottle of dextrose and bottle of electrolytes in the bucket. I like to heat up the IV fluids for the cows before giving it to them because the thought of cold fluids running into my veins seems objectionable unpleasant, so I assume it would be similarly unpleasant for a cow. I placed the IV in, but my hands were cold so the IV came out of the vein while my cold, partially numb, hands were trying to hook up the fluids.

I warmed my hands in the bucket of water and then tried again. Success! I hooked up the

fluids and, standing like the Statue of Liberty while holding up the fluid bottle, started them running into the cow. After a few minutes of standing there, the chill returned to my hands and toes. Well, it could be worse. Winter has its discomforts, but at least there aren't any maggots.

Maggots have received some attention in human medicine for their health benefits. Maggot debridement therapy involves the intentional introduction of live, disinfected maggots into a non-healing skin and soft tissue wound for the purpose of selectively cleaning out the necrotic tissue. However, in my cases, the maggots are not introduced intentionally but rather are the result of summertime flies laying eggs on

an open wound. The dead tissue provides an environment in which the maggots flourish.

While the first few days of a maggot infestation are arguably of benefit to the animal, their continued presence does not contribute favorably to the pet's recovery. The maggots stimulate an antigenic response and slow the healing of the wounds.

I see maggot infestation mostly in pets confined to the outdoors with situations in which their skin remains moist. This includes pets with draining wounds, urine or fecal stained hair coats, or bacterial skin infections. Sustained skin moisture can cause damage, inflammation and infection, setting up a favorable environment for maggots. This applies especially to weak and debilitated pets. If owners clip the heavy coats of dogs who are left out full time in the summertime, or clip any ar-

reas of fur that tend to stay moist, they can generally prevent maggots. I can spin several yarns on maggots, but will save them (and your stomach) for a later article.

As we all sit around complaining about winter, and idealizing summer, we need to remember that each season of year has certain medical problems associated with it, even summertime is not perfect. When I think about maggots, warbles, and all the other crawlies, I start to almost enjoy our wind, cold, snow, and ice covered ground.

Editor's Note: Kim Brokaw applies her talents and love of animals at the Walkersville Veterinary Clinic.

Have a pet story you would like to share? If so, send it to use at editor@emmitsburg.com

For more stories on pets visit Emmitzburg.net

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CIVIL WAR DIARY

Captain Albert Hunter, a true leader

John A. Miller
Emmitsburg Historical Society
Civil War Historian

Leadership in both the Union and Confederate armies was very crucial. Generals and colonels as well as captains in some cases, were appointed by military officials while many company level officers and non-commissioned officers in a regiment were voted into their positions by the men of their company. There are many instances of company rosters that reflect a man who was a private in 1861 and was then promoted to officer status; and yet, I have also seen in a few instances where an officer was demoted to a private.

An officer is someone who led by authority and someone who had the trust of his men. Take into consideration Captain Albert Hunter of Company "C" of Cole's Cavalry.

Captain Hunter was born on his family farm just east of Middle Creek on old Harney Road. He enlisted as a bugler; a few months later he was commissioned as second lieutenant, and by 1862 he was promoted to a captain.

After the war, Albert Hunter recalled when he was promoted from 2nd bugler to lieutenant:

"After being in a camp of instruction at Frederick, Md., until about the middle of December, 1861, we were put on duty. I enlisted with the understanding that I was to be 2nd Bugler. I was extremely fond of the Drill. All of us were green in that line; I had taken lessons in Gettysburg from other soldiers there. We created a sensation, as it was new and rather fantastic: movements quick and difficult. Our lady visitors were delighted with maneuvers, and I had as many interested spectators as the Dress parades, but this was not cavalry drill. I spent my leisure time reading the tactics on cavalry drill; I soon mastered the initial maneuvers, and although it was

not a part of my duty, I would drill a squad of the new recruits, after regular drill, in cavalry on foot. (We did not have horses yet)."

"Our 1st Lieut. John Motter Annan was accidentally shot through the head and killed by his best friend, J. Wallace Moring of Emmitsburg. Our brigade was allowed to select their own commissioned officers by ballot. After the death of Lt. Annan, an election was held in our company to fill the vacancy. My having been successful in giving instructions in drill made me a prominent candidate, even before Lt. Annan was buried. I felt grieved and compelled by friends to wait. To tell it all, I only wanted to be a soldier; office had no allurements for me, and perhaps I would have refused positively to stand, but a majority of our company insisted that I must, and the other candidates, eight in number, combined, and one or two of them misrepresented me."

"As 'opposition is the life of trade' was the opposition I had, I set my blood to win, and I did. I took the plan of gaining votes by refraining and restraining all manner of vituperation. But with all I could do, we still had a long and hot fight. A majority of the whole company was required to elect, and although I got a majority of all the votes cast every time, I was not elected until nine or ten ballots were had because 10 to 15 of our men, who were off on detached duty, and could not vote."

Private Joseph Wible of Gettysburg served in the same company that Albert Hunter was in. He recalled the difficulties involved with electing a new second lieutenant. He wrote on November 18, 1861: "This evening after dress parade we balloted for First Lieutenant but were not successful in choosing one." He again wrote on November 19th, "We balloted for First Lieutenant today and elected a Second Lt. Morrison for our first Lieutenant, after

which we balloted for a Second Lieutenant. But, after several unsuccessful attempts we gave it up for another day. Hunter ran six ahead of Walker, having thirty-eight to Walker's thirty-two, it requiring 45 to elect."

Still without a second lieutenant, the men of Company C again attempted to fill the vacant slot. Private Joseph Wible on November 23rd wrote: "We had two trails today at electing a Second Lieutenant but were not successful in either ballot. In the first ballot, Hunter received 41 votes to Walker's 34 and the second Hunter 43 and Walker 32, after which the election was postponed until the week following."

On November 26th, Albert Hunter was officially elected as second lieutenant. Private Joseph Wible again recorded in his diary that day, "We succeeded this morning in electing Hunter our Second Lieutenant. Hunter received 49 votes and he has now entered upon his duties with good wishes of the company."

Albert Hunter later wrote: "I can conscientiously say that shoulder straps did not change my feeling toward the privates, and I feel sure that whatever else they may charge me with, there is not one who would say anything else. They were welcomed in my tent at all times. Their wants were duly attended to, as far as the rules and regulations would allow, their complaints adjusted as near as I could judge demanded. A hundred men as soldiers become children. The officers are looked to much as children look to their parents, and it is only right, for they have no other way to get what they want or need."

In June of 1862 nearly eight months after being elected as second lieutenant, Albert Hunter was promoted to Captain of the company.

"In June 1862, on account of infirmity and old age, Captain John Horner tendered his resignation. Col. Miles was commanding with headquarters at Harper's Ferry. When

we received the Captain's resignation, he sent for me and told me that I must notify our 1st Lt. Morrison. He wanted his resignation too and told me he would never make him captain and that if he would not resign, he would have him dismissed. I told Morrison about it, and he was very angry; he swore that he would see Miles about it. I knew that he never would and advised him to save his reputation. He got me to write his resignation and told me he would hand it in. I pitied him. He was a good fellow, but awfully ignorant, and utterly unfit to perform the clerical duties of an officer. And he knew a hundred fifty dollar per month job was too good to be carelessly thrown away, so he put the resignation in his pocket."

"I met Col. Miles a few days afterward, and when he asked me why Lt. Morrison did not send in his resignation I told him I had written it for him and that he told me he had. He said it had not come and that he would have him dismissed. I hurried to Morrison and advised him to save his reputation. Finally he agreed to hand it in and in a few days the captain's and his were accepted and I got my commission for Captain."

In February of 1864, during the re-enlistments of Cole's Cavalry Battalion, enough men re-enlisted and new recruits came in, making the battalion a full-sized regiment. During the reorganization of Cole's Cavalry, Albert Hunter exposed a criminal ring within the command structure of Cole's Cavalry. This is what ultimately led to Albert Hunter resigning his commission. Albert Hunter recalled: "In the promotions battalion, officers were ignored. Seniority was nowhere; bribery was freely charged and more than likely true."

"I was a senior Captain, and I got nothing at all. The fourth Captain was made Lieutenant Colonel. But Orderly Sergeant Oliver A. Horner was made Adjutant and afterwards made a Major. Civilians in Baltimore



Captain Albert Hunter

were made Majors. One was an English fool who knew no more of military or a Major's duty than a dog does preaching, and was a coward to boot, and thus it went all along the line."

"My company was a good one, the most of its members were my acquaintances and friends. I loved them and think I can safely say, without egotism, that they respected me all that any Captain could ask. But I must acknowledge that a feeling of dislike grew on me during the summer, that reopened into a determination to quit the service in September when the three years were up, which I did."

"But strange to say, that after a month, civil life became so anonymous and dry I could not stand it. I determined to go back to service. Of course no commission was waiting for me, and I had to list as a private. I chose old company "B" knowing it would not be the proper for me [to reenlist in Company C]."

And as some would say: so goes the war. Through the corruption of officers and enlisted men alike, the true leaders would shine through.

To read Captain Hunter's full personal account of the war between the states visit the Historical Society Section of Emmitsburg.net.

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MY HEART IS IN EMMITSBURG

Paradise or parking lot?

Donna M. Sterner

I sat here on Thursday, February 11th, and watched giant snowflakes fall softly from the sky. It was like the angels were having a pillow fight in heaven, and we were being hit with the fallout. Oh, I know the East Coast has been clobbered with snow in recent weeks and most of its residents don't want to hear about snow. But I have been in Dallas, TX for nearly 22 years and, in all of that time, I have never been able to have a good snowball fight or build a decent snowman.

When I was growing up I longed for big city lights with taxicabs and subways. I dreamed of fine restaurants where folks sipped champagne and nibbled at toast points dripping with caviar. Emmitsburg was a little one horse town. Its claim fame was the burial place of Mother Seton, the Grotto, Mt. St. Mary's and, later, the National Fire Academy. I was destined for greater things.

I vacuumed the house and dusted and got a whopping \$5 a week. I put some in savings at Farmer's and Mechanics Bank on the square. I bought comic books at Carter's Drug Store and Crouse's On the Square. At holiday time I always had a Christmas Club account at the aforementioned bank so I could buy gifts for my family. We had a color TV bought from Matthew Appliance Store on West Main Street. But, like most kids, I whined because there was nothing exciting to do. Oh, sure, there was the Mother Seton School Bazaar and the spring and Christmas Bazaars at Elias Lutheran Church.

Behind my house there were boulders that would become castles or forts, depending on which way the imagination wandered. There were monkey vines that could turn any kid into Tarzan or Sheena. But there was nothing to DO! Patty Lane on "The Patty Duke Show" led such an exciting albeit disaster-fraught life. And I had nothing to do. I bought the latest 45 records and albums from Gene Myers shop on East Main Street, right down the street from my grandmother's house.

We had an annual Halloween Parade, but I outgrew that. Maybe what I needed all along was to listen to Judy Garland in my favorite movie say "there's no place like home," or gain infinite wisdom from Judy Collin's song, "Big Yellow Taxi." I bought the 45,

for goodness sake! I sang along to it all the time. "Don't it always seem to go that you don't know what you've got til it's gone? They paved paradise and put up a parking lot."

So now I was sitting in a big city watching snow fall and realized that I miss that little one horse town where everybody knew everybody and said "hi" when they passed on the street. Skyscrapers and bright lights block the nighttime sky with its soft spray of stars twinkling like diamonds on a deep blue jeweler's cloth made of the softest velvet.

I have my taxicabs and subway and city busses that belch out clouds of black diesel exhaust who cut you off and give you a one fingered salute like it was your fault. I am surrounded by 5 star hotels and restaurants but would be just as happy with a good old cold cut hoagie and onion rings from Corney's Corner. Who needs fish eggs anyway? And champagne is overrated.

There are no fireman's carnivals here with cheap bingo played with corn kernels on wooden benches that surround prizes to make a child gasp with wonder while the air is redolent with the smell of grease and French fries. Here I can go to the State Fair of Texas... that is, if I could afford it. The admission and rides are outrageous; prizes are cheap and the booths are rigged. And when you come out with a stuffed teddy bear that cost you a week's salary to win, you car might not be where you left it because it was towed or stolen.

The words are interchangeable. Yes, there is the heavy smell of grease because every year they have a contest to see who could deep fry the weirdest stuff. Don't get me wrong...I like a good corn dog, and bacon on a stick sounds interesting. Like Emeril says, pork fat rules. But let's be serious...just who wants to eat fried butter?

I got my snowball fight and my 28 year old son had a ball making 2 snowmen. We got nearly 12 inches, a record for Dallas. It took me 51 years to realize I left paradise for a parking lot and simple things are the best of all. So when this snow melts away and my son's snowmen are nothing but puddles, I will revert to my second childhood and whine..."there's nothing to do!"

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



The Square in Emmitsburg after the Palm Sunday Blizzard of 1942

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HISTORY

The founding of Emmitsburg, March 5, 1785

In 1880, Samuel Motter, the editor of the Emmitsburg Chronicle published the first known written account of the founding of Emmitsburg, to wit:

"In the year 1786 the male inhabitants of the village and vicinity assembled at Hockensmith's tavern, only one and a half miles from town, now the home of Mr. David Gillelan, to deliberate concerning a change of name [of the town]. Hon. John McGurgran having been called to preside, proposed to change the name from 'Poplar Fields' to 'Emmitsburg,' after William Emmit, Esq., one of the largest land holders in the District. All present threw up their hats, clapped their hands and hurrahed for Emmitsburg. The company had quite a merry time; drank to the health of the newly baptized town, and returned home full of sanguine expressions of the rapid growth of the infant settlement."

Unfortunately, we have no written first hand account of this meeting to substantiate Motter's version of the meeting, but with a few minor exceptions, we have no reason to doubt the veracity of his history.

In 1880, when Motter put together his account of the founding of Emmitsburg, he did so without the benefit of modern technology that allows historians and Historical Societies to access and correlate vast archives of documents with simple clicks of a mouse. Instead, Motter had to rely upon knowledge passed down from generation to generation.

Like the old children's game "Whisper Down the Lane" in which a message is passed along to each person through a whisper usually ending up muddled and unclear by the time it gets to the last person, facts behind Emmitsburg's founding slowly changed as it was passed down from one generation to another.

But in spite of the all the difficulties he faced in weeding out facts from folklore, Samuel Motter did a respectful job in portraying the history of Emmitsburg's founding. So with a tip of our hat to Samuel Motter, let's pick up our story where we left off last month, and hopefully by the end of this article, you'll see why Motter's versions was as correct as one could make it at the time.

Signing of the Articles of Agreement

As noted above, according to Samuel Motter, the male inhabitants of the vicinity assembled at Hockensmith's tavern to deliberate concerning a change of name of the town from 'Poplar Fields' to 'Emmitsburg.'

While there is no official record of this meeting, or its whereabouts, we do know it took place on March 5, 1785.

In the deed in which Samuel Emmit conveying 35 acres to his son for William "where the lots of a new town Called Emmitsburg' are laid out,' Samuel Emmit specially mentions a meeting in which 'Articles of Agreement' were made with 'Purchasers' on that date.

While no known copy of the 'Articles of Agreement' exists, one can infer from the body of text in the 1785 deed that the Articles were related to an agreement between the Emmits' and their neighbors for the Emmits' to lay out lots which were to form the basis for a new town, and a commitment to purchase those lots by the signers of the Article of Agreement.

While we have no idea where the meeting actually took place, given that most community meetings in the late 1700s took place at local gathering points, such as taverns or churches, meeting at the only known tavern in the Tom's Creek Hundred, which just also happened to be within waking distance from Samuel Emmit's house, makes Hockensmith's tavern the mostly likely sport. So let's chalk that one up for Motter's version.

Choosing the name for the new town

Another item we can tick off in favor of Motter's version, is the notion that the meeting included a discussion of what the name of the town should be. As noted in last month's article, the area chosen by the Emmits to lay out their town was called 'Poplar Fields.' The name referred to a geographic area, much like today where the ridge north of Emmitsburg is referred to as 'Popular Ridge.'

In selecting the name of the new town, it is easy to assume that the geographical name - 'Popular Fields' - would have been one of those offered up for considerations. But in the tradition of the time, the assembly's de-



Depiction of the signing of the Letters of Agreement in Hockensmith's Tavern, March 5th, 1785 painted on the front of the Jubilee Foods supermarket.

cision was to name the town after the owner of the land upon which the town would be built, in this case, the Emmits.

While we'll never know for sure what really happened at the March meeting, what we do know is that in August, five months after the March meeting, the lots for the new town had been laid out and the town had been given its name - Emmitsburg.

A pre-existing village?

What Motter did get wrong in his version, was the notion that there was a pre-existing village that predated the founding of the new town. No record exists anywhere to support this claim. To the contrary, a close reading of each of the deeds from Samuel Emmit to his son clearly proves that the town was 'new,' not an expansion of an existing village.

That said, Samuel Motter may very well have had in mind the Tom's Creek Hundred Community when he was referring to inhabitants of the village. A vast majority of those that would take ownership of lots in the new town were members of the Toms Creek Hundred at the time of the signing of the Articles of Agree-

ment, so this confusion looking back through 100 years of history is understandable.

What we do know for certain, however, is that there were no existing structures on the land chosen for the new town. In the deed transferring the land for the new town from his son, Samuel Emmit makes no note of any existing structure, improvement, or settlement, a standard entry on deeds at the time had structures existed.

All deeds of all the houses in the original plat of Emmitsburg date to the 1785 deed. No deed pre-dates that time period. Each original purchaser of a lot in the new town was required to build: "One snug house not less than 16 square feet, and two stories high, with a good bring or stone chimney."

Had houses existed, there would not have been this requirement, or at least one deed would exist without this requirement, but there is no exception - every buyer of a lot was required to build a house.

A note dated June 21, 1821 for Rev. Simon Gabriel Brute, who assisted Rev. John Dubois in establishing Mount St. Mary's College and Seminary, supports the legal records

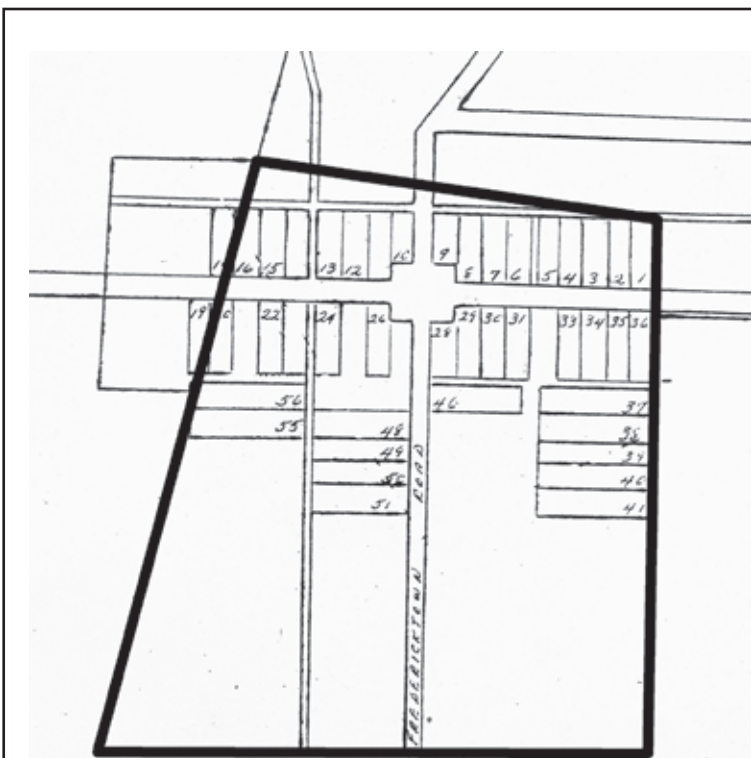
that the land chosen by the Emmits' for their town was virgin woods. In his note, Rev Brute describes Emmitsburg in 1786 as: "... a wood ..."

In a later note Rev. Brute states: 'Mrs. Hughes told me that she thinks it was about 1786 that she came on the spot of the present town then a complete wood cleared some ground and built the first house ever built ... there was indeed no street, no road to Frederick or any other place - a mere wood - "I see yet as it were, she said, all the big trees that stood all here around that small house.'"

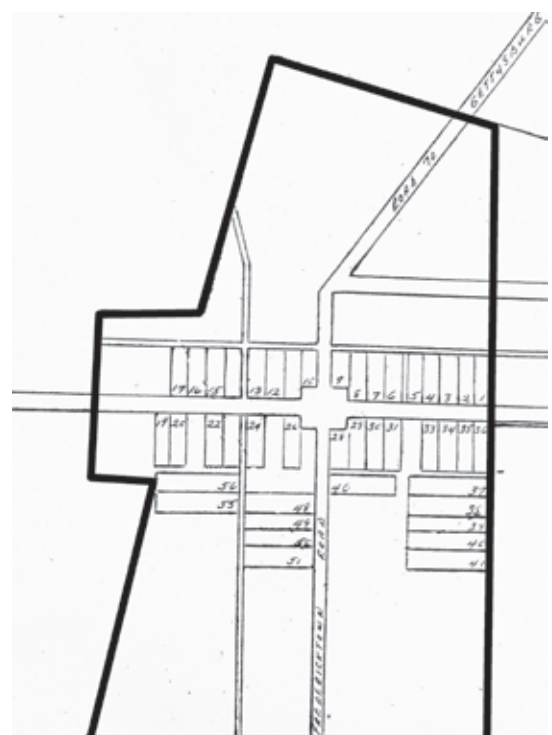
As the Hughes were one of first families to purchase a lot in the new town, their first hand description of the nature of the land is the best evidence, supports the plethora of legal document that quash any suggestion of a pre-existing village on the spot chosen for Emmitsburg.

Founded in 1785 or 1786?

Samuel Motter's date of 1786 for the meeting at Hockensmith's tavern is wrong. As noted above, the date of the meeting of the signing of the Articles of Agreement was March 5, 1785. And given that the 1785 deed also refers to the new town by the name



The original 1785 boundaries of Emmitsburg only encompassed the area around the present day town square down to Willow Run next to the post office.



In 1786 the boundaries were expanded West along what is now Main Street and North, toward Northgate to allow for more houses.

HISTORY

Emmitsburg, the town clearly had its name by 1785.

While Samuel Emmit transferred the land to his son in 1785, the first deeds for lots were not signed until December of 1785. The vast majority of the lots for the town were not signed until 1786, with actual construction of houses within the new town limits not beginning until the spring in 1786.

When one takes into account that a majority of the original town laid out by the Emmits was burnt to the ground in the fire of 1863, resulting in an untold loss of documentation, and the fact that Motter was dependent upon information from descendants of the original settlers, the fact he missed the actual founding date by only 1 year is impressive.

As most of the lots sold in 1785 were in the 'burnt' section of town, the deeds he did have access to were mostly lots sold in 1786. So the error is fully understandable.

Again, one has to appreciate the task before Motter. Unlike today where one can log into the internet and download all the deeds related to the founding of Emmitsburg, in Motter's day, looking up the original deeds from Samuel Emmit to his son would have involved a two day trip to Frederick and a painstaking meticulous search through paper files. So we give him a lot of credit for what he did with what little he had.

We have no doubt that Motter's research directly contributed to the decision of the community to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the founding of the town in 1886.

The accounts of the centennial celebration, which was held in a field just outside of town on what is now North Seton Ave., was subsequently reported in numerous newspapers from around the state, such as the July 13th entry from the Gettysburg Compiler.

"Saturday week Emmitsburg celebrated its centennial in a lively manner. There was a firemen's parade in the morning by the home company and similar organizations from Littlestown, Westminster

and other places. There were half a dozen bands of music. In the afternoon a great multitude of people assembled in a grove near by and addresses were made by Capt. Joseph McSherry, of Frederick, and Eugene J. Rowe, Esq, of Emmitsburg. The festivities closed with brilliant fireworks and a cotillion party in the evening. Many houses were beautifully decorated with bunting and evergreens."

But that said, March 5, 1785, the date of the signing of the Articles of Agreement, is a more accurate date for celebrating the founding of the town of Emmitsburg.

While Samuel Motter for the most part, got the history of the founding of the town right, what he failed to record was the fact that William Emmit had a dickens of a time getting his new town off the ground. And that's where the story of the founding of Emmitsburg really gets interesting!

The Boundaries of Emmitsburg

As noted in the first article in the series, land surveying techniques of the 1700s left much to be desired. With sometime up to 3 degrees of error in each line of a property, property lines could easily be off by hundreds, or even thousands of feet. Such was the case of Samuel Emmit's deed.

While well never know why the Emmits chose the spot they did for their new town, it would be reasonable to assume that its isolated location, away from other properties with potentially overlapping claims, played a role in its selection. In a subsequent deed made to correct the boundary errors in the first deed, Samuel Emmit even specifically noted that land selected was not 'bounded,' meaning that he believed he held all adjacent land and could expand the deed boundaries as he needed.

On August 12, 1785, Samuel Emmit deeded 35 acres to his son William 'wherein the lots of the new town of Emmitsburg were laid out.'

By these words, it is clear that in the five months between March 5 and August 12, the Emmits busied them-

selves with the task of measuring and marking out the lots, roads, and alleys of the future town. The deed granted to William by his father was an outline of these. The town was laid out East to west along the great road leading to Baltimore, and to the south, along a lane that led to William Emmit's mill on Tom Creek.

As late as 1797, the road now called South Seton Ave, ended at William Emmit's mill on Toms Creek. It would be sometime in the early 1800s before the road would be extended to meet up with the road to Frederick, at which time it was christened Frederick Street.

The boundaries of the land given to William by his father in 1785 were rectangular in nature, bearing little resemblance to the town we know today. What is of most interest in this deed is the fact that the Emmits believed that the deeded land bordered what they believed was their northern property line.

In 1786, William Emmit discovered that the 1785 deed did not in fact border their northern property line. So William obtained a revised deed for 55 acres that included the land to the north. By the time of the 1786 deed, building of the town had begun in earnest, a fact noted in the deed by the words: 'For the use of a town which was began on said small parcel of land.'

In 1787, William Emmit had his father draw up a new deed to once again correct errors in property lines and to enlarge the area of the town eastwards along the northern property lines. This last deed expanded William's town to 80 acres.

Unfortunately for William Emmit, what his father thought was the northern boundary of this property was not.

As the community grew, the influx of new settlers brought an exodus of old settlers. As property changed hands, the demand for better definition of property lines by the new property owners brought to light errors in the boundaries of the Emmit's land.

The Commission of 1797

In 1797 a commission was established to settle once and for all the actual boundaries of Carrolsburg, the title of the land owned by Samuel Emmit. Much to the dismay of William Emmit, the commission found that the northern boundary, below which the town was laid out, in fact ran right down the middle of the town. More than 60% of the lots William Emmit had sold for his town actually lay on land owed by others. And that was only the beginning of William's problems!

In 1742 Daniel Dulany, the founder of Frederick, had purchased 100 acres of land which he called Silver Fancy. Unfortunately as can be seen in the mapped entitled Silver Fancy, more than half of Emmitsburg lay on the Delaney property, not on land owned by the Emmits!

It would not be until 1797, 12 years after the founding of Emmitsburg, that William Emmit would obtain control of Silver Fancy. The purchase cost him dearly, but in doing so, he was able to finally obtain clear title to all the lots he had sold that the owners of Silver Fancy could have also claimed had they chosen to press their rights in court.

In that same year, the commission established to set the boundaries of Carrolsburg worked out a deal with all remaining adjoining property owners to settle their overlapping land claims. As part of this settlement, William had to go back and re-issue new titles to all the lots in question.

In the tradition of the time, each deed for these new lots referred to the current name for the land as well as its prior name, such as "lying in the town of Emmitsburg, formally known as Silver Fancy."

In an effort to stem the confusion that resulted from this declaration, in 1808, the courts directed that any lot sold in what once was Silver Fancy drops the reference to Emmitsburg and simply have it noted that the lot was from Silver Fancy. This resulted in even more confusion, and eventually led to the later day misconception that there was a town prior to Emmitsburg called Silver Fancy.

The remainder of William Em-

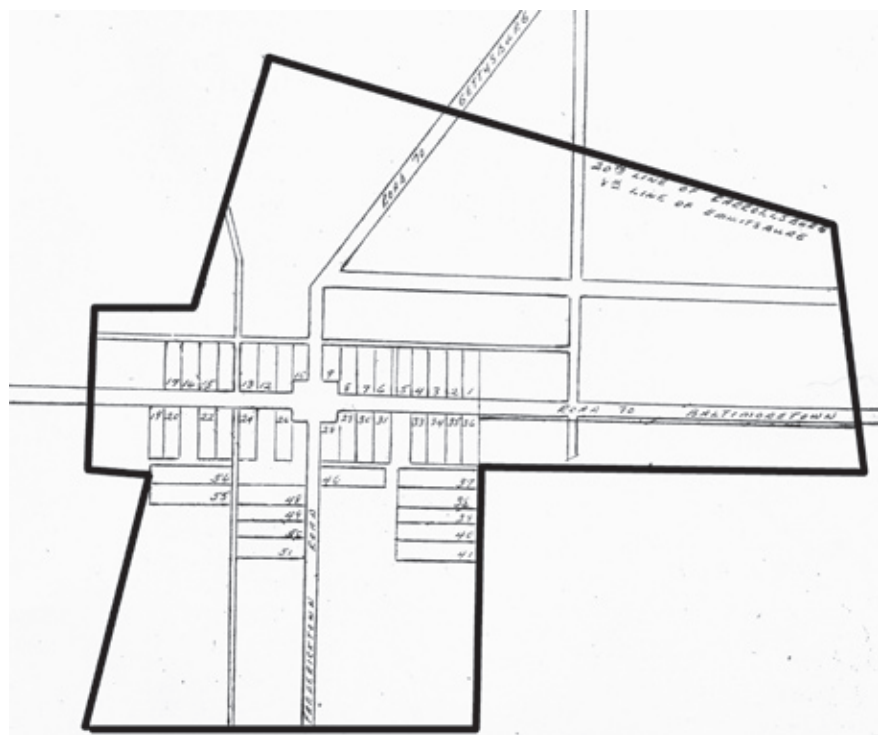


100th anniversary celebration flyer from the 1886 Emmitsburg Chronicle

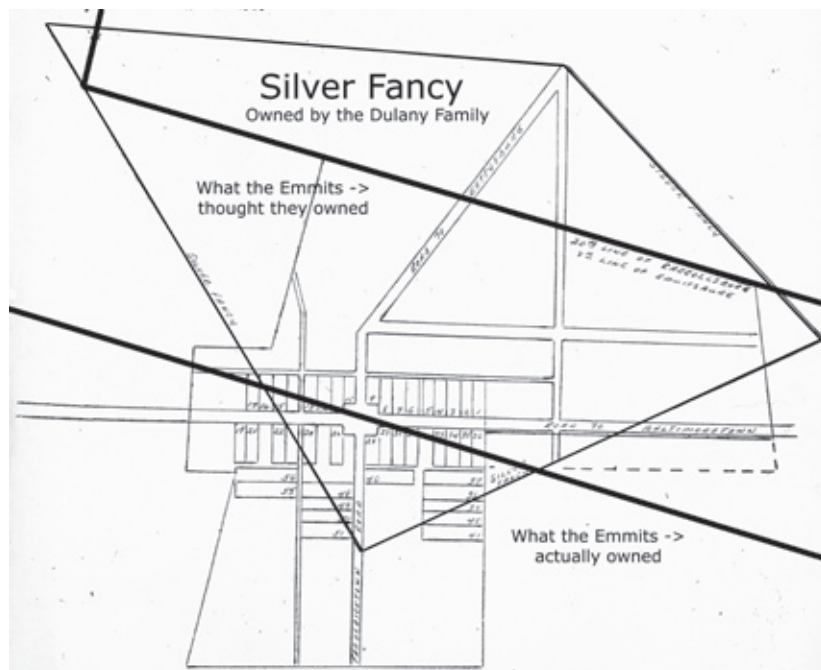
mit's life was consumed with addressing legal issues related to property titles of land he had erroneously sold as being his own, but which in fact belonged to others. It was an honest mistake to be sure. The fact that the town grew and prospered in spite of these legal obstacles is a credit to his skills and vigorousness of those who called the new town of Emmitsburg home.

A hardy well done to William Emmit for setting up the town, and to Samuel Motter for saving for prosperity the history of William's efforts.

To learn more about the founding of Emmitsburg, visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net



In 1787 the boundaries were expanded East along what is now Main street toward Flat Run to allow for even more houses.



Unfortunately for William Emmit, most of the land deeded to him by his father for his new town actually belonged to others. The overlapping Dulany family Silver Fancy deed being one of the more problematic

MOUNT CREATIVE WRITERS

Home improvement

Jackie Quillen

Oakfield Lane has been my home since I was four years old. There has been talk of moving and my mother spends a lot of time looking at houses for sale online, bigger houses, but we never actually move. Usually when families need more or less space they move to a more accommodating house, but not my family.

We know how to make our little house accommodate whatever needs we may have. When Mom mentioned how nice it would be to have a bigger kitchen, Dad got to work right away sketching out all the possible ways to expand the kitchen. Sure enough, within a week our kitchen was bigger and the dining room was smaller. The dividing wall between the two rooms was annihilated but Dad built a new one, no biggie.

My parents have been remodeling our home both inside and out since the day we moved in seventeen years ago. I love remodeling projects - there is something so satisfying about destroying a room that I once considered perfect and putting it back together with a fresh new look. When we are in the middle of remodeling something I put off all other responsibilities and get to work right next to my father.

As I grew older and stronger I started rearranging my room many times a year. It's amazing how many different ways I could arrange all the furniture in a perfectly square and shockingly small room. I do this kind of "rearranging" in all aspects of my life, and no matter how much of a mess I create, I always get everything in the right place. If it's not in the right place then I'm not in the right place mentally, physically, and emotionally. I don't start homework until I've done some type of organizing in my room, which is not always a good habit.

My home has survived seventeen years of my fastidious, handyman father and my mother, an indecisive decorator who gets bored with scenery very quickly. Needless to say, my house has changed drastically both inside and out since the time we moved in. It feels like I have moved to new houses, just with the same address and on the same street as my old one. It's a more convenient move.

My older sister, Christina, has moved out and back in a few times, each time into a different room. After the second time she moved out, my parents promoted Sarah, the youngest, to Christina's old room so that Sarah's original room could be an office. Recently, Christina moved back home again and occupied my room because I wasn't living at home and she was only planning on staying for a short time.

While she was staying in my room I felt like a guest going home to my own house because I didn't have a bed to sleep in. Christina's stay is becoming more long-term than ex-

pected so the office is changing back to a bedroom for Christina so that I have a place to stay when I'm home from school. So the oldest was demoted to the smallest room and the youngest was promoted to the largest. Sometimes being the middle child has its perks!

Every room of the house was put together with careful consideration and much debating. I never knew how many different shades of green there are and how the wrong one, which looks almost identical to the right one, has the potential to completely ruin the whole mood of the room, and possibly the entire house. I always stayed out of the color-choosing process because I started thinking I might be colorblind, or at least "shade-blind."

My bedroom walls evolved from baby pink to puke yellow and then to the most vibrant turquoise color. At one point I liked the yellow walls but somehow one of the brightest colors became shady and dull. When it was time to cover up the yellow my best friend Sharon and I got all the necessary supplies and went to work.

This remodeling project was particularly special to me because I designed and produced it. My father was quick to point out the spots of blue paint that accidentally made it to the ceiling, but I like the spots where they are. Seeing the mistakes on the ceiling reminds me that I painted that room myself!

Every year I leave for college my parents do something different to the house, and I feel lost when I first walk in during Fall Break. This year it was the family room. Nothing too extreme, just a new couch and new curtains, but my mother praises those new curtains as if she made them herself. She "just can't get over" how much they make a difference in the room! Dad likes the curtains but they don't change his life in any way. He gets more excited about building things and working outside. The lawn is his masterpiece.

My dad owns a lawn and landscaping company called Grass Roots,

and he is very proud for having the greenest grass on our block. Whenever my friends' parents brought me home from a play date they always commented on just how green and beautiful the grass looks. Even the bus driver told me how nice it looks.

One day a plumber came to the house only to deliver the most disappointing news of my father's life - there was a problem with our plumbing that could only be fixed at the source underground, under the luscious green blanket covering the front yard. There is still that small patch of grass that stands out from the rest of the yard - the blades are different, the angle is off, and there is a clear scar-like outline of where the "surgery" took place.

I bet no one else besides my family notices it. Lawns may not have any significance to other people, but I spent most of my childhood on that grass, running around barefoot even in the dark until my mother called me inside. I also learned how to ride a bicycle on the front lawn with my Dad. That was the only time bikes were allowed on the lawn!

The neighbors were not very fond of us when we moved in because my father built a shed that blocked the sunlight from their gardens. This is no ordinary shed. It is a house sporting the same vinyl siding as the main house, equipped with attic storage, two windows, kitchen cabinets, electricity, and all our toys. This is Dad's "pad."

For a while there was a star-shaped object hanging from the roof that spun with the wind and made different shapes. Dad loved it, but Mom thought it was the most pointless and unattractive device she had ever seen. Eventually it "disappeared."

Dad was always finding little things like that to add character to the yard. Before he got around to building the whole shed, Dad built a platform that we used for dance routines and performances at family parties. I didn't want him to the



build the shed because I liked the platform better.

My backyard holds so much character that defines my household.

I moved to Oakfield Lane after my mom and adoptive father were married seventeen years ago. With some love and remodeling we became a family, and our house became a home.

The pool in my backyard was moved from my dad's old house, and the tent that covers a picnic table was moved from my old house. These two families joined together to create a loving home.

I love every aspect of it.

I even love the concrete steps that used to lead inside through a back door, but now just remain connected to the back of the house and lead to nothing.

Those steps are a reminder of how my home has developed since we became the Quillen family.

Jackie Quillen is a Senior at the Mount majoring in English and Communications

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

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MOUNT SPORTS

Swimming their way to victory

Ananda Rochita

Despite the team only starting in 2006, the Mount St. Mary's swim team has seemed to take the Northeast Conference by storm.

The team currently has twelve swimmers for the 2009 to 2010 year. The team started with Seniors Kate Anzman, Paige Chenet, Mary Beth Kasda, and Maggie O'Connell Dubois in the 2006 to 2007 season.

Prior to attending Mount St. Mary's Anzman, who is a New York native, was a four year letter swimmer on the Sachem East swim team. She was also team captain for her last two years of high school. She also received All League honors in 2003, 2004, and 2005.

Another Mount St. Mary's senior on the team is Paige Chenet. In high school, Chenet remained to be the tremendous swimmer she is today. She was a four-year letter winner on the Conestoga girl's swimming team for four seasons and was named All-Main Line second time while picking up an honorable mention.

However despite the swimmers that helped set the foundation of what the team is today, a freshman has shown her potential to carry on the team after the seniors graduate and leave the University. Courtney Griffith is a new addition to the Mount Women's swim team and has become a valuable asset to the scoring table.

Griffith won the 200 back with a time of 2:16:35 and took home first place in the 200 fly with a time of 2:18:14 at the Randolph-Macon Yellow Jackets Invitation this year.

This freshman prodigy started swimming at the age of five. Her family is comprised of athletes in particular swimming. Her talents may have derived from her father who was a swimmer at University of Nevada Las Vegas. Her sister has also inherited the swimming gene since she is a swimmer as well. Despite all, her family has remained one of her biggest supporters especially her mother.

"For years and years she has driven me to practice back and forth countless times, taken me to my meets, and sacrificed a huge amount of her time for me, and never complained once," stated Griffith.

Griffith started her swimming career in summer league for fun. She has lived in Westminster, Md. her entire life and started swimming all year round at McDaniel College for the Green Terror Aquatic Club.

"I fell in love with it at a very young age," stated Griffith. "And then later on started taking things more seriously."

Griffith was at the Green Terror Aquatic Club for six years and swam for two years on the Carroll County YMCA team.

"It was a lot less serious at the Y, which was what I needed at the

time." Stated Griffith, "when I was around ten years old, I was nationally ranked top 10 in several events."

When more kids were more interested in comic books or watching Pokemon on television, at the age of ten, Griffith was at the pool swimming everyday to perfect her talent. While in high school, she practiced everyday and twice a day on the weekends. When Griffith started high school at Westminster High, she switched to the Eagle Swim Team located at McDonogh School in Owings Mills Md.

"It was here that I fell back in love with swimming," stated Griffith. "My personal times and overall performance improved drastically, the coaching was great, I met some of my best friends there, and it was an overall incredible experience."

As for Griffith's future, she is concentrating on her schoolwork. She is currently pursuing a career in nursing and wants to attend a specific nursing school afterwards. "I have always loved taking care of people," stated Griffith "I've known that I have wanted to get into the medical field for quite some time."

Last but definitely not least to be mentioned is Maggie O'Connell Dubois, one of the other senior swimmers of the Mount St. Mary's swimming team.

In the previous year, Dubois placed fifth in the 100 fly at the Northeast Conference Championships on February 13, 2009.

Dubois was also named Scholastic All-American in 2007 and 2009 and has ranked top five in Maryland in several events while in high school.

Dubois started her swimming career at the young age of three. When one of her teachers took notice at her swimming capabilities, Dubois was suggested to join the swim team.

"I tried it, loved it, and the rest is history," stated Dubois.

Her family has remained incredibly supportive of her in swimming even when she tried to quit the sport all together earlier in her teenage years.

"My mom told me I had to finish the year first," stated Dubois. "She knew me better than I knew myself, and by the end of that year I was re-dedicated to swimming." Another figure that has remained supportive is her husband whom she married the previous year. "It was a big decision to decide to get married this summer, knowing that I could not help financially," stated Dubois "I had to finish out my schooling and swimming." As for Dubois future, she could never imagine giving up the sport that she has spent sixteen years competitively doing.

"I think I will take some time off, but I eventually plan on swimming in a masters league, and possibly coaching," stated Dubois. While Dubois has posted incredible scores during her swimming career at the Mount and she is also an inspiration. She is the one of the first in her immediate family to attend a four year college or University and is also a survivor of Lime disease.

Dubois caught the disease during her sophomore year and it took her a full year to recover. When Dubois was able to swim again, it was a very emotional time for her.

"Last year at Youngstown University I broke the minute mark in my 100 butterfly. Even though I had broken this mark before, it had been a while," stated Dubois. "I broke down in tears on the pool deck, and my coach walked over to me, patted me on the back and said 'glad to have you back.'" While conference championships just ended in mid February, the Mount swimming team finished sixth out of the rest of the competing Universities.

Despite some seniors not coming back for the next year, Jeanie Benedetti who was named a



Mount Senior Maggie O'Connell Dubois

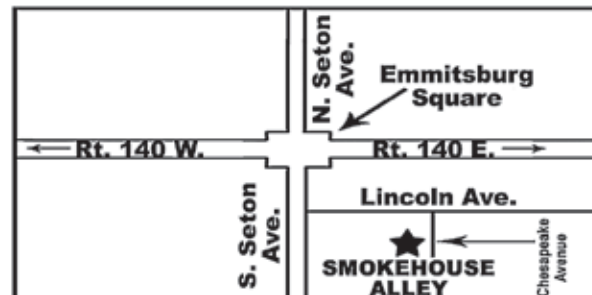
Mount Athlete of the Week for the week ending on Feb.18.

Benedetti led the Mount St. Mary's team at the Northeast Conference Swimming and Diving Championships on Saturday when she finished ninth in the 1650 free. She is also the third Mount swimmer to finish in ninth at the championships for a time of 18:28:13.

The Mount St. Mary's swimming team is coached by Neil Yost that en-

tered his fifth season as the women's swimming head coach for the 2009-2010 season. Yost started the program in 2006-2007 with the team finishing ninth at the Northeast Conference Championships. Prior to coaching at the Mount he already had nine years of coaching experience under his belt.

Ananda Rochita is a Communications - Journalism major at the Mount.



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FOUR YEARS AT THE MOUNT

Senior year When I grow up...

Jackie Quillen

Around this time of year conversation typically revolves around plans for the future. During freshman and sophomore year people inquire about the first-year experience, summer plans, and what you intend to do with your major - the usual. Junior year begins the "So senior year is coming up..." conversation starter, and it starts getting a little uncomfortable, but the prospect is exciting nonetheless. Now it's senior year and the most common conversation starter is, "So you're graduating in a few months, eh?" Before responding to this uncomfortable reality, I look around for open doors and windows that I can dash through. I know I'm not the only one...

No matter how depressing it is to think about, seniors have to face it - our college experience is coming to an end in about two and a half months. It has been a little more than a month since the semester started, and it feels like the first day of class was just last week. The next two months will only go by more quickly.

When I reflect on the past four years of my life, I feel very blessed to

say that I am satisfied with my college experience and have no regrets. That doesn't mean I'm ready to graduate and leave this wonderful place I have called home and all the people who have made it the most incredible experience of my life. If I could I would ask for one more time of everything - one more first day of classes, one more basketball season, one more stressful advising week to register for classes, one more move-in day, but most of all, one more dance.

The Mount has trained me well for the next direction I take on my path of life. My journey since freshman year has been somewhat of a rollercoaster, but every experience and decision I made along the way has led me to the right place. Freshman year I was an elementary education major pursuing the beginning stages of my childhood dreams of being a teacher.

After one semester of education courses I decided that teaching was not right for me anymore, and I changed my major to bio/nursing. My mother motivated me to become a nursing major because I admire her for her work and the effect she has on people's lives. I wanted to change the world like my mother has, but nursing is her

vocation, not mine. As a second semester sophomore, I changed my major to English with a minor in communications. In the early stages of my study of these disciplines I wanted to pursue a career in journalism. Though journalism is still something that interests me, my dreams of becoming a teacher recently resurfaced.

This past Fall I finally took the FOCUS aptitude test for help me select what career path to pursue. The test determines potential careers suitable for individuals based on personality, work ethic, skills, academics, interests, and hobbies. The test tells you what kind of careers best suit each of the five categories separately and together so I could see what kind of career would best suit my academics and work ethic, or personality and skills, and so on.

When I combined all five categories to see what career best suits my whole character, FOCUS determined that I should be a scientific linguist. My immediate reaction was, "Huh?" However when I discovered what a scientific linguist does I realized how accurate the assessment test proved to be. I would need specialized training to become a scientific linguist so, for now, that is on the back-burner.

The majority of the results across all five categories of the assessment test indicate that teaching is in fact my calling in life. Sixteen years of school and aspirations of becoming a teach-

er, a pediatrician, a physical therapist, a nurse, a writer, and an astronaut (for a short time) led me right back to my original goal of being a teacher. I guess that's why they always say to go with your gut feeling.

Senior year has helped me put my goals of writing and teaching in line with a career path. First semester I had an internship with the Career Center doing journalism work with the school newspaper and internship bulletins. While interning at the Career Center I had the opportunity to not only explore the journalism field but also to utilize the help and resources available at the Career Center.

One of the last things my mother said to me when I moved into college freshman year was, "Make sure you go to the Career Center and find out what kind of internships and jobs are available." I always knew she was right and that I should become acquainted with the Career Center throughout my college years, but the name "Career Center" was scary enough to keep me away. I imagined that once I stepped into the Career Center I would be a changed person forever; it was like leaving Neverland and growing up for real. Well it turns out the Career Center is actually a lovely place that does not make you grow up instantly. I loved experiencing journalism with my internship and definitely feel that writing needs to be a part of my life in some way.

This semester I am interning at Mother Seton School in second grade

and Kindergarten. Being in a classroom at Mother Seton calls me home. I always knew what the word 'vocation' meant but never experienced it in my own life until I was in second grade for the second time, 14 years later and a few feet taller. During my days at Mother Seton I observe the classroom, grade students' work, and work individually with students on written assignments and reading. When I interact with the students I feel like I am fulfilling my purpose in life just by answering a question or listening to the students read. It's an extremely powerful feeling that I'm thankful to have experienced.

Since I struggled with fitting volunteer service into my regular schedule over the years, I would like to dedicate time to service and simplifying after I graduate, before settling down into a more long-term routine of a job and family. Not that I'm avoiding the job market—who wouldn't want to dive into that mess of unemployment and that mass of job-seeking grads?

The class of 2010 will still face a competitive and struggling job market, which is why options like graduate school and volunteer service are becoming more appealing to today's seniors. I also plan to go to graduate school to pursue a master's degree to earn the necessary certification for teaching. The path of my post-graduation life is still in the making, but one thing is for sure - when I grow up, I want to teach!

Freshman year

Samantha Strub

Horses-beautiful, incredible creatures that every little girl falls in love with. Those crazy horse kids have every horse statue, are always engrossed in horse books, and constantly beg their parents for a horse of their own. When this phase happened to me, my parents thought that I would outgrow the "horse fever" and move on to a different activity. That, however, didn't happen—I stayed completely enamored by these wondrous creatures.

They were my whole world. I stayed this way through high school: even though I was involved in a lot of different activities, horses were always my passion. The barn was the place I went to when things got rough. Just being around these amazing animals brought me up when I was down and gave me a reason to keep going. Despite all the stressful competitions, races, expenses, and drama that came with owning a horse, I found it all worthwhile. In her own special way, my horse, Sona, was always standing beside me, helping me go on.

When I was picking a college, it was a no brainer that Sona would come with me. Everyone thought I was crazy to bring a horse from Wisconsin all the way to Maryland. Practical questions were

raised by my family and all my friends: where will you keep her? How much will it cost? How will you get her out there? How will you have time to take care of her and handle your social life and classes? No one thought I would be able to do it. I knew I could. I had balanced my studies, activities, work, and horse since my junior year of high school. Yeah, people told me that college is a lot harder than high school, but I still knew that I could handle the responsibility. Not bringing her wasn't even a choice.

I started getting answers to all the questions and came back to prove them wrong. Everything worked out amazingly: the place, cost, travel and so on. The only thing missing was the proof that I could actually do it, but I had the right mindset. Everyone then just gave up trying to talk me out of bringing my horse to college. Basically they were like, "Well, you're going to regret this, but apparently you have to learn the hard way..."

This may sound childish, but Sona is the thing that makes me click and gets me through every day-good and bad. If anything goes wrong, she is the one being that I can always rely on to accept me for who I am. She brings me up when I am down, and teaches me incredible lessons that ap-

ply to all parts of my life, like being patient, and never giving up when something is difficult. Sona helps me with having the mindset that I can conquer anything that I set my mind too, and having the patience that you need to accomplish anything in life.

Every day when I go to the barn, it's my time—my time to relax and not have to deal with the class work and drama, at least for a while anyway. Every student finds his or her own way to have this time; some do sports, work out, run, play music and so on. My way is just little bit unconventional. It's an amazing feeling to be able to put everything aside and just get up and ride. I will tell Sona everything that is going on and she listens and helps in her own way.

Anytime that it all becomes too much to handle, I go out to the barn. As I'm cleaning her stall, grooming her, saddling her up, and finally riding; I tell her all the problems that I have been having, who is getting on my nervous, what I'm stressed about, and what's been going good in my life. She helps take me away from the pressing problems and focus on something that I can control and instantly I feel better.

Recently, stressed with all the papers and tests, I went to the barn, even though I didn't really have the time to, and ended up staying there for two and half hours! Time just flew by! That time there gave me the focus that I needed in order to accom-

plish everything I needed to do that night. Honestly if I didn't have that time with my horse, I don't know if I would have gotten it all done. I can't imagine college life without her. Yes, she cuts into my social life a little bit, but I wouldn't be the same person without her nearby.

It sounds crazy that one animal can do all of this, but it's true. My relationship with my horse is one of the closest that I have, and she knows me better than anyone. If I'm in a bad mood, incredibly happy, ener-

getic, or about to cry, Sona knows and will act accordingly. If I'm super energetic and hyper we will have the ride of a lifetime! Yet, if I'm upset she will put her head over my shoulder and let me cry for as long as I need to. This is why my horse is sometimes my whole world and my only safe place.

Always there, she lets me ride my troubles away whenever I wish!

Samantha Strub is a Freshman at Mt. St. Mary's majoring in English



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MOUNT FOUR PILLARS

Marty Qually - class of 1994

Marty Qually
Chelsea Baranoski

As Mount St. Mary's graduate is cooking up some delicious barbeque on Chesapeake Avenue in Emmitsburg. Marty Qually, from the class of 1994, and the son of former Mount business professor Robert Karsteter, took over One More Tavern and transformed it into Smokehouse Alley. Smokehouse Alley may look small on the outside, but it serves up big flavor that reflects his Texan roots. "My hope was that by changing the menu and focusing on local products, we could turn a struggling business around, become successful, and give back to the community at the same time," he said.

Smokehouse Alley is truly a small treasure in the heart of Emmitsburg. The restaurant offers a great selection of barbeque - Slow Cooked Beef Brisket BBQ, Smoked North Carolina BBQ Pork, and Mesquite Smoked Pulled Chicken BBQ to name a few. And let's not forget Smokehouse Alley's signature fried catfish, attributed to his grandmother, Opal Karsteter. There is also a great selection of homemade soups, including one of my favorites: cream of crab soup. Smokehouse Alley also offers a variety of pies and cakes for those with a sweet tooth. If you wander into Smokehouse Alley, you will immediately notice its "down home country" vibe. When I ate dinner there, all of the customers seemed to know each other. If you want to catch up with your neighbors, Smokehouse Alley is a great place to dine. And if you enjoy pool, you should test your skills at the pool table in the center of the restaurant.

While eating at Smokehouse

Alley, be sure to check out the articles on Marty displayed on the right-hand-side of the restaurant. If you do not feel like making the trek to Smokehouse Alley during the cold, snowy winter, don't fret. Smokehouse Alley has a delivery service for both the local community and Mount St. Mary's University. Smokehouse Alley is a great place for someone who loves homestyle barbeque at a great price.

Smokehouse Alley is not just a restaurant, it is also a bar. Smokehouse Alley serves area beers, including Snake Dog IPA and Snow Goose Winter Ale, both of which are brewed in Frederick County. Ironically, the owner of Smokehouse Alley stopped drinking twelve years ago to get a better focus on his life. For Marty, refraining from alcohol allows him to properly prioritize his life. Marty indicates that Smokehouse Alley is much more than a bar. "Being a bar is just what happens after the sun sets, and I don't let my not drinking interfere with responsible people coming out for a good time," Marty said.

Marty Qually is truly living out one of the Mount's four pillars: community. Qually prides himself in using locally grown products. "Supporting the local community, by putting our money where our mouth is, defines who we are. Ever since I realized the importance of giving back to my community, I would never dream of running a business that couldn't find a way to help out its neighbors. The great thing about restaurants is that you can focus your spending locally, which also helps to preserve local jobs, farmland, and a sense of community," Marty said.

Currently, Smokehouse Alley buys products from Weikert's

Egg Farm, Hillside Turkey Farms, Shuff's Meat Market and Shriver's Beef Farm. Smokehouse Alley helps the local economy thrive and creates a sense of unity between the restaurant and local farms.

Recently, Marty gave back to the Mount community when he provided a barbeque meal for the Mount's screening of the Super Bowl. Even though temperatures were low and the roads slushy, Marty provided a large quantity of food for hungry Mount students, including barbeque chicken, beef brisket, pork sandwiches, chips, cole-slaw, baked beans, and pickles. He worked non-stop making sandwiches for the Mount's avid football fans. Many Mount students will surely start taking advantage of their proximity to such a mouth-watering barbeque experience.

Marty Qually also displays leadership, another one of the Mount's four pillars. After working eight years for the City of Frederick and serving on the Borough Council in Gettysburg from 2005-2007, he ran for County Commissioner of Adams County in 2007. He credits his education at Mount St. Mary's for giving him the tools needed to get involved in local government. "There are three things you need to serve the community, you need to care, listen to people, and learn as fast as you can. When you are a local official you never know what issues you will face, so you need to be able to learn quickly. Mount St. Mary's gave me these tools, and I have no intention of wasting them," Marty said. The Mount also gave Qually the love of learning needed to succeed in his local community.

Running for County Commissioner was a major step for him.



Marty Qually is truly living out one of the Mount's four pillars: community.

He acknowledges that it "was one of the greatest experiences of my life. I learned more about the people of Adams County and about the area where I grew up than I thought possible in one year." When he ran for office, he spent 40 hours a week campaigning and faced the challenge of asking strangers to support him. However, the most difficult thing for Qually was not being there for his son, Lucien, who was four-years-old at the time. Both Marty and his wife learned to make sacrifices for the sake of local politics. "My son on the other hand still won't let me talk to people on the street," he said. Unfortunately, Qually lost the race for County Commissioner. Nevertheless, he is a respectable figure in his local community. In addition to supporting the local economy, Smokehouse Alley supports the Vigilant Hose Company and Emmitsburg Youth Sports.

Marty Qually represents the value of a Mount education. He took all that he learned at the Mount and applied it to his work in local politics and his management of Smokehouse Alley. He appreciates the Emmitsburg community and wishes to give back as much as he can. The next time you find yourself shivering from the mountain air, be sure to stop in Smokehouse Alley for a hearty meal to warm up. Be sure to say hello to Marty and thank him for his commitment to home-grown products and the Emmitsburg community.

Over the next year Mount Junior Chelsea Baranoski will be showcasing local Mount graduates who turning the Mount's Four Pillars: faith, discovery, leadership and community, from words into action in the never-ending pursuit of becoming more fully realized human beings who seek to make the world a better place



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STAGES OF LIFE

I'm a dad again

Cabin fever

Cabin Fever: A condition of increased tension, boredom, blahs, etc... caused by living for some time in a confined space or an isolated area, especially in winter."

After two weekends of steady snow, I'm beginning to think we should consider moving south for the winter. The kids are suffering from a lack of outdoor exercise and their pent-up energy and crankiness can be contagious. It's time to be creative.

After three days in the house with caged animals ready to pounce on each other I decided it was time we get dressed and wear something other than what we slept in the night before (well, some of us did, anyway) and actually brushed our hair and teeth.

It was time to venture out in the 4+ feet of snow and start digging out. Luckily my father-in-law gave me a gas powered snow blower when he retired. I told the

kids to clear out, daddy was going to blow some snow. My son said, "Dad you show the snow whose boss." You betcha.

You should have seen me, I thought I was hot stuff with my blower. I kept the garage door down while I tried to start this snow eating monster. Really I was afraid it wasn't going to start and didn't want to look foolish for not testing the machine before the snow came. With a couple puffs of smoke and a strange grinding noise we had success. Opening the door with a proud smile upon my face I pushed my shoulders back and engaged 3rd gear to attack the snow. I was rolling out of the garage and hit the first big pile of snow. Smack. My kids looked at me and said "What happened?" I disengaged the machine turned around, tears in my eyes, slumped over gasping for air. My son ran over standing over my ear asked "dad are you having a heart attack?" A heart attack, I thought to myself, how old does he think I

am? No, I said. I just got the wind knocked out of me. I apparently hit a rut in the driveway. I finally got to my feet and within the hour had the driveway all clear.

Surprisingly the kids were hanging outside with me the whole time but kept pulling on my coat asking when can we play? I said let me put the blower back and we can play. A bit exhausted I got a quick drink of water and went back outside.

I said, "What do you want to play, a snowball fight, sleigh ride, take a walk?" No they both said in unison, I want you to build a snow fort with a tunnel. Crap! I just finished moving around 4+ feet of snow and now I have to dig a tunnel. Somehow I think I was being punished. My luck would just have it that the snow plows pushed about 8 feet of snow to one side of our drive way. I reached for the shovel and began digging. Two hours later the tunnel was complete. The kids went through twice and said this is boring, we are going inside. Really. I went into the garage, grabbed a beer, and sat in my tunnel.

So much for having fun outside. I need a vacation. Bring on spring.

Mom's time out

Abigail Shiyer

As a parent, I am always questioning what I should do about this or what I should do about that. Some are little "don't really matter" decisions - like ...Should I get my daughters hair cut short?, Should I let my kids eat candy before dinner?, Should I let my daughter wear summer dresses in the winter?, Should I let my son wear girls shoes and pink sun glasses?...

Some are medium "kinda matter" decisions - like... What's the best way to discipline my kids?, Do I need to worry about letting my kids visit with kids who may be a bad influence?, How much TV is too much?, Am I feeding them enough fruits and vegetables? Do I call the doctor every time one of them has a fever?...

Then there are those big "really matter" decisions - like... Should I send my daughter to all day kindergarten the day after she turns 5?, If so - should I send her to public or private school?, ... or Should I home school my kids?... Who should have custody of my kids if something should happen to my husband and I?, and the list goes on - and will continue to grow as my kids get older.

But - one decision that we made - which I would consider one of the big "really matter" decisions was for me to stay home with them instead of working outside of the home. It's funny because it was an easy decision for us. Don't get me wrong - we had to get pretty creative with our finances, but we felt it was worth it. I have waited my whole life to have kids and be a Mom. But, even though it was an easy decision, I have come back to this one quite a bit.

Is it really best for the kids? Would it be better if they were in a daycare setting where they would be around other kids and be "socialized". Would they be more independent and outgoing if they "got out" more and were around a larger variety of personalities? Would they have nicer clothes to wear and better "stuff" if we had a second income? Would I be a better Mom because my time with them would be so much more precious? Would they be safer on the road if we had a newer, larger SUV?

I have even wondered if this decision was made out of selfishness. I mean - let's face it kids adjust to just about anything - quite well I might add. Am I being selfish because I don't want to miss anything? They are only going to be this small once - this is it - it's not a dress rehearsal. I want to experience it all. I would go crazy if I were sitting in an office while someone else was enjoying my kids at the park.

So - Am I being selfish? Have I made a decision that could alter my children's lives based on my wants and needs? Well - I have come to the conclusion that the answer is a big fat NO. And this winter has really helped prove to me that my decision to stay home and care for my children was a solid one. Here are the facts:

- My son has been sick 35 out of the last 45 days. He has had days on end that he has been so miserable that only his own mother could stand him.
- My daughter has been sick about 20 of the last 45 days. When she is not happy - no one in the house is happy.
- I have collectively wiped noses about 589 times.
- We have made 6 trips to the doc-

tor's to be told the same thing each time. Give him Tylenol to control the fever, make sure he stays hydrated and come back if the fever persists.

- After the first major snow storm, my daughter declared the she "hates winter" and refused to go outside anymore.
- We have been snowed in for weeks on end and my kids are climbing the walls. We finally had to let them ride their scooters in the house.
- I am embarrassed to say we have watched so many episodes of Dora, Kai Lan, Blue's Clues, Special Agent Oso, Mickey Mouse Clubhouse - that I find my self singing along with the theme songs...

Based on the list above, I firmly believe that had these children been in the care of anyone else - they would have been killed. I have saved 2 lives.

All joking aside - I feel so lucky to have the opportunity to be home with my children. I'm sure every Mom wants to be the one to comfort their children when they are not feeling well - but, not every Mom has that option. And - who knows... who really knows if kids are better off being home with a parent during the day or having a "day care" arrangement outside of the home. I guess I will never know if we made the right decision for our family - but it sure was nice not having to worry about taking off work because the kids are sick again...and it sure is great to know that if they are sick again tomorrow - I can just hold them all day... again. So - for me - Best Decision ever...

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

Lizzy Bizzy

The Snowstorms

Lizzy Ryan

I really liked the snowstorms that we had. When I first found out about the first one I was at school. My whole class was talking about it. They were all guessing how much snow we might get. Some people were saying two feet; others were saying just a couple of inches. I honestly didn't know what to believe. I listened to the Weather Channel the night before, but the Weather Channel says a lot of things that I always get so excited for, and then it just doesn't happen.

School got out early, which is always exciting. Once again, that was what my whole class was talking about; they were all saying that we would get out early. School was very hectic. Parents were coming in and out of the school, and the teachers were going to different classes to get kids to send home with their parents. When I got home from school, my sister told me that her classmates were talking about the crazy storm coming, and so did my mom. That's when I really started to get excited.

When I woke up the next morning my mom said that all Saturday activities were canceled. That meant my club meeting was canceled too because it was snowing - a lot. Right away I got out of bed and looked out the window, and the snow was falling. The ground was white and covered deeply. It snowed most of the day.

My parents went out to shovel the snow while I went outside to play in it. I tried to get into the shed, but it was snowed shut. After digging the doors open, I went into the shed to get our sled, but there were tools in front of it, so I couldn't get to it. My dad quickly found a plastic lid to a bucket to sled on. When I tried to sled I sank right into the ground because the snow would not pack.

The next day I went outside and



tried to sled and build a snowman again, but I couldn't. The snow was still not packable. Every day that week I would go outside after school to see if the snow would stick. Finally, the snow began to stick. I spent an hour and a half building snowmen. I built two snowmen and one snow puppy. The snowmen's eyes, mouth, and buttons were made out of black-eyed susan seed heads and the nose was made out of sticks. The dog's face was made out of the same stuff but I used dried sedum flowers for the ears.

Then the second snow came.

Three days of school - canceled. My mom worked on shoveling a trail to the goat pen and chicken house so we could get out to take care of the animals. Oscar, the goat, didn't make too many trails in his pen. I'm not so sure he likes the snow as much as I do.

The last day that we were off school my friend, Monica, and I went out in the snow at my house and tried one more time to go sledding, but we just couldn't.

We tried on snowboards and all we could do is sink right into the ground; then we would have trouble getting up because the snow was just so deep!

Thirteen-year-old Elizabeth Ryan lives in Fairfield and attends St. Francis Xavier Elementary School.

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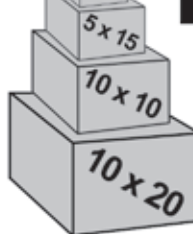
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STAGES OF LIFE

A teen's view

Learn to Deal

Kat Dart

In the months since I moved to Emmitsburg, I have learned a lot about people - one of the big things being that no one really is what they seem to be at first. For example, one of my friends is about six feet tall and tends to wear very intimidating clothing (to me, at least). When I first saw her, I was very nervous, because this girl was downright scary looking! When I took the time to talk to her, she turned out to be a very nice girl, who loves to draw and has strengths in reading and writing.

On the other hand, I met a boy who I thought looked very nice and seemed to have a very positive attitude, but then I talked to him and found that he tended to look out for himself and was obnoxiously competitive.

I admit I do tend to group people. I don't want to talk to girls who constantly giggle during class like no one can hear them, I dislike talking to most of the middle schoolers on the bus because they act so immature, and most guys who act out in class I avoid. What I have learned is that some of these people are likeable; I simply have to go and talk to them. It's amazing what you can find out about a person in one conversation.

Also, a lot of the people who seem to be by themselves all the time can find out some really cool information - it was through



one of these people that I found out about how much school we were going to have off because of the snow! There was so much of it last month, and I went sledding a few times and took a few hours outside to build a snowman. Shoveling was a pain; however my dad has a snow-blower so our driveway was cleared a lot quicker than other people's. And still the snow kept falling - I got some amazing pictures of the icicles and the snow itself.

But because of all that snow, one of the school's plays was delayed. We are still going to be putting it on, but I'm guessing there will be some really hard rehearsals to get everyone caught up.

I love helping out in these plays; it forces me to participate and talk to other students because I have a little trouble talking to people on my own accord. I've also gained a lot of confidence in speaking out, which was very helpful in passing a Spanish exam. I had to speak a whole paragraph in Spanish in front of the class, and I managed to do it with proper pronunciation and

correct language.

This month's topic is learning to deal. Since August, I have learned more about people than ever before. I have learned to deal with moving on from old friends to make new ones. I have made friends with so many different types of people - kids with social problems, boys, girls, cheerleaders, sports players, goths, and so on.

In terms of moving, I have learned to deal with finding new places to hang out at, and learning about the other side. In York I lived in the suburbs, pretty far away from a real town or city. Here, I am in a great neighborhood and right next to a town that I have walked down to several times to go eat out or shop or visit someone.

Also, in Emmitsburg I have gotten my first job. I currently write for a newspaper called the Emmitsburg News-Journal, and it comes out a once a month.

Okay, I'm sorry for that one. I just had to put it in there.

But seriously, there have been a lot of changes, and a lot of them have been very life altering and changed me in ways I never thought I would change.

Of course, from the very beginning I was excited about the move, and I was probably the person most willing to pack. I know both my younger sisters were terrified at the prospect of moving, and my elder sister was very angry about the move, but we all chalked it up to her being a teenager.

Well, she got over it very quickly when she met a few of the girls here, and is probably one of the most popular girls in the school by now.

Anyway, I have learned to deal with many new ideas and new people, but I think everyone came out for the better because of it.

See you next month!

Kat Dart is a Sophomore at Catoclin High School.

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

A day in the life of...

Danielle Ryan

Some may wonder what a typical day is like in the life of a teenage girl. For those who are wondering, I am here to tell you all about a typical day in my life as a teenage student.

Every day begins in the same way. I wake up to the bright light in my room and the voice of my mom who, for certain, has been trying to wake me for at least fifteen minutes. My mom has become so accustomed to this delay that she wakes me ten minutes earlier so that I don't have to explain to my homeroom teacher the reason I was late that day. What a caring mom, right?

After I roll out of bed in the typical teenage fashion, I slowly slump to my closet to grab my uniform. I suppose I should consider myself lucky that I don't have to pick out an outfit each day. I have it easy being in a Catholic school.

After changing, I usually go to the mirror and stare at myself for a couple of minutes, wondering what I should do to my hair for the day. Most of the time I think of many different options, most of them being very time consuming, but usually end up putting my hair back in a braid or a loose bun and then straightening my curly bangs and calling it a day.

Once my hair is done, I eat a quick breakfast, brush my teeth and then apply some make-up to my face just in time for my friend's arrival at my house.

As soon as we get to school, my friend and I go to our lockers and prepare for the day ahead of us. When walking into school, the first thing you notice is the noise. High school is very loud in the morning; well, high school is very loud all the time, but I suppose I notice it more in the morning. Everyone likes to gossip about who is going out with whom, or about last night's party. I, however, am not a morning person and prefer getting my books out of my locker and going straight to homeroom without being interrupted a million times with the same story.

When I'm at my locker, I have to figure out my schedule for the day. The schedule at Delone Catholic is a rotating schedule, meaning that there are eight classes that everybody takes but there are only seven periods in a day. The schedule rotates, so each day is started with a different class, and one class does not meet that day or is "dropped."

After realizing which class I have first that day, I organize my locker and then head to homeroom to either study for a test later that day or talk to my friends.

Once the first bell rings, we all exit homeroom and go to our first period class. The classes that I take as a junior are Pre-calculus, Biology 2, Anatomy and Physiology, English, Religion, Latin, In-



strumental Music, and Psychology. Luckily, as a junior, I was able to choose almost all of these classes; most of them were electives, so the interest factor is there for the most part. I will say, though, that the time the class falls in the day is crucial. For instance, if my math class falls first period on a Monday morning, I probably won't be too excited or entertained by the thought of enduring a math class for an hour first thing in the morning.

When the bell after fifth period rings, everybody rushes to lunch. On a good lunch day, walking down the halls could spell danger for someone who is in the way of the football players. One thing that has not changed, I'm sure, from high school now and high school forty years ago: never get in the way of a hungry football player.

At lunch, I find my friends at our typical table and I sit down as I wait for the lunch line to go down. Lunch time is the perfect time for teens to tell the stories that they didn't get to tell their friends in the morning, or tell new stories that may have happened in the first half of the day. Either way, the lunch period in the cafeteria seems to be the most looked forward to time of the day for most teens.

Once lunch is over and I have heard a few new stories to hold me for the rest of the day, I proceed to my last two classes to complete my school day.

Ahh, the final bell at last. The last bell rings to let everyone know that the day is over, and we can all go home.

I usually hurry to my locker in excitement, knowing that the rest of the day is mine, or sort of. I still have after school activities and clubs, the occasional appointment, music lessons, as well as the dreaded homework, which I can honestly say is never in short supply at Delone Catholic.

When my activities are over and I have attended all after school meetings, I ride home with my friend and think of all the possibilities of things that I can do at home. Then I realize that I have several hours worth of homework to do and know that the homework will take me most of the evening; so I sit down, do my homework, and think about the rest of the week, and the other terribly monotonous days ahead of me.

Danielle is a Junior at Delone Catholic High School and lives with parents in Fairfield.



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STAGES OF LIFE

Bringing up Ben

Olivia Sielaff

This month my little brother isn't going to be so little anymore. He's not going to be a little child, not even a pre-teen. He's going to be a teenager - and a boy teenager no less. That's a scary thought! Yes, this month is Ben's birthday and he is turning thirteen.

I'm sure we can all remember when we became a teenager. For me, it felt like I was "grown up" and mature. In some respects I was. I had more chores to do around the house, I was eager to learn new things, and my parents trusted me more and with that came more responsibility. Also, just having the title "teenager" was stimulating. And I'm sure we all remember the emotional side of being a teenager. There's more drama and excitement, a roller coaster of emotions and feelings, the pressure to please everyone and do your best, and the journey of figuring out what to do with your life.

We've all been through those stages, are going through them, or will go through them. But I asked myself, "What does being a teenager mean for Ben? What does it mean to our family?"

When I asked Ben what he thought of being a teen, he said he didn't care too much. But everyone knows how some boys are. I think behind his nonchalant attitude he's excited to be a teenager.

Turning thirteen means Ben won't be a child anymore; on the other hand, he's not going to be an adult anytime soon. Being an adolescent literally means 'to grow up', and during Ben's teen years I think he will have plenty of time to grow up and mature. In fact, he's already growing so fast that he's almost as tall as I am! I don't like that, but I knew it would happen some day. Hopefully, Ben won't get too overconfident and think that just because he's taller than me he can boss me around; although, he already does do that.

Becoming a teenager means Ben will be doing more fun things and going more places. That means he'll be out of the house more of-

ten, so I can have a few quiet hours with no little brother bugging me! Being able to go more places without your parents is one of the exciting elements of being a teen.

In the past, Ben wouldn't go anywhere without our mom or dad. Now he's getting used to going places without them and realizing that it's not as intimidating as it might seem. In fact, within a few years Ben will be driving places by himself. But I won't get ahead of myself. Even I'm still working on my driver's license. I, let alone my parents, don't want to even imagine Ben taking control of the road! Anyhow, going and doing more things by himself means that Ben will have to build up our parents' trust in him. In order to do that, like any teenager, he'll have to take on more responsibilities and accomplish them well.

Probably some of the most dreaded things for parents, and siblings, of new teenagers are the emotions and 'attitude' that come with being a teenager. You know the look on a parent's face and the way they role their eyes when someone reminds them that their son or daughter is going to be a teenager soon. They're bracing themselves for the meltdowns and apathetic attitudes. It's as if the teen has gone from the 'terrible twos' to the 'terrible teens'. I'm not trying to say that every teen is like this or that it is something terrible, but at some point a teens emotions are going to get the better of him or her. I can speak from experience on that. My parents and I haven't seen too much of this from Ben yet, but I hope I'm ready for it.

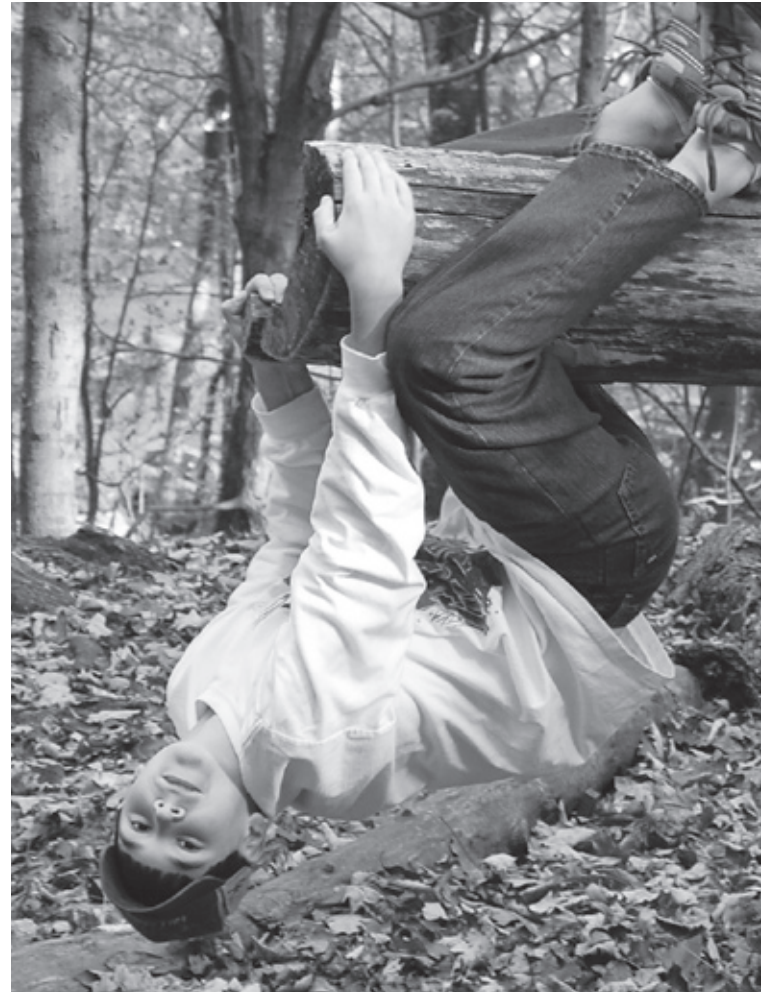
With Ben no longer a kid, he'll have more responsibilities around the house, but also more freedom. I don't think Ben is looking forward to having to do more chores. But he can't get away from it. One of the tricks parents use, I found out, is they tell their young teenagers that if they want to be treated like an adult and be respected as one, then they need

to act more mature and take on more responsibilities. We've told this to Ben plenty of times and I think it's just getting through to him that it does work. The more difficult tasks he takes on and the better he does them, without complaining, the more he'll be able to have fun and be treated like a young adult.

I've realized this is one of the most stimulating parts of being a teenager, but also one of the most difficult. There's a fine balance between not acting like a kid anymore and trying to be an adult. On one end of the spectrum, every new teenager wants the world to know that they're not 'little' anymore, so they continue to strive for maturity.

On the other end, every teen wants to still have fun and not quite grow up yet. This is the predicament of being a teenager. Teens want to grow up, but maybe not as fast as they think. It's hard to find the right balance of keeping one's innocence while at the same time leaving behind one's childish ways.

Speaking of leaving behind childish ways, when Ben becomes a teenager hopefully he'll understand that asking our parents in a nice, mature way for something pays off much better than whining does. All teenagers have this problem of always asking for the latest innovative gadgets. I've found myself always wanting to go shopping or get the latest thing by pleading with my parents or not really weighing the pros and cons. I do think, however, that teens are the best at persuading their parents to get something and to go



somewhere. By the end of the teen years, a teenager will have perfected the art of logical persuasion to overcome his or her parents' minds. This is something Ben will just have to learn as time goes on.

Now that Ben is going to be a teen, he'll have more opportunities to mature and become a young adult; he'll get to have more freedom and fun; and he'll have more chores and responsibilities. Ben won't be able to order from the kid's menu at restaurants anymore, he already

has an appetite impossible to satisfy, nor will he be able to get away with as many things since he's not a little kid. However, during these next few years, I hope Ben will explore all the possibilities for his future.

It's within the teen years that we young adults really look for knowledge, find out who we are, what our interests are, and grow from a little kid to a responsible adult. But we won't put too much pressure on Ben just yet. After all, he's only going to be thirteen.

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STAGES OF LIFE

Losing mom



Sandra Polvinale

Part 4: The Ruby Slippers from the wizard of Oz?

My insane night

My Mother was dead. Not in this world as flesh anymore. I have seen the ugly face of extreme grief and knew the one intense day was coming where you feel totally crazy. I have seen this demon and was waiting to come face to face. And so it came. Bring it on!

I felt like I was a drift at sea. A song by Phil Collins "Against all Odds" from 1984 was running through my head. You were the only one that really knew me at all. I looked on line and sang the song as I wept out loud. Every word was Momma Chic and I. It was late, so I emailed a friend.

My dear friend, I feel like I am having a nice little neat nervous breakdown right now, although nerves do not break down. I can hardly type. It is so late. My feet feel cold from walking in slow motion on the kitchen floor and downstairs from my bedroom. I was screaming for my Mom! Where are you? You said you could do more for me in heaven! I can't

feel you! Where are you! I can't remember the way you smelled. Can't stop this crazy kind of crying. I feel crazy, but know it is extreme grief. I feel like I am walking in a dream. My eyes look so bad that I wonder if it is me in the mirror! Is it me? Did I die also? Am I dead? The thoughts that go through your head with crazy grief! This too will pass.

I feel dead but I remain breathing. I am semi-here. "Where are you Mom I screamed! Are you praying for me? I can't feel it" This is being grief stricken too hard. I can hardly breathe. "Where are you Chris? Aren't you praying for me? Where are all the angels and saints in heaven when you need them? Did I step on them?" (I thought to look under my shoe to make sure and then, that made me laugh.) I am cried out. SPENT. I want so much to go to bed.

I am looking like a crazy person for Mom's pictures, her video on my camera and listening over again all the messages on my answering machine just to hear her sweet voice. "Hello darling, it's just me, Mom. I haven't heard from you in a few days. Call me back". The thought that I couldn't call her made this dragon of grief crazier! I am walking to get tissues but my legs feel like stumps. "I am hurting all over Mom! Where is my Mother to soothe my wounds? Where? I want my Mother! She is in no pain, and now I have it all? What is this?" Not fair is the beast of grief. It is a big fat bully of a beast, it is! Not fair to a soul. Yet, what I am feeling, I know is normal. This is why I am sharing my deepest pain with you. So the grief will be unveiled and exposed for the normal reaction it is. Normal, yet everything seems so abnormal now.

I hate this grief, yet I love it be-

cause I have had to make friends with it so many times. That is not good. Not good at all I thought. OK, my crazy grief is calming down until the next wave of grief smacks me with all it's reality in the face again. There is a lull in the angry grief, the I want to move out of state grief, the I can't stand up grief, the where is my God and angels when I need you grief! I sit alone. My pets have all scattered I wail so loud, grief.

I stumble and try to hold the walls as I grab on to anything that feels upright and normal. Now the beast is calm. The lion of grief is now a kitten. But for how long? A night? A day? An hour? A second?

My Mother was so loved that the world shrieks and wails for her. Mourners like the Jews of old. I am wiped out. I am my Mother's only blonde she watched being born and I watched and held my Momma Chic be born as she entered Eternity. That's not such a bad deal. Heaven. Peace. Well, we'll see each other one day, but I can't feel you Mom. Where were all those prayers you promised me? Are they on your street?

Come here to my shack of a house! I could use the angel power! And bring your lipstick, because my lips are all chapped from crying now. That's it! I have had it! I am going to bed. I hope and pray I can sleep. Goodnight Mom. Dream of angels darling. I hurt Mom. I hurt badly. What's this more tears? I thought I ran out of them.

My Mother had enough love for anyone that came her way. A Mother in all true sense of the word. How Blessed I am how very blessed. Goodnight Mom. Dream of angels darling.

My Mother spoke to me from the grave

After I came home from the funeral, I opened my favorite devotional book called God calling

and found a beautiful card. It was not dated, however it must have been written at least 7 years ago when I felt very sick. I believe someone had died. Yes, it was from my Mother. The words were like they were for just today, here and now. The card itself said: Today I was thinking of you I was thinking of you today and I was wishing that I could just drop in and chat with you. But since that isn't possible, this little card comes to remind you that you are special to me and you are often in my thoughts and prayers.

The hand written note said, Sunday night: Dearest Sandi, I just want to help you as best I can honey! Remember the funny things Chris used to say to you that made you laugh. Try to remember anything that will make you laugh! I know what you are going through is more than rough. I have been down that road many times darling, believe me. It takes guts and spunk and you have both! So, when you can't take much more, and nothing seems to work, remember to give it over to God! Talk to Him and tell Him you can't handle it, but HE can. It really works. Remember, you're always in my prayers and I love you with all my heart! Keep up, my little one. Love, Mom.

Yes, this was a diary of one of the greatest losses of anyone's life. The death of a Mother. A true intimate love story of just a glimpse into the wounds of a grieving soul is for you to see what normal grief can be like. The intense feelings

that may make you feel you won't make it, but you will. You will. And your loved one will communicate in my opinion, from beyond the veil in ways you would never before imagined. May you all have peace within your hearts and souls as you walk the journey of losing a parent. God bless you all. Dream of angels darlings!

Love, Sandi

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COLD WAR WARRIORS

World War III will be at 8 A.M. in the morning!

**Captain John Murphy,
USN Retired**

I was the Operations Officer at a Black Sea warning site at the northern end of the Bosphorus strait in the late 1950s. We were about one mile from the Black Sea. About 100 miles from the Soviet Union and 50 miles from Bulgaria to our west. In the 50's, before satellites....

We were an outpost of U.S. military power. Part of a worldwide network of "listening posts" and radar sites with names such as Kami Seya, Bremerhaven, Elmendorf and Todendorf. We had teammates in Germany, Italy, Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, Japan, Korea and Alaska and all were wired together by modern communications systems and reporting methods.

By 1958 the National Security Agency had created a special CRITIC (Critical Intelligence) reporting system that was designed to place a message on the desk of the President of the United States within 10 minutes of an event. Quite a challenge in the days before satellite communications and high speed data systems. Still we practiced hard at meeting CRITIC reporting standards and by 1959 were pretty confident we could do what was expected. This tale is about one of the first bona fide CRITIC messages ever to rattle the national leadership and its intelligence community. I believe this incident occurred in the summer of 1960.

By the summer of 1959 when I arrived in Istanbul, the "pucker factor" between the U.S. and the USSR had reached a pretty high level. Each was trying to show the other that it had just come up with some new super weapon that put them ahead in the Cold War arms race.

The Soviets had quelled anti communist revolts in East Germany

(1953) and had formed an alliance known as the Warsaw Pact (1955). The U.S. had launched its first nuclear submarine (USS Nautilus in 1955). Soviet tanks crushed a revolt in Hungary (1956) and followed this in 1957 with an impressive set of "firsts" - the first ICBM, the first earth satellite (Sputnik 1), an animal in earth orbit (the dog Laika aboard Sputnik 2) and the world's first, nuclear icebreaker - the Lenin.

Would a Soviet "Nautilus" soon be announced? The U.S. czar of nuclear submarines Admiral Hyman Rickover did not think so. He did not believe that an inferior system such as the Soviets' was capable of achieving what his American program had done with Nautilus. He was wrong - the Soviets launched their first nuclear submarine in 1958 - the Leninogradskiy Komsomolets.

Meanwhile, Soviet forces were training and testing their new Cold War "toys". At the four U.S. Black Sea warning sites at Istanbul, Sinop, Trabzon and Samsun - we were daily observing Soviet jet aircraft bombing exercises, new submarine and surface ship developments. You were ever conscious of the fact that there were major Soviet jet air bases, ICBM test facilities, and the power of the Soviet Black Sea Fleet just over the horizon from our little site in Istanbul. Every time I heard a jet roar south over the Black Sea towards us I would wonder "Was that it? The beginning of World War III? Did we miss it?"

It's interesting how paranoid you can be when you are a mere 15 minutes by air from the Soviet Union. You really didn't want to get caught by surprise.

And yet, very early on a Sunday morning I had the surprise of my young life. It came in the form of a phone call from my Commanding Officer. All he said was "Can't go into



John Murphy celebrating his 50th Birthday and 25th Wedding Anniversary in 1983 - about 15 miles north of Murmansk/Severomorsk in the Barents Sea.

details, but get ready. A car is coming by to take you to the station immediately. Tell your wife to get packed. A bus will be by for her and your daughter Katie shortly. Tell them to pack for at least a three day trip. In Asia." It was around 4 or 5 AM as I recall.

The car arrived within minutes and we were speeding up the western shore of the Bosphorus to our normal Turkish ferry boat landing at Sariyer. No ferries were running at that time of the morning and we commandeered a fishing boat to take us across the Bosphorus ... about 2 miles to the Turkish Navy base at Anadolu Kavak. Here, a U.S. Navy jeep from the site was waiting to take us one mile up to our site which was hidden behind an 11th century Genoese, Crusader castle in a highly restricted, controlled military zone. Any civilian wandering into this area would be met by Turkish soldiers - at gunpoint.

When I entered our four room, Operations Building around 6 AM, the Supervisor of the Watch met me and handed me a Top Secret CRITIC message from the National Security Agency. All it said was that they had just received a CRITIC from a warning site in Europe. The site was reporting an intercept of communications from an unknown Warsaw Pact unit saying that "World War III will be at 8 AM this morning."

That was it. Follow-up CRITICS would be issued - if and when additional information was available.

The message was clear. "Prepare for the worst" and that was what the worldwide U.S. strategic warning system was doing.

Our three ELINT and two COMINT positions were intensely listening for any indications of suspicious activity. Particularly any absence of normal activity which was a good indicator of possible military operations. We did not detect anything. The air defense sites from Bulgaria to the Crimean and over to the east towards the Caspian appeared to be in their normal Monday morning routine. We reported this to NSA and then waited for any updates from them. 8 AM came and went and we heard nothing.

About 9 AM in Istanbul (5 PM in Washington D.C.) NSA sent a follow up CRITIC saying they believed the initial "intercepts from a Warsaw Pact site were 'suspect'. Stay tuned - details to follow."

About an hour later we received a CRITIC follow-up from NSA saying we could go back to normal operations. That they had analyzed the intercepts that led to the initial CRITIC and found them to be baseless.

The final CRITIC wrap up messages from NSA went on to explain

that the intercepts were from a Warsaw Pact Air Defense site in Yugoslavia and had been misinterpreted. "World War III was not going to happen at 8 AM this day."

Years later I was chatting with an analyst who had been present at the NSA Watch Office this day and he told me what really happened. It seems that two Yugoslav soldiers were chatting via radio telephone late in the evening. Both were drunk. One muttered that he had been drinking too much. The other responded something to the effect "So had he. That he was going to be in big trouble with his wife when he got home in the morning. World War III will be at 8 AM tomorrow!"

The rest is history. The new NSA CRITIC system had a good test. I continued on with a normal day's of work at the Black Sea entrance. Watching, photographing and reporting on any Soviet ships transiting the Bosphorus or keeping an eye on the Soviet military in the Black Sea.

Editor's Note: Captain John Murphy now calls Gettysburg home port and will be a regular contributor to our Cold War Warrior series.

Have your own Cold War Warriors' story? If so, send them to us at history@emmitsburg.net



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Layla Watkins

I am not, nor have I ever been, a real girly-girl. Sure, I love a spa day with a manicure/pedicure. And yes, at times I like to get all gussied-up with my hair and make-up just so, jewelry, heels - dressed to kill, so to speak. Most of the time though, I'm a jeans, t-shirt, and pony-tail kind of girl who can use power tools just as confidently as I can use the vacuum cleaner.

Case in point: Last month I was working on remodeling our mudroom. All day, every day, and often until 2:00-3:00 a.m., I was smack in the middle of the construction. Not just painting and caulking, but ripping up flooring, sawing, sanding, and finishing drywall too. For my birthday, Wayne got me an orbital sander - not quite a manicure/pedicure, but it did save my hands from being torn up more than they already were.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining. As hard as all the work was, I got a great feeling of pride and satisfaction from being able to do things that were a challenge. Though I must say, if I never see another bucket of drywall mud, it will be too soon. I have a whole new respect for drywall professionals - drywall work is truly an art.

At any rate, once my "man's work" was done on the mudroom, it was time for my "woman's work" on the rest of the house - cleaning up all the construction mess and washing drywall dust and sawdust off of every single surface imaginable. I had just gotten started on the clean-up the morning my farrier (horse-shoer) came for our appointment.

"Hey Darren, have you got a minute to help me load some drywall? I've got a few extra sheets I need to return."

"Sure, have you got a tarp?"

"Yeah, why? Are we supposed to get some bad weather?"

"You haven't heard? Snow is moving in this afternoon - we're supposed to get quite a bit."

"Really? I've been so wrapped up working on the mudroom, I haven't watched any TV or seen the weather. How much is 'quite a bit?'"

The First Wave

Wayne went to work Friday morning before the snow started, and because he had to help plow there, he would not return until late Saturday night - I was on my own. Shovel in the ready, I prepared for my return to doing "man's work."

At first it was really pretty - snow covering the trees, making everything look fresh and clean, very picturesque. The kids were having the time of their lives playing in it too. They built snow castles, slid down their snow covered slide, and when it was too deep for them to walk through it, they "swam" in it.

The horses were not so happy about being kept in their stalls. I had brought them in Friday night but didn't turn them back out Saturday morning because I knew as the day

went on, the snow would be so deep that when it was time to bring them into the barn, I wouldn't be able to open the gate to their field.

Midday on Saturday I made my way out to the barn to check on them and freshen their hay and water. I had to shovel around the gate to get out of our yard and shovel a little around the barn door to get in, but other than that, I was able to get through the snow fairly easily.

By evening though, it was a different matter. My knees, mangled and arthritic to begin with and worsened by weeks of working in the mudroom, couldn't trudge through the 2 1/2 feet of snow that now stood between me and the barn. So this time, I had to shovel a path through the yard, out the gate, and to the barn.

I fed and watered the horses, then started cleaning their stalls. As I pulled the muck bucket towards the door, I realized I would have to shovel another path to the manure spreader. "Wow," I thought. "It's times like these I wish I still boarded my horses."

Sunday morning was beautiful. It was time to get the horses out, which meant I now had to shovel a path from the barn to their field and dig out the gate enough to get them in and out. "You guys better appreciate all this shoveling I'm doing for you," I told them. I don't know if they did, but the incredible beauty of them running through the snow under sunny, crystal blue skies made me briefly forget my exhaustion.

Wayne had come home Saturday night but went back into work Sunday morning. When he got home Sunday afternoon, I unleashed my tales of snow-woe. "My knees are shot, my hands are raw, and my back is killing me. I can't do any more - I'm done."

Here We Go Again

As I watched the second wave

blow in, completely obliterating the paths I'd worked so hard to clear just days before, I tried to fight the despair that was settling over me. Again, Wayne had to go into work, but this time he would be gone for four days. "This is too much, I just can't do this by myself." But since I really had no choice, I gave myself a pep-talk and got to work.

The kids were easy - grilled cheese, tomato soup, and The Disney Channel. I kept my cool as I watched the snow and ice pulling the gutters off the house and tried to not listen to news reports of roof collapses. I filled jugs and bathtubs with water in case we lost power and brought extra loads of wood inside for the woodstoves. Everything was under control - except I had no idea how I was going to get to the barn to take care of the horses.

By Wednesday evening, it was clear that it was not going to get better anytime soon so I would just have to make my way through. I took my shovel, which doubled as a walking stick, and wove my way between the biggest drifts. The gate out of the yard was completely buried so instead of digging it out, I scaled the fence.

As I approached the barn, my heart sank. There was a 6-7 foot snow drift up against the door. By the time I shoveled through enough of the drift for me to get to and open the door, it had been over an hour since I'd left the house. It is normally about a one-minute walk.

Over the next few days, I shoveled new paths to the barn, to the horses' field, and to the manure spreader. I shoveled out around the gates. I shoveled out my car. And then finally, when Wayne got home on Friday, I gave HIM the shovel. This time, I really was done. After all, it's called MANual labor for a reason.

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IN MY OWN WORDS

February flashback

Katherine Au

March is usually the month when I start to think about spring. Somehow the name says it all to me, spring marching onto the set and starting to turn the landscape green once again, the cold marching away and warmth beginning to sweep across the atmosphere, spring flowers beginning to creep up through the earth to bring the first signs of vibrant color after so long of barely any shade beyond grey or brown. But, this winter has been different for me, for now I can still barely think of spring even though March is just around the corner. I know it will come whether I anticipate it or am prepared for it; one of the beauties of the seasons is their coming and going without our permission or direction. It's just that this winter has shown me new depths of what winter can be, for even now, as I write this I still barely see any earth exposed at all, even brown or grey; rather, all the color I see on the landscape around me is white save for the bits of paved blacktop carved out of the snow to allow life to be mobile again. So, for this March I'm hoping spring leaps into our lives full of surprise, for even now the cold, bleary days hold sway to winter.

It's not a yearly occurrence to have a blizzard every winter, let alone two, but this winter clearly has not been normal, and neither has my life, as a matter of fact. I started February working two jobs, living in a small cottage on a horse farm where one of my jobs was located, nursing a hand that had been bitten by a horse--and then absorbing the life change of a new job offer. How does a new job offer relate to a blizzard? Well, the old saying, when it rains it pours... snow is just winter's way of raining, and all the major transitions of my winter into spring came right around our second blizzard of the winter. I was just about to encounter both the fury of an additional actual blizzard as well as a life blizzard.

I had already been through one blizzard on the farm and only recently had just seen all the fields with no snow. I had already helped dig out the gates, beaten down paths with the horses, unfrozen locks on gates as well as water in water buckets, and now,

just after the world was snowless again, another storm was predicted to hit, and this one was rumored to be worse than the first. And yet, hearing people talk about thirty inches or so of snow still didn't prepare me for what thirty inches actually was. I did, however, prepare as best I could--I had extra gallons of water, extra food, and gasoline canisters full for the generator. So I was ready to "hunker down" and let Mother Nature do her worst--right? Well, not quite. I was also scheduled to move in the middle of it all!

My parents had come up the week prior for a performance in D.C., and hearing all my "life blizzard" news, they decided to stay around for a while since it seemed clear that a little bit of help might be in order. (Maybe they just wanted to see if I could actually pull it all off in the midst of the biggest projected blizzard in memory!) Since I had decided to move and leave my horse job, they figured they could at least help with the packing since I was planning to work not just one job but two straight through the move.

In the span of days just before the blizzard hit, I had accepted the new job offer, given notice to my full-time job, found another place to live and signed the lease, and given notice to my other job and current landlord. My move date was set for the Monday after the blizzard was set to hit on the previous Friday. I'm nothing if not interesting with my timing. Life happens quickly, I've learned, change even more quickly sometimes, and I've learned to roll with the flow or else get washed away.

I literally started moving the morning the blizzard started later in the day. I still had one hand in a brace from the horse bite, so although it was protected it was a bit precarious carrying boxes and bags, but I had some time between feeding the horses and when I needed to be at work, so my dad and I used the time to take over a couple of loads to the new place. (Thankfully, the distance from one place to the other was less than two miles.) My dad continued to take over loads of bags and light boxes throughout the day until it became clear the roads were getting too bad to travel safely. At that point, Dad, Mom, and I prepared to ride out

the storm and try to keep ahead of the shoveling process. We knew we needed to keep a path to the shed beside the cottage and to keep its doorway open since that was where the generator was located, and I needed to keep the pathway open to the manure spreader. Dad and I became very good friends with our shovels.

Saturday morning brought the dawn of a new day, but we had lost power and more snow was forecast to fall. There was nowhere to turn out the horses, so stalls were done with horses in the crossties. Then as soon as the barn was done, the process of digging out the truck began with my dad. Dad had gotten a jump start on it all while I was doing the barn, but as soon as it was clear that the snow had stopped falling, we both hit it with a vengeance. If Dad could get the truck out to the main road, then maybe he could get to my other house and maybe it still had power.

We were able to dig the truck out late on Saturday, and Dad was able to get out to the main road. It became quite evident though, quite quickly, that al-

though he was able to get the truck out of the drive and the few yards to the main road, he was not going to be able to get back into the roadway to my house. Luckily, however, he got to the new place and informed Mom and me that it had power. So, with two dogs and sleeping bags, we abandoned the old and tromped off to the new. Of course, I had to be dropped off at the roadway's entrance the next morning so I could walk in to feed the horses, but at least my walk was only less than five minutes. A neighbor had to walk in to the end of the road to feed his horses, and it took him three hours just to get in.

So did I ever get moved? Yes, indeed I did! Life, I've discovered, is full of wonders. Wonders come in all shapes and sizes. Some of them are symbolic; some of them are literal. On the symbolic side, shortly after the snow had stopped, my father and I were shoveling a pathway for the truck to leave, and my father noticed that there was blue sky peeping through the clouds. It was such a wonderful sight, and as we were talking about how Native Americans must have thought it a great sign to see blue sky after such a snow, we saw a bald eagle flying overhead. That event truly seemed

to herald a good omen.

Symbols are important, but sometimes life needs some literal wonders as well. The day after the snow stopped, I looked up from my barn chores and here came the biggest caterpillar tractor I had ever seen opening up the road; then two men who were asking for work shoveling driveways showed up at the door of the new place. They got more work than they had planned! Using Dad's pickup truck as well as their own, they moved the big furniture pieces and the heavy boxes and moved me out just two hours ahead of the next storm which began on Tuesday afternoon.

Winter may not yet be over, but the digging out from the "great blizzard of 2010" has been accomplished. The "blizzard" of my life has calmed down as well. I now have only one job and am getting settled in a new home where I feel comfortable and secure.

As Emily Dickinson puts it: We "meet the Road--erect--... And Life steps almost straight." I'm ready to be surprised by spring!

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



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ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Imagination station instructor Bert Danielson, in focus

Christine B. Little
Adams County Arts Council

In 2006 the Adams County Arts Council established an arts-education center called the Imagination Station. Since then the IS, as we've come to call it, has been growing steadily, and we've been able to offer an exciting variety of art classes and camps to a growing number of area adults and children. The results are a joy to see.

Most of our classes - though not all - are aimed at beginners, those who haven't had much art training but are intrigued by the idea of trying their hand at painting, pottery, dance, mosaics, jewelry making, and the like. Some of our students have gone on to become quite accomplished - a couple have even mounted exhibits of their own work in the community and beyond.

It's been exciting to see the Imagination Station grow. I hope you'll check us out as we share in the work of the Adams County Arts Council, seeking to cultivate an arts-rich community.

Imagination Station instructor Bert Danielson, in focus

One of our favorite instructors, Gettysburg photographer and newly established gallery owner Bert Danielson, will teach another installment of his popular digital photography series in April. "Digital Photography: Introduction to Photoshop Elements," will run Thursday evenings, April 15 through May 6, from 6:30 to 8:30 p.m. in the Imagination Station classroom, which is located at 18 Carlisle Street, Gettysburg, just across from the Majestic Theater.

In his class Bert will teach the basics of digital photo manipulation and enhancement using Adobe's Photoshop Elements software. You'll learn how to improve the quality of your digital photographic prints, as well as how to alter them for artistic expression. "Basically, the objective of the class is to learn how to do adjustments to photographs in order to create better printed images," Danielson explains. "Secondly, it's to learn how to print out a really good picture, in other words, how to control your printer for improved pictures."

Danielson emphasizes that enhancing and printing your own digital photos doesn't have to be expensive. "Photoshop Elements is an affordable package for most people," he says. "Depending on where you buy it, it can be between \$70 and \$90." Danielson adds that photo printing it-

self doesn't have to be expensive either. "My whole discussion of printing is aimed toward printers that the average person might have in their home," he says.

Unlike Danielson's other Imagination Station classes, which focus primarily on photographic technique, this class will address working with and enhancing digital photographs on the computer and at the printer. "You should be comfortable with taking photographs that you want to enhance and print," Danielson says. "You should know how to use your camera, and hopefully be pretty comfortable with the use of your computer."

Danielson recently opened his own photography studio and exhibition space in Gettysburg. Located in the historic Sewing Factory building at 26 West 4th Street in Gettysburg, the space - called Gunnar Galleries - has already proven popular with artists and the public. "I originally opened the studio to provide a comfortable environment for my portrait photography and framing work," Danielson says. "I combined it with a gallery because I wanted there to be another place for artists to display their work in Gettysburg."

Gunnar Galleries has been open just four months, but Danielson reports that the gallery has been well attended at Gettysburg's First Friday openings, as well as throughout the month. "It's just phenomenal," he says of the community's embrace of his gallery. "I love to see this space used for a lot of different reasons." For information about upcoming exhibits and hours at Gunnar Galleries, call (717) 334-2485.



Imagination Station instructor Bert Danielson

Other upcoming classes at the Imagination Station

In addition to Danielson's class, area art instructors will offer several other classes at the Imagination Station in coming weeks. Marti Yeager will teach "Beginning Oil Painting" on Wednesday afternoons in April, from 3:00 to 5:00 p.m. This is a great class for those who've been wanting to dabble in oils but aren't sure how to get started. Yeager will discuss the materials you'll need and how to use them, as well as the basics of composition and color. What a fun way to celebrate the newness of spring,


by spreading color across a blank canvas!

Michele Quattrocchi will teach a one-afternoon workshop, "Intermediate Art-Clay Silver," on Saturday, April 10, from 1:00 to 4:00 P.M. In this class, you'll learn to wrap a beautiful dichroic-glass cabochon with art-clay silver to make a one-of-a-kind pendant. This class is best suited for those who've worked with art-clay silver before.

And Ann Ruppert will teach another one-day workshop, "Creating Natural Container Gardens," on Saturday, April 24 from 1:00 to 3:00 p.m. In this class you'll create a simple and

beautiful container garden using reeds, stems, leaves, branches and more.

Stay tuned for more information about upcoming classes at the Imagination Station. We're putting together our summer schedule now, which will include our popular half-day art camps for children, as well as a fresh crop of art classes for adults. In the meantime, you can get more information and a complete schedule of Imagination Station classes by calling the Adams County Arts Council at (717) 334-5006, emailing aa@adamsarts.org, or visiting www.adamsarts.org.



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Cultivating an arts-rich community

COMPLEMENTARY CORNER—WELL BEING

The five elements of Yin

The water element, part 2

Renee Lehman

Last month I began a series of articles on the Five Elements, the cyclical pattern of expression in nature, as observed by the ancient Chinese. These Elements or energies are felt to be the prime energetic building blocks from which everything in the material world is composed, and were never seen as five “distinct things”. So, every living thing and every person is a unique embodiment and combination of these Five Elements. The Five Elements are Water, Wood, Fire, Earth, and Metal.

Remember that each Element describes a particular movement and the particular qualities which belong to a specific state of the changing energy seen in the universe. Together, the Five Elements help us to understand the process of dynamic harmony and balance in the whole system of energy. Therefore, when it comes to our health, if all Five Elements are in balance within us, then we are at a state of optimal health/wellness.

So, as you read this article on the Water Element, keep in mind that you are reading only about one part of a much bigger picture!

Review of Part 1

How would you characterize or define water? Think about how it can hold any shape, and yet cannot be grasped and held tightly in its liquid state. Haven't you ever witnessed how water will find a way around anything and seek out the lowest point?

The season that the Water Element is related to is Winter. Winter is nature's “resting season”. Some aspects of nature may look dead (at least you may think that); however, nature is actually storing its potential deep in the earth and the roots of vegetation. The gifts that Winter gives us include the strength of reserves (storage) and endurance (just remember about the hibernating animals), wisdom, stillness, deep listening (the “quietness” of winter allows us to listen), reflection, strength, a solid foundation, and reassurance (Spring will come again!).

Along with being associated with the season of Winter, the Water Element has other associations. In the first part of the Water Element article, the associations of a Yin and Yang Organ (the Kidneys and Bladder, respectively) were discussed. In this article the following associations will be discussed: a body tissue (Bones), an external manifestation (Head hair), a sound in the voice (Groaning), an emotion (Fear), a color (Blue), a direction (North), a climate (Cold), and a taste (Salty).

Body Tissue and External Manifestation Correspondences

The body tissue associated with the Water element are the bones. “Bones” include the bone marrow, the spinal cord and brain (consid-

ered to be an extension of the marrow material), teeth, and of course the bones of your skeleton. The external manifestation of the Water element is the head hair.

Consider how the endocrine system oversees growth, sexual maturity, and fertility through the release of hormones. The endocrine system is regulated by the pituitary gland and the hypothalamus, all within the brain. The endocrine system also works with the autonomic nervous system. This system works automatically (autonomously), without a person's conscious effort, and regulates certain body processes, such as blood pressure, digestion, and the rate of breathing. It is divided into two different divisions: the Sympathetic (generally prepares us for stressful situations, like “fight - or - flight”); and the Parasympathetic (generally controls body process during ordinary situations). This is all controlled by the Water Element, and governed by the Kidneys and Bladder.

A well balanced Water Element will show as: good and strong teeth, strong and supple bones, a strong and flexible spine, freely moving pelvic girdle area (hips, too), strong reproductive system (fertility), appropriate sexual activity, appropriate growth and maturation of children, an alive and curious mind, good long term memory, ability to think keenly and concentrate well, mentally strong, ability to still your mind, a full head of hair, and appropriate graying of hair.

Below is a list of questions that I would like you to ask yourself. Think about what shows up for you when you answer each question. You may need to “nourish” your Water Element to bring it into better balance.

1. Do you have osteopenia, osteoporosis, or other bony problems?
2. Do you have chronic back pain or sciatica?
3. Do you have infertility or erectile dysfunction?
4. Do you have dull or inflexible thinking?
5. Do you have premature graying or excessive loss of head hair?

Sound and Emotion Correspondences

The sound that corresponds with the Water element is groaning. This may not be so obvious, until you think about the quality of the season of Winter. Winter has the tendency to lack a variation from day to day. There appears to be very little sign of life, and look how water tends to freeze (and has no movement). Day after day can go by with little to no variation; and this is where we can hear the monotonous and unchanging groan in someone's voice.

The emotion that is associated with the Water element is fear. Think about the darkness of Winter and the depths of the ocean. Don't you experience a level of uncertainty

and fear about “what is out there” in the dark or “what could be lurking” at the deepest depths of the ocean? Since the Water element deals with the your innate resources and how wisely you use them, your potential, and your ability for self - assurance, can you see how having a healthy level of fear can facilitate your thinking and preparing for the future and your ability to be resilient no matter what happens?

Can you see how chronic fear and nervousness has the ability to “freeze” or “paralyze” someone? It may even become difficult for them to take a “step forward” (both figuratively and literally). A person's mind may even become “stuck and fixed”, and result in them feeling overwhelmed or being unable to contain their thoughts. A person experiencing fear may also act in an opposite way, babbling uncontrollably. Here again you can see the analogies to water, whether it is “frozen” or “flowing out of control”. Finally, think about someone who may be “fearless” and participate in very dangerous sports and activities. Maybe this person is trying to generate and adrenaline rush to “stimulate” themselves.

Color, Direction, Climate, and Taste Correspondences

The color correspondence of the Water element is blue (dark blue). The ocean is a beautiful hue of blue (and think about the darkness as you dive deeper into the ocean). The direction of the Water element is north. This makes sense, since you probably think of colder climates (climate correspondence) being located farther north than south. The taste associated with the Water element is salty, and is pretty straightforward. Think about the foods that come from the ocean (seaweed, fish, etc.), and that our blood and body fluids are made up of a saline solution (0.9% sodium chloride (salt water) solution).

Below is a list of questions that I would like you to ask yourself. Think about what shows up for you when you answer each question.

1. How well do you like dark blue or black clothes, etc?
2. Do you love to go to the beach for your vacations (getting into the water or listening to the ocean)? Think about the rhythm of the waves coming in and out.
3. What do you think of cold weather? How does cold weather make you feel? Does it make you stiff (mentally and physically)?
4. Do you ever crave salty foods?

Nourishing your Water Element

So, if you are interested in nourishing and keeping your Water Element in balance, try some of the following things:

1. Balance the amount of activity and rest (work, rest, & play).

This is a great example of using your resources wisely.

2. Exercise wisely (do energy building exercises like yoga, qi gong, and tai chi), versus performing exercises that use up a lot of your energy and run your “batteries” down.
3. Take time to meditate or have time for quiet contemplation. This will help keep you from depleting your resources.
4. Support and strengthen the low back (with activities such as: qi gong, tai chi, postural exercises, and abdominal exercises). This will help you when you have to shovel snow!
5. Observe and access your deeper rhythm (circadian). How much rest do you need to feel alive and awake?
6. Liberate yourself from chronic fear. Think about abundance instead of scarcity.
7. Eat foods that come from saltwater (fish, seaweeds); seeds; salty-flavored foods (if you don't have blood pressure problems); and dark colored foods (red/black beans). These types of foods sup-

port your Kidneys (think about how kidney beans look like a Kidney) and Bladder.

8. Drink appropriate amounts of water. This keeps you hydrated and allows for you to move smoothly (body/mind/spirit).
9. Avoid too many stimulants or dehydrating drinks. These can affect your mood in a negative way.

To do this, you may need a professional to work with you (a physician, nutritionist, acupuncturist, personal trainer, massage therapist, counselor, spiritual director, or other wellness professionals).

Until then, keep observing your movement through Winter, and how well your Water Element is balanced. And remember: It is tempting to say that the ‘Water is this or that’, or declare ‘I am only Water’, but this is NOT how the Elements are meant to be described. There are aspects of the Water Element that resonate for each individual, and it should!

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

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IN THE COUNTRY

How to meet people

Lynn Holt

It was so simple to meet people and make friends as a child living in the country. Because the population was spread out, there were not many choices. If you wanted a playmate, then the kid, boy or girl, down the road was it. Was this the beginning of tolerance? I doubt it; tolerance may be something that happens in reverse as we age.

We do become more selective. In school, we have a choice of people. Who will we sit next to, with whom shall we sit at lunch, and to whom shall we tell our secrets? And if you should fall on the playground, who will join the pack to laugh and who will stand by you?

The feeling of community has lessened with each decade. It used to be that school, church, and activities would interweave you with the rest of the local population. Dating a boy from another high school was taboo where I went to school. Like the herd mentality, we do not readily accept outsiders. They are kept out or driven off so not to introduce disease or other ideas to the herd.

In those days, I did not have to work at networking. I attended the same school district, went to the same church, played sports, and fox hunted. Each activity brought new people into my ever growing world. Not everyone at church was from the same school district. As I traveled with the girls' basketball team, each year I would see the now familiar faces of the girls from the other school teams. Different people enter your lives by the different things that you do.

I loved to ice skate, and we got a hockey game going on a pond up the road. Before we knew it, we had more than enough for each team. I used to collect everyone in my mother's station wagon. Even after I went away to college, I was not forgotten. Over the winter break I got a call from a boy saying there was an ice hockey game

up the road at 1pm; would I like to play? I automatically asked if he wanted me to pick him up. He laughed and said in a deeper voice, no, I am driving now. I was not forgotten and neither were my efforts.

My equestrian endeavors were a different story. I had to trailer my horse to a completely different area. I competed there, fox hunted, and made more friends and acquaintances. I remember how awkward I felt on the rare occasion that someone from my local community would meet someone from my other world.

It was not complicated. I believe that the activities drew us together. That, and whoever had their parents' car. Then I became a young adult and then a young family; the constant business of life takes hold. It was meeting the parents of other children, being with people at work all day, and trying to get out and do something on weekends. I think many of us rushed through this time period and did not have the backyard fence conversations.

I have always lived in the country, so not having neighbors close by was not something I missed. I did find that being a stay at home mom was more of an isolation. Most were working mothers, and some of my friends never had children. I mostly met people through horse activities, club meetings and of course, the fox hunting, and the occasional neighbor who had a horse and actually rode it.

When you are married, you have married friends. My parents had peo-

ple in for a game of bridge. Now, it is much more casual with backyard BBQs, foursomes of golf and tennis, dining out, and going to the movies with other couples. All of these social activities can come to a halt when you no longer have a partner. Divorce often causes people to choose sides. There was once a stigma attached to a divorced woman. She was a threat to married women, and this divorcee had difficulties making new friends. The divorced man was a threat to women also. He might have too much free time and want your husband to join him.

A lot of this has changed. Divorce is commonplace and often repeated several times. The problem still remains that, when you were married, you had your married friends. Now you are alone; how do you meet people? Everyone is so rushed with work, kids, commuting, maintaining a household, and family. Often, people do not have time for a new friend.

I once read where you find someone is often where you will lose them. A good example of this is going to a bar. Unless you are an alcoholic and seeking out the same, why would you go somewhere that is not a good venue for meeting someone? Having something in common is key. There are many singles clubs for golf, boating, and other activities. Why not make a friend or meet a special someone who wants to spend time doing the things you like?

If we are not too self-absorbed, then we will see what the other per-

son is about. Is it all about Him? Does She have some of the same interests in common? Do we feel at ease around this person, or must we watch what we say? Is this person too competitive, too helpful, or just too available? Is this person desperate for company? Will this be a conversation or will I be attending a lecture on some obscure topic?

Because I grew up In The Country I am content to do things on my own. My horses and riding can take up much of my time. I love to cross country ski and this is the winter for it! I like to read, solve the Sunday crossword, and bake bread in the winter. I guess I have maintained, and also gravitated toward, solitary pastimes.

Perhaps the answer is to find a new activity, something for which to be enthusiastic. I can remember a woman friend taking an auto mechanics course because she wanted to meet men. I think most classes have more of a unisex appeal. You will find both genders in cooking, yoga, martial arts, and creative writing courses. Something to remember; interested people make for interesting friends. Perhaps the desire to learn to play the cello is not productive in meeting people. Lessons and practice are more of a solitary activity.

Dogs provide a great way to meet people. Parks are full of dog walkers. This can be a wonderful social pastime for you as well as your dog. Unusual breeds seem to claim more attention. Well-behaved dogs are admired by all.

Dog obedience classes are no longer difficult to find. Your veterinarian or local animal shelter may offer them or be aware of who does. This will provide socialization for both you and your dog. The class setting provides discipline and some peer pressure. It is no fun having the worst dog in class, so go home and practice and come back to impress everyone. So, here is your chance to meet people who seek the same thing that you do. You get out once a week, spend a few minutes a day with your dog, and meet people with common interests.

I do not have answers, but I certainly do have lots of questions. And my question is how to meet people given what I have described in this column. I can offer suggestions or tell of my experiences. And oh yes, I tried the dating websites and no, they are not for me. Maybe that is an experience I will share with you some time.

It is important not to feel isolated. We were given tools in our childhood in order to meet people. Activities that involve community, school, sports, and work are still available. The thing we want most is human contact. We will make many more acquaintances than we will actual friends. Try not to become too dependent on just one person. As in all things of life, we need balance. I think we had the idea that as life went on, life would get easier. It doesn't.

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



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ASTRONOMY

The night sky of March

Dr. Wayne Wooten

For March 2010, the Moon will be a waning gibbous as the month begins; the Lenten Full Moon was on February 28th. The waning gibbous moon passes just 5 degrees south of Saturn on March 2nd. Last quarter moon sits high in the sky and half-lit at sunrise on March 7th. We spring forward to Daylight Savings Time on Sunday, March 14th.

The new moon falls on March 15th. The waxing crescent moon lies just below and to the right of Venus in twilight on March 16th, and will be just above Venus on March 17th. The Vernal Equinox occurs at 12:33 PM on March 20th. The first quarter moon is high overhead at sunset on March 23rd. The waxing gibbous moon passes four degrees south of rapidly fading orange Mars on March 25th. The waxing gibbous moon passes again passes five degrees south of Saturn on March 28th.

Venus dominates the western evening sky, growing higher in the sky each successive evening. Her disk is almost completely sunlit and tiny in the telescope as she is still on the far side of the Sun. Orange Mars is still bright in the NE at sunset, but fading fast, having been lapped by the Sun in late January at opposition. On March 22nd, we pass between Saturn and the Sun, so Saturn will rise in the east in Virgo, coming up at sunset and staying up all night. As we are then closest to the ringed wonder, this is the best time to observe the most beautiful object in the sky. When viewed with a telescope, the rings will be even open than last year, tilted about 11 degrees toward the Earth and Sun this year. Small scopes will also show its largest moon Titan.

The constellation Cassiopeia makes a striking W in the NW.

South of Cassiopeia is Andromeda's hero, Perseus. Between him and Cassiopeia is the fine Double Cluster, faintly visible with the naked eye and two fine binocular objects in the same field. Perseus contains the famed eclipsing binary star Algol, where the Arabs imagined the eye of the gorgon Medusa would lie. It fades to a third its normal brightness for six out of every 70 hours, as a larger but cooler orange giant covers about 80% of the smaller but hotter and thus brighter companion as seen from Earth.

At Perseus' feet for the famed Pleiades cluster; they lie about 400 light years distant, and over 250 stars are members of this fine group. East of the seven sisters is the V of stars marking the face of Taurus the Bull, with bright orange Aldebaran as his eye. The V of stars is the Hyades cluster, older than the blue Pleiades, but about half their distance. Yellow Capella, a giant star the same temperature and color as our much smaller Sun, dominates the overhead sky in the northwest. It is part of the pentagon on stars making up Auriga, the Charioteer (think Ben Hur).

Several nice binocular Messier open clusters are found in the winter milky way here. East of Auriga, the twins, Castor and Pollux highlight the Gemini; it is directly above us as darkness falls in early March. UWF alumni can associate the pair with Jason and the Golden Fleece legend, for they were the first two Argonauts to sign up on his crew of adventurers..

South of Gemini, Orion is the most familiar winter constellation, dominating the southern sky at dusk. The reddish supergiant Betelgeuse marks his eastern shoulder, while blue-white supergiant Rigel stands opposite on his west knee. Just south of the belt, hanging like a sword downward, is M-42, the Great Nebula of Orion,



an outstanding binocular and telescopic stellar nursery. The bright diamond of four stars that light it up are the trapezium cluster, one of the finest sights in a telescope.

In the east are the hunter's two faithful companions, Canis major and minor. Procyon is the bright star in the little dog, and rises minutes before Sirius, the brightest star in the sky. Sirius dominates the SE sky as darkness falls. At 8 light years distance, Sirius is the closest star we can easily see with the naked eye.

When Sirius is highest, along our southern horizon look for the second brightest star, Canopus, getting just above the horizon and sparkling like an exquisite diamond as the turbulent winter air twists and turns this shaft of starlight, after a trip of about 200 years!

To the northeast, look for the bowl of the Big Dipper rising,

with the top two stars, the pointers, giving you a line to find Polaris, the Pole Star. Look for Mizar-Alcor, a nice naked eye double star, in the bend of the big dipper's handle, rising by 7 PM at the start of March.

March comes in like a Lion, as Leo rises. If you take the pointers south, you are guided instead to the head of Leo the Lion rising in the east, looking much like the profile of the famed Sphinx. The bright star at the Lion's heart is Regulus, the "regal star". Our photo highlight is the trio of galaxies, M65 (top left), M-66 (bottom left) and NGC 3628 (to right) the cluster lies below the lion's hind-quarters, with the two Messier galaxies visible in binoculars.

If you follow the handle of the Big Dipper to the south, by 9 PM you will be able to "arc to Arcturus", the brightest star of Spring and distinctly orange in

color. Compare it to Mars high overhead in brightness and color now. It is at the tail of kite shaped Bootes, the celestial bear driver chasing the two bears from his flocks.

By 9 PM, many more galaxies will be following as the Virgo Supercluster, just below Saturn now, rises in the east. This huge cluster of over a thousand galaxies is centered about 60 million light years away. The brightest star of Virgo, Spica, lies just east of the center of the cluster, and its rise just after sunset marks the time of year for spring planting in folklore. Time to get your peas in the ground....

March goes out like a lamb, not just from Easter tradition, but because Aries the Ram is setting in the west by the end of March. Many of our sayings and traditions have astronomical origins.



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Computer Q & A

Ayse Jester
Jesters Computer Services

Q. I am having trouble with my current computer and I am thinking of getting a new one. Are there any recommendations you can make as to what to look for and what to stay away from?

A. There many different things to consider when purchasing a new computer.

1. Does my computer really need replaced?- Many times we hear "it's time to get a new computer" simply because the system has never had any maintenance or cleaning done. We recommend system maintenance once yearly (We offer a clean-up for regular maintenance). My best recommendation is to allow a professional to check the physical hardware of the computer. If the physical hardware of the computer is functioning correctly and can support the programs that you will use there should be no need to replace the computer unless of course, you just want that new toy! 90% of the computers we repair are being fixed due to software problems

NOT physical hardware problems.

2. Should I go with a desktop or a laptop?- Our recommendation is to stick with a desktop unless you need the portability or cannot live without a laptop. There are many reasons to choose a desktop over a laptop. Laptops are much more expensive to repair because the motherboard is designed for that system and many of the parts are specific to only certain models. Laptops are also much more likely to take damage due to its portability. Desktop hardware is mostly universal which means that there are only a few different types of hardware that could work in the system. The other thing to consider is that because laptops are hardware specific there is not a lot of upgrades you can do to a laptop. If you are going to go with a laptop ensure that the hardware will support your applications not only now but in the future.

3. What do I really need?- The specifications on the box might be pretty confusing to the average user. It's important to

make sure that your system actually meets the requirements of any software you may be running. In the past we have seen computers come in with less hardware than the operating system requires. Many of the high end games you can purchase today require extensive graphics and demand much more space and system resources than games in the past.

We generally recommend allowing us to take a look at your computer prior to putting money into something you may not need. If you need help determining if your computer needs maintenance or if its time for a new computer give us a call for our professional opinion.

Q. What is the difference between Windows and a Mac and what is right for me?

A. Only 16% of computers run the MAC operating system.

We do not repair or offer software support for Macs. There are a few main differences between the two. Obviously the software is much different if you use to Win-

dows and switch to a Mac the entire setup of your desktop will be different and many of the windows functions you are use to will not be the same.

If your going from a PC to a MAC keep in mind that the software you have will not run on a MAC. You will need to purchase software designed specifically for the MAC operating system. Many people note that MACs are more stable and do not tend to get viruses as badly or as abundantly as PC's. In my opinion much of the reason MACs are more stable is due to the limiting of the software. When looking at the amount of viruses a PC obtains V.S. a MAC you again have to look at the fact that the programming code for software is completely different. Anyone

who is trying to gain something from a virus is going to target the bigger audience which is PC's not MAC's. When talking in terms of hardware for Apple computers in general the actual processing power and memory of the computers are not as advanced as PC's. Part of this is due to the lack of demand of performance from the MAC software.

To have your questions featured in the next article please send your questions to qna@jesterscomputers.com.

For more tips and suggestions visit our newly re-designed website at www.jesterscomputers.com.

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LIBRARY NOTES & SENIOR NEWS

Blarney among the stacks

Caroline Rock
Library Assistant at the Emmitsburg Branch Library

According to a 2000 census, 14.6% of the citizens of Emmitsburg are Irish. That's nearly half. No, not really, but isn't everyone a little Irish in March?

Growing up, I was led to believe my family ancestry was quite Irish. We were taught to root for Notre Dame and to eat all our potatoes. We listened to Bing Crosby, and knew all the words to "The Unicorn Song".

My maiden name was Keller, and my father insisted the name was derived from the Irish "Kelleher". This, added to the fact that my great-grandmother was named Fitzgerald, should have dispelled any question about our lineage—never mind that there is not a red hair nor a green eye among us. But I was never really convinced.

Keller as a surname, I learned later in life, is decidedly German. In fact, it is listed among the top fifty most common German surnames. It is an occupational surname, denoting one who maintained or oversaw the cellar or pantry in a castle or monastery. Kellers were greatly respected and trusted, in much the same way you trust someone to watch your cookies for you if you have to run to the rest room. And there are quite a few members of the Keller

family with whom you can trust your cookies, so to speak. It seems much more logical to assume our lineage was Teutonic, not Gaelic.

The second most common place of origin for the Kellers was Switzerland. It seems unlikely that our family came from Switzerland, though. Few of us like to ski. And, although Kellers, as a rule, love chocolate, well--- who doesn't?

Of course, as with most surnames, you can find variations and mutations from all over Europe. The Old English form of Keller is Kellere, which was an occupational name given to an executioner. Yes, an executioner. You don't hear my family bragging about that, do you?

Scottish Kellers were called Keilor, a habitational name for people who lived in (surprise!) Keilor. And that's no blarney.

The Scandinavian form of Keller is Kvalheim, which means "unexplained." Actually, "unexplained" is what I found when I looked up the meaning of Kvalheim. There is also no evidence that the Kvalheims of Scandinavia are related to the Kellers of Hagerstown. But, begorrah, "unexplained" does not rule out that possibility.

And then there is the variation of which my father is most fond: O'Ceileachair of Gaelic origin. This

word is neither a habitational nor an occupational name. It is a personal name, which means "a dear companion." So, without knowing my family and extended family, the cherished readers of this column would have no way of judging whether my Kellers are more likely to be dear companions, assassins, or pantry guards. And I am keeping my lips sealed on the matter!

Hagerstown, my hometown, has an ancestry that is 11% Irish, but more than 22% German. This is shocking, since Jonathan O'Hager sailed straight from Dublin with more than 300 other Irishmen, their children, and their wives, each of whom was pregnant with twins. That's a lot of Irish immigration. And there wasn't a Kelleher among them, more's the miracle.

Hagerstown celebrates its German heritage with an Oktoberfest in August. The city also boasts its own authentic German restaurant, the Schmankrel Stube, which is Irish for "We get more Irish the farther we get from Ireland."

So Hagerstown isn't all that Irish. But I'm told you can get a really cool tattoo of a Celtic cross in the colors of the Irish flag in a little shop on North Potomac Street. That should count for something.



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But what about Emmitsburg? Emmitsburg, with its 14.6% Irish heritage sponsors an annual Celtic Fest each year, this year being no exception. On Thursday, April 1, at 7:30 P.M., Scythian will bring its energetic brand of Celtic rock to the Knott Auditorium at Mount St. Mary College. Anyone, Irish or not, who enjoys traditional Irish music married with kick-butt Gypsy reels and a taste of bluegrass, should be sure to check out this concert. This sham-rocking Irish band even played for our Irish president, O'Bama, and we are thrilled to have them perform at the festival this year. Celtic Fest never fails to bring out the Hibernian spirit in Emmitsburg.

The library will be sponsoring other special Celtic events during March, such as a Lucky Storytime with Miss Jenni. As always, information about Celtic Fest and all our programs is available from any librarian, or by visiting our website, www.fcpl.org.

And while you're at the library website, you can check out your own heritage. The FCPL website carries premium genealogy databases, free to anyone who has a library card. Ancestry Library Edition and Heritage Quest allow you to search census, local histories, war records, and other sources in your pursuit of pedigree. Did I say free? That's enough to make yer ole Aunt Maggie spit out her chowder!.

SENIOR NEWS

Susan Allen

Is it spring yet?! Our calendar shows March 20th as the first day of spring, but I think we're owed an early start to that green and pleasant season. Say good-bye to winter with White Bingo (bring something white) on March 10. Speaking of green, we'll be observing St. Patrick's Day, March 17, with 'wearin' of the green' prizes. We've got a night card party scheduled for March 24; doors open at 6 p.m. Join us!

Special Programs: March 16-Nurse Steve will be here at

11:00 a.m. for blood pressure checks and to talk about Depression & Mood Swings. Kitty Devilbiss will discuss Nutrition on March 18 at 12:30 p.m. 10:00 a.m. Brunch on Fridays will be followed by these events: March 12-Estate Planning/questions; March 19-Big "Welcome Spring" party; March 26-Speaker, Mary Ann Williams, "When I am not Able: Caring for Handicapped Family Members."

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. To register for special events or for information, call program coordinator Linda Umbel, 301-600-6350.

Regular Activities

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

Strength Training & Conditioning: Tuesday and Thursday, 10 a.m.

Bingo: Mar. 10 & 24.

Cards, 500, and Bridge Group: Mar. 3, 17 & 31.

Men's Pool: Wednesdays at 1:00 p.m.

Pinochle & 13: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

Canasta: Fridays at 12:30 p.m.

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Mondays
GriefShare Recovery Support Group at Elias Lutheran Church. The GriefShare Support Group is open to anyone who is grieving the death of someone close to them. For more information, contact Rev Jon Greenstone, Pastor at Elias Lutheran Church at 301-447-6239 or via e-mail at eliasluth@peoplepc.com

March 6
GriefShare Recovery Support Group at Elias Lutheran Church. The GriefShare Support Group is open to anyone who is grieving the death of someone close to them. For more information, contact Rev Jon Greenstone, Pastor at Elias Lutheran Church at 301-447-6239 or via e-mail at eliasluth@peoplepc.com

March 6, 7, 13
Strawberry Hill Nature Preserve Holds Annual Maple Sugaring Programs - Get a hands-on experience with all facets of the sugaring process. During this 90 minute program, attendees learn the history of maple sugaring and then are led to the forest where they select a tree, drill into it, hang a sap bucket, collect sap and watch fresh sap being cooked down into syrup before their very eyes. For more information call 717-642-5840 or e-mail info@strawberryhill.org

March 7
Gettysburg's Majestic Theater presents - WGTY-FM Country Show live on stage! Past performers include Aaron Tippin, Josh Gracin, Emerson Drive and Billy Currington, and these shows always sellout quickly! Show starts at 4 pm. For more information call 717-337-8200 or visit www.gettysburgmajestic.org
Music, Gettysburg! presents Atwater-Donnelly Duo - The award-winning duo performs

a thrilling blend of traditional American and Celtic folk music and dance. Show starts at 4 pm. For more information call 717-338-3000 or visit www.musicgettysburg.org

March 8
The South Mountain Audubon Society, a Chapter of The National Audubon Society, March meeting will be held at the Agricultural Resource Center, 670 Old Harrisburg Road Gettysburg. Kim Van Fleet, of PA Audubon, will speak on the concern with the drilling for natural gas in the Marcellus Shale area throughout much of PA. This is a major conservation issue that all of us should be aware of. The meeting stars at 7 pm and is free and open to the public. For further information call Deb Siefken at 717-677-4830.

March 12
Hauser After Hours - Free live music and Catered food. Enjoy music by the Skyla Burrell Band and catered food by Fabio Carella - \$10-\$15 Hauser Estate Winery. For more information call 717-334-4888 or visit www.hauser-estate.com

March 13
Breakfast to Benefit Catocin High School Safe & Sane at Trinity United Church of Christ, 101 E. Main Street, Thurmont - Tickets are \$6.50 for adults and children under 8 \$3.50. For Tickets Contact Gretchen Smith @ 301-748-0259.

Tom's Creek United Methodist Church Buffet breakfast & pork sale. For more information call Ernie Staub 443-605-2995, Dottie Davis 301-447-2403 or Rose Knox 443-605-2675. Orders should be submitted no later than Sunday march 7, 2010.
Gettysburg's Majestic Theater presents - ABBA - The Music You've seen the rest, now see the

best! There is no doubt that this is the most authentic ABBA show ever, featuring original band members Katja Nord and Camilla Dahlin founders of the band Waterloo. Show begins at 8 pm. For more information call 717-337-8200 or visit www.gettysburgmajestic.org

March 14
Catocin Mountain Park Blacksmith Shop Demonstration - Come enjoy the warmth from our forge as volunteers demonstrate the age-old craft of blacksmithing. The smithies will explain how the craft of blacksmithing evolved and the role of blacksmiths in the community while demonstrating some of the fundamentals of the trade.

March 15
Mount Symposium for Corporate and Social Responsibility. Speaker: Brad Udall, director, CU-NOAA Western Water Assessment. Boulder, CO. Knott Auditorium, 7:00 p.m

Regular Monthly meeting of the Emmitsburg Historical Society - Interested in learning more about local history? Join in the fun as the Historical Society selects pictures for next months history column - William Hay's "At the End of the Emmitsburg Road." For more information call 301-471-3306 or visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net.

March 17
Gettysburg's Majestic Theater presents - Cinderella by the Moscow Festival Ballet. The magic and fantasy of the beloved, rags-to-riches fairy tale comes to life as the Moscow Festival Ballet takes the stage in a full-length ballet in three acts, featuring music by Sergei Prokofiev and choreography by Rostislav Zakharov. Combining elements from the Bolshoi and Kirov ballet companies, For

more information call 717-337-8200 or visit www.gettysburgmajestic.org.

March 20
27th annual Emmitsburg Lions Club health screening at Mother Seton School. In continuing with their tradition of supporting vision health, the Emmitsburg Lions will be conducting free vision acuity tests for those interested. No registration is required for vision screening. For more information call Lion Joe at 301-447-2939 or e-mail Joe@emmitsburg.net

Mountaintop Community Spring Fair - Collectibles road show - Bring a collectible item for appraisal by our experts. Come on out and beat "cabin fever" welcome spring! For information contact Lynn or Duke Martin at 717-642-5645, or email us at jacksmtn@embarq-mail.com. All proceeds benefit the Amanda Bowder's Memorial garden fund.

March 26
Hauser After Hours - Free live music and Catered food. Enjoy music by the Al Parsons Band and catered food by the N.E.W. A-Ville Inn. Hauser Estate Winery. For more information call 717-334-4888 or visit www.hauserestate.com.

March 27
Annual Flea Market and Flower Mart. For more info: 301-447-3161 or www.mothersetonschool.org.

March 27 & 28
3rd Annual Gettysburg Bike Show and Expo Organizers plan to have more than 150 vendors and 3,000 to 5,000 visitors. For more information call 717-309-3881 or visit www.gettysburgbikeshow.com.

Saturday March 27th 10 am to 2 pm

Jubilee EASTER KID'S DAY!

Saturday March 27th 10 am to 2 pm

Face Painting!

Egg Decorating!

Free Samples!

Guess The Jellybeans Contest!

Cookie Decorating!

Prize Drawings!

Have Your Child's Picture Taken FREE With THE EASTER BUNNY!

Jubilee Loves Kids! This day will be filled with fun things to do, prizes, samples, a free goodie bag to all children and THE EASTER BUNNY!

www.ShopJubileeFoods.com **301-447-6688** Jubilee515@comcast.net

MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

Mount St. Mary's University is built on four pillars—faith, discovery, leadership and community. Students, alumni, our faculty, administrators and staff, all turn these words into action every day. In the coming year, we'll introduce you to some of the Mount's own, who help make the university, and the Emmitsburg community, a place we're proud to call home.



◀ JENNIFER STAIGER

Assistant Professor of Science, School of Natural Science and Mathematics

When did you come to the Mount?

August 2004.

Who inspires you?

My Ph.D. Mentor, Gabriella Dveksler, who showed me that, although it is sometimes a challenge, it is certainly not impossible for a woman to succeed as a teacher, scientist and mother.

Favorite food?

Crabcakes.

Favorite restaurant?

Isabella's in downtown Frederick.

What are you reading?

Complications: A Surgeon's Notes on an Imperfect Science by Atul Gawande

What do you like most about living in the area?

I see friends almost everywhere I go (both on campus and off). It is nice to feel like others are looking out for you and your family.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SYMPOSIUM FOR CORPORATE AND SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

Monday, March 15

Knott Auditorium, 7:00 p.m.

Speaker: Brad Udall, director, CU-NOAA Western Water Assessment. Boulder, CO.



SKATE FOR HAITI CHARITY

Saturday, March 27

Skate Frederick,

8:45 p.m. -10:15 pm

Men's Hockey v. FBI Hockey

ADMISSIONS SPRING OPEN HOUSE

Sunday, April 11

Open to all high school students. Spring Open House offers you the opportunity to explore Mount St. Mary's and all its characteristics. You will meet members of the Mount community, take a tour of our beautiful campus and hear presentations on academics and student life.

NESSE GODIN, HOLOCAUST SURVIVOR

Thursday, April 15

Knott Auditorium, 7:00 p.m.

Nesse Godin is a survivor of the Shauliai, Lithuania Ghetto, the Stutthof Concentration Camp, four labor camps and a death

march. She has dedicated her adult life to teaching and sharing memories of the Holocaust.



Get one step closer to college this summer

Mount courses open to high school students

REGISTRATION OPENS FEBRUARY 22.

Session I - June 1-July 2, 2010

- ECON 101: Foundations of Economics I
- PSYCH 100: Foundations of Psychology
- SPAN 101: Beginning Spanish I (6/1-6/11)
- SPAN 102: Beginning Spanish II (6/14-6/25)
- ASL 101: Beg. American Sign Language I

Session II - July 6-August 6, 2010

- ECON 102: Foundations of Economics II
- MATH 105: Elementary Statistics
- SOC 100: Foundations of Sociology
- ASL 102: Beginning American Sign Language II

Online Courses

- MATH 101: Elementary College Algebra

Session III - June 1-August 6, 2010

- CHEM 101: General Chemistry I

Make it a Mount Summer

Visit www.msmary.edu/summer for information on registration, tuition and other summer events.



16300 Old Emmitsburg Road
Emmitsburg, MD 21727