

"READ BY MOST EMMITSBURGIANS"

VOLUME 98, NO. 3

EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE ★ EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND ★ APRIL 2009

FREE

Most Anything at a Glance

BY ABIGAIL

Hello and St. Joe's Girls

Well, folks, I don't know about you, but I've had just about enough of winter. Yes, let it be known that Abigail is ready for spring to make its debut posthaste. This is the time of year when I get a bit crotchety (though some might argue I'm that way year 'round). Even my grandchildren and great-grandchildren know to steer clear right now. Why? Because as I write this, it is March: too warm to be winter, but too cold and changeable to trust that it's spring. March is windy, cold, damp, dreary and unpredictable. It gets my hopes up with a few beautiful, warm days, then dashes them with fierce winds and topsy-turvy temperatures. No, thank you.

"Is Abigail going to spend her entire column grousing about the weather?" you might ask. No, dear readers, I know better than that. No one wants to hear me gripe too much. I can already picture my boss reading this and rolling her eyes with that impatient, "Oh, give me a break, Abigail!" look. Alright, alright.

Truth be told, I'm already thinking about spring and the joys of walking around the streets of our wonderful town — and that (not my grumpiness about March) is one of the points of my column this month. You see, dear readers, because I'm old(er) and have lived here all my life, I can bring up things no one else would dare touch with a ten-foot pole. (That's one thing my boss does love about me. Right, boss?) So, here we go.

Folks, as we all emerge from our winter hideaways this spring and stroll the streets about town, let's take an extra second to greet each other: smile, say hello, tip our hat, wave. It may sound old fashioned, especially to you youngsters, but this is truly one of the joys of living in a place like ours. Unfortunately, as our town grows in size, I'm noticing more and more that when passing on the street, folks either look away or are pre-occupied listening to whatever gadgets (cell phones, earplugs, etc.) they have glued to their ears. Please, dear readers, let's try to reverse this impersonal trend. I'm asking for your help this spring.

Next time you are walking around town or through your neighborhood, try making it a point to look at the person passing you on the sidewalk or sitting on the front porch, and say hello. It's so simple to do, but makes such a difference — not just for our town in general, but for each of us as individuals. At the risk of sounding trite, saying a friendly

ABIGAIL, Page 4

WANTED: April Showers

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

Matthew Kramar, Senior Forecaster for the National Weather Service, is not overly concerned about the lack of rain, despite the fact that February was the driest month in the Washington area since they started keeping records in 1872.

So far in 2009, measurements taken by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's National Weather Service station at the Baltimore-Washington International Airport show the area is down nearly six inches of precipitation from the average.

No one has to tell Ken Wisner that. He and his family run Glade Link Farm in New Midway and he watches the weather, particularly the precipitation right now, pretty closely.

"We went into winter in pretty good shape, but in recent months we've been way below normal," he said.

Wisner, a retired Frederick County extension agent, said there is good news and bad news about

the lack of rain. When a golf course like the one near his farm is irrigating in March, that's very unusual. "It makes you nervous," he said.

But on the plus side, some farmers have been able to do plowing and fertilizing to get a jump on the season. Normally they might not be able to do that now because the fields would be mud, he said.

Of course, Wisner is concerned that if it continues like this for much longer, he and his family may find themselves irrigating their farm from their two ponds. Both ponds are full now, but they try to save them for the summer months during dry spells.

And of course, there is the expense of farming — especially these days — to think about.

"The cost of planting anything at this point is expensive," Wisner said. "The cost of fuel is a little better and fertilizer is still way up there. You depend on the moisture to make everything work."

Current water sources doing ok Joe Wivell Jr.'s farm is on a well, but he said he is not concerned about



February was the driest month since 1872, according to the National Weather Service. Toms Creek is running at a much lower level than would usually be the case this time of year.

his well going dry. His old hand-dug well was replaced in 1998 and the new one yields enough water to care for about 20 head of cattle and his horses, even when it's been dry.

That doesn't mean he isn't keeping an eye on the weather, but he's not too worried yet.

Those folks with wells that are not producing as well as Wivell's may remember a drought a few years back that was good business

for those digging wells, but hard on property owners and the towns providing water to their residents.

Wells are a big source of water for the town of Emmitsburg, which also gets its water from Rainbow Lake and sometimes buys water from Mount Saint Mary's University. Town Manager Dave Haller's February monthly report documented that Rainbow Lake

RAIN, Page 5

Betting on Emmitsburg



Cindy and Joe Wivell, owners of CJ's Screen Printing & Embroidery located on the Square

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

As difficult and challenging as the current economic situation has been for many, there are still a few folks betting they can make a new business work in Emmitsburg.

Pradeep Saini, a new Emmitsburg business owner, decided his work as a real estate agent should not be the only basket into which his family put their proverbial eggs. To diversify, he recently opened Village Liquors in the Silo Hill Shopping Center.

"The real estate business was slow and times were bad so I guess we needed this as a backup," Saini said. "I've always been one who believes when times are good you work hard and when times are bad you work harder."

A resident of the United States for

16 years, Saini settled in Frederick County because he was looking for something affordable. He came from a big city and was looking to slow down, he said. His plan is for his family to move to Emmitsburg.

"As soon as we can sell we will move there," Saini said. "I love the town. It's beautiful and the people are so friendly."

So how did he decide on a liquor store?

"We thought about a liquor store, and pizza survives any economy. (People) might tone down the kind of food or drink they buy, but they have to eat and drink," Saini said of his decision to open the store. "We wanted to diversify... This is not the time to do just one thing."

Village Liquors opened the first week of March. Saini said he is still selling real estate as he can, but

spends most of his time at the store.

In the roughly 2400 square foot store, Village Liquors offers beer, wine and spirits, and carries what Saini believes is the largest selection of wine in the neighborhood. He also carries a lot of local microbrews and wine from local wineries such as Elk Run, Linganore Winecellars and soon, Adams County Wine, because customers have been requesting it, he said.

"Our focus is not on what I want to sell but what (the customers) want me to sell," Saini said. "Tell me what you want us to carry and we will."

Embroidery, Tuxedos and Firemen...

Picture a fireman in a tuxedo with his name embroidered on his shirt and that will only slightly help you visualize the many services provided by CJ's Screen Printing & Embroidery, which just opened at 1 Main Street, Emmitsburg in the center of town.

Cindy Wivell and husband Joe Wivell Jr. started the business in

1989 and have worked out of their home until just recently when they rented a storefront in the center of town. Joe said they always wanted to have a storefront.

"It was offered at the right time and, granted, the way the economy is right now we hesitated, but we knew this opportunity wouldn't come again and we decided to take a chance and go for it," Cindy said.

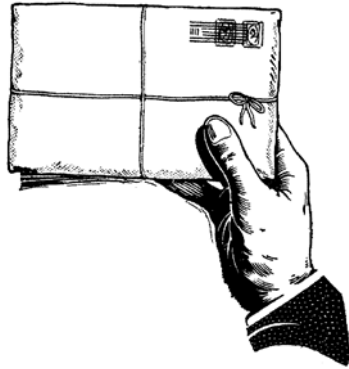
Cindy started the business in 1989 after screen printing t-shirts for her daughter's gymnastics club competitions. Soon, people started asking if she could do business shirts or team shirts, and then she expanded to doing embroidery, which is her personal favorite, she said.

The base of the existing business is custom screen printing and embroidery, including logos and transfers of pictures or logos to mugs as special orders. But Wivell is already expanding to include personalizing items such as baby blankets, teddy bears ("Mary's first Teddy"), hats and even ring bearer's pillows or

BETTING, Page 5

PRE-SORTED STANDARD
U.S. Postage
PAID
Emmitsburg, MD
Permit No. 84

Letters to the Editor



Dear Lisa, Mike and Staff,

The Chronicle has always been a very distinct type of Small Town Paper with a small town flavor. Thank you for bringing it back and sharing it with us. It is informative. It is interesting. (I read every word in the whole paper!) It is Emmitsburg — Past, Present, and looking to the future. It is great! You are doing a wonderful job.

I would like to see included a factual report on Town Meetings, including police reports, plans, notices, etc., but no long, drawn out, heated discussion, disguised as "Letters To The Editor"! Just the facts, as they say.

It also would be nice to have a "Classified" type of page, listing Church, school, and club activities, Thrift shop sales, fund raisers, a Buy-Sell-Trade column and a yard sale listing.

It was so good to see Abigail back also with Bill Meredith, Jack Deathridge, Jr., Mike and Audrey

and everyone else.

May God bless you, each of you, for what you are doing for the people of Emmitsburg.

*Sincere Best Wishes,
Theresa M. Wagerman
Emmitsburg, MD*

★ ★ ★ ★

I wrote this because I feel strongly that an exemplary member of the community should be honored and remembered publicly. I refer to Paul Milton Carter, long-time pharmacist in Emmitsburg.

Having dealt with Doc Carter for many years, I knew him only in a professional capacity. After he retired, I heard that he was kind, generous, and charitable to the needy, and that he was never ostentatious with his good works. At his last rites in St. Joseph's Church I learned, along with a large congregation, that he was a much

loved family man.

None of this surprised me in the least, because I never heard a word of reproach attached to his name in all the years I have lived in Emmitsburg. None of us will ever know the many acts of kindness to the poor that he coordinated with Dr. Alan Carroll, unless the beneficiaries of the kindness come forth and tell their stories.

What a rare gift he gave his family; a good name. The Carter's of Virginia will take pride in their progeny, the Carter's of Emmitsburg.

*Harold Craig
Emmitsburg, MD*

about TOWN

*Chris Patterson
Staff Writer*

Trails Task Force Report draws support

The Emmitsburg Board of Commissioners voted unanimously at their meeting on March 2 to support the recommendation of the Trails Task Force report, commissioned by Mayor Jim Hoover in 2006.

The mayor created the task force in response to resident requests for the creation of trails on town-owned land, both within the city limits and

in the town's watershed property.

The task force reported that creating hiking and mountain-biking trails connecting the town's watershed and Community Park is feasible. The report recommended multi-use or shared-use trails be considered connecting Mount Saint Mary's University and the town's properties.

An estimate of \$250,000 to complete the work was projected by the task force, however Hoover said he believes that estimate is too low. He also reiterated his belief that

the process be thoroughly planned in advance by a Founders Group (to be determined), that would be responsible for planning, implementing and maintaining the trail system.

The taskforce was co-chaired by Joseph Lebherz, Director of Institutional and Government Relations for Mount Saint Mary's, and town manager Dave Haller. The committee includes several representatives from the university, the town, and Catocin Land Trust, a non-profit dedicated to land preservation.

As was the case at the February town meeting, several area residents came to testify in support of a trail system. The board of commissioners also individually expressed their support for the report's conclusions.

The next step is for the report to be considered by Mount Saint Mary's Board of Trustees, as the trail network recommended by the task force will interconnect with the university property.

Alcohol in parks ok with permit

The town's board of commissioners voted unanimously March 2 that alcohol may be served in Emmitsburg town parks, but only under very specific restrictions.

The town's ordinance pertaining to "Streets, Sidewalks and Public Places" was amended to allow only a "bona fide community service organization" to obtain a permit to serve alcoholic beverages. The town's "Alcohol Use in Parks" policy now states that all permit applications must contain verification of both the group's non-profit status and that it has been in existence a minimum of 18 months.

In addition, the permit would be a single-event fund-raising activity restricted to a specific area to be approved by the town. The organization must verify it has a

Emmitsburg Chronicle Inc.

D/B/A EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE

107 South Seton Avenue ★ P.O. Box 372
Emmitsburg ★ Frederick County, Maryland 21727
Phone 301.447.2977 ★ Fax 301.447.6955
www.emmitsburgchronicle.com

News, events, history, humor and culture for the Emmitsburg area. Published the first week of every month by *Emmitsburg Chronicle Inc.*

LISA ELDER, PUBLISHER
publisher@emmitsburgchronicle.com

MICHAEL HILLMAN, EDITOR
editor@emmitsburgchronicle.com

PUBLISHERS EMERITI:
ART ELDER, ERIC GLASS

NEWS EDITOR: CHRIS PATTERSON

ADVERTISING: LORI STROMBERG
advertising@emmitsburgchronicle.com

GRAPHIC DESIGN: EVAN WIEGAND

COPY EDITOR: PAT HOWES BELL

Copy for advertisements must be received not later than the 15th of the month prior to publication. Advertising rates are furnished upon request. Newspaper mailed free of charge via Standard U.S. Postage to residents of Emmitsburg 21727 and Rocky Ridge 21778. Subscription rate for patrons outside of distribution area is \$30.00 per year for shipping and handling.

Letters to the Editor and articles are welcome and may be submitted via regular U.S. Mail to P.O. Box 372, Emmitsburg, MD 21727 or by email to *editor@emmitsburgchronicle.com*. The *Emmitsburg Chronicle* reserves the right to refuse or edit submissions deemed offensive to or inappropriate for its readers.

Copyright © 2009 Emmitsburg Chronicle Inc. All rights reserved.

Subscription/Donation Form

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Email _____

- 1-year subscription (\$30)
 Donation (\$ _____)

Please mail this complete form along with your check made payable to:

Emmitsburg Chronicle
P.O. Box 372
Emmitsburg, MD 21727

Thank you for supporting the Emmitsburg Chronicle!

A sponsor of the Emmitsburg Chronicle newspaper



EMMITSBURG
GLASS COMPANY

A reflection of quality

P.O. Box 346 / 100 Creamery Court
Emmitsburg, Maryland 21727
301.447.2245 / Fax: 301.447.2316

minimum of \$1 million in liability insurance and may be required to pay for additional police staff, at the discretion of the town government.

Town Manager Dave Haller suggested the board adopt the limited use for non-profits and consider how that works before expanding the policy for all park users.

"I think you ought to go slow," he told the commissioners.

Commissioner Glenn Blanchard agreed, adding that he thought the policy should be revisited in a year to see how the ordinance is working.

VP added to town charter

To resolve the question of how to proceed if the mayor cannot fulfill his responsibilities, town commissioners modified the town code and charter to add the position of vice president of the board.

As they do with choosing a president of the board, town commissioners will now also choose a vice president from among themselves at the first meeting following an

annual election. The vice president will serve one year until the first meeting following the next annual election, as does the president.

If the mayor is "unable or unwilling to function is his capacity as mayor," the ordinance specifies the president of the commissioners shall act as the mayor and the vice president shall act as president. The policy is specifically not in effect during the "occasional absence from meetings" by a mayor.

Additionally, even when the mayor is present, if the president of the board motions for consideration of an issue during a board meeting, the vice president will assume the responsibilities of the board president, leading the meeting until the motion is concluded.

Agenda items for the next town meeting on Monday, April 6 at 7:30 p.m. in the town hall are posted online at the town's website www.emmitsburgmd.gov. As of March 27, the items on the agenda include a Human Resources presentation and a review of the Employee Handbook.

Mayor Projects No Tax Increase in Next Budget

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

There will be no tax increase for Emmitsburg town residents this year despite potentially dramatic reductions in revenues, Mayor Jim Hoover predicts.

Hoover will present the proposed Fiscal Year 2010 budget to the town commissioners in May and does not intend to include any tax increase. However, recent actions under consideration in Annapolis could make that more difficult.

"This year's budget will come in leaner than last year's budget for the same reason last year's budget was lean. The projected revenues are just not there," Hoover said in an interview with the Emmitsburg Chronicle.

Lower house values also serve to lower property tax rates, which in turn lowers revenues to the town. But Hoover said even with those foreseeable reductions, he believes he can keep the budget lean enough to avoid an increase.

A significant challenge to his plan, however, is coming from Annapolis.

Hoover recently received an email from the Maryland Municipal League (MML) reporting that the Maryland House Appropriations Committee is targeting highway user fees to help the state close its budget deficit.

In other words, the State plans to "take \$102 million in local government highway user revenues for the State's general fund in each

of the next two years," according to a bulletin published on www.mdmunicipal.org, website of the League, an association of city and town governments.

The reduction, according to the bulletin, would likely result in a roughly 30 percent reduction in Fiscal Years 2010 and 2011 revenues that normally go to the towns and municipalities of Maryland. The League further predicts the change in formula would mean that municipalities would likely not receive any of the transportation stimulus money.

"If the formula (for determining revenues to the towns) stays the same then we will all feel the same pain," Hoover said. "But if they change the formula then the State

benefits. The State is trying to recoup its losses on the back of the municipalities."

That will make the job of managing the town's budget even more challenging for the mayor and town commissioners, he said. The effect on Emmitsburg residents would primarily be seen in a reduction in services and projects. Things like road resurfacing or even playground equipment replacements would have to be cut back.

Residents probably won't notice the town doesn't replace a pick-up truck this year, Hoover added, but the town will likely have to buy it at a higher rate next year because they can't afford it now.

Reduced revenues from declining home values and a reduction

of interest the town is earning on money in the bank won't help either, he said.

"Best thing to do right now is to see if we can ride out the storm for a year or two. But if the State modifies the formula for revenues to its benefit, and if we see lost revenues..., then we'll have to see," Hoover said.

Fortunately, this year's budget is doing well, Hoover announced at the March 2 town meeting.

Due to unanticipated expenses, such as replacing a server and a town radio used to communicate with emergency services, a couple of categories came up a little short, he said. But the mayor predicts there may actually be a small surplus at the end of the fiscal year on June 30.

Catoctin Land Trust Runs to Preserve Land

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

In May, members of the Catoctin Land Trust will participate in the 2009 Frederick Running Festival to raise money for the organization's continuing effort to preserve and protect the rural landscape and cultural history of this region.

Members of "Team Catoctin Land Trust (Team CLT)" will run in the Frederick marathon, half marathon, relay and 5K races during the festival held this year on May 2 and 3. All races begin in Frederick at the Fairgrounds on East Patrick Street.

Catoctin Land Trust's president, Jim Reed, 39, said that raising funds in these current economic times is a challenge.

"It takes a great deal of hard work and perseverance, just like running a marathon," Reed said. "We are an all-volunteer nonprofit organization. We rely on the good hearts and the generous nature of our fellow citizens to accomplish our mission. Without such support we could not operate."

In 2000, the nonprofit Catoctin Land Trust (CLT) was founded by local business owner Donald Briggs, ThorpeWood's Executive Director Samuel T. Castleman III, and Raymond Herdon, with the Conservation Fund, a national organization based in Arlington, Va.

It is the mission of the Catoctin Land Trust to preserve and protect the rural landscape and cultural history of the Blue Ridge and Piedmont regions of Central Maryland, Northern Virginia, Northern West Virginia and Southern Pennsylvania. Since its founding, the organization has protected over 2,180 acres of land. In the Emmitsburg area, the Catoctin Land Trust has protected over a thousand acres on 11 different properties.

One of the most notable Emmitsburg properties is the property behind Mount Saint Mary's University. The property was originally to be developed as a ski resort before Catoctin Land Trust's involvement. It was purchased through the efforts of CLT for about \$2 million.

Team Catoctin Land Trust member Dr. Laura Chaffiotte, 47, of

Frederick said she learned about the organization's mission from Reed, who she described as "passionate" about the cause. That passion and the organization's mission encouraged her to want to join the team. This will be Chaffiotte's second marathon; her first was the same race last year.

Chaffiotte said she started running marathons when she saw a couple of her teammates after they ran the Marine Corp Marathon. She said she thought they were crazy, but an hour later decided she wanted to run one, too.

Why? "Because I'm not right either," she said laughing.

Fellow teammate and runner Corinne Jessup, 42, said the Frederick Running Festival will be her fifth marathon. Her best time for a marathon is three hours and 52 minutes, she said.

Jessup said she likes to run marathons to support a cause and fully supports the mission of Catoctin Land Trust. "I learned about Catoctin Land Trust through Jim (Reed)...He's really passionate and when he explained what it was about, and what the cause was, of course I support that," Jessup said.

Currently Team Catoctin Land Trust has five racers registered in the Frederick Running Festival and a verbal commitment from eight more.

"We are seeking private donors, corporate sponsors and...we especially need additional fundraisers," said Reed, who is Captain of Catoctin Team Land Trust and running the marathon.

Reed said there is no minimum amount that a racer must raise to be on the team. Even a \$10 donation is appreciated. And donors can make tax deductible donations to support the runners without being on the team, he said.

To learn more about the Catoctin Land Trust, go to www.catoctinlandtrust.org. To make a donation, call Jim Reed at 301-668-4028 or mail your check to Catoctin Land Trust, PO Box 107, Frederick, MD 21705.

To learn more about the Frederick Running Festival 2009, go to <http://www.frederickmarathon.org>.



To get ideas for next year's projects, these fifth grade students spent an hour recently studying all of the projects displayed during Mother Seton School's annual science fair. First, second and third place ribbons were awarded to projects made by 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th graders.

Seton Science Fair Teaches Critical Thinking

Staff Reports

Meredith Hane, 10, a fifth grader at Mother Seton School, loved the thing that spins in one of the Science Fair projects on display at the school recently. She wasn't sure yet what it did, but she was working on finding out.

Hane was with her class of about 20 fifth graders looking at the projects, taking notes, and getting ideas for their projects for next year.

Sam Herring, 10, was especially excited to check out the paint ball splatter project that looked at the effect temperature had on the kind of splatter the paint made when it hit something.

"I thought the warm paint would splatter better because the paint would not be as stiff as when it was cold," he said, adding that he was right.

Rianna Joy, 10, liked the project that looked at vinegar's effect on the calcium in bone. The conclusion was the distilled vinegar made the bones soft and bendable.

Joy said that conclusion made sense to her. "I think (the conclusion) is right because vinegar would wear them down a little more and make it softer than water," she said.

Christopher Kletz, 10, said his favorite project was one that looked at the effect of two kinds of music on plant growth. The project's conclusion was that plants grew faster with country music.

Did Kletz agree with the findings? "Not really," he said, adding that he thought classical music would work too.

Other projects looked at questions such as:

Which soft drink had more caffeine?

Can ice preserve once living things?

Do white candles or colored candles burn faster?

Do cut flowers last longer in hot water or cold water?

Does an adult, a child or a dog's temperature rise the most after exercise?

2009 Mother Seton School Science Fair Winners

3rd Grade

1stGrace Mazaleski
2ndJoseph Miller
3rdMax Kirby
Honorable Mention:
Owen Stein

4th Grade

1stMakenzie Kirby
2ndSarah Shatzer
3rdCecelia Bosche

5th Grade

1st Alex Negron

6th Grade

1stClaire Vietri
2ndSavannah Soter
3rdNicky Milbourne
Honorable Mention:
Jacob Crouse, Sophie Eureka, Connor Gorman, Makenzie Blocher

7th Grade

1stMarialison Bailey
2ndAlyssa Imes
3rdDavid Dorsey
Honorable Mention:
Carville Marc

Mother Seton School Selects Art Teacher As Teacher of the Year

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

Sister JoAnne Goecke, principal of Mother Seton School, received a handful of nominations to receive the school's Teacher Award of Excellence this year. But it was part-time art teacher Karolyn Ann Myers who was selected to represent the school at the annual Friends of Catholic Education banquet last month.

At the event, honoring a teacher at each of the county's Catholic schools, Goecke attempted to paint a portrait of Myers, beginning with outlining the multiple roles she has in her life, including "artist, teacher, Catholic, mother, wife, friend, leader, team player" and athlete.

But Goecke also went on to fill in the details that helped the audience come to know Myers a little better.

"Karolynne is thoughtful, creative, energetic, organized, dependable, resourceful, nurturing to all," she said.

Myers graduated from Marywood University with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Art Education. Years later while raising her two daughters,

she was a substitute teacher in Frederick County Public Schools and the Fairfield, Pa. school district. She is also a professional ski instructor teaching at Liberty Mountain in Carroll Valley, Pa.

Goecke believes that one of the things that makes Myers so special in her work is her ability to see connections everywhere.

She connects art with "life skills necessary in the adult world" and with "the history and cultures of the world," introducing students to a "world of art in cultures beyond their comfort zone," she said.

Myers eyes brighten when asked questions about her philosophy of art education or the projects she is working on with her children.

Currently one of her classes is reproducing ancient vessels out of paper-mâché, being careful to precisely recreate the basic designs but also adding symbols of their faith to decorate them.

What Myers says is so important to her in her work with the children is what Goecke sees as so special about her. She continually works to make art relevant to the things the



Mother Seton School's Teacher of the Year Karolynne Ann Myers, seen here with 7th grader Ashley Small, was one of a handful of teachers honored recently by Friends of Catholic Education, an organization dedicated to helping anyone who wants a Catholic education in Frederick County to get one.

children are learning in school both in the basics, such as history, but also in their faith.

And she also does her work with so much enthusiasm and "zest," Goecke said, that she attracts many

middle school volunteers to help in the art room during their free time.

Myers brings "the beauty and power of artistic creation to Mother Seton School not merely by what she does, but by who she is," Goecke said.

From the desk of...

GLENN BLANCHARD

Emmitsburg Board of Commissioners

Hello, and greetings from the water committee. As you examine your water bill this month, you will see a short brochure on Tips for saving water and saving \$\$\$\$. This brochure was developed by the water committee to help and assist Emmitsburg residents in dealing with water issues.

In the brochure, we ask citizens to think about how often and how much water is used when they do the following tasks: bathing and showering, flushing toilets, washing dishes, etc.

Thinking about what gets used might save you money in the long run. Beyond saving money, there

are the environmental issues to consider. As the brochure states, "Remember that everything we flush or drain down the water system will eventually cycle back into our water system." The brochure also includes a couple of helpful websites for further action.

I would like to take this time to personally thank Pastor John from the Elias Lutheran Church in Emmitsburg for his time in helping get the brochure ready for release in this month's water bill. That is all for now, and remember to conserve, conserve, and conserve, our precious resource, water.

Sudden Illness Provides Opportunity to Help

On January 23, 2009, Jeanie Morgan suffered an acute hypertension stroke which has caused her to lose most of her eyesight. An Emmitsburg resident for over nine years, Jeanie worked at the Palms Restaurant for seven years where she was well-known to many for her kind, down-to-earth, caring nature. For almost one year, she has worked at the Mount St. Mary's University refectory, but now her world has been turned upside down. She says she can only see outlines of things and shadows. "It is very frightening, because I don't know what in the world is going to happen. It is to the point that I cannot safely carry out my employment — and my doctor said I definitely cannot drive, let alone walk outside any hour past sundown," Jeanie said.

As a result of her blindness and subsequent loss of income, Jeanie has gone to Frederick County Social Services (FCSS) where they are helping her file for Social Security Disability and navigate through the process of obtaining various forms of assistance. Most unfortunately, FCSS cannot control when the Social Security Administration (SSA) will file her claim and cannot guarantee that her case will be approved. Jeanie was told by FCSS that it could take 45 days to five months to get an answer from the Social Security Administration. Whatever the case, this creates a serious situation for Ms. Morgan, as she has no income to pay her bills and is in danger of losing her apartment.

All those who remember Jeanie from the Palms Restaurant in Emmitsburg know that she is not



Jeanie Morgan

one who likes to sit around. "I've always worked hard, I love my job, but I can't work if I cannot see!" says Ms. Morgan. "My landlady, has been very supportive, helpful and patient with me, and everyone knows I love my apartment."

A fund has been established at Elias Lutheran Church to help Ms. Morgan as she awaits help from Social Services. If you would like to help in any way, checks can be sent to Elias Lutheran Church, P.O. Box 465, Emmitsburg, MD 21727 — with memo: Jeanie Morgan Fund. It is hoped that supportive services will be forthcoming by early May, but considering the nationwide crisis, there is concern this could take longer. In the meantime, Jeanie continues to seek medical intervention. Her doctors have not yet determined if her vision will improve or if a medical procedure is possible to restore her sight.

Please keep Jeanie in your prayers for encouragement, healing, and for her immediate needs to be met. She is most grateful to all her friends, employers — past and present — and the organizations who are helping her.

ABIGAIL, continued from page 1

hello to someone may make their day. How many true stories have we read of someone who was severely depressed and despondent, perhaps in the throes of a crisis, whose life was saved by the simple kindness of another person's heartfelt greeting? No, old Abigail hasn't lost it. I'm just using my bullypulpit to make sure that we don't lose it — "it" being our friendly, Emmitsburgian small town hello.

So, dear readers, will you please join me in this effort? Will you help me set a good example for our children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, friends, fellow Emmitsburgians, and visitors to our wonderful town? What do you say we give it a whirl and say hello this spring?

★ ★ ★ ★

Speaking of saying hello, I'd like to extend a very warm "welcome back" to all the St. Joe's girls in town this month celebrating the St. Joseph College Bicentennial. For those of you new to Emmitsburg, St. Joseph College was a distinguished Catholic women's college and academy founded by Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton in 1809 and operated by the Daughters of Charity until its closing in 1973. The campus now serves as headquarters for the National Fire Academy and the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation.

Some of my dearest girlfriends attended St. Joe's — and that was considered quite a privilege for a local girl. Now, I won't say just how long ago that was, but let's just say it was back in the days when a college education for young women wasn't standard fare and offerings were limited. However, the Sisters put together a top-notch program which included quite an amazing spread of challenging coursework, beautiful surroundings, and all kinds of extracurricular activities that would make your head spin even in this day and age. I can remember some of my girlfriends taking a turn at broadcasting on WFMD, the Frederick radio station. Others were involved in creative drama productions staged at the beautiful auditorium. Of course, my more athletic friends participated in all kinds of sports activities on campus like swimming, tennis, basketball and even archery. And who could pass up an opportunity to date one of the Mount boys?

Even now, I miss St. Joe's and my girlfriends, many of whom have passed away. But I am thrilled that their spirit lives on in the alumnae who continue to celebrate their experiences and lifelong bonds through reunions and the Bicentennial celebration this year. God bless all you St. Joe's girls, young and old, still kicking or passed on. And God bless Mother Seton and the Sisters who had the vision to establish and operate for over 160 years such a remarkable institution of learning for young women.

Not many towns can boast of having as many impressive and historic institutions as ours. This past year the Mount celebrated its Bicentennial, now St. Joseph College and the Daughters of Charity celebrate theirs, and our own Vigilant Hose Company is celebrating its 125th anniversary. I'd say we're pretty darn lucky to live here. Wouldn't you agree?

STUFF = \$\$ STUFF = \$\$ STUFF = \$\$ STUFF = \$\$ STUFF = \$\$

Bruce & Barb May, Proprietors

Emmitsburg Auction Service

COMPLETE AUCTION SERVICES
Real Estate | Estates | Antiques | Household

Auctions Every Sunday, 10 a.m.
17319 North Seton Avenue | 301.447.2300

In the #1 Hair Salon
in the Orchard Village Shopping Center, 213 Tippin Dr.

Gary the Barber

Call Gary on his local direct line
301-305-7895
301-271-1152 or 301-271-5402

Senior Discount Days Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday (65 or older)
Hours: Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. 9am - 7pm • Wed. 8am - 4pm • Sat. 8am - 2pm

Gary says, "Now at 2 Locations."

101 Tippin Dr., 7 - 9am, by appt.
213 Tippin Dr., 9am - 7pm, walk-ins
101 Tippin Dr., 7 - 9pm, by appt.
Sundays by appt., 1 - 5pm

Appointments available evenings and weekends

A Blessed Easter to All!

RAIN, continued from page 1

— which provides about half of the town's water — is full and holding at the spillway, thanks to a good amount of water averaging over the last six months.

While the town only received 0.8 inches of precipitation in February (the average is 3 inches), there was a precipitation surplus of 1.7 inches for the period from Sept. 1, 2008 through Feb. 28, 2009.

Mayor Jim Hoover said the town will continue to watch the situation closely, as they always do, but currently the water levels are good enough that they do not plan on considering any water restrictions. Conservation is always recommended, he said, but there will be no limitations put on water use for now.

Predicting and preparing for the future

Matthew Kramar of the National Weather Service said the reason it was so dry in January and February was likely due to a cold and extremely dry lower level air mass. Though there was often a significant amount of moisture passing over the area at a high level, the lower level air mass was so dry that it absorbed the moisture and none of it actually made it to the ground, he said.

The latest climate projection center information suggests temperatures for the next couple of weeks will be below normal over much of the Midwest and the Appalachians. For the next month to three months, the National Weather Service models predict equal chances of

average temperatures.

For the next month, they predict a slight chance that precipitation will be below normal. However, over the next three months the NWS is predicting equal chances of precipitation, which is "not a clear indicator towards either," Kramar said.

Audrey Hillman, Master Gardener for Adams County, Pa. and Emmitsburg area resident, said she is also not terribly concerned about the water shortage yet. Her lack of immediate concern is because the plants and trees don't need a lot of rain at this point.

"Right now it's not too bad and the soil is cool...The plants are not waking yet. The trees are just starting to wake. There is not a big draw from them yet," Hillman said.

But, she added, what is normally a "mud season," is a very dry season so far. Once the ground warms a little more, the water draw from trees and plants will grow substantially.

At this point, Hillman said those concerned about an ongoing dry spell should consider getting soaker hoses before the stores run out. Rain barrels can also really help by gathering and holding water for new plantings. It's still a little soon to hook rain barrels up, she said, as a good freeze could freeze drains.

And conservation is also important. "I water for survival, not thriving," Hillman said.

To view the National Weather Services measurements and predictions, go online to www.nws.noaa.gov.

BETTING, continued from page 1

other items for weddings.

Of course, CJ's will continue the tuxedo rental business, Joe said, which is now about 50 percent of their business. The former owner rented tuxedos in the same location for about 20 years. The store will also continue to offer National Fire Academy apparel such as the 5.11 Tactical Series of clothing that includes work shirts, t-shirts and polo shirts.

Though they believe the economy is the reason why business has been a little slow this winter, the Wivell's feel pretty confident that things will pick up.

"It may not be the best time to start (a business), but it was not an opportunity that was going to come up every day in a perfect location," Cindy said. "We've seen things fairly slow, like it is now, but eventually it will pick up. Everything is cyclical."

Great News

In late January, the Emmitsburg Chronicle resumed publication after a 32-year hiatus. However, most people would consider that a risky decision.

Since timely, if not gloomy, website www.NewspaperDeathWatch.com started in March 2007, 12 major newspapers have closed their doors, including the Baltimore Examiner. Locally, The Baltimore Sun, The Frederick News Post, and The Gazette (a subsidiary of The Washington Post) laid off a substantial number of employees in 2008. Recently, The Frederick News Post also stopped publishing a Monday paper. And at the end of 2008, the town was surprised to lose The Emmitsburg Dispatch.

So why bring back a newspaper and why now?

Publisher Lisa Elder said there were several reasons she and Editor Michael Hillman decided to start printing the Emmitsburg Chronicle again. The first was because they did not want the town to be without its own newspaper.

"Emmitsburgians have always been extremely supportive of their hometown newspaper and strongly identify with it," Elder said. "What better time than a recession to have a newspaper people can rally behind?"

As co-owner of Chronicle Press, Elder said she also felt confident that they could make a paper work.

"I knew from growing up around the Chronicle and being in the printing business that we could do this. The Chronicle has always managed to survive tough times over the years by sheer grit, a love of printing, operating on a shoestring budget, and a strong desire to serve the community. It also helps, perhaps, to be a little crazy," she said.

Elder and Hillman both believe those unconventional differences between the Chronicle and traditional printed media are the key to why the paper will do well.

"The Chronicle has always marched to the beat of a different drummer in terms of spirit, content, and personality," Elder said. "People actually read our newspaper from cover to cover because they enjoy it so much. Other newspapers might wind up in the trash, but people hang on to their Chronicles and actually read them...Without a doubt, Emmitsburgians love their hometown newspaper and rally around it with a team spirit second to none."

From the desk of...**JAN GARDNER****Frederick County Commissioner**

The State of the County is reflected in the County budget. While most people do not find budget deliberations particularly exciting or interesting, in reality the budget is the most important task of the County Commissioners. The budget reflects the community's priorities and the direction of the county for the upcoming year.

County and State fiscal woes are front and center news. The state of the national and global economy has impacted all of us, individually and collectively. Many people are worried about job security and the loss in value in investment and retirement accounts. Many people have reduced spending, which is pushing consumer confidence and the economy further and faster into a downward spiral. The economy has impacted all levels of government creating an increased demand for essential services while tax revenues have declined. Many state and local governments are facing current and projected budget deficits. Frederick County Government is no exception.

Frederick County is well positioned as compared to most jurisdictions across the nation. As part of the Washington metropolitan region, Frederick County is part of one of the strongest regional job markets in the Country. Frederick County has an unemployment rate that is well below state and national averages. Frederick County was also awarded a full rating step upgrade in its bond ratings last summer, reflecting the county's good overall management, strong fiscal stewardship, steady growth in reserve funds, and overall financial stability with a steady emergence of a diverse and vibrant employment base. The federal expansion at Fort Detrick will add 1,425 new jobs over the next few years, the National Cancer Institute and SAIC are constructing new offices off base, and a regional insurance company, Banner Life, recently announced its intent to re-locate its headquarters and 400 jobs to Urbana. The commercial job base in Frederick County continues to expand even in this down economy. The improved bond rating resulted in an exceptionally low interest rate on the county's recent \$79.3 million bond sale to finance numerous capital improvement projects including schools, the community college, water and sewer, roads, bridges and libraries, translating into substantial savings to taxpayers due to reduced interest costs over the life of the bond issuance.

Due to declining tax revenues, the county commissioners have cut \$12 million from the current budget (FY09) and are working aggressively to close a projected \$37 million shortfall in FY '10. While property tax revenues remain stable, the overall revenue of the county has decreased due to a decline in income taxes, recordation taxes, highway user revenues or gas taxes, and investment earnings. Overall, the County's budget will be 3.3% smaller in FY10 than in the current budget year. Spending is being reduced to offset the anticipated decline in revenues to create a balanced budget.

In balancing the budget, the county has tried to minimize impacts to essential services and avoid employee layoffs. The County has shifted \$10 million in cash from the capital improvement plan to the operating budgets for both FY '10 and FY'11 deferring road maintenance, HVAC projects, and some library, school, and general government projects. The County Commissioners have also instituted a hiring freeze, adjusted healthcare contribution rates, reduced spending in fleet, travel, and non-capital purchases and eliminated the county picnic and service award ceremonies. All agencies have been asked to submit 3% and 5% budget reductions for consideration.

The County's fiscal health is closely linked to the fiscal stability of the State of Maryland. The State is facing a significant deficit and several shifts of state funding responsibilities to the counties have been proposed including requiring county governments to pay for the State property assessment office, though the management of the office would remain under State control. The State is also dipping into a reserve of local income tax revenue created to provide funds to pay back to taxpayers who may file an amended return for a three-year period. The State is not only utilizing this local income tax reserve to balance the State's operating budget, it is requiring county governments to repay these monies over a ten-year period. These two state budget decisions shift a cost of \$3.0 million to Frederick County taxpayers. There has been tremendous discussion in the state legislature about shifting all or a portion of teacher retirement or pensions to county governments. This mandate would create an instant \$25.0 million bill for Frederick County Government to pick up. This "shift and shaft" approach does not cure the underlying budget problem; it simply mandates a different level of government to pay the bill. Several Frederick County delegation members are actively advocating for this shift in responsibility without advocating for the funds to support it.

Frederick County has a projected \$461 million operating budget for the upcoming fiscal year. Approximately half of this money is allocated to the Board of Education to support K thru 12 public education. The elected members of the Board of Education are responsible for determining how this money is allocated among educational priorities. The County Commissioners do not have line item control over the Board of Education budget. Citizens often complain to the County Commissioners about specific Board of Education expenditures or policies and want us to "over-rule" or "change" the decisions. With rare exception, this is not within our ability to control. Since we have an elected school board, citizens should express their concerns directly to the Board of Education members. The county governments are required by state law to "maintain" funding to local school boards and thus have limited

ability to reduce local funding for education unless enrollments decline. The County also provides approximately \$14.6 million to Frederick Community College, \$9.3 million to Frederick County Public Libraries, \$40.3 million to the Sheriff's Office for both law enforcement and corrections, \$18.9 million for Public Works, with the majority allocated for Highway Operations, and \$5.3 million for support to County Parks and Recreation. The bulk of county spending reductions have to come out of non-education related funds and other legally mandated programs.

During times of fiscal stress, the demand for county services actually increases. The County has seen a significant increase in the use of public libraries and our park and recreation programs. Workforce services have seen a dramatic rise in people looking for employment, seeking assistance with job training, or help with a resume. Animal Control has unfortunately experienced some recent incidences of people dropping off large numbers of animals, or worse yet, abandoning them along the side of a road. Frederick County employees are very committed and are working hard to provide exceptional service to the public often with a reduced staff due to the hiring freeze. Please consider thanking a county employee for their hard work and service to the community.

The State of the County remains strong even in fiscally challenging times. The County Commissioners are dedicated to providing essential services to our citizens in a cost effective and efficient manner. Our budget will be balanced and we will continue our mission to provide services and infrastructure to maintain that special quality of life we all enjoy in Frederick County.

EMMITSBURG CAR WASH

Still only \$1.50 for 4 minutes

Located behind Chronicle Press

FITZGERALD'S Auto & Cycle Service

REPAIRS ■ SERVICE ■ MAINTENANCE ■ TOWING
"Get dealer service at a low hometown price"

17307 N. Seton Ave.,
Emmitsburg | 301.447.6274

Petey Fitzgerald, Service Technician
29 Years Experience, Fully ASE Certified

GAS SAVING SCOOTERS ONLY \$1,299

OIL CHANGE \$24.⁹⁵
Up to 5 quarts of oil & filter included (most vehicles apply) **Exp. 5/8/2009**

ALIGNMENTS \$49.⁹⁹
2&4 Wheel Center Thrust Alignment w/ print-out **ONLY**

COMPUTER \$49.⁹⁹
Scans | Diagnosis

TIRES Free Mounting & Balancing
Wheel Weights | Valve Stems

"We will MEET or BEAT ALL other service coupons!"
(coupon must be present)

LABOR RATE \$50 p/ hour

Motorcycle Parts 10% Over Cost
+ shipping & tax | V-Twin | Mid USA | Mid West

100 Years Ago this Month

☞ April 2, 1909 ☞

How to Make a Curfew Bell

Every family should have a curfew bell which should "ring tonight" and all other nights if needed. These bells are inexpensive and can be made at home. Take a piece of siding 2 feet long and whittle one end into a handle. Take the child that needs a curfew and bend it over a barrel. Now take the siding and use it as a clapper. Put it on hot, dividing the strokes evenly, and see that none misses. Good for a girl or boy up to 18, and three applications are warranted to cure the most pronounced case of street loafing that exists. The music is said to be more effective than singing: "Where is my wandering boy tonight!"

☞ April 9, 1909 ☞

Horse Easily Clears Five Bars: Occupants of Vehicle Not Disturbed

Very few horses at least can jump a five board gate with ease when under saddle. None, perhaps, but the one owned by Mr. Lawrence Mondorff near Fairfield can do this — and with a buggy attached to it! That "Pet," a saucy little steed owned by this gentleman, can perform feats of this kind was demonstrated on Saturday just as the 4:50 train was pulling out of Emmitsburg.

Mr. Mondorff and his friend Mr. J. C. Neck were returning to the

baseball game at Mount St. Mary's when, just as they were opposite the locomotive drawing the fast express, "Pet" took exception to the smoke and steam and swerved from the pike, bounded over the ditch and the fence. In doing this the horse dislodged the top two rails and the buggy followed into the field as nicely as you can please. All the time Mr. Mondorff and Mr. Neck sat in their seats as unconcerned as if they were jogging to a funeral on a hot day. When they struck the blue grass, "Pet" described a beautiful wide circle which ended at the starting point, the fence. Here someone removed the remaining bars and when last seen the team was on its way to Fairfield by the usual route, not a bolt or strap out of order.

Musical to Be Given next Friday

The ladies of the Benevolent Society of the Reformed Church of this place will give a musical in the parlors of the Misses Motter on Friday, April 16 at 8 p.m. A program consisting of instrumental and vocal selections will be given. A silver collection will be received at the door. The proceeds of this entertainment will be used for the "Parsonage Fund."

Very Untimely Amusement

Last Sunday night a number of small boys found amusement in throwing stones at houses and fences in the

western part of town and making themselves generally obnoxious to residents of that section. The identity of all the offenders is not known but it is intimated that close watch will be kept so that a recurrence of the disagreeable nuisance will not take place.

☞ April 16, 1909 ☞

Old Home Week at Emmitsburg

That Emmitsburg will have an old home week is an assured fact. Monday night a very enthusiastic meeting was held in the Fireman's Hall to further the project. An executive committee was then elected, and the date for the big affair was definitively settled. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 13, 14, 15 and 16 were the days chosen, as harvests will then be over and everyone from afar will be able to arrange his vacation to include the dates.

The committee elected at Monday's meeting forms but the nucleus of the much larger committees to be chosen hereafter. In fact it comprised only the chairman of the other committees, each one of whom will invite other citizens to serve with him, making the whole town in the end one large organization to welcome all the old Emmitsburgians back home and provide for their comfort and amusement.

Old Home Week has been informally talked of for some time past, ever since the *Chronicle* suggested the idea — and many families have already received letters of inquiry about it from those living far away. Indeed everybody is in sympathy with the proposition; all who live here are more than anxious to see their relatives and friends from whom they have been separated for years, and what now remains to be done is for each and every citizen of this town and locality to broadcast the formal invitations which will shortly be ready for distribution, and to exert every effort to make the occasion a perfect success.

It is to be a big family affair, so to speak. No one is to be overlooked in

making preparations for the event, and members of every household are asked to offer suggestions, to make individual arrangements, and to lend every assistance possible.

Home Week, may it be emphasized, is a town undertaking. It includes the whole town and surrounding community, and in that light is hoped everybody will consider it.

As for the programs of the numerous events of Home Week, no official information can be given at this time. So many entertainments have been planned, and so many will be added to the list that such a thing is practically impossible. But no one need feel anxiety on this score. There will be any amount of amusement. The town will be elaborately decorated; there will be certain days devoted to special features; there will be parades on each date, including the G. A. R. and visiting post, fraternal orders, firemen and other organizations. There will be a big carnival, a trades exhibit with floats, several ornaments and athletic events, including baseball games and a monster picnic and barbecue, bringing everybody together to talk over old times. Music will form an important feature and several bands will be in daily attendance.

In a word Home Week will be a great week for Emmitsburg — one long to be remembered.

☞ April 23, 1909 ☞

Grandpa and Grandson Light Heels

Emmitsburg can lay claim to a certain distinction when it comes to dancing. Few places and few people have seen an exhibition like the one given the other evening to a select audience. Grandfather and grandson, one 66 years old, the other two years old, doing a hoe-down in the most approved manner. Michael Hoke and Master Hoke Rosensteel gave their friends a great treat a few days ago.

Call the Game

Local baseball enthusiasm is at a very high ebb just at this time,

and it looks as though the several Emmitsburg nines would surely be heard from before the season is well advanced. Indeed the interest in this, "The National Game," seems to be widespread. Other towns have already organized for the summer series and, if we are not mistaken, many of them look very favorably upon the *Chronicle's* idea of forming a regular inter-town baseball league composed of clubs from Emmitsburg, Taneytown, Thurmont, Fairfield, Rocky Ridge, Bruceville, Union Bridge and Gettysburg.

It would seem that an arrangement of this kind could very easily be perfected and that it would be particularly fitting that the Emmitsburg nine take the initiative. But there is no time to be lost. Emmitsburgians are always willing to support a good team and it goes without saying that at "Old Home Week" baseball will be one of the leading features. If the matter is taken in hand at once by the local team and dates made with the nines suggested, there is no reason why there could not be a splendid game each day of that week and a substantial sum added to the Home Week fund after all expenses in connection with these games are covered.

☞ April 30, 1909 ☞

Horse Stolen Last Friday

On Friday night a horse belonging to Mr. John Matthews, hitched in front of Mr. Clutz's store, was taken by two men who drove it out the Waynesboro Road. Mr. Matthews was at the opera house at the time and when he came out for the team and found it gone, he immediately telephoned surrounding towns. On Saturday morning the horses were found hitched to a fence about a mile and half above Zora on the Pike.

Deputy Sheriff Ashbaugh has been put on the case and as the evidence against two men is pretty well founded, they will very likely be arrested and prosecuted. These offenses are very serious and the conviction of a few disorderly people who sometimes drift into Emmitsburg would be very much appreciated.

Big Automobile Day May 15

Besides the automobiles from Washington which will go through town about two o'clock Saturday afternoon, May 15th, notice of which is given in another place, the Automobile Club of Maryland has selected the same day as the date on which it will hold a sealed bonnet endurance ride. The trip will be from Baltimore to Frederick, to Emmitsburg, on to Gettysburg and back to Baltimore.

The cars will be divided into four classes — touring cars 30 horsepower, touring cars above 30 horsepower, roadsters and turnabouts under 30 horsepower, and roadsters and turnabouts over 30 horsepower. The plan calls for the cars leaving rather early in the morning, and the running schedule will take up about seven or eight hours. The time allowed will be different from high and low powered cars.

HIS PLACE

INC. Est. 1969

• AUTO REPAIR • RESTORATION •

301-447-2800

www.HisPlaceInc.com

Authorized MD Inspection Station #4866am

Family owned & operated for over 40 years

Complete AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE

FOR ALL MAKES / MODELS | HYBRIDS | DOMESTIC | IMPORTS

"Get Ready for Spring" Special

Spring Check-Up

- Oil & Filter Change
- Rotate & Balance Tires
- Check Brakes & 36 Point Check-Up

\$34.95 plus materials

Dim Headlights?

Get your Headlights Polished & Changed

For Only \$39.95

One coupon per customer/car. Not valid with any other offer

Napa NIAT Diesel Technicians on Duty
Two ASE Certified Master Technicians

3 years/ 100,000 miles parts & labor
Nationwide Warranty

Approved
Auto Repair

TO ACCESS YOUR VEHICLE HISTORY LOG ON TO
hisplaceinc.mechanicnet.com

20 CREAMERY WAY | EMMITSBURG, MD

301.447-2800 | 800.529.5835

Monday - Friday 8 am - 5:30 pm

We accept all major credit cards | EOE

FAMILY DENTISTRY

TIMOTHY B. BRINGARDNER, D.D.S.

Serving Emmitsburg for over 25 years

101 South Seton Avenue
P.O. Box 538
Emmitsburg, MD 21727

(301) 447-6662

New Patients Welcome

Bright Beginnings Child Care

Current openings for 18 months & older

For more information call

301.271.2136

In This Place

“Life itself is living well together...” (And discovering deals at the library)

Bo Cadle

Living together in a *small town* is about the process of being engaged with fellow citizens in the practice of government or some other way of organizing group behavior — churches, sports teams, civic clubs, etc.

Individuals doing their thing also make a difference in many interesting and creative ways.

An old timer makes this point.

In a report from the original *Emmitsburg Chronicle* 100-plus years ago, the then proprietor of a restaurant on the square was concerned about the presence of potholes in the street in front of his establishment. His pleas before the town officials for repair went unattended. This quiet man of action initiated his plan to effect change.

On a suitable day he took his fishing pole, settled into the perfect spot in front of his establishment and cast the line into the largest pot hole and waited — just fishin’.

No law against that. Besides, who wants horses with broken ankles cluttering up your steps. He was convinced a “lunker” was lurking there. He was right. The prize he was seeking was netted — the pothole was repaired forthwith.

Well the idea of the fishin’ hole, direct action, is still prevalent today. This town is populated with people, old timers and newbies, ready to spring into action playing often unheralded but critical roles in the community.

Consider LeAnn Wright, dedicated library patron who, according to Librarian Derek Gee, asked how she could help out at the Emmitsburg library. There is, in the library, a small “previously-read” bookstore providing readers with *deals* — bags of books for \$1. LeeAnn accepted the challenge of overseeing this literary cornucopia: organizing and cataloging, displaying, storing and shelving books, magazines, VHS tapes, and books on cassette. Once

a week LeeAnn, usually assisted by daughter Alex, report to the library and attack their chores.

Bev Sutton, staff librarian, estimates that 15–20 library patrons visit LeeAnn’s “nook” each week. She quickly points out that the bookstore proceeds provide extra funds for unbudgeted materials and supplies used to support the children’s programs, adult programs and workshops.

The Friends of the Library Emmitsburg Branch (FOLEB) manage the bookstore funds. Annetta Rapp, president of FOLEB, urges patrons to become participating members of the organization (there are no dues) and, as LeeAnn, serve in the corps of unsung library volunteers assisting in activities such as The Plant Swap, The Christmas Tea, The Children’s Tea, and Book Sales.

There is no age requirement — after all education is a life-long experience.

Meet Sam Wivell

*Caroline Trevorrow
Special Contributor*

The first time I met Sam Wivell, he was literally laying the cornerstone of Toms Creek United Methodist Church with his nephew, Mike Wivell. It was the 2007 rededication of the laying in of the cornerstone. That first memory for me is striking in that it exemplifies everything that Sam is about: the cornerstone of his community, church and family. Sam is one of the most hard-working, honest and easygoing souls that I have met in a long time. With his thick, sandy brown hair, work-worn hands, soulful blue eyes and bright smile, he is at the same time shy yet forthright. When I first approached Sam about being showcased in this column, his first question was, “Why me?” Well, that gives you some idea of how humble and down to earth he is.

Everybody should know a person like Sam — someone you can always rely on for help with a project, words of encouragement, or just a kindly pat on the back. Lately, you can find Sam dedicating his free time, hard at work with his crew, tackling “the Big Dig,” which is the sanctuary excavation project at Toms Creek Church. Using hammer drills, skid loaders and an endless supply of elbow grease, Sam and his crew are essentially digging out the dirt and rocks from underneath the building for the church’s new addition. So far they have removed over 100 dump truck loads of dirt and rock. You can find him there in that tight, dark space, toiling away the hours amid the loud noise, dust, fumes, dirt and rocks. On Sunday, he cleans up, changes clothes and heads upstairs to attend church. On occasion, he even helps out his wife Jocelyn in Sunday School with the children. The children of Toms Creek Church all enjoy being around “Mr. Sam” as he is always jovial and quick to smile.

Speaking of family, the Wivell family in the Emmitsburg area has over 485 immediate family members. Sam has two children from his late

wife Sandy, his first wife of 32 years. Daughter Stephanie Harrington and son Shane still live in the Emmitsburg area with their families. He also has a stepson, Kenny, and an adorable little granddaughter, Chloe, almost 4. Sam is now happily re-married to his beautiful wife Jocelyn.

Amazingly, the Wivells are a close-knit bunch. Their family reunions are legendary and resemble something of a county fair with games, food and entertainment. Some of the aunts, uncles, nephews and nieces are around the same age, because Sam is number nineteen out of twenty brothers and sisters. He became an uncle at the age of three. “I thank God every day for my life, if you know what I mean,” says Sam. Being nineteen out of twenty, a person had better be thankful that he’s here! His oldest sibling is 81 and the youngest is 58 years old. That is quite an age spread. Considering there are 20 siblings, it’s a pretty steady stream of children being brought into the world. Sam was born and raised in Emmitsburg, having been born 60 years ago at the Wivell family home on Dry Bridge Road. Sam has only wonderful memories of an idyllic childhood growing up on their 400-acre farm in the small, close knit farm community.

What was it like to be a Wivell growing up in Emmitsburg? It was really loud and very busy with all of those kids around, and there was always potato picking, hay making, egg gathering and other farm chores to do. The Wivells also sold eggs to Frailey’s Grocery Store on the west end of town, which is now The Joe Elly Apartments. Precious free time for Sam and his siblings was spent swimming, taking toy trucks out to the potato patch and playing horseshoes. His father was strict, which he had to be to keep the peace with 14 boys and 6 girls running around. A childhood incident that has always made an impression on Sam occurred when he was 8 years old. His left pinky was caught between two iron wheels and was nearly severed.



After his dad took him to the hospital and got him all fixed up, they went to old Cecil’s Store by St. Anthony’s and his dad bought him an ice cream cone. That was a big deal for Sam. That memory stays with him to this day as his dad was a no-nonsense farmer and never had the time to go out of his way for something as special as ice cream.

Sam grew up thinking that he would always be a farmer, but as a teenager entertained a brief notion of taking his ‘67 Camaro and heading out West to find adventure with his friend Denny Staley. Sam found that in reality, building and construction was what really made him happy. Today Sam is the owner of Samuel K. Wivell, Builder, and has been serving the community for the past 34 years.

Sam’s commitment to building and helping others has found him in the Dominican Republic through Christian mission work. Sam donated his time and work experience teaching the poor and downtrodden people that live there how to lay block and other basic but necessary building skills so they would be able to build their own church. That mission has come to fruition and there is a church in the Dominican Republic that now stands, thanks to Sam and other mission members. Kindness, hard work and dedication are what make up great people throughout history. Now that you know a little about him, you have to admit that the world is truly a better place because of Sam Wivell.



Pondering the Puzzlement

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

Hold it. Focus. Calm. Center. *Think-* yellow, yellow, yellow. SNAP! THUNK!

That one’s gone. It *never* was. Next arrow pulled from the quiver and carefully set on the bow string. Deep breaths, shoulders shrugging, rotate the head so the neck cracks. Thumb the release aid’s string around the bow cord just below the arrow’s nock. Begin exhaling as the bow comes up and the string is drawn back. Feel the bow in hand. Settle it where it belongs. Anchor the draw hand index finger knuckle in the hollow below the ear. Check the grip again, eye to the peep sight in the bow string. Settle the sight on the target and relax. Inhale deeply letting the breath raise the sight until the target is centered. Feel *everything!* Is the grip right? The anchor? Did the string touch the nose tip, the eye line up with the peep? Does *anything* feel... off? Exhale half a breath. Hold it. Focus.

When I first picked up a bow in high school I never thought I’d be teaching myself discipline by way of archery thirty-eight years later. I wasn’t very coordinated as a child and am less so now in middle-age. I’ve often wondered about the bow and arrow, why I’m so fascinated with them? In a nutshell archery is the shooter and the target, and that’s all it’s ever been for close to the 20,000 years historians believe people have been slinging arrows. That’s it. Sure, there are coaches, perhaps team companions cheering you on, there is the huge archery industry testing and perfecting the equipment, but all that recedes when the shooter steps onto the line and sets an arrow to the string.

There is no one backing you up, no one to steal a base, throw a wild pitch, snag a rebound. No one to pass to. No one to save you if you fail. You are alone with the target — a dime, maybe a quarter-sized “X” in a circle of yellow 60 feet away. Ten thousand things you need to do race through your head, most of them never coming together as words — more sensations, a feeling that something is right or almost imperceptibly wrong. Does the anchor feel off? Do you let down after expending the effort to make the draw? Are you breathing correctly? Will what you ate before setting up to shoot sustain you or fail you?

Did you work out enough, or too much? Are you in the zone, or has some stray thought sent your mind staggering far from the focus? Yellow, yellow, yellow. SNAP! It’s gone, beyond your control. THUNK! Whatever has just happened starts the entire process over again while adding more questions!

Is the arrow in the yellow, or the red? Please, God, not blue. Can you repeat the exact actions if it’s yellow? What must you do if it’s outside the yellow? No one can really advise you because no one can see what you see, feel exactly what you felt. The first arrow is gone. It no longer matters. The second arrow is now the first, the *only* arrow that matters. Little wonder after 45 arrows, all of them shot as if they were the first, I’m often exhausted.

I’ve had non-shooters ask me why I waste so much time on archery when I don’t compete or hunt. I used to ask them if learning something about themselves was a waste. From the puzzled looks I got I suppose it is. Rather than argue with people not interested in archery I’ve taken to introducing the curious to the sport, hobby, art — depending on how one perceives it. How do I describe that second when all my advice and all their practice suddenly comes together for a perfect shot? Obviously skeptics never spent hours, days, *years* working with someone struggling to master a bow and arrow — nor been there to witness that instant when realization strikes — it isn’t the bow and arrow but the self that needs mastering.

There is an introduction to Traditional Archery being offered at the Gettysburg Archery Club, mostly for children, but no interested adult would be turned away. It is free to the public and equipment is provided. Why? Because it’s fun. And sometimes self-enlightenment occurs.

The Izaak Walton League of America’s chapter in Frederick also offers archery as part of its extended Hunter Safety youth program. It, too, is free to children 18 and under though there is limited equipment and the focus is on honing all hunting skills. Non-hunters seeking knowledge about the safe use of firearms are also welcome. And I’d never turn *any* interested person away from the archery range.

Contact: 301-447-2151 or jack-deathjr@juno.com

QUOTATIONS

“Experience is not what happens to a man, it is what a man does with what happens to him.”

—Aldous Huxley

Mission? It's Possible!

Pastor Judy Kelly

Tom's Creek United Methodist Church

Being asked to write a column for this paper has proved to be a daunting task, with the only instructions being the deadline, the length of the article, but especially the topic: *anything you want to write about*. This has forced me to think about what is important to me. Should I use this opportunity to write a preachy column, a view of politics that I think should be considered, should I tell about my hobbies, desires, background of the Methodist faith? I finally decided to let it be known the experience that has changed my life.

From my earliest memory I have loved being a "helper." Tom Sawyer would have rejoiced in having me around when it came time to paint

that fence! As I have grown, so have the opportunities and horizons for service. After joining a mission-oriented church in the 1980's the opportunities seemed limitless, but there were definitely some invisible boundaries within which I felt confined. The mission statement of that church, taken from Jesus' Great Commission in Matthew 28 read: "We are God's witnesses in this Church, our surrounding communities, to the lost, the last, the least of the world and *to the ends of the earth!*" To the ends of the earth? I don't think so. But, as always, God had other plans.

Hearing a guest preacher, a missionary from Uganda in Africa, a spark began to burn within me to travel with a group to assist in his ministry and to help build a

church. Our group spent a year preparing: fundraising, obtaining passports and visas, inoculations for diseases we don't often worry about in the US, learning about the culture in that part of the world, gathering materials to work with the local children and honing our skills in carpentry, brick laying and painting. We were ready to go...or so we thought. One month before departure, civil war broke out in Uganda and the missionary was forced to flee the country with his family.

You may have heard that the Chinese symbol for crisis is actually composed of two different symbols: one meaning danger, the other meaning opportunity. By the grace of God we took this crisis to mean an opportunity, different from the one we had planned. And so, in February of 1997 our group of twelve (hmmm, just like the disciples) took off from BWI to Zimbabwe, Africa.

Zimbabwe, in the southern part of Africa bordering on South Africa, prior to 1960 had been a British Colony called Rhodesia. After their civil war the country was renamed and controlled by the local inhabitants. The infrastructure in the capital city of Harare at that time seemed reminiscent of this country in the 1950's. The economy

of Zimbabwe was thriving, they were known as the breadbasket of Africa and exported much of their food production. Unfortunately, since that time there has been great deterioration in the entire country. The inflation rate is somewhere in the neighborhood of 250 million percent; rather than exporting food, the people are starving and farms not operating; medical care is basic and epidemics are uncontrollable; the infrastructure has collapsed.

While the large population centers had a resemblance to the world as we knew it, not so in the rural areas. Most of the population lived in clustered villages, still in circular huts with thatched roofs, no electricity or running water, and it was in one of these remote villages that our group spent nearly three weeks building a church, teaching Bible classes to the children and enriching our lives with new relationships. Some memory "snapshots" come to mind: the unforgettable sounds of the girls' voices raised in song in the native language (Shona); rolling a 50 gallon barrel up and down hills to get water to the job site; watching while a very young child rubbed my arm to see if the color would come off; learning how to make bricks (no factories here); learning to eat the staple food, sudza, which is like very thick grits, to be eaten with the hands; each day cleaning the infection on the severely burned leg of a toddler using the medical supplies we had brought with us; standing in amazement as a double rainbow formed over our church project; watching with disbelief as elephants, zebras, giraffes and other animals only familiar to us in a zoo came to the watering hole in the dark of night.

All of these experiences, and so many more, seeped into my soul and God used them to overcome my biggest fear. At the time of this first mission trip to Africa, I had been

sensing God's call to ministry, but thought it was impossible because of the fear I had, like a great majority of people, of speaking in front of a group, or individuals for that matter. But on the plane coming home, I knew I had to speak to my church, other churches and other groups to bring the messages of hope and love that were so clearly and undeniably what this mission experience was about.

And the rest, as they say, is history. I began the ministry process, went back to school, served a church in the Annapolis area and came to Emmitsburg in 2006. I won't say that my fear of speaking has been completely overcome, but it is certainly manageable. My mission work continued in the Appalachian hills, the Navajo reservation, Mississippi, Florida, the country of Guyana in South American and local missions in the Maryland area.

While I have focused on my experience, my purpose in writing this is to encourage you to make it your experience as well. Not all opportunities to serve originate in churches. There are many secular organizations that would welcome your interest, skills and labor. Right here in Emmitsburg are the Food Bank, the Pregnancy Aid Center, Seton Center, St. Catherine's, the Senior Center. The opportunities are limited only by your imagination. And the amazing thing about helping? What you give is returned back to you in even greater measure. In Luke 6:38 Jesus tells his disciples, "Give, and you will receive. Your gift will return to you in full... pressed down, shaken together to make room for more, running over, and poured into your lap." Think about it — God has taken the time to create in us a unique set of gifts, not to be hoarded, but to be shared with all of God's people. May you be as blessed as I have been in the joy of giving and, surprisingly, receiving.

WE'RE RIGHT AT HOME WITH PRINTING



Great prices.
Quality work.
Friendly service.

PRINTING. GRAPHICS. DESIGN.

- Come see us for all your printing needs – large & small
- 1-4 color offset printing on our own presses
- Color laser & traditional letterpress printing
- Wide-format inkjet posters & more!
- Family-owned & operated since 1922



Est. 1879
CHRONICLE PRESS

107 SOUTH SETON AVENUE
EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND 21727

PHONE 301.447.2333

WWW.CHRONICLEPRESS.COM

Calvary Berean



Fellowship
(John 7:38)

- Prayer
- Line-by-Line Bible Study
- Fellowship

Sundays 6:30 – 8:00 pm
Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church
415 West Main Street
Please use the side entrance.

John Bartlett - (717) 360-1501
Cbfellowship08@yahoo.com

EMMITSBURG

1 BR 1 BA - No Pets
\$600 per month
(301) 663-8383 Ext. 210

Emmitsburg FOOD BANK

All Donations appreciated

Items Needed

- Fruit
- Cereal
- Peanut Butter
- Jelly
- Canned Meats
- Box Mac & Cheese
- Toilet paper
- Toiletries

502 East Main St.

(next door to
Catoctin Pregnancy Center)

Hours of Operation

Tues. 7-8 pm; Wed. 7-8 pm
Fri. 1-2 pm; Sat. 10-11 am

"10 YEAR ANNIVERSARY SALE"

St. Philomena Catholic Books & Gifts



Emmitsburg's Oldest Traditional Bookstore

More than just books...

Baptism, Communion,
Confirmation, Teaching Tools, Birthdays
& Fine Gifts for Every Occasion.

Open Mon. - Sat. 10 am - 6 pm

Tel: (301) 447-3833

200-4 West Main St. Emmitsburg, MD (Next to the Laundry Center)

THE (RETIRED) ECOLOGIST:

An Aging Mind Grapples with Euler, Diderot, and Biological Clocks

Bill Meredith

I typically start my days by hobbling into the kitchen and staring through the window at the bird feeder, waiting for both my mind and my eyes to come into focus. This can be more complicated than it sounds; eyes and mind are not automatically coordinated at that time of day, and it may take a while to get them both on the same topic. For example, today I was staring at a flock of pine siskins. They are northern relatives of the common goldfinch, only a bit smaller and covered with black stripes. In ordinary times they rarely are seen around here but this winter they are abundant, and I should have been marveling at them. But instead my mind was on my daughter, who was born on this date 52 years ago. That was really something to marvel about... little things, like holding her for the first time and wondering how she could have her grandmother's dimple in her cheek, a trait that is caused by a dominant gene and that I do not have (I hadn't learned about gene penetrance at that time). Or big things, like growing up in the '60s, and how she seemed to turn out all right in spite of all the things we didn't know about parenting.... That's a lot for a mind to deal with when it isn't quite awake yet.

Aging has strange effects on the mind. By the time you become aware of how much you do not know, you begin to forget what you do know. Also, at some point you begin to realize that a lot of what you thought you knew is wrong. For example, the northeastern section of the country had a major snowstorm on March 1, and I had planned to begin this article by writing that March had come in like a lion; then I learned that the old expression has nothing to do with the weather. According to Dr. Wooten's piece on "The Night Sky of March" in the last issue of the Chronicle, the saying originated because the constellation Leo, the lion, is rising at that time, and Aries, the ram (who used to be a lamb) is rising at the end of the month... in like a lion, out like a lamb, regardless

of temperature and precipitation. Checking the internet, the only thing I found in support of the weather was a children's poem by Lorie Hill:

*"March roars in like a lion so fierce,
The wind so cold it seems to pierce.
The month rolls on and Spring
draws near,
And March goes out like a lamb
so dear."*

Lion or not, the storm left about three inches of snow in our yard, and the next morning there under the bird feeder was a fox sparrow. It is a beautiful bird, the largest of our sparrows, with a dark spot surrounded by heavy brown stripes on its breast, a soft gray on its back, and a warm, russet-brown color on its tail. Unlike the pine siskins, I see it every year in the first week of March; it is migrating from its winter home in the southern states to its breeding grounds in Newfoundland or Labrador. It does not travel in flocks; usually I see only one at a time. It stayed two days, and then was off; although the storm was still raging in New England, it had no choice in the matter. Back when it was enjoying the warm sun in Alabama or Florida, its biological clock detected the lengthening of the days and sent signals to its endocrine system to start pumping out reproductive hormones and get on the road north. Come lions, lambs or high water, it was Newfoundland or bust.

The fox sparrow sent my mind wandering back to the 1960s, when we were just beginning to understand biological clocks. To show my class how day length changes, I recorded the time of sunrise and sunset from the Frederick News-Post for a year and made a graph of the results. The line on the graph went up and down in a regular pattern that mathematicians call a sine wave; it is the series of peaks and valleys you get if you tape a magic marker to a wheel and roll it along a wall (take my word for it... don't try it in your home). The lowest point on the graph, representing the shortest day of the year, is the

winter solstice (around December 21, but not exactly the same date each year because the year isn't exactly 365 days long). The longest day, or summer solstice, around June 21, is the highest point. The equinoxes, Vernal around March 21 and Autumnal around September 21, are the points where day and night lengths are equal. The graph shows that the period of light changes by only a few seconds each day around the solstices, but it changes about two minutes a day around the equinoxes. This is enough to be detected by the biological clock in the brain, and it is the same every year; the graph I made in 1966 is still accurate today. Thus in the spring and fall, when other aspects of the weather vary widely from one day to the next, day length is a reliable factor to use for timing activities like migration and breeding.

Sine waves are important in biology; they describe a wide variety of things, from day length to the change in blood pressure between heartbeats. I was sure I had learned the formula for the sine wave in some course or other, but while watching the fox sparrow I realized that I had forgotten it, so I got the textbook and looked it up. It didn't look familiar at all. There were notes in my handwriting and calculations in the margin of the page which showed that I had mastered it at the time... but looking at it now, it might as well be written in Chinese.

Thinking about the formula as I went back to watch the fox sparrow again, my mind drifted to a story of a debate in the court of Catherine the Great, between the Swiss mathematician, Leonhard Euler, and the French philosopher, Denis Diderot, who was an atheist. (It was around 1760, and television hadn't been invented yet, so I suppose they had to have something to do in the evenings.) The topic of the debate was whether God existed, and Euler began, "Sir, $(a + b)^n/z = x$; therefore, God exists. Respond!" Diderot was speechless, the audience laughed him off the stage, and he left in disgrace, so the story goes. I thought I remembered the

French words: "Monsieur, $(a + b)^n/z = x$; donc Dieu existe; repondez!" but I decided I'd better look that up too, since I fared so poorly with the sine wave formula. I couldn't remember which book it was in, so I looked on the internet; and there I found that the whole story was a fabrication. The debate never really happened; it was made up by an enemy of Diderot's.

I found it ironic that the one thing I could remember never happened, and I thought my wife might sympathize if I told her about it; but, wrong again. She just shook her head and walked away, muttering "Another child left behind."

To read past Retired Ecologist articles, visit Emmitsburg.net.



The Carriage House Inn
Circa 1857
RESTAURANT & CATERING



Easter Sunday

April 12 ~ 11 a.m. - 6 p.m.
Serving from our Special Easter Menu
in our Main Dining Rooms

Featuring:

- Leg of Lamb
- Pepper Crusted Tournedos
- Bourbon Street Salmon
- Crab cakes
- Filet Mignon and Crab cake Surf and Turf
- Prime Rib Veal Oscar
- Potato crusted Rockfish
- Imperial Shrimp
- Pork Picatta
- Chicken Marsala
- Sea Scallops



RESERVATIONS REQUIRED
301.447.2366

Also serving our
Grand Easter Buffet in Joann's Ballroom
11 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Adults \$26.95 ~ Kids 4 - 12 \$10.95



EMMITSBURG
GLASS COMPANY
A reflection of quality

100 Creamery Court
Emmitsburg, Maryland
301.447.2245
John Mullican, ext. 122



Emmitsburg Glass Introduces Our New
Residential Service Center

We offer services in:

- Residential and Commercial
- Custom Mirrors
- Replacement Glass
- Custom Furniture Tops
- Storm Doors and Windows
- Insulated Units
- Shower / Tub Enclosures
- Tempered, Lexan & Plexiglass

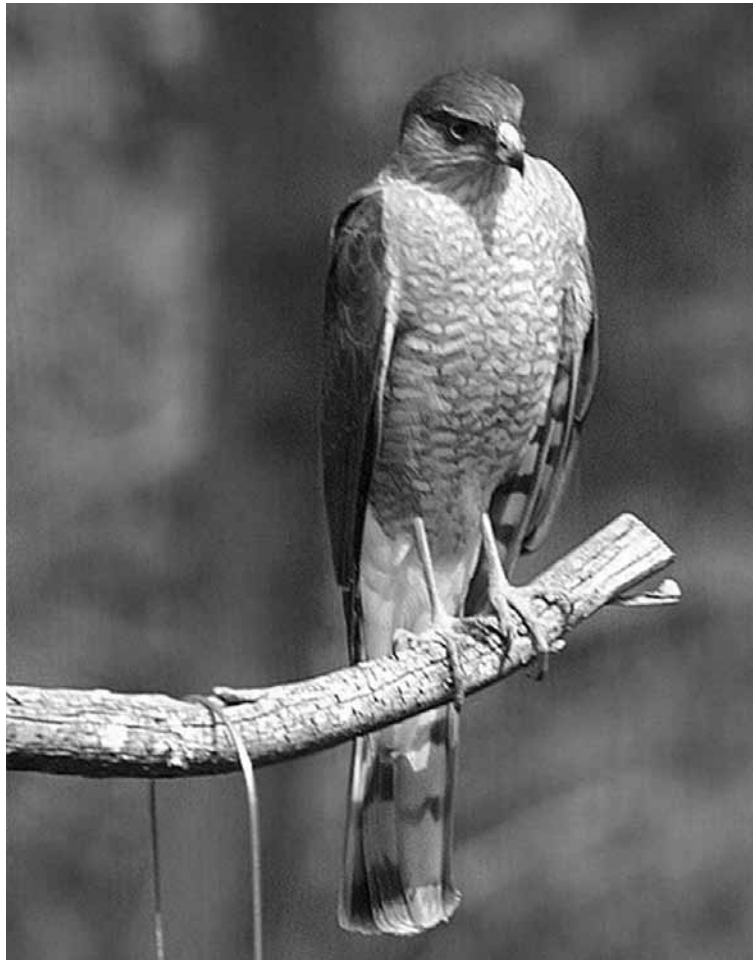
FREE Estimates!
10% OFF your first service with this ad

EMMITSBURG
BASEBALL & SOFTBALL
CELEBRATION
APRIL 26 MEMORIAL PARK

2 p.m. PARADE
(DePaul St. to N. Seton Ave.,
left on Potomac St. at S. Seton Ave.)

GAMES & ACTIVITIES
to follow at Memorial Park

3 p.m. (game time is approximate)
YANKEES vs. RED SOX



When Death Leads to Life

Sandra Polvinale

There's a lot of life to be experienced just from one's kitchen window. There's a secret garden out this window! I live in a nearby "wilderness." No need to go on safari to Africa when I see the wild cats and exotic creatures just within my reach. There are striped orange tabby tigers and huge Russian blue lions out there! One proud lion is sitting right here on my lap as I write. Alarming, isn't it? And there is nothing like a big fat calico purring, hanging on one's arm as you're trying to type. Ha! She turns her head slowly, giving what I call

kitty kisses, which are partial winks showing contentment and love. In late winter and early spring, we tend to get surprise snowstorms. Who doesn't enjoy seeing the snowbirds and cardinals doing a beautiful feeding dance by the bird feeders? The next time we look there is no activity outside my private jungle, with the exception of one lone bird feeding on the ground under the huge 100-foot blue spruce tree.

I thought, what kind of bird is this, a woodpecker (from the size) or a mourning dove, due to its long tail? It looked as if it were eating pine nuts out of a long dried-out pine cone.

But, look closely, I was telling myself. Thank God for progressive lenses in my glasses allowing me to zoom in close for a look. The beak was not straight. It was not pecking, it was pulling! Oh my gosh! I saw a flutter. It was a carnivorous bird eating *another* bird alive! A beautiful scarlet cardinal! No! It had pulled out all the feathers and was now ingesting a full meal. Oops! He saw me. We had a staring contest until he grabbed the half eaten limp bird in its talons and flew to the top of the pines. Wow! It was the smallest flesh-eating bird I have ever seen. Perhaps a hawk? I opened my bird book and there he was. He was a sharp-shinned hawk, familiarly known as a Sharpie. They prey on small birds right at...yes, backyard bird feeders, as in my secret garden in my modern-day wilderness. It is quite a spectacular sight to witness, but not for the faint-hearted.

Another time, peering into my private jungle, I surprised a beautifully plumed pheasant just feeding under the bird feeder as if he had all the time in the world. How graceful pheasants are. I think they are the most beautiful birds I have ever laid my eyes on! This one had a little tuft of feathers on the top of his head (like an Easter bonnet I once had). They were a wispy and fluorescent blend of warm and cool shiny colors. The tail feathers were long and dragged the ground like Gypsy Rose Lee dragged her fur coat across the stage in the 1950s and '60s. I watched from every window in my old log home until he gracefully picked and scratched all the way around the bank barn. He looked especially nice when he managed to get in the glow of the last shafts of the evening light. Pheasants feed just like chickens, for they are in the

same family. A little scratch, peck, swallow and so on.

Have you ever seen a big ol' Tom turkey? I did. All feathers proudly fluffed out, he was doing the same scratch and peck dance, but came to say a hello outside my window tapping on the glass. Ha!

One evening I opened my sliding glass door to let little Miss Citykitty inside for the night and Ahhh! I screamed! It wasn't my cute little kitty. I was face to face with a big ol' skunk! He looked at me and screamed! I ran behind the curtain and breathed a sigh of relief. The skunk ran behind the door and thanked God he didn't have to deal with that big ol' lady again. We both tip-toed around the corner again sneaking a peek, and ...Ah! I looked at him and screamed louder! He screamed, I screamed! Well, we did a little scream routine until he ran away. Sounded rather musical. I can read his thoughts right now, "What a crazy farm lady, I am outta here!"

So, there you have it. I have seen lions and tigers and yes, bears! Oh my! Walking across the street, a black bear startled a passerby in a car. Maybe with his keen sense of smell, he was looking for a honey treat. Once they find your honey supers, forget a-b-o-u-t it. Bears are nothing to mess with as they can outrun you, outclimb you, and swim! So, don't even try to get a nice close look and don't even get near their cubs! You may be their lunch if you do that. But if you respect Mother Nature, there will be a lot of God's creatures you can enjoy while being safe.

All creatures need to eat to survive. Which brings us back to the hawk and the beautiful cardinal. Although it was very upsetting to see a beautiful cardinal being eaten alive by a hawk, the good that came out of it was this: the cardinal's death, though upsetting, led to the hawk's being able to live another day! And maybe his young. And this, my friends, is how death leads to life.



The Taney Corporation
Manufacturers of Wood Stairs & Stair Parts

Locally owned continuously
for over 50 Years

5130 Allendale Lane, Taneytown, Maryland 21787

Office: 410-756-6671 Fax: 410-756-4103

Visit us at www.taneystair.com

A sponsor of the Emmitsburg Chronicle newspaper

A Better Tractor A Better Price



LTX 1042

CUB CADET 2009 LAWN TRACTOR
19 HP KOHLER®
COURAGE™ ENGINE
Sale Price Only
\$1,649

- 42" heavy-duty twin blade cutting deck
- 12" turning radius
- Welded steel frame

ZERO INTEREST ZERO PAYMENTS FOR 12 MONTHS*
See details below



LTX 1045

CUB CADET 2009 LAWN TRACTOR
20 HP KOHLER®
COURAGE™ ENGINE
Sale Price Only
\$1,699

- 46" heavy-duty twin blade cutting deck
- 12" turning radius
- Welded steel frame

ZERO INTEREST ZERO PAYMENTS FOR 12 MONTHS*
See details below

Service. Knowledge. Selection. Financing. Delivery.



HARRINGTON & SONS
427 East Main Street
Emmitsburg, Maryland
301.447.6666

*As rated by engine manufacturer. Actual retail prices are set by dealer and may vary. Taxes, freight, setup and handling charges may be additional and may vary. Models subject to limited availability. **12 Months No Payments & No Interest If Paid Within 12 Months - Valid on purchases of \$999 or more made by 3/31/09 when you use your Power Credit Card. A \$29 promotion fee will be charged on purchases of \$1,500 or greater. On promo purchase (including promotion fee), no monthly payments required & no finance charges assessed if (1) promo purchase paid in full in 12 months, (2) any minimum monthly payments on account paid when due, and (3) account balance does not exceed credit limit. Otherwise, promo may be terminated & finance charges assessed from purchase date. Standard terms apply to non-promo purchases, optional charges & existing accounts. As of 2/1/09, variable APRs: 19.96% & on all accounts in default, 23.99%. Minimum Finance Charge \$2. Subject to approval by GE Money Bank.

M^{The} Master Gardeners

Supporting a Healthy Population of Native Bees

Julia Cubit and Mary Young

The demise of the population of the honeybee is awakening an interest in and an appreciation of other pollinators that are native to this continent. Most gardeners are familiar with a few of the plant pollinators such as butterflies, hummingbirds and bumblebees. Yet there are thousands of other largely unrecognized creatures that pollinate. Among the insects are included many types of flies, beetles, wasps, and native bees.

Bees are the new 'big topic' in the gardening world. What would we do without them? What would we eat? How would we get honey? Gardeners, farmers, orchardists, and scientists are all doing their best to answer these questions, and also to help the bee population survive and thrive. We live on a planet pollinated primarily by bees. Bees pollinate most of our favorite flowers and one third of the plants we eat.

Honey Bees:

Master gardeners hear a lot about the Colony Collapse Disorder, but there may still be some people out there who haven't heard about how it's destroying hives around the world. Some may still consider a bee an insect to fear or to kill. But honey bees are the major pollinators of apples, pears, cherries, and plums. These trees were staples on the small farms that used to surround our towns.

Things are quite different now — our landscape has been broken up into developments with nary a tree — at least not one that bees are attracted to. The orchards are certainly still here, but bigger. Today honeybees are rented and their hives are transported by trucks to the fruit and vegetables as they are needed. Maybe this is part of the problem. Who doesn't get stressed on the interstate, traveling along in rush hour or very hot or cold conditions!

To answer the question of what would we eat if honey bees disappeared, the only items left to us would be grains and cereal. Corn and cereal grains are pollinated by wind. That is why the corn seed package will say to plant your corn in a block, not a single long row. You can identify a corn ear that has been incompletely pollinated because the kernels are uneven in size or the kernels only go halfway up the ear. Wheat, oats, and barley all have the seed heads at the tops of the stems — the breeze blows and the plants get pollinated. Concerning honey, we wouldn't have any without bees — only honey bees make honey, a product that doesn't spoil (it has been found in the pyramids



in Egypt). This is certainly a simplification — in the hive the bees seal the honey compartments; in the grocery store the jar is sealed. But once the jar is opened the honey may turn sugary, but not spoiled.

Another Social Bee:

Honey bees are social — they have a hive, a queen, workers and drones — all with specific tasks. Bumblebees are also social and live in a group. With our landscaped lawns and non-native shrubs as landscaping, they may find it difficult to find shelter or food. Bumblebees will live in old mouse nests or rodent burrows, deserted bird nests, cushioned clumps of moss and simple holes in the ground. Be sure to leave some bare patches of earth available to bees and other ground-dwelling insects.

Bumblebees are important pollinators of tomatoes, eggplants, peppers, melons, raspberries, blueberries, cranberries, strawberries, and many other crops. They are the only known pollinators of potatoes worldwide. They are also the exclusive pollinator of several rare and imperiled wildflowers, including native monkshoods and lady's tresses orchids. Without these essential insects, farm productivity would plummet and some wildflowers would become extinct. In short, bumblebees and other bees are essential for our own well being and the survival of a good deal of the world's biodiversity. Another little-known fact is that bumblebees will pollinate the tomato plants that

are grown in greenhouses; they work side by side with the human workers, without stinging.

Solitary Bees:

There are many other native American bees. For the most part these are solitary bees, meaning they do not congregate in a hive or have a queen or make honey. They lay their eggs in a hollow flower stem, or a hole made in a tree by a bird or insect, or they may live in the soil. They can make use of the many bee boxes that are now available to the general public to promote bee habitation. These solitary bees do pollinate native plants. Don't jump to the conclusion when you see a bee on a flower that it is a honey bee. Mason bees, carpenter bees and orchard bees are all examples of solitary bees. The natural habitats of bumblebees and other native bees, which were pollinating North America long before the colonists arrived with their European honeybees, continue to be carved up, destroyed, or degraded. However, we all can help improve the lot of natives by planting the flowers they love, whether we garden on an acre or in a window box. One small bumblebee garden may not seem like much, but as these patches of backyard habitat multiply across the community and the country, they can play a vital role in feeding and protecting threatened pollinators.

Generalists and Specialists

Most pollinators can be divided into two categories by flower preference

— generalists and specialists. Pollinators that are generalists, such as the bumblebee, will visit any flower in search of pollen and nectar; while specialists have a preference for a specific type of flower. The orchard mason bee (a shiny, dark blue bee slightly smaller than the honeybee), which pollinates flowers of fruit trees, is an example of a specialist.

Supporting a Healthy Population of Native Bees: What You Can Do

Since many native bees nest in abandoned holes in the ground or in trees, making these habitats available will help to encourage an increase in bee populations. Sparsely vegetated patches under trees and along the sides of walkways, roads and fences will attract ground nesters. Frequently old logs and tree stumps contain abandoned insect holes which will attract bees that nest above the ground.

Another way to provide nesting sites for wood nesting bees is to hang a nesting board. These can be as simple to make as drilling ¼" to ½" holes about 3" deep into an untreated piece of wood such as a section of a "4 x 4". The type of bee this nesting board attracts is determined by the diameter of the hole. For example, the orchard mason bees will use a board with ½" holes. Secure the board to the south side of a tree or building where it will get sun. One bee enthusiast drilled holes in the porch columns of his home. This is not recommended if other occupants of your abode do

not share your ardor for native bees.

Other ways to support native bee populations can be as simple as allowing a variety of plants to grow. Patches of lawns that host a few small flowering plants such as sorrel and other innocuous wild plants can support a number of the smaller bees.

Avoid using pesticides, instead use integrated pest management to balance beneficial insects and pests. If you handpick Japanese beetles from your roses instead of spraying insecticide to control them, the honeybees won't be killed. If you have to use pesticides, use horticultural oil, insecticidal soap.

Learn about the interactions among insects, and between insects and animals. There are many insects that are beneficial to have in the garden. Wasps, ladybird beetles, assassin bugs, ground beetles, and centipedes are predators that help keep populations of destructive insects in check. Spraying will destroy this natural balance.

Consider choosing native perennials when selecting new plants. Native insects have evolved alongside native plants and birds. Native plants will attract native insect pollinators such as bees and butterflies that are rarely seen in many gardens. In turn, these insects will attract songbirds which will help to maintain overall insect populations at a healthy level.

Conclusion

Whatever is written in the final chapter on the honeybee in North America — whether the species survives the present threats to its population, or falls victim — one positive outcome will be that more people will have been made aware of the fragility and complexity of the cycle that produces food for the world. Each of us can have an impact on this cycle by how we manage our environment. From flower to food, the cycle depends on the many pollinators — bees, flies, butterflies, beetles, bats, and birds. The survival of these creatures, to a large degree, depends on how well we are aware of their relationship to the environment, and how we work to encourage and support their presence.

To learn more about bees and other beneficial insects visit the gardening section of Emmitsburg.net

To learn more about how to become a Master Gardener call Mary Ann Ryan at 717-334-6271 (Adams County Master Gardener Coordinator) or Susan Trice at 301-600-1596 (Frederick County Master Gardener Coordinator)



ROBERT CHAMBER'S

The Book of Days

APRIL

presents no prettier picture than that of green fields, with rustic stiles between the openings of the hedges, where old footpaths go in and out, winding along, until lost in the distance; with children scattered here and there, singly or in groups, just as the daisies are, all playing or gathering flowers. With what glee they rush about chasing one another in zigzag lines like butterflies, tumbling here, and running there; one lying on its back, laughing and shouting in the sunshine; another, prone on the grass, is pretending to cry, in order to be picked up. A third, a quiet little thing, with her silky hair hanging all about her sweet face, sits patiently sticking daisy-buds on the thorns of a leafless branch, that she may carry home a tree of flowers.

Some fill their pinafores, others sit decorating their caps and bonnets, while one, whose fair brow has been garlanded, dances as she holds up the skirt of her little frock daintily with her fingers. Their graceful attitudes can only be seen for a few moments; for if they catch a strange eye directed towards them, they at once cease their play, and start off like alarmed birds. We have often wished for a photograph of such a scene as we have here described and witnessed while sheltered behind some hedge or tree.

Dear to us all are those old

footpaths that, time out of mind, have gone winding through the pleasant fields, beside hedges and along watercourses, leading to peaceful villages and faraway farms, which the hum and jar of noisy cities never reach; where we seem at every stride to be drawing nearer the Creator, as we turn our backs upon the perishable labours of man. Only watch some old man, bent with the weight of years, walking out into the fields when April greens the ground — “Making it all one emerald.”

With what entire enjoyment he moves along, pausing every here and there to look at the opening flowers! Yes, they are the very same he gazed upon in boyhood, springing from the same roots, and growing in the very spots where he gathered them fifty long years ago. What a many changes he has seen since those days, while they appear unaltered! He thinks how happy life then passed away, with no more care than that felt by the flowers that wave in the breeze and sunshine, which shake the rain from their heads, as he did when a boy, darting in and out bareheaded, when he ran to play amid the April showers.

‘Cuckoo! cuckoo!’ Ah, well he knows that note! It brings again the backward years—the sound he tried to imitate when a boy — home, with its little garden — the very face of the old clock, whose ticking told him it was near schooltime. And he looks for the messenger of spring now as he did then, as it flies from tree to

tree; but all he can discover is the green foliage, for his eyes are dim and dazed, and he cannot see it now. He hears the song of some bird, which was once as familiar to him as his mother’s voice, and tries to remember its name, but cannot; and as he tries, he thinks of those who were with him when he heard it; and so he goes on unconsciously unwinding link by link the golden chain which reaches from the grave to heaven. And when he returns home, he carries with him a quiet heart, for his thoughts scarcely seem allied to earth, and lie “too deep for tears.” He seems to have looked behind that gray misty summit, where the forgotten years have rolled down, and lie buried, and to have seen that dim mustering-ground beyond the grave, where those who have gone before are waiting to receive him.

Many of the trees now begin to make “some little show of green.” Among these is the elm, which has a beautiful look with the blue April sky seen through its half-developed foliage. The ash also begins to shew its young leaves, though the last year’s “keys,” with the blackened seed, still hang among the branches, anti rattle again in every wind that blows. The oak puts out its red buds and bright metallic-looking leaves slowly, as if to shew that its hardy limbs require as little clothing as the ancient Britons did, when hoary oaks covered long leagues of our forest-studded island. The chestnut begins to shoot forth its long, finger-shaped foliage, which breaks through the rounded and gummy buds that have so firmly enclosed it.

But, beautiful above all, are the fruit-trees, now in blossom. The peaches seem to make the very walls to which they are trailed burn again with their bloom, while the cherry-tree looks as if a shower of daisies had rained it, and adhered to

the branches. The plum is one mass of unbroken blossom, without shewing a single green leaf, while, in the distance, the almond-tree looks like some gigantic flower, whose head is one tuft of bloom, so thickly are the branches embowered with buds. Then come the apple-blossoms, the loveliest of all, looking like a bevy of virgins peeping out of their white drapery, covered with blushes; while all the air around is perfumed with the fragrance of the bloom, as if the winds had been out gathering flowers, and scattered the perfume everywhere as they passed.

All day long the bees are busy among the bloom, making an unceasing murmur, for April is beautiful to look upon; and if she hides her sweet face for a few hours behind the rain-clouds, it is only that she may appear again peeping out through the next burst of sunshine in a veil of fresher green, through which we see the red and white of her bloom.

Numbers of birds, whose names and songs are familiar to us, have, by the end of this month, returned to build and sing once more. We find the “time of their coming” mentioned in the pages of the Bible, shewing that they migrated, as they do now, and were noticed by the patriarchs of old, as they led their flocks to the fresh spring-pastures.

The window-swallow is busy building in the early morning,— we see his shadow darting across the sunny window-blind while we are in bed; and if we arise, and look cautiously through one corner of the blind, we see it at work, close to us, smoothing the clay with its throat and the under part of the neck, while it moves its little head to and fro, holding on to the wall or window-frame all the time by its claws, and the flattening pressure of the tail. It will soon get accustomed to our face, and go on with its work, as if totally unconscious of our presence, if we never willfully frighten it.

We hear also the pretty goldfinch, that is marked with black and white, and golden brown; and pleasant it is to watch a couple of them, tugging and tearing at the same head of groundsel. But all the land is now musical: the woods are like great cathedrals, pillared with oaks and roofed with the sky, from which the birds sing, like hidden nuns, in the green twilight of the leafy cloisters.

To hear the sweet birds sing, to feel the refreshing air blowing gently on all around, and see Nature arraying herself in all her spring beauty, has ever seemed to us a much greater pleasure. Then comes the arrowy flight of the swallows, as they dart after each other through the arch of the bridge, or dimple the water every here and there as they sweep over it. Ever shifting our position, we can

“dander” along, where little curves and indentations form tiny bays and secluded pools, which, excepting where they open out riverward, are shut in by their own overhanging trees and waving sedges.

A contemplative man may sit and hold communion with Nature, seeing something new every time he shifts his glance, for many a flower has now made its appearance which remained hidden while March blew his windy trumpet, and in these green moist shady places the blue bell of spring may now be found. It is amongst the earliest flowers—such as the cow-slips and daisies—that country children love to place the bluebell, to ornament many an open cottage-window in April.

The bells, which are folded, are of a deeper blue than those that have opened; and very gracefully do those hang down that are in full bloom, shewing the tops of their fairy cups turning backward. The dark upright leaves are of a beautiful green, and attract the eye pleasantly long before the flowers appear. Beside them, the delicate lily-of-the-valley may also now be found, one of the most graceful of all our wild-flowers. How elegantly its white ivory-looking bells rise, tier above tier, to the very summit of the flower-stalk, while the two broad leaves which protect it seem placed there for its support, as if a thing of such frail beauty required something to lean upon! Those who have inhaled the perfume from a whole bed of these lilies in some open forest-glade, can fancy what odours were wafted through Eden in the golden mornings of the early world.

The gaudy dandelion and great marsh-marigold are now in flower, one lighting up our wayside wastes almost everywhere, and the other looking like a burning lamp as its reflection seems blazing in the water. It is pleasant to see a great bed of tall dandelions on a windy April day shaking all their golden heads together; and common as it may appear, it is a beautiful compound flower. And who has not, in the days of childhood, blown off the downy seed, to tell the hours of the day by the number of puffs it took to disperse the feathered messengers? How beautifully, too, the leaves are cut! and when bleached, who does not know that it is the most wholesome herb that ever gave flavour to a salad?

The most beautiful lace is poor in comparison with the patterns which Nature weaves in her mysterious loom. Spring prepares the drapery which she hangs up in her green halls for the birds to shelter and build and sing among; and soon the hawthorn will light tip these hanging curtains with its silver lamps, and perfume the leafy bowers with May.

To read more of Robert Chambers *The Book of Days* visit Emmitsburg.net

ISN'T IT TIME TO ENJOY?

\$209,500

263 DePaul Street Emmitsburg, MD

Charm & Privacy

Lovely quiet street with superb community connectivity
Walk to restaurants, library, pool, bank, bakery,
50+ acres of parks, churches,

Mother Seton School
Emmitsburg Elementary
minutes to Rt. 15
& Mt. St. Mary's University
10 minutes to Gettysburg
25 minutes to Frederick



October 2008 the NEW ROOF was installed with a 25 year warranty

2006 the water heater was replaced

Furnace with 81.5% efficiency rating

October 2008 new refrigerator

4 new thermal tilt windows with lifetime warranty

Beautiful lot 91' x 386' for .8+/- acres of privacy

Outbuilding with dog run and potential garage or workshop

Hardwood floors through most of the house

1st floor bath and laundry

ISN'T IT TIME
TO ENJOY?

BRIGGS ASSOCIATES, INC.

Phone: 301.447.3110

Don Briggs

301.606.1512



the *Rebecca Pearl* Gallery
fine art • custom framing
ART CLASSES

“Emmitsburg Fountain” circa 1886

3 E. Main St. Thurmont, MD
rebeccapearl.com
Thur. - Sat. 10-5 • 301.271.2348

All in the Family



Pets Large & Small

Shearing Day

*Rose M. Woodsmall, Shepherd
Stony Branch Farm, Emmitsburg*

When I arose at 6 a.m. on February 5, the outdoor thermometer read 10 degrees Fahrenheit. My first thoughts were about our flock of 17 sheep, shorn yesterday and surely feeling some change after losing their long, woolly fleeces. Our shearer was fixing his hearty, healthy breakfast, preparing to drive to the next stop on his shearing tour through Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. One of my favorite days of the year is over again — Shearing Day — when our flock of 17 sheep is shorn of a year's growth of fleece. I'm relieved that the day went well, but feel somewhat let down that it is over. It is one of those happy, satisfying days, filled with hard work, camaraderie, and accomplishment, ending with a good meal and conversation. It stretches out in a way that makes it seem longer than an afternoon.

Preparation for shearing day began a year ago, immediately after the previous shearing, when the sheep were covered with "coats" to keep them free of hay and weed seeds. Spinners call these bits of debris "the dreaded VM," for vegetative matter. The normal accumulation of dirt will wash out of the fleece, but ridding a fleece of VM is a tedious, time-consuming task. Experienced spinners will almost always choose a fleece that has been coated. So even though I prefer to see the sheep grazing on the hillside with their wavy locks exposed, I cover them year round to protect the fleeces. Naturally the coats require care—washing and mending tears—and as the fleece grows out, they must be changed. Three or four coats per year is normal, each change requiring a larger size coat.

There are four main types of sheep that produce fleeces used for wool products: fine, down, long wool, and double-coated. Our sheep are of the Coopworth breed and fall into the long wool category, often referred to as "luster longwools." True to the name, Coopworths have shiny, long, and strong fleeces. On shearing day, they went from six inch fleeces to half-inch fleeces, causing my concern for their warmth. When I check them, they feel fine. The digestive process in the rumen, one of their four stomachs, generates warmth, so extra hay is called for in the chilly days following shearing. Their body fat also helps keep them warm, and several of our sheep, after shearing, appear to have never missed a meal.

Nutrition plays a big part in producing a good fleece; if nutrition is inadequate, the fleece will suffer, often resulting in weak spots, or breaks, in the fleece. This in turn produces weak yarn. My fleeces are sold to handspinners, so it is important to keep them strong as well as clean.

Another factor in good fleece production is pregnancy. Just as in humans, hormonal changes and fluctuations result in changes in the

fleece (or hair in humans). A ram fleece can also suffer, as the ram sometimes is so distracted during the breeding season that he forgets to eat. Since about half of my flock are wethers (castrated males), they have neither pregnancy nor breeding to impact their fleeces. They are just happy-go-lucky boys with "what, me worry?" attitudes.

So after a year of feeding and caring for the sheep and trying to keep the fleeces in good condition, shearing day arrives. The shearer, Kevin Ford, drives from Massachusetts that morning, gathers his gear, greets us, fills a bucket with hot water, and heads for the barn. Rick, my significant other and co-shepherd, has built a shearing floor, with the bunk feeders converted to tables for the equipment and coats. Our helpers have gathered and we do a quick run review of the procedure for the new ones. Mary, a spinner, will help Rick handle the sheep. Sally, another spinner, is in charge of the bags and tags (and brought us all a wonderful post-shearing meal). John, a new shepherd, will take notes, and Dylan, who is not a sheep person, but is quick and coordinated, has the most difficult task of bagging the fleece.

Most important of all is the shearer, of course. Kevin is a blade shearer, and uses the old-fashioned non-electric hand shears. I strongly prefer this style of shearing, as he can leave a short covering of fleece; electric shears cut very close to the skin. The procedure is also quiet and peaceful as compared to the noise of the electric shears. Kevin critiques each fleece as he shears and answers any questions posed to him. John takes careful notes that will help me later as I decide which fleeces to enter in competition.

Kevin shears carefully, avoiding second cuts, which result when the shearer doesn't cut close enough to the skin the first time and has to make a second pass. He dips his shears in the hot water from time to time to wash off the lanolin, the natural grease in the fleece. He moves through six positions while shearing, keeping the portion of the body being sheared motionless and within easy reach. He positions both the sheep and himself in relation to the sheep. Much of the time he is bent at the waist and the sheep is on its rump or side, hooves not touching the floor. It is beautiful and graceful to watch. As Kevin writes in his book on shearing, "Shearer and sheep move in and out of these positions with harmony and fluidity...."

As soon as the fleece is off, which takes about seven to ten minutes, several things happen all at once. The fleece is in one piece with the cut side up. Dylan picks up the fleece at the shoulders, gathers it accordion style in his arms, and throws, or casts, it out with the cut side down. At the same time I quickly take the belly wool and any bits that are totally inappropriate for spinning and put them in a container for use as mulch. Then I sweep the floor as Dylan folds and bags the fleece and hands it to Sally, who affixes a tag with the name of the sheep. Kevin sharpens his shears if needed, stretches his back, and is ready when Rick and Mary bring up the next sheep, whose coat they have just removed. Sally hands Dylan the next bag with the name of the sheep on a card in the bottom, just in case the outside tag is lost.

Rick and Mary put a coat on the just-sheared sheep, following a chart with each sheep's name and coat size. This all takes place in a



Rick and Rose prepare to hand off Colette, a seven-month old Coopworth lamb, to the shearer.



The shearer starts with the belly of the sheep.

small space, and it reminds me of a ballet with each person moving in a careful path so as to not hinder others in the performance of their jobs. A rhythm is established, with everyone watching the shearing and evaluating the fleece before moving into action and preparing for the next sheep. I admit to doing as little as possible because I love to watch the whole procedure and am grateful for my friends and family who make that possible. Indeed, I feel most fortunate on shearing day.

A detailed account of shearing is available: Ford, Kevin. *Shearing Day; Sheep Handling, Wool Science, and Shearing with Blades*. Charlemont,

MA: Feet on the Ground Press, 1999.

To learn more about sheep in general: Simmons, Paula, and Carol Ekarius. *Storey's Guide to Raising Sheep*. North Adams, MA: Storey Books, 2001.

For those interested in learning to spin wool: Casey, Maggie. *Start Spinning; Everything You Need to Know to Make Great Yarn*. Loveland CO: Interweave Press, 2008.

Have a story about a pet you want to share? If so, the Emmitsburg Chronicle would love to help you share it! Send it to us at editor@emmitsburgchronicle.com or see our mailing address on page 2.

SERVICE CALL COUPON
\$30.00 OFF ANY SERVICE CALL



DIVISION OF R.W. WARNER, INC.

Our Service is Your Comfort

PLEASE CALL 301-662-5387 | www.warnerservice.com

Plumbing • Heating • Air Conditioning • Water Heaters
Heat Pumps • Water Treatment • Duct Cleaning

FREDERICK, MD

MD Registered Plumber # 8431 / MD HVACR # 01-7196

NOT VALID WITH ANY OTHER OFFERS

QUOTATIONS

“A successful man is one who can lay a firm foundation with the bricks others have thrown at him.”

—David Brinkley

All in the Family



Pets Large & Small

Buster the “Man-made” Manx

Linda Knox

From the barn came the unmistakable sound of a major disagreement among the inhabitants. Approaching with the usual meal for the occupants, I shouted out for the contestants of the battle to stop the bickering and to get ready for the “snacks” that were arriving immediately. Right then I saw the source of the disturbance.

What could you call a bossy huge white cat with black spots like that but “BUSTER”? What other name could possibly fit? He obviously told the others what he thought of them and he definitely believed that they were under his jurisdiction. Buster even looked like a professional pugilist. The large black spot over his eyes split into a very narrow white line and ran over the top of his head giving the appearance of a mask. Most remarkably, though, his nose lacked the small indentation that contributes to the cute expression exhibited by most felines, large or small. His nose slanted straight down as though it had taken on its own shape after many “knock-out” rounds fought in some unknown territory. Indeed, Buster may have earned the right to assume the position of Alpha Cat and so he reigned.

Years later came that sunny day in October that would have been like so many others except that Buster did not appear. In my trips from car to house it was most unusual not to see him coming across the drive. Then the sighting of the blotch stopped me in my tracks. The mark at the very end of the porch had to be blood, dark, with two heavier areas and the spritzing out, almost as if an artist’s brush had feathered it out to a fringed edge.

With Graybee, one of the porch cats, demanding some portion be placed in her dish, I surrendered and picked up a handful of kibble to quiet



her and walked the extra steps to her bowl. There was Buster lying down, looking up and stretched out behind him was his tail, looking as though scraped from top to bottom, the hair clung together like the fur on a raccoon hat. He looked up pathetically and I wondered what had happened and what I could possibly do.

Had a friend not volunteered to come help, this story would have had a very different ending. Fortunately I was able to intercept Buster just as he prepared to hide under the porch. Into the carrier and off to the vet we went.

All kinds of terrible attacks filled my imagination. There had been a raccoon coming up on the porch and several times it had scurried away surprised by my suddenly turning on the porch light. If any cat out there would quarrel with such audacity it would be Buster. I could just see him hissing and fighting back as those prehensile fingers skinned his tail all the way down. However, it did seem strange he had no other visible wounds.

The veterinarian reported that Buster’s tail would have to be amputated because it would become infected. Her theory that he may have had his tail caught in a car tire was both a shock and a relief.

That may explain why his hip was dislocated and he was without visible injury. Buster still had to be quarantined so he stayed for several weeks at the veterinarian.

During his hospitalization the staff doted on him and he became a “sweet cat.” He loved the special attention. Several persons showed interest in adopting Buster. When no plan worked out I knew he could not be an outside cat again and would have to move inside. A large dog kennel served as his first “apartment” where he could be with (but not mix with) the inside group. Before very long they got acquainted and Buster was not confined.

At first it was hard to remember that I need not worry about stepping on Buster’s tail. His habit of cutting across the floor in my path or stopping just in front of me caused a sudden moment of concern until the realization dawned that my foot could not go down on his non-existent tail. As I drew a long sigh of relief, I wondered how I could remain unaware and be fooled over and over again by the closeness of my foot stepping down that would be of no consequence to him.

It seems that Buster’s bossiness extends beyond reason. One of his roommates, Tigger, is a huge fellow

quite a bit bigger than Buster. Yet, Tigger has a very mild manner, and he always exhibited almost an air of politeness. Tigger yields the path to Buster every time and dodges the attempts to get punched as he passes or encounters the newcomer. Whenever Tigger is in another section of the room, Buster hides behind the cabinet where those entering must pass and crouches in readiness to jump at Tigger. Tigger, as soon as the paw goes out in front of him dodges to the other side and hurries on by. Then there are those times when the two of them meet nose to nose and sit close to each other looking out the window.

Having no tail has not seemed to bother Buster in any way. He did not hesitate to propel himself to higher and higher levels, and once there, did not flounder but walked confidently along the edges or narrow perches. Buster’s balance had not suffered in any way and did not pose a problem.

The simple plastic lids from milk jugs provide good toys for this young-at-heart feline. Chasing and pushing them out of sight provide entertainment that satisfies a need for play.

The most humorous play Buster has recently enjoyed is jumping around in a circle as if chasing his tail; the first time I saw it I couldn’t believe it but there seemed no other explanation for his wildly funny behavior.

Now that his story has been told, perhaps someone would like to provide a good home for Buster. He gets along with people and other cats and has gotten used to being indoors. Please consider adopting this “man-made” Manx that is in many ways a delightful feline companion.

If you’re interested in seeing Buster, and possibly adopting him, please call Linda Knox at 717-642-5223.

DARK MULCH \$24/YD
RED MULCH \$35/YD
BLACK MULCH \$35/YD
TOPSOIL (SCREENED OR UNSCREENED)
COMPOSTED MUSHROOM SOIL or COW MANURE \$24/YD

- DRIVEWAY
- LANDSCAPING
- STONE HAULING
- EXCAVATING
- SAND | FILL DIRT
- LANDSCAPE SUPPLIES

RODNEY MCNAIR
301.447.2675
 17618 OLD GETTYSBURG RD., EMMITSBURG

Catoctin Pregnancy CENTER
All services free and confidential

PROBLEM PREGNANCY? WE CAN HELP

- Pregnancy Test
- Emergency Housing
- Maternity and infant clothing, diapers, formula, cribs, etc.
- Referrals for medical, financial, legal and general resources

502 East Main Street
 PO Box 1168
 Emmitsburg, MD 21727
301-447-3391

24 Hour Hotline
1-800-492-5530

Carleo New York Italian Pizza
 Nobody Makes A Pie Like We Do

101 Silo Hill Road Emmitsburg, MD 301-447-1999 301-447-3232

Monday through Thursday 10:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. NOW OPEN TUESDAYS

Friday and Saturday 10:30 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. Sunday 11:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.

1 X-Large 16" Pizza with 2 Toppings \$12.99 Plus Tax Carry Out Only One Coupon Per Party * Coupons May Not Be Combined With Any Other Offer * Expires 06/30/09	Buy (3) 12" Subs and Get The 4th Sub FREE Carry Out Only One Coupon Per Party * Coupons May Not Be Combined With Any Other Offer * Expires 06/30/09	1 X-Large 16" Pizza with 2 Toppings \$12.99 Plus Tax Carry Out Only One Coupon Per Party * Coupons May Not Be Combined With Any Other Offer * Expires 06/30/09	2 X-Large Cheese 16" Pizzas (1) 2 Ltr. Soda \$22.99 Plus Tax Carry Out Only One Coupon Per Party * Coupons May Not Be Combined With Any Other Offer * Expires 06/30/09
2 X-Large 16" Pizzas 1 Topping each \$23.99 Plus Tax Carry Out Only One Coupon Per Party * Coupons May Not Be Combined With Any Other Offer * Expires 06/30/09	Family Pack 2 X-Large 16" Pizzas with 2 Toppings each plus 10 Buffalo wings and 2 Ltr. Soda \$28.95 Plus Tax Carry Out Only One Coupon Per Party * Coupons May Not Be Combined With Any Other Offer * Expires 06/30/09	Hungry Meal Special Any (3) 12" Subs (on menu), 2 Lg. Fries and 2 Ltr. Soda \$24.95 Plus Tax Carry Out Only One Coupon Per Party * Coupons May Not Be Combined With Any Other Offer * Expires 06/30/09	1 X-Large Pizza with 1 Topping and (2) 12" Subs \$22.99 Plus Tax Carry Out Only One Coupon Per Party * Coupons May Not Be Combined With Any Other Offer * Expires 06/30/09

The Palms RESTAURANT
 FINE FOOD BEER WINE WELCOME COCKTAILS

16-20 W. Main St. Emmitsburg, MD ♦ (301) 447-3689
 Wed., Thu., Fri. 7:30 am – 9 pm; Sat. 6:30 am – 9 pm;
 Sun. 7:30 – 11:30 am; Closed: Monday & Tuesday

Serving Breakfast, Lunch & Dinner
 Daily Specials
 Homemade Soups & Desserts
 Beer, Wine & Cocktails

Happy Easter from The Palms
 CLOSED Easter Sunday, April 12

Owners
 Terry Ryder
 Doug Long

Recognizing the Signs of Colic in Your Horse

Jennifer Brown, DVM, DACVS

When a horse shows signs that he's experiencing abdominal pain, he's described as suffering from "colic."

The causes of colic are quite varied and can be attributed to a simple case of gas—or to a serious problem that requires surgical correction. Fortunately, only about 2% of all horses with colic require surgery. When surgery is needed, however, early intervention is crucial; it can literally mean the difference between life and death for the horse.

Depending on what is causing the colic—and an individual horse's temperament and tolerance for pain—there can be a wide-ranging variety of symptoms. Some problems within the gastrointestinal tract cause significantly more pain than others; there are some types of colic where it seems the horse is fine one minute and in significant pain the next.

Commonly, the signs that a horse is suffering from colic start out as fairly mild—but be aware that subtle symptoms are more of a challenge to read as they may go unnoticed until they progress to clear indications that the horse is uncomfortable.

A horse with the first signs of colic may have decreased manure production or just be more quiet than normal. Signs of mild colic can also be as simple as the horse being off feed or that he's lying down

more than usual. As the problem worsens, symptoms progress. Now symptoms may include the horse lying down, stretching out while standing (a stance similar to the posture to urinate), flank-watching or biting, and lifting the upper lip.

As the severity of the abdominal discomfort increases, the signs become more pronounced and easier to read. Moderate colic is evidenced by pawing, rolling, and pacing. Signs of increased abdominal pain include the horse kicking at his belly, pawing, getting up and down, or pacing his stall. Violent rolling, pacing, and aggressive pawing are some signs that the pain—and potentially the problem—is more severe. Be aware that a horse that is experiencing violent pain can be dangerous to its owner or caretaker. Horses with problems that cause them to be very sick or potentially rupture the GI tract will usually show severe depression preceded by active signs of colic.

In general, while the more severe signs of colic indicate a more significant problem, the degree of pain does not necessarily correspond with the potential outcome if the cause of the colic is addressed quickly and appropriately. Studies that have examined large numbers of horses affected by colic have definitively shown that the earlier the horse is treated for the cause of the colic, the better the outcome. This is especially true when surgery is indicated. For

some types of colic, if the problem is not corrected within a few hours of onset, the area of the gastro-intestinal tract that is affected with the disorder is so severely compromised that the horse cannot survive. In addition, the longer a horse has diseased intestine within its abdomen, the sicker he is systemically.

The duration of colic prior to intervention not only has an impact on prognosis, but can also be reflected in the cost of treating the patient. Since horses that have diseased intestine tend to be ill, the cost of returning them to health is increased. This is true for both medical and surgical treatment: medical cases are often more dehydrated, requiring more intensive fluid therapy; surgical cases require more intensive pre- and post-operative medical care to support them and correct their systemic abnormalities.

So what do you do when you notice that your horse is colicky? The degree of intervention will depend on the severity of the signs. With mild signs, close observation is warranted. Things that should be monitored include manure production (quantity and quality), urine output, water consumption, attitude, and vital parameters. Often the horse's heart rate will go up with pain even when he is not showing outward signs. Learning how to take your horse's heart rate and

evaluate the other vital signs is a valuable skill, especially when your horse is sick.

As some types of colic are causing obstruction of the intestines, food should be withheld until the horse has been normal for several hours and is passing normal manure—otherwise, you are just contributing to the problem. Many horse owners will have the medication Banamine in their first-aid kits for treatment of colic. This is a very good medication, but should only be used as directed by your veterinarian. It should never be used more frequently than 8 to 12 hours between doses. If, after a single dose, your horse is still having problems, then the veterinarian should be called immediately to examine the horse. Banamine and other pain relievers are potent analgesics and if pain is not controlled or returns, the colic could be serious or life-threatening.

Using Banamine more frequently will not actually help the colic, and it can cause some serious side effects with the kidneys and intestines.

Your veterinarian is a critical partner in maintaining your horse's health and should be called if any signs of colic are progressive. The vet's advanced diagnostic skills will help determine the seriousness of the colic and help decide an appropriate treatment and monitoring plan, which may include referral to a hospital.

Remember: early intervention is the key to a successful outcome, so learn to monitor and evaluate your horse with the help of your veterinarian when you note any signs of colic.


Jennifer Brown, DVM, DACVS, is Clinical Assistant Professor of Surgery at Virginia Tech's Marion duPont Scott Equine Medical Center in Leesburg, VA.

HOURS:
 MON & THURS. 4PM-8:30PM
 TUES. & WED. 11AM - 8:00PM
 FRI. & SAT. 11AM - 9:00PM



1 East Main Street
 Emmitsburg, MD 21727
301-447-3087
 ESTABLISHED 1989
 JOE & CINDY WIVELL

5.11 Apparel
Tuxedo Rentals
Custom Embroidery
Custom Screen Printing
NFA Apparel & Souvenirs





amber hill
 PHYSICAL THERAPY, INC.
 where patients come first — since 1985

Patients Come First at Amber Hill Physical Therapy

We have built our reputation as one of the area's most respected practices by giving patients quality, compassionate care in a friendly, comfortable setting.

- Orthopedic, sports, neurological and automobile injuries
- Pediatric Speech Therapy*
- A Pediatric PT/OT Clinic
- We accept & are in-network with most insurances to save you money

"Recently I received physical therapy at your Thurmont location. I wish to commend your staff for their professionalism, care and help. I hope that AmberHill stays in Thurmont for many years to come."
 —M Rice, Thurmont


* Speech Therapy Services offered through Frederick Pediatric Therapy LLC at the Frederick Pediatric Clinic.

Donald J. Novak, P.T., D.P.T., owner

THURMONT
 301.271.9230
FREDERICK
 301.663.1157
DAMASCUS
 301.253.0896
JEFFERSON
 301.473.5900
www.amberhillpt.com

• Our Knowledge & Experience Get You Back to Enjoying Life! •


"Welcome back Emmitsburg Chronicle"



Emmitsburg
 Business & Professional Association


MEMBER HIGHLIGHTS

www.ebpa.biz



Emmitsburg Chronicle

"READ BY MOST EMMITSBURGIANS"



We wish to express our heartfelt gratitude for all the acts of kindness and generosity by those near and far who have supported the return of the historic *Emmitsburg Chronicle* newspaper. We greatly appreciate the continued support of our pioneer advertisers and donors, and look forward to serving our fellow Emmitsburgians for many years to come. Thank you!



Casual Dining
 Weekend Entertainment

301.447.2625

5 WEST MAIN STREET
 EMMITSBURG, MD

Daily Lunch Specials
 11 am - 2 pm | Monday - Friday
 Extensive Sandwich & Entrée Menu

APRIL BANDS

3-4	Stick Time
10-11	Mascaraid
17-18	Red Line
24-25	Thique

No COVER CHARGE
 with this coupon

A Short History of St. Jo



Courtesy, Daughters of Charity Archives, Emmitsburg, Maryland

Earliest engraving and letterhead of the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's Academy, 1838. (L-R) St. Joseph's School for Day Scholars (1820), the White House (1820), St. Joseph's Academy (1826). St. Elizabeth Ann Seton (1774-1821) founded the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph's (1809) and St. Joseph's Free School and Academy (1810), Emmitsburg, Maryland.

Michael Hillman
Greater Emmitsburg Area
Historical Society

Long before the attack on the World Trade Towers, I was supposed to have a meeting at the National Fire Academy. I discovered the meeting was canceled only after I arrived at the Academy. It being a cold day, and with little else to do, I decided to spend the afternoon walking the halls of the Academy's building.

Like most new residents of the area, I regarded the National Training Academy is just another government installation. But for many long time residents, it is fondly remembered as St. Joseph College, the women's equivalent to the then Mount St. Mary's College for men.

As I stood in the walkways between its stately buildings, the only sound I could hear was the wind whispering through the leafless trees. Closing my eyes and superimposing my own memories of walking through Rosemont College for women, the empty walkways at St. Joseph's once again came to life. Every direction I turned, girls dressed in school blazers huddled, chatted, laughed or rushed to make their next class. I wasn't there in reality, but I was there in spirit, and it was breathtaking to experience.

Any history of St. Joseph College must begin with its founder, Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton. In 1809, Elizabeth Seton established the academy and day school for poor children. In 1810, financial difficulties made it necessary to accept boarding students. By the end of that year the number of boarders had increased to 30. At the close of the academic year in 1811, there were about 50 boarding students in the Academy.

With enrollment in the day school doubled by 1820, a two-story

brick building was constructed for the day students. Between 1826 and 1861 an intensive program of building and expansion was undertaken.

By 1839 the total enrollment of the Academy and the day school had reached 160. As more boarders registered, it became imperative to add another wing to the Academy, christened the Brute Building in commemoration of Right Rev. Simon G. Brute, once a director of the Sisters and instructor at the Academy. The first floor of the building was used as an exhibition hall, the second floor for a study hall, and the third floor for vocal and instrumental music units.

During the battle of Gettysburg, the school's grounds were used as encampments for Union troops, and afterwards, as the site of makeshift hospitals for the care of the wounded from both sides. Many a brave man breathed his last on its hallowed grounds. But more importantly, many did not, thanks to the efforts of the Daughters of Charity who staffed the school and sent sisters to Gettysburg to nurse the wounded of both armies.

Following the war, increased registration in the music department prompted the decision to build still another addition to the Academy. The new four-story structure reflected an Italian influence in its spacious corridors. Completed in 1873, it contained dormitories, classrooms, a library, offices, and reception rooms.

Construction of the Emmitsburg railroad in 1875 significantly impacted accessibility to the college. Instead of being a day's trip from Frederick, students and visiting parents from across the east coast could now comfortably reach the main gates of the college by train. At the depot, new student were

greeted with open arms by the Sisters to whom they had been entrusted, while departing students hugged each other, promising to maintain lifetime friendships, promises they kept as recounted by MaryKay Hughes Clarke (SJC '72) in her article this edition on reflections of college life. When the railroad ceased to operate in 1940, the below-grade line was filled in and the depot removed. Today no sign remains of this once integral part of college life.

During the 1880s rumors began to circulate that due to a slump in registrations, the Academy was to be closed; but the Academy's doors remained open. On March 20, 1885, a fire broke out in the school's kitchen and burned until the morning of Mar. 21. Fire-fighting assistance pounded in from as far away as Frederick City. Two wings not directly connected with the Academy apartments were completely destroyed, but there was no loss of lives.

In keeping with the trend toward establishing courses of Catholic higher education for women, the Academy petitioned for a college charter around the turn of the century. On Feb. 26, 1902, the General Assembly of Maryland chartered the Academy as a college.

In 1920 another new four-story building, Verdier, was built. In the fall of 1926, students returned to find a group of three new buildings: Seton and Marillac Halls, the two dormitories; and Vincent Building, housing classrooms, and administration offices, and DePaul auditorium. Autumn of 1956 witnessed two more additions in almost a century and a half of changing life and times at St. Joseph's with completion of the modern "Rosary Hall," housing 150 students in 75 double rooms.



Courtesy, Daughters of Charity Archives, Emmitsburg, Maryland

Seniors and graduates of St. Joseph's Academy during the Centennial of the founding of the Sisters of Charity, 1909.

Curriculum

Like all long-lived educational institutions, the course of study at the college continually evolved. In keeping with the prescribed courses for Academy students of that time, the curriculum was small but basic, and in addition to the "three R's" included the fundamental subjects of history and geography.

A report card dated in 1826 included the following observations and comments about one of the Academy pupils: "Talents — very good; Judgment — good; Memory — good; Temper — fretful, and has much pride to contend with; Application — good; Manners — at times very amiable, yet frequently influenced by her temper; Health — not good."

The development of the spiritual, moral, intellectual, and physical capacities of the individual student was given special attention even in this very early period of the Academy. By 1856, rhetoric, philosophy, botany, and chemistry courses were offered, as well as Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian.

Young girls of the pre-Civil War era placed a high premium on the "refined" subjects of painting, music, and needlework. By 1845 piano, guitar, and harp lessons were offered by the Academy in addition to vocal instructions. During the middle 1850s, the art curriculum included lessons in drawing, china, canvas, and oil painting on velvet, water colors, and pastel. Tapestry, ornamental needlework, shell work, transferring, and artificial flower making. Immediately after the Civil War the art department had three full-time instructors.

By 1900 physiology, German, Greek, calculus, solid geometry, physics, trigonometry, and zoology had been added to the curriculum. After the threatened closing of the Academy in the post-Civil War period, more practical and advanced courses were offered — a forerunner to the eventual securing of a charter in 1902 to grant college degrees.

For the realization of the objectives of spiritual, mental, and physical development, the College was organized into five divisions, namely: Religion and Philosophy, Humanities, Natural Science and Mathematics, Social Sciences and Nursing. Through careful integration of these divisions, the student

during the first two years of residence was afforded the opportunity to become a cultured person. The curricula were so arranged that each student, through the study of religion and philosophy, could secure the proper spiritual and intellectual perspectives; through literature, language, and social studies, the cultural heritage necessary for the appreciation of the true and the beautiful; and, through natural science and mathematics, the foundation for a sound scientific outlook.

In addition, the College provided courses for students who were preparing for such professional fields as dietetics, education, journalism, nursing, social work, and medical technology.

When students entered their third year in college, they began a more concentrated study in one major field, which generally coincided with one of the departments of instruction.

The old "distributions" of Academy days gradually give way to modern college graduation exercises. The high-necked dotted Swiss commencement dresses were replaced by black academic caps and gowns. The harp and string recitals, the lengthy poetic readings accompanied by dramatic gestures, and the classical solos included in the two-hour long "distribution" ceremonies of the Academy era were replaced by the dignified and brief greeting given at the conferring of degrees during Commencement Week in June.

College Life

In the early period of the Academy, silence was observed by students until after breakfast, during study, during meals, and after night prayers. During meals one of the pupils read from some spiritual book. Students attended catechism classes on Sunday and spent any leisure time on Sundays reading "good books." They usually kept small notebooks in which were recorded virtuous maxims as well as the criticisms and suggestions of the various teachers regarding the formation of character.

In a catalogue dated for the academic year of 1874-1875, parents were advised that letters and reading material were subject to inspection by the Mother Superior. Visits from parents and relatives who lived in the vicinity were allowed

Joseph College for Women



Courtesy, Daughters of Charity Archives, Emmitsburg, Maryland

An unidentified Daughter of Charity instructs pupils of St. Joseph's Academy in language arts in the late 19th century.



Aerial view of St. Joseph College circa 1873.

once a week — on Thursdays. Weekly reports of “application and behavior” were read at assemblies in the presence of Sisters and pupils. Easter holidays were non-existent and there were only a few days’ vacation at Christmas.

The “young ladies” of the middle 1800s were advised to pack into their school-bound trunks “four and one-half yards of Swiss muslin for veils... three black marino or alpaca aprons and one hood... six calico or chintz dresses... a table service of two silver spoons, one silver fork, one ivory-handle knife, a napkin ring, and a glass or silver goblet.” No jewelry was worn except earrings and a pin for special occasions.

By 1909 navy blue dresses with no trimmings were obligatory. At this time a watch was the only piece of jewelry allowed. Sweaters, if worn at all, had to be navy blue or red. By 1957, short skirts, sweaters, and socks became the uniform of the day. But students still donned academic caps and gowns for Sunday Mass and pinned on short white veils for chapel attendance during the week.

“Polite class” was a monthly must around the middle of the nineteenth century, in which students were taught the social amenities of the day, including introductions, curtsying, and table etiquette. Dancing was indulged in at night and on rainy days. Outdoor games were croquette, tennis, and games like tap....” Toward the turn of the century, boating, canoeing and skating on Toms Creek were added to the sleigh and straw rides of the earlier recreation program. A dance was sometimes held for those students who spent the Christmas holiday at the Academy.

Records from the late 1890s reveal that “calls were strictly supervised. Boys from Mount St. Mary’s were entertained by the girls “under surveillance of prefects and Sisters.” Return visits to the Mount were made in the presence of Sisters. Only Mount St. Mary’s boys who were relatives or who had been particularly named by student’s parents called on girls at the Academy, and during the “call,” a Sister remained in the parlor and

signaled the time for departure.

Until around 1904 – 1905, a pupil could not stay away from the Academy overnight unless in the immediate care of a parent. At this time parents were also advised to send only fruit to their children except at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter, “this limitation being considered more conducive to healthful digestion.” As late as 1910 students could write letters to their parents only on Sunday or Thursday. Other correspondence was limited to one a month.

In 1919 students shared dormitory cubicles instead of the modern collegian’s single or double room. Rising time was then at 6:10, and students reported to the study hall at 6:40 for morning prayers. They breakfasted at 7 a. m. in silence and reported for classes in silence. “Lights out” time was 9 p.m., and a main switch threw the dormitories into darkness at that time.

The equivalent of a modern-day coffee break was enjoyed by students of the early 1920s at three in the afternoon. Students took time out for bread and molasses. Mount men visited the campus with prefects at that time, and their “calls” were still chaperoned by prefects and Sisters.

In the early 1970s, students who ended their last classes of the day at three or four in the afternoon, could usually take off for a trip to town and often wind up their afternoon at the Bowling Alley or at one of the town’s snack bars. For students of the 1920s, trips into Emmitsburg were few and far between, and until 1929 college girls were chaperoned by a Sister when they walked into Emmitsburg.

Around 1931, returning students found that they had been given their own individual mail boxes and that their mail was no longer subject to the earlier inspection. During the 1930s, students increasingly began to spend more weekends off campus and to attend social affairs at other colleges.

During the late forties the “Pines” or campus smoker was introduced to St. Joseph’s and was a familiar landmark to students.

The first senior prom was held in 1946, and during the forties more “open” weekends were enjoyed by students than previously.

Day Hops

Like most colleges today, a significant portion of the St. Joseph’s student body included “Day Hops”—students who lived in the Emmitsburg area and commuted daily to the school. Betty Fitzgerald Gardner was one of countless Emmitsburg women who point proudly to St. Joseph College degrees hanging on their wall. During the Great Depression, her family moved from Philadelphia back to the family farm just on the northern outskirts of town. “Even though times were tight, my parents wanted their daughter to go to college. Being a few minutes’ drive to a college was a major factor in their returning to Emmitsburg,” recalled Betty.

However, unlike students who boarded at the college, “Day Hops,” according to Betty, “didn’t form the same degree of lifetime bonds with their fellow students. The girls who boarded on the campus rose in the morning together, ate together, studied together, and dated together. They spent their most formative years together, and in doing so, they grew up together as sisters would.”

“I, on the other hand, drove to school with my other sisters. We got up together at home, ate together at home, and studied together at home. On the weekends, while the boarding students where confined to campus, Day Hops from Emmitsburg could meet on the town’s streets free of any campus oversight. My St. Joseph’s friends were my Emmitsburg friends. It just the way things were,” Betty explained.

Like most “Day Hops” Betty also had to hold down a part-time job that helped to pay her tuition. “We really didn’t socialize much with the boarding students. Due to our home life, we only took part in mandatory social functions. Day Hops even had their own room where they could mingle or study in-between classes. While, occasionally, a boarding student would enter the room, it was more the exception rather than the rule,” said Betty.

Epilogue

In 1960, Bill Meredith (*Emmitsburg Chronicle* “Retired Ecologist” columnist) began teaching part-time at St. Joseph College. According to Bill, “The College had a flourishing Nursing program at that time, and needed someone to teach courses in Zoology and Genetics for their science majors. At that time the science classes were taught in the basement of the Administration Building, which also had some dorm rooms on its upper floor. Lab space was very limited. I had never taught girls before, but I had gone to college with them and knew they were equal to males in science aptitude; and I found the students at St. Joseph to be very well prepared and willing to work.”

“The college had a department of Home Economics, a vestige of earlier times, and it maintained what I considered a quaint custom of requiring girls to prepare a dinner for invited guests. My wife and I were invited to one of these; we went, and found it was hard to decide whether we or our student hosts were more ill-at-ease. One of the objectives of the dinner was to prepare a meal that was both nutritionally balanced and economical; my wife, whose memory for such things is infallible, tells me the menu was red beans and rice. I recall thinking it was out of character with the setting, which seemed to be based on rules of etiquette that must have descended from at least the 19th century.”

“In the late ‘60s Mount St. Mary’s and St. Joseph started a program of sharing students as well as faculty; students from one campus could enroll in classes at the other if the class was not offered at the home campus. I continued to teach a seminar course at SJC, and girls took shuttle buses to the Mount to take my Zoology, Genetics and Ecology courses. Committees were established to work on a common course catalog for the two colleges, and to eliminate duplication of courses which had low enrollments at the two schools. Most of the faculty assumed the two colleges would eventually enter some kind of merger of programs while retaining their individual identities; however,

one day in the spring of 1972 we received word that St. Joseph’s had decided to close. There probably had been discussions between the upper-level administrators, but it came as a shock to me; I still remember exactly where I was when I got the news. I never heard the official reasons for the decision, but I knew some of the factors involved.”

“Economic times were hard for colleges; the ‘revolution’ in student attitudes toward authority in the late ‘60s made recruiting difficult for single-sex institutions; and the numbers of young women going into convents, which had been an important source of new faculty at St. Joseph’s were dropping sharply. Replacing Sisters as they retired with qualified lay faculty would have been very expensive at a time when enrollment was dropping. My guess was that the leaders of St. Joseph’s found both hiring less qualified faculty and reducing their standards of student behavior unacceptable. So, the college closed; the Mount immediately decided to become a co-ed college, and many of the girls from St. Joseph transferred. Some of the St. Joseph’s faculty also transferred to the Mount in cases where vacancies were available for them,” Bill explained.

On May 27, 1973 Saint Joseph College graduated their final class. For the next six years, the once bustling school stood silent. On March 24, 1979, St. Joseph’s was sold to the United States government to serve as headquarters for The National Fire Academy and with it, students from all walks of life again grace its historic halls.

To learn more about the History of St. Joseph College, visit the St. Joseph College Alumnae Association website at www.sjcalumnae.org.

To learn more about the history of the people and places that shaped Emmitsburg, visit the Emmitsburg Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net

The Emmitsburg Historical Society invites everyone to join them at their next meeting, April 6th, at 7:00 p.m. at the Emmitsburg Library for a discussion of the Great Fire of 1863.

St. Joseph College — More Than a Memory

Marykay Hughes Clarke SJC '72

As soon as I cross the Mason Dixon line heading south, it's obvious I'm not from Emmitsburg. Five generations of New Yorkers contributed to my accent and if that isn't enough of a clue, the sheer volume and speed of New York word delivery is a dead giveaway. This is only place I've lived outside of New York. The way I feel about Emmitsburg brings me back year after year. I started at St. Joseph's in the late 1960's, my mother graduated in 1941 along with my aunt; her sisters were there through the 1930's, and their mother was a 1909 centennial graduate. My husband graduated from the Mount in 1970; his father and uncles were Mount Prep grads in the 1930's. The people I most value and hold closest to my heart today are the friends I first met in a little town in Maryland in 1968. St. Joseph College is more than just a memory for me, it's my family.

My arrival in Emmitsburg in 1968 was made possible in part, by Fiorella LaGuardia, the Depression era mayor of New York City. In the late 1930's, my grandfather was an accountant who was working two city jobs to support his family. He was called to the mayor's office to answer a complaint that he should be fired for having what some considered more than his fair share of employment. Back in the day, even in a city as large as New York, being called to the mayor's office meant, in fact, seeing the Mayor — the real Mayor, not some deputy assistant administrative associate mayor. This was a very big deal. Loss of his livelihood was the probable outcome. My grandfather explained to the Mayor that he had always worked two jobs to ensure that his children could receive the highest level of education he could give them. His kids contributed with part time jobs and were scholarship students. He had one son at Fordham law school, another was a Manhattan College undergraduate, and a daughter who was about to begin college at St. Joseph's in Emmitsburg. This was at a time when a college education, while taken for granted by the wealthy, was still a luxury for most men, and almost unheard of for young women. My grandfather, a widower who had raised his children alone,

was definitely not wealthy. He told the Mayor his goal in life was to enable his children to have a Catholic education, learn everything they could and work hard to support themselves. If he could give the boys that opportunity, he was going to make sure it was also possible for his daughter.

The Mayor's reaction was quiet — unusual for a volatile Italian with a reputation for a love of talking. LaGuardia's exact words weren't recorded, but my mother recalls it as, "Mr. Fullam, you're doing something remarkable. I wish everybody in New York City valued our children's future as much as you do. We'd all be a lot better off today. God bless you and you can keep your jobs." The family breathed a collective sigh of relief. My mother packed up her trunk and was driven to Emmitsburg and deposited at St. Joseph's by Msgr. James Casey, the pastor of their parish in Brooklyn, who had arranged a scholarship for her. Msgr. Casey, a family friend, was also a Mount graduate and lifelong Mount benefactor whose desire was to share the unique feeling of community he found in Emmitsburg with as many people as he could. So in 1937, Kay Fullam arrived from Brooklyn and met a girl from Hancock, Maryland. Along with the regular curriculum, my mom learned to love the apple orchards that Bebe Cohill called home and Bebe learned to love New York. She moved to Brooklyn to marry my mother's brother and later become my godmother. For fifty years, this friendship that started in Emmitsburg continued to grow and sustain them. It included so many other women from their class that as a kid I was convinced my mother had about a dozen sisters. Watching the love, support and encouragement all these women shared over the years, I've benefitted from the spirit of this college from the day I was born, although it took me decades to realize the extent of my gratitude.

I had no idea what to expect in Emmitsburg when I arrived in 1968. I'm from the south shore of Long Island where there's an abundance of beautiful flat beaches but a severe shortage of elevation. Swimming was a big part of my life, hills were an unknown factor. For somebody familiar with the level predictability



Marykay and her mother in 1968.

of the Long Island Expressway, driving over South Mountain was a wilderness experience. Watching fog wreaths float up from the valley knocked me out. I felt safe when I could see the mountains on the horizon and each fall I impatiently waited for them to change into their trix-are-for-kids colors. By the time I had figured out that pigs were not pink and that a herd of dairy cows wouldn't stampede, I was in love with Emmitsburg.

I still can't figure out how the Daughters of Charity had me pegged so fast. The first day I arrived on campus I was put on academic probation. I had majored in art in high school and the admissions department at St. Joseph's wasn't at all convinced that I was a strong enough contender to carry the full 18 credits per semester the college required. I panicked, worried that I would be locked in the library until Christmas. Luckily, the only penalty involved was not being allowed to carry a full academic schedule. During my first semester, I wasn't permitted to take the Ethics course that was mandatory for the rest of my classmates. This probably didn't have the positive effect the administration hoped for; it was 1968, I was a noisy 18-year old and quickly realized that the absence of ethics sure wasn't going to interfere with my social life.

Conduct was prescribed by a rule book of regulations that was nearing the end of an era by 1968. The dress code at St. Joe's mandated that skirts be worn at all times. This resulted in an epidemic of girls wearing knee sox, loafers and trench coats buttoned to the neck, regardless of

season or temperature. The coats usually covered cut-off faded blue jeans and tee shirts, except for early morning classes when pajamas were the easiest option. Curfew was at 11:00 p.m. When we left campus, we had to sign out and note our destination. These entries contributed to the development of our ingenuity and resourcefulness and many of us took creativity to new levels; panic ensued each time it was rumored that Sr. Gertrude planned to send these sheets home to our parents. We were sure the rules were designed to discourage every opportunity for romance, but we were inventive, with the result that our class must have at least a dozen SJC-MSM marriages. When I say that the strict no drinking policy didn't slow some of us down much, I am only speaking for myself, not wanting to implicate most of my dearest friends. Attendance at Convocations was mandatory and required wearing full academic attire. Headcounts were taken and there was no way to avoid this cap and gown torture. However, the college provided great storage facilities; if you had no history of claustrophobia and were willing to hide quietly in a roomy closet for an hour, your attendance was never missed. For years my roommate and I had caps and gowns that never left their original boxes. At our 35th reunion we took a FEMA-sponsored tour of the campus; neither of us ever remembered being inside the chapel. It seemed we balked at every regulation, big and small, but we were growing. In addition to academic education, we were learning and discovering the value of friendships that would last a lifetime. The administration at St. Joseph's in the late sixties and early seventies encountered a group of intelligent, and admittedly exasperating, young women on the cusp of an era of sweeping social change. We were impatient and didn't feel the need to have doors opened for us.

My mother and her friends graduated in 1941; social convention dictated that they should expect door holding. However, in 1941, the majority of men in this country had urgent military responsibilities; their absence during the war years provided the opportunity for women to step up, open their own doors and launch their own careers. The women of St. Joseph's responded. The college sent those young women off with an education, a confidence in God



Marykay and her mother in 1992.

and themselves and a deep loyalty, appreciation and spirit of love for each other that has carried them for six decades. For more than 160 years St. Joseph's offered this treasure to every young woman in every class in the academy high school and college. My generation may have plundered the rule book, but we've always protected the treasure. We thought some of the rules seemed irrelevant and of no great concern in the long run, but somehow we knew the spirit and goals of the college would provide empowerment and the stability that would become central in our lives.

When I tried to put it into words, I realized that the Emmitsburg connection is pretty much impossible to explain to anyone who hasn't been here. I call it treasure, one of my friends calls it magic. Put these together and you've got something so valuable it defies explanation. For me, it encompasses family and forty years of irreplaceable friends who've become family. The treasure and the spirit unique to St. Joseph's is the two hundred years of love and community that Saint Elizabeth Seton created in this valley. It's made us a part of something greater than ourselves and has nurtured, educated, carried and befriended us for generations. Don't ever believe it's just a memory.

Kay Fullam Hughes SJC '41 worked as the administrative assistant to the president of Marine Transport Lines, a New York shipline that provided troop transport during the war. She married, had two children, and worked on Long Island in the Great Neck School District Administration until her retirement. One of her greatest joys is keeping in contact with her friends from the Valley.

Bebe Cohill Fullam SJC '41 joined the Army as a dietician and after the war, she outranked all her brothers and her husband. She moved to Brooklyn, married, had two children and taught in the New York City school system.

Marykay Hughes Clarke SJC '72 married, had two children, and is a retired paralegal with a Civil War habit whose love for Emmitsburg led her to Gettysburg and a commitment to historic preservation. She also serves as a Trustee of the St. Joseph College Alumnae Association.

EAST PARK AUTOMOTIVE, INC.

Wait in our cozy waiting area while your repairs are being completed.
Enjoy **FREE** coffee, hot chocolate & TV

COMPLETE AUTOMOTIVE SERVICES

All Mechanics are ASE Master Certified

Tire Sales (All brands, new tires, mounting/balancing, valve stems)

Hydraulic Hoses (made while you wait)

Battery Cables (custom made)

BG Coolant System (flush & refill)

BG Transmission (flush & refill)

Pick-Up & Delivery (local vehicles)

Certified Diesel Technicians

ASK about
BG Protection
Plan



1 Creamery Way | Emmitsburg | 301.447.3560

St. Joseph College Alumnae Association Preserving the Ties That Bind



Kathleen Graham

St. Joseph College, Class of 1968

Although St. Joseph College graduated its last class in 1973, the school and the values it fostered live on in the hearts and minds of its 2,500-member Alumnae Association. Each spring, the women of St. Joseph's return to the valley of Emmitsburg for an annual reunion. They travel from areas of Frederick County and from the Pacific Northwest, from the Florida coasts, the deserts of Arizona, the streets of Boston and Manhattan and the plains of the Midwest.

As they gather in Gettysburg hotel lobbies, time stops, as once again, they embrace classmates and dear friends with whom they shared their formative years, with whom they learned and laughed, and with whom they are connected by an unbreakable bond. There is something very special and sacred,

almost mystical, about being part of the St. Joseph College family. The depth of friendship among graduates and former students is unparalleled.

The glue that holds the group together 36 years after the closing of their school is the St. Joseph College Alumnae Association, Inc., a not-for-profit 501c (3) corporation. Its all-volunteer board of trustees and committee members ensure that the spiritual, social and philanthropic interests of the alumnae of the College are advanced, that the name and spirit of the school are preserved, and that the principles and ideals of Catholicism and good works begun by St. Elizabeth Ann Seton and continued by the Daughters of Charity are maintained.

Current SJC Alumnae President Jacquie Nemetz Van Meter of Kansas, Class of 1968, is a retired

Army major, who served as a nurse in Vietnam during the height of the war. Alumnae Vice President Maureen McPartland Smith of Georgia, class of 1965, holds a

doctorate in education and, like hundreds of SJC alumnae is married to a graduate of Mount St.

Mary's University. Their careers and accomplishments are representative of so many SJC women, who were and are leaders in medicine, education, social services, law and the Armed Forces.

Likewise, among the SJC alumnae are many members of religious communities and laity who serve the Catholic Church, and mothers and grandmothers who took to heart the mantra of the late Sister Madeleine Wheeler, who graduated from and taught at St. Joseph's College. "When you educate a woman, you educate a family," Sister Madeleine often said.

The Alumnae Association, of which Mount Airy's Judy Dwyer Brennan, Class of 1964, is executive administrator, is based in an office at St. Joseph's Provincial House. It's a generous group, despite a modest annual budget, which is funded by equally modest dues and donations

from its members. During 2008, the SJC Alumnae donated more than \$12,000 to area charities and education, including the Seton Center, Mother Seton School and Ladies of Charity in Emmitsburg.

This year's reunion, April 16-19, the 112th such gathering, marks the bicentennial of the arrival in Emmitsburg of Elizabeth Ann Seton, and the foundation she and her small community of sisters laid for Catholic education in the United States. The SJC alumnae will celebrate "Two Centuries of Women Learners in St. Joseph's Valley," and dedicate a memorial sconce, a kind of eternal flame for their college, which will be placed in the museum area of St. Joseph's Provincial House. Years from now, long after the final candle for the last living SJC alumna is extinguished, the light that was St. Joseph's College will burn brightly.

"Blest be the tie that binds

Our hearts in Christian love;

The fellowship of kindred
minds

Is like to that above."

From the hymn, *Blest Be the Tie That Binds* (Words: John Fawcett, 1772).

Come to Rocky Ridge and Meet Blanche Sayler

Susan Allen

Ride with me down Motters Station Road, and just before the turn toward Rocky Ridge we'll turn left and pass a collection of buildings with faded signs marking Saylers Store. Ahead there is a handsome white house with green trim, the home of Blanche Duple Sayler, and the family home of her late husband Robert "Bob" Sayler. She has stories to tell about the store and the Sayler family and her life with both.

A bit of background history: Before Motters Station Road, there was Motters Station, and before the station, there was the railroad it was built to serve. The Emmitsburg Railroad was a 7.3-mile branch line of the Western Maryland Railroad running between Emmitsburg and Rocky Ridge. It opened in 1875, and carried passengers, freight, and mail. Motters Station was built in 1883. The station complex included the store, a creamery, a livery, and a hotel and tavern. All the businesses and the house were built and operated by B.I. Fisher until he sold the property to James Marshall Sayler, Bob's father, in 1916. Passenger service on the railroad ended in 1935, and all other operations stopped in 1940.

Blanche's life began on a farm "down a road that didn't even have a name" near Taneytown. Her father, John C. Duple, was a farmer who also helped other farmers with their butchering. He and his wife, Anniebelle Holland Duple, had one other child, Blanche's older brother Marshall. The family moved to the Motters Station area, just a couple of houses west of the store, when Blanche was in elementary school. She went to school with the Sayler children and others who lived along the road to Rocky Ridge. The Duples moved back to Taneytown after Blanche finished seventh grade. She continued to come to "the Ridge" for picnics and to visit her friends, and she and Bob stayed acquainted and eventually started to "go together."

Bob dropped out of school when he was 13 and went to work at the store. He was not yet out of his teens when his father became seriously ill and could no longer work. His sister Anna Margaret ("Nanny") graduated from Emmitsburg High School in 1941 and worked in the store too. World War II was already under way in Europe, and soon war came to Pearl Harbor and the whole country. Bob and Blanche decided to wait to marry until they knew whether he would have to go into the service. "They wouldn't defer him even though his father was ill," says Blanche. He was drafted in 1943; Bob and his brother James Richard ("Dee") joined the Army on the same day. They spent the duration of the war together, though they often did not see each other for weeks at a time because their assignments were different.

Blanche was working in a sewing factory in Taneytown that manufactured military uniforms when Bob called her at work in October 1943. He had won a won a four-day pass in a marksmanship contest and broke the news to her, "I'm coming home and we're going to get married!" They were married on Oct. 15, 1943. On the following Monday Bob went back to camp, and she went back to the factory. He was assigned to the Pacific theater and sailed to Hawaii for jungle training. While he was still in Hawaii the Red Cross brought word that his father had died. Bob stayed with his unit, the 502nd anti-aircraft company, throughout the war, including the battle of Okinawa. He came home on Jan. 16, 1946 ("there was a terrible snow that night"), just in time for his sister's marriage to George J. Martin... and then it was back to keeping the store, with Blanche at his side.

In 1948 Bob and Blanche moved into the family home. His mother, Grace, her mother, Mary Laura Riffle (Grandma Riffle), and his youngest brother, Tom, all lived



Saylers Store in 1950.



Blanche and Bob Sayler in the old store.

there. When their baby daughter Mary Jayne joined the family in 1957, there were four generations living in the house. The family employed a "utility man," Edward "Monkey" Shorb, who did the outside work. "When I first came to the Sayler home, we raised nearly everything we ate: chickens, hogs, turkeys... We had a big garden...and we all loved to garden." The Saylers and the Riffles were large and far-flung clans, and they loved to visit. Sometimes the faraway relatives would stay for days at a time. "I was running an inn at Motters Station... just like the old days," says Blanche. The close-to-home family members loved to visit too, nieces and nephews who hoped their parents would come to the store when they could watch "Howdy Doody" on Uncle Bob's television up at the house.

From the 1920s to the mid-'50s, Saylers Store was B.I. Fisher's original building. The hotel had become a feed store and Bob added a machinery business. He hired Bernard "Bun" Wivell to work in the feed and machinery side of things, and in the 25 years Bun worked there, "He became the boy we never had." The store remained the same, covered with green shingles, with a front porch and a crank-handled telephone by the back door. There was one counter down the length of the room, with the candy "clear at the back." It was

cozy but a little crowded. Bob built a new, larger store which opened in 1959 to great fanfare. Lots of Sayler relatives came for the grand opening. Grandma Riffle was not well, but Blanche and Bob were sure that she was "waiting to go" until after she had a chance to see everyone. She died the following week.

In 1962, Blanche's elderly parents joined the household. Her mother was ill, and lived only three more years. But "Pappy" Duple lived until he was nearly 91. "Young people today don't understand how we lived then," Blanche muses, "but if you could, you took care of your older ones. It wasn't always easy, but I did it, and I'm glad I did."

Doing for others is a big part of Blanche's character. She joined Elias Lutheran Church after she married Bob, and was quickly recruited to teach Sunday school. "I started with the nursery class, and I guess I taught just about every age. Now I'm a substitute teacher for the adult class!" She baked and cooked for many church suppers, and the road to Rocky Ridge could be paved with the pies she baked and the oysters she patted with the ladies' auxiliary of the fire company. She might not get to the carnival these days, but her pies do.

It might sound as though Bob and Blanche never ventured far from Motters Station, but she recalls some fine travels. They were in

Evansville, Indiana when the Mount basketball team won the national championship in 1962. In '65 they took a long vacation to visit with relatives in West Virginia and Alabama, and came home by way of Myrtle Beach. A friend, Henry Zurgable, had told them, "You'll think you're in heaven in Myrtle Beach," and they did. They went back year after year until Bob's health declined. They often had reunions with members of Bob's Army unit, and in 1980 the group went to Hawaii for ten days. "Now that was heaven on earth...I never thought I'd go to as many places as I have," Blanche marvels.

But the storekeeping days were about over. Bob had a heart attack in 1982. Although he recovered, he decided to retire and the store closed. He built a second career with the Saylers Shack refreshment stand at the Emmitsburg Little League field, and he became the "Number One Fan" of the Mount St. Mary's basketball team and Coach Phelan. He and Blanche joined the Senior Citizens. His heart problems worsened, but in spite of it all, the family celebrated Bob and Blanche's 50th wedding anniversary in 1993.

Bob is gone now, and all his sisters and brothers. "Aunt Blanche" is the custodian of Sayler family stories and traditions, and she's happy to share them. She stays as busy as she wants to be, "but don't expect to see me if the weather is bad."



Gavin and Kara at a friend's Pirates and Princesses party

TODDLERS IN TOW

Good Enough Is Good Enough

Layla Watkins

I swore I'd never be one of *those* moms. You know the type — the one who, when it comes to her children, insists that everything be absolutely “perfect.” Their clothes must be *perfectly* coordinated, their rooms decorated in a *perfect* balance between childhood themes and timeless décor, the playroom *perfectly* arranged and *perfectly* organized, meals with *perfect* nutritional values — perfect, perfect, perfect. Ridiculous, isn't it? But even as I recognize how ridiculous it is, I must acknowledge that I, despite my good intentions, have indeed become one of *those* moms. It's just that “perfect” now has a slightly different definition than it did before I had kids.

Perfectly coordinated outfits in our house consist of tops and bottoms that when put together, do not make you cringe and turn away. And these perfect outfits don't come from high-end stores. Well, not unless someone else bought them first so we could later buy them at our favorite consignment shop. Sure, occasionally my kids are dressed to the nines, but most of the time they are simply clean and clothed. And their rooms? One is painted purplish-pink, the other blue. Decorated in a hodgepodge of flowers and cars, they are cute, comfortable, and functional kids' rooms but there is nothing amazing about either of them. Our playroom is more of a toy staging and storage area than it is an actual *room*, but there is “a place for everything and everything in its place.” I *do* try very hard to prepare well balanced, nutritional meals but even there, a “perfect meal week” is one in which we only had one night of frozen pizza, nuggets, or hot dogs.

While I have had to redefine perfection in certain areas, I am still very much a perfectionist at heart. So when the opportunity for perfection — that is, perfection as I used to know it — presents itself,

I jump at the chance to turn the ordinary into the extraordinary. Case in point: one five-year-old birthday party.

The older I get, the less I am concerned about celebrating my birthday — I know I'm not alone in that. But for my kids, nothing is a bigger deal than their birthdays. Christmas is a close second, but even Christmas fails to bring the same excitement. After all, Christmas is what it is — they don't get to choose a theme for Christmas, Santa Claus *knows* if they've been naughty or nice and may adjust their presents accordingly, and balloons beat mistletoe any day. Actually, we haven't even had Kara's 5th birthday yet and she's already talking about what she wants for her 6th, 7th, 8th...22nd! No, I'm not kidding — in case you are wondering, she has already informed me that her 22nd birthday party is going to be a polka-dot theme. But wait, one birthday at a time. Her 5th birthday party is on the horizon and after all, it's a big one — “The Big 0-5!” So I better make sure it's a good one. No, I better make sure it's a *perfect* one. Alas, my inner perfectionist is as giddy about throwing the party as my daughter is about having it. Let the party planning begin....

Before I was a mom, I shook my head in wonder at people starting to plan their kids' birthday parties weeks ahead of time. I thought, “It's a birthday party — cake, presents, Pin the Tail on the Donkey. What's the big deal?” Boy, did I have a lot to learn. The first thing I learned was that, if you are trying to please your child *and* your inner perfectionist, you do not start planning a birthday party weeks ahead of time — you start *months* ahead. So what's the big deal? Everything.

First off, we have to decide on a theme which, granted, for a five-year-old girl is pretty easy — Princess or Barbie? We opt for Princess but then have to narrow it down. Are we having a Princess,

Fairy Princess, Disney Princess, or Princess Tea party? And our color palette? Pink and purple only or are other dignified pastel shades allowed? Of course the tableware (solid color plates, patterned napkins) must compliment all the other decorations.

Oh yes, decorations! Balloons are a must, but will they be helium-filled balloon bouquets or will I make another one of my famous balloon arches? There will be no “Pin the Tail on the Donkey” at Princess Kara's party, but maybe we could “Pin the Tail on the Prince's White Horse”...or not. Of course we need more than one game and we need prizes — we must have good (read: *perfect*) prizes. We need a craft or two (or three) for the kids to do. Hmm... stick on jewels, foam stickers, glitter glue — Yes! Now, what do we put them on? Maybe something they can take home as a party favor....

Favors — I almost forgot! We need them too and more than just the craft. There should be a sweet treat of course, a small toy or game, maybe some jewelry? And of course we need favor bags to keep all their loot together. Should I buy some or decorate my own? Decorate my own, definitely, but should I stencil some designs or use stamps? Or maybe I'll just put some stickers on them — after all, I don't need to go overboard.... Umm, too late!

By the time this paper goes to print, Kara's birthday party will have come and gone. I will do my best to make sure she has a wonderful, memorable birthday. Will it be perfect? Probably not (though I can hope!), but as long as Kara is happy with her party, that is good enough for me. And honestly, if there is cake, Kara will be happy.

Oh! Cake! Should I get chocolate cake with cream filling or white cake with chocolate filling? I wonder if they have fruit fillings. Maybe raspberry....

Teen Texting

Editor's Note: When the call went out that the Chronicle was looking for young writers, Vicki was the first to respond. A member of Toms' Creek United Methodist Church, Vicki definitely has a writing bug! I look forward to seeing the world through her eyes, and maybe, just maybe, with her help I'll even try a text message or two!

Vicki Moser

Have you ever tried to decipher your kids' writing? Have you ever wondered how kids can text so fast? It's okay, you're not crazy. In fact, we kids wonder how you adults can be so slow!

IM PHRASES

OK, imagine you were walking around your house and your kid is on the computer, Instant Messaging (IM'ing) his/her friends. You want to be a good parent and supervise your child, so you look over her/his shoulder to see what she/he is writing. You see:

Urkid147: Hey. Wats up bf?! I gotta tel ya sumting important!

Otherkid247: hey. Nuttins up. Wacha gotta say?

Urkid147: wel...I was gunna tell u we had math homework since u were not in scool 2day.

Otherkid247: o. wel thnx I guss.
Urkid147: tbn, im woryed bout u hun.

Otherkid247: don't wury...its nbd...just *just a cold

Urkid147: ull nvr guss wat happened 2day at scool!

Otherkid247: pos...tell me l8tr

Urkid147: o. ok. Its not bad.

Otherkid247: idwh2k!

Urkid147: oh

Otherkid247: wel...I gtg....tlyl..... ttfn....!

Urkid147: mmmk. Bye. ily2.

Do you have any idea what she/he just wrote? Most likely not. That's okay, you tried to supervise. Most people over the age of 2820 can't understand it either. I can help you out...but you have to promise you won't use any of the things I tell you in real life. I don't want to get blamed for blabbing texting secrets. There are some you should probably already know.

TTFN — ta ta for now

LOL — laugh out loud

XOXO — hugs and kisses

ZZZZ — tired and bored

These are some of the ones you might know. Some you should know if you definitely want to supervise your child and make sure they are safe are:

POS — Parent over shoulder

PAW — parents are watching

GNBLFY — got nothing but love for you

FYSIGTBABN — fasten your seatbelts it's going to be a bumpy night

FMTYEWTK — far more than you ever wanted to know

BTWITILWY — by the way I think I'm in love with you

There are approximately millions of these things. It is hard to memorize all of them, trust me, but when

you see them all the time you pick up on them.

TEXTING

Adults are amazed at how fast we, the adolescents, text. But when you think about it, it is just like the computer — the older people around can't type as quickly as the kids unless their job requires them to type all day long. There is also the fact that parents and grandparents feel the need to text out every letter in every word and put punctuation on every sentence. To tell you the truth, you don't need to do that! Sorry to disappoint all your hard work. I think you younger people can memorize the letter places better, which would make them type quicker than adults that need to press a letter, then search for the next, then hit that one, and so on. The speed at which you type may also be determined by what kind of phone you have. If you have a phone with a key board, then you are going to take less time than if you have a regular phone where there is more than one letter on each button.

So as you see, there are many different factors that can contribute to the quickness with which you type. But let's face it, you adults are slow in everything you do.

CAUSE AND EFFECTS

If you were to IM and text like a teenager, you would see major changes in the way you write and speak. It is very difficult to keep writing out words and using CUPS (capitalization, punctuation, spelling) when you know that it is easier to write the way you do to your friends on IM or texting. You may also find yourself speaking differently: skipping words, abbreviating words and so on. These effects are very frustrating when trying to write a final draft using pen. I have had to start over literally a million times because of writing U, or b/c, or wait (in the end I end up typing it...so much easier).

Some kids use the internet to cause harm to themselves or others, some kids just like to talk to their friends. As parents, the worst thing you could do is say no to a safe program on the internet. If you say no, most kids will sneak one, and hide it from you. Other times kids will throw a tantrum and end up not liking or talking to you for months. If the program is unsafe, you need to explain to them why it may be unsafe and handle it gently.

Make sure your kids are careful and if you see the abbreviations, POS or anything that has to do with you parents, make sure you ask your child about it.

Although you should be careful with texting and IM, you shouldn't make yourself afraid of it. These things are now a part of a normal human's life and will be used until someone finds something better. You should try texting a friend — you may find it fun to try to use new abbreviations and things. See if you and the person you are texting can understand each other.

—WTYL (*write to you later*)

Effective Parenting

More on Parenting

Zenas Sykes

With yesterday's copy of my favorite daily in hand (which also happens to be the favorite daily of the Chronicle's Editor), my weary body resting ever so serenely in "His Rocker," I glanced outside to see that winter had finally come. Snow was gently falling, gracing the yard with the purity of an angel. Oh, life couldn't be finer at this moment. God was at the easel, painting another fine work of art. If there is a meter out there that is able to register the tranquility of a moment, it would be off the scale.

"Daaaaaaaaaaaaa!" The shrill sound pierced the air, almost as if fired from a rifle. Moments later, albeit a bit louder, "DaaaaaaaaAADDDDDDD!" Second volley from a lone rifleman, and based on the shrillness, more to come.

"DDDDDDAAAAAAAADDDDD, WHERE IS THE HOT WATER???" Um, this time the entire cavalry participated in the firing. Serenity will have to wait — Fatherhood is calling. "I am sorry dear, what seems to be the issue?" I respond in a moderate tone of voice, knowing full well that my recent discussions with this teenager about lengthy showers needed to take a new direction! "I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF WASHING MY HAIR AND THE HOT WATER IS GETTING COLD!" came the hysterical reply. "Were you shaving your legs using the full shower of hot water again, love?"

All teens need to live through a moment in their lives when resources suddenly get scarce! Use too much hot water, and suddenly the water cools down, and usually when it is least convenient. Eat all the snacks, when a partial meal would do, and suddenly there ends up being no ice cream for weeks on end. Forget to turn out the light over and over and over and over again, don't be surprised when the light suddenly just isn't there anymore! Spend too much of your hard-earned money, and you may be walking because there is no money to fill the tank with gas. No book on parenting ever quite shares with prospective parents how to deal with kids when they suddenly feel as though the entire world is their oyster and restraint gets thrown to the wind. I know; I searched high and low for the resource, but ended up empty. Not to fret, this Dad created his own book of ideas!

"Do you remember the last time you got up early to take a shower, used as much of the hot water as you wanted, and my shower was rather tepid?" Ok, so it was a combination of all the other women in the house that contributed to it, but

when one apple is CLEARLY going overboard, something just has to be done. "DAD, what does that have to do with now and the clear fact the shower water is now starting to get really cold!!!!!!?" "Hurry up and you won't get hypothermia," I responded. Does shaving one's legs mean that a full burst of hot water is required from the shower head during the E N T I R E process? Isn't there another way? Partially fill the bathtub with warm water and use it as a basin, guys have been doing this for years. Let the hair grow; the women in France have been doing this for years! But when there are several (and I do mean more than just a couple) of folks living within the same house, resources need to be shared!

So when I sat down in my favorite rocker to read the ancient news from yesterday, I was well aware that peace as I knew it, would be broken in the moments ahead. I knew that this particular teen needed to have some shock in her life to awaken the thoughts about sharing and being sparing with resources. Oh, if you're thinking that this is mean, don't even go there! Imagine a number of years down the road and this same person not fully understanding the need to manage resources wisely. We all become the safety net. I figure that a cold shower every once in a while presents a real-life learning experience that the most expensive education probably won't touch. Use too much of something, and there won't be enough of it when I want it later. Figure out a way to use less hot water while shaving my legs, and there will be a supply of hot water to rinse out the soap in my hair. Take only three cookies from the cookie jar, and there will be more cookies the next day, and the day after that. And even more importantly, budget my money wisely and there will always be gas in my car.

Nestled back in my chair, I reminded myself that as with her sister, my skill set at teaching her to drive didn't produce the results I had intended, so I figured if there was to be any hope for her fiscal future, I had better start early and use a wider range of educational tools! Wow, what an image, a cardinal on a fence in the snow. And standing next to me, a college freshman in a bathrobe with her hair up in a towel, her face bright red, waiting to have a moment with me. Uhhmm, there better be more tricks in that book of mine. I'm not so sure just how effective the current lesson was!

To read other articles by Zenas Sykes visit the Author's section of Emmitsburg.net

A TEEN'S VIEW

Ask not what your parents can do for you....

April Hildebrand

The average teenager doesn't think twice about what's going on in the economic world, but is simply ecstatic that fuel is cheaper, so he or she can possibly fill up his or her gas tank to go out on Friday night. In fact, many teenagers I know are even oblivious to the United States' current economic recession. Some would even say, "What is a recession?" They might think, "Well, it's not affecting my life so why should I worry about it?" when in fact, this recession will not only affect their near term plans, but their future as well.

There is not one single explanation for the recession because it's a result of a plethora of events. It all began when banks gave out loans with a low, manageable introductory interest rate. People who normally would not qualify for loans were granted loans based upon the belief that housing prices would continue to rise. It was a classic economic bubble. Everything worked fine as long as people were willing to bid up the prices of houses.

But like all bubbles, the day finally came when common sense came back into the market, and when it did, the bubble burst, and with its bursting, many people found themselves facing mortgage payments they were unable to pay, leading to millions of foreclosures.

In response to recession, Americans began to hoard money which caused the demand for all products to decrease, such as for automobiles. As if the drop in the value of their homes wasn't enough, Americans also had to face a day of reckoning from years of binging on credit cards. Add in the stock market crash, and we went from feeling rich to feeling poor almost overnight.

But I degress. The real issue for teenagers today is how do we navigate the world we are about to enter?

Job openings are becoming slimmer and slimmer each day. This means teenagers need to make themselves stand out above the others. They need to have a motivated mindset and constantly ask themselves, "What can I do to get people to notice me?" Employers aren't going to hire just the average person anymore. Instead, they want the best of the best, so their money isn't wasted. In other words, we all absolutely must go to college. A simple high school diploma is no longer an option. It is essential to get a specialized degree and probably even an advanced degree if we wish to be successful.

So, perhaps more high school graduates will be considering college for an advanced degree. But first, earning college credit in high school is an option. High schools offer Advanced Placement courses with a test to determine if college credit is earned. The diversity of the AP courses was growing until the recession hit. However, the Frederick Public Schools are not required to offer AP classes, so the School Board, in order to save money, is cutting back on them. So again, today's economic conditions are effecting our potential achievements and capabilities.

For an individual to be picked over the others, he or she needs to go to a good university, and go to study, not party! But is it fair to add college bills to our already over-stressed parents? If America wasn't currently in a recession, perhaps parents would be more financially capable of affording better schools for us. However, for many, a student loan may be the only alternative. But lest we forget, the whole economic cycle began because of an over-reliance on loans, so are we setting ourselves up to repeat the cycle?

We need to break the cycle of borrow, borrow, borrow. But how? First we need to recognize that

teenagers have become extremely financially dependent on our parents. We constantly see teenagers driving expensive cars because, as they would say, "It's what I wanted." Instead we need to become more self-reliant and help our parents out financially. Rather than partying all weekend long, perhaps getting a job would be a helpful option.

John F. Kennedy once gave a famous speech in which he challenged Americans, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." We need to heed those words in our dealing with our parents — asking not what our parents can do for us, but what we can do for our parents, or even ourselves. Getting a scholarship or a job not only helps our parents, it helps us. Anything we can do to minimize the amount of money that has to be borrowed to attend college will allow us to get a better jump on our future. The future lies in our hands and it's up to us to make it a good one so that the generation that follows us will get a better world than we are getting, just as our parents, got a better world than their parents got.

Editors Note: April Hildebrand is a remarkable young woman. A junior at Catocin High school, she has her eyes clearly set on her future. For the past six months I've had the honor of being her riding coach, and during that time have gotten to learn how her mind works. She is an extremely dedicated, thoughtful, and driven individual. Her work ethic would put many adults to shame. If she is indeed a representative of her generation, the world is going to be in great hands. My only hope for her is that she doesn't grow up too fast. As I keep reminding April, "You're only a kid once, enjoy its innocence. Before you know it you'll be old and gray and wishing to be a kid again." I hope you enjoy her as much in print as I do in person.



April Hildebrand

voice & data
VOXCOM
solutions

Voice, Data & Video Communications
for your business and industry.

301-447-3848

 **Elizabeth Prongas, M.F.A.**
Art Instruction
301-271-4459 All painting media ~ All subject matter

Emmitsburg, a Town Divided

John Miller

Emmitsburg Area Historical Society

In the year leading up to the Civil War, Emmitsburg was already a divided town, politically speaking. During the 1860 presidential elections, Emmitsburg's political views supported the Southern Democratic Party giving John C. Breckinridge 323 votes, more than half the population of Emmitsburg during the time of the Civil War. Although many Emmitsburg citizens supported the Southern Democrats, their views were mostly devoted to the Union.

Shortly after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, Maryland citizens

were faced with a decision to determine if Maryland was to remain loyal to the Union or secede with the newly formed Confederacy. The strong southern feeling prevailing in Baltimore culminated in a violent outbreak on April 19, 1861, when the 6th Massachusetts Regiment marching on their way to Washington was obstructed by a mob. After the riot, a number of citizens opposed to secession left Baltimore for their safety.

The Commissioner of the Land Office William Seabrook, a Frederick native, remembers, "Only a few weeks after the exhibition of mob sympathy with secession in Baltimore, a notable meeting of prominent citizens was held in the auditorium of the Maryland Institute, in that city, to give expression to their views in relation to the action of the Government in resorting to war for the preservation of the Union. Every section of the State was represented and the great hall of the institute was crowded with a body of as representative citizens as ever assembled in Maryland." Emmitsburg resident Doctor Andrew Annan was among those

who attended this meeting and gave Emmitsburg's support to the preservation of the Union.

Although this vote didn't include the southern viewpoint of Emmitsburg, the history of Mount Saint Mary's College records that the citizens who lived in and around Emmitsburg were very evenly divided during the outbreak of the Civil War. Doctor Thomas C. Moore recalled, "A company of volunteers marched off openly one day to strike for the Union cause; whilst others discovered they had important business demanding immediate attention down in the direction of Dixie's land. The latter went off without the aid of brass bands; and if any tears were shed at parting they rolled in secret. But the feeling of bitterness on both sides was doubtless more intense than could be found farther either way from the line. Border States are always more exposed to the vicissitudes of war, and the hatred begotten of daily intercourse between citizens is deeper and more lasting than among enlisted soldiers."

Mount Saint Mary's Seminary

did not escape the divided loyalties. It had a good many Southern students who had proclaimed their allegiance to the newly formed Confederate States of America. Dr. John McCaffrey was the college's President and a strong supporter of the Confederate States. In a letter written on October 4, 1861, from Archbishop John Purcell to Doctor McCaffrey, he stated his opinions about the Confederate Cause. John McCloskey was the college's Vice-President and a strong supporter of the Union. Although a Union man, he still placed the practices of Mount Saint Mary's first and treated every Southern student with respect.

The faculty of Mount Saint Mary's College was just as divided, but the College itself for the most part was a pleasant place no matter what side the students and faculty chose. Daniel Beltzhoover, a professor of mathematics, was an 1847 graduate of West Point and served in the wars in Florida and also Mexico. Before the Civil War, he commanded a company of Zouave Mountain Cadets and drilled them thoroughly on Eardin's and Casey's tactics.

Beltzhoover helped to organize Watson's Artillery, named after A. C. Watson. According to the Story of the Mountain, at least thirty Mountaineers (Mount Saint Mary's Students) also served in the ranks of Watson's Artillery.

With more trouble anticipated during the late election since Maryland was a border state and loyalties were truly divided, the Secretary of War and Commanding General Williams sent troops for the protection of Union men at the polls in November of 1861. Major Stone who was the provost-marshal for the areas of Woodsborough, Myersville, Wolfsville, Emmitsburg, Mechanicstown, and Wolf's Tavern sent troops of infantry and cavalry out in protection of pro-Union men voting, however, no armed men went near the polls, and no serious disturbance occurred in this part of the state. This would be the first time that the Emmitsburg area would escape the disturbances of the Civil War.

To read more articles on Emmitsburg during the Civil War Visit the Historical Society Section of Emmitsburg.net

GUITAR LESSONS

- ♫ Acoustic / Electric
- ♫ Beginners / Advanced
- ♫ All Styles
- ♫ All Ages

Taught by an instructor with over 20 years of teaching & performing experience.

(301) 271-0860

brent@brentpro.com

Licensed

Insured

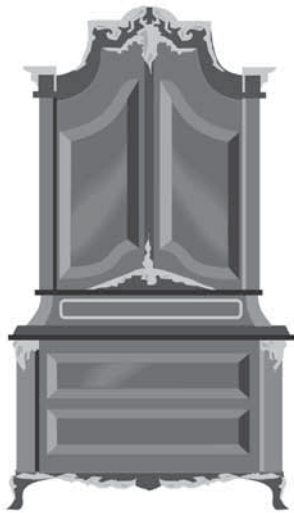
REAVERS WOODWORKING INC.

Quality Hand-Crafted
Cabinets/Furniture

Brian P. Reaver, Sr.

Shop: 301-447-3386

Fax: 301-447-1750



Kitchens, Armoires
Hutches, China Cupboards
Computer Stations
Entertainment Centers
Fireplace Mantels
Vanities, Gun Cabinets
Children's Furniture
Corner Cabinets, Bookcases
Dressers, End Tables... etc.

Visit us online at: www.emmitsburg.net/woodworking

DOWN UNDER

More or Less

Lindsay Cooker
Melbourne, Australia

Recently, a British tourist exclaimed as she was driven to a country home here in Victoria, "Oh, my! Look at all those stars! There's no moon. They're the only light. And there's the Milky Way. And the Southern Cross. Isn't it wonderful? It's so bright."

She asked for the car to be stopped so she could stand and stare. "I've never seen anything like it. There's light everywhere in London. This is amazing." Her host got out of the car and joined her, looking with her into the heavens. They stood in silence until the woman turned and whispered, "And it's so quiet. There's no noise at all. Oh, my!"

Her host whispered back, "Stand there for another minute or two, then tell me if there's no noise."

Slowly, as her ears lost their deafness, the night bush sounds crept forth. Tiny squeaks, little rustlings, something that sounded like a crying baby, the soft 'pop-pop-pop' of a bird. Half an hour went by — the night was mild — before they got back into the car. "I believe I have never been so moved, so overcome by the marvelous immensity of the universe in which we live," she said later, over a cup of tea. "I've been in many a cathedral and

church, listened to the most uplifting singing, been overwhelmed by unspeakable love, but never, never have I experienced anything like this night. Everything before came from the lips, the minds and presence of men and women, but this goes beyond all that. This has substance to it, transcendence, perspective. I'm so glad I came."

It's funny, isn't it, that we get so sucked in by the lights and sounds of civilization that the real world disappears. That is, the world as our forebears experienced it, and which multitudes still do; a world with stars instead of searchlights, silence instead of screams. Of course, to most city dwellers, that world is a truly scary place — if you think not, read "The Café at the end of the Universe" by Douglas Adams. We shield ourselves with noise and light from the reality and beauty of our world. Boom boxes to keep the quiet at bay, frizzle-frazzle to keep the dark away.

But — if you *can* gaze at the clear heavens, things, after a while, start to gain depth, anxieties get a perspective reduction, harmony can be sensed. Listening to the silence puts us in our place, the place of wonder. We're tiny specks on a minute ball in unimaginable space — and here's the crux — we may come to realize we're all about the same

size and importance in the scheme of things. And after quite a while we may even come to feel everyone is part of the same family. (Well, not my niece Exxie, she's a Martian, and there's a lot of *them* here. They know they're better than everybody else, have steel-clad egos, and no sense of humility.)

You folk around Emmitsburg probably realize this better than most. You're in the country, the bright lights don't get in the way too much, hopefully you've got the time to let your minds expand beyond the confines of Speedy Gonzales culture, and you can get to a field and listen to the night. If I'm wrong about this, be our guests and come to Melbourne so we can take you to the Australian Bush, to my old home town in central Victoria. Although, and more practically, Native American Indian culture embraces all this, so go find an elder and sit. Or get Michael Hillman to let you walk a horse.

No, really, we'd love to see you here. And because we're 99.999% genetically identical, cast the same sized shadow (more or less), and are about as (un)important as each other, we'll get along just fine. And you could meet Exxie.

Happy Gazing,
Lindsay

QUOTATIONS

“Remember not only to say the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.”

—Benjamin Franklin



OLD Tenant HOUSE



Kira Nerys Hillman

Nothing is more entertaining for a dog than a house undergoing renovation! Sure, the life of a farm dog is never boring, but it's a job, just like every job. Every morning it's the same old routine: perimeter patrol duty to check out who's crossed the property during the night, mandatory barking at the cats next door, supervision of the humans as they do their chores. Then, like any job, we have to sit around and wait on high alert for hours for something to happen, like the UPS truck pulling into our driveway. Now it's not the barking that's hard, but the long hours in between, waiting for something to happen to bark at, that takes its toll on us.

So when Neilex and I heard that the house was going to be renovated, we gave each other high paws. Finally, a break in the ho-hum daily routine! Helping move the furniture out of the house was a lot of fun. The door was blocked open allowing us to go in and out at leisure. It's something all dogs dream of, but few actually get to experience. While our people were constantly complaining about the flies that were coming in, we had high hopes that a revolving door might be a permanent feature.

The cats of course were not happy at all about all the activity, but then again, have you ever met a cat happy about anything? With each piece of furniture taken out, the cats found it harder and harder to find someplace to hide, so playing chase the cat got a lot more invigorating.

According to our people, everything but the bare essentials had to get moved into the barn. Which was fine with us, but when our beds were deemed non-essential, we put down our paws. Did they really expect us to sleep on the floor? Neilex refused to move off of his bed when they tried to take it out, and given everyone knows not to mess with a pissed off Jack Russell, he won and our beds got to stay.

Once the house was empty, the real fun began. For years the dogs of the house have passed down legends from one generation to another of the monsters that live behind the walls. Supposedly, Cracker Six, who oversaw the house and its occupants in the early 1950s, saw one of the creatures, but didn't have anyone handy for independent confirmation. So Neilex and I waited with bated breath as the first holes were punched into the walls. After years of doggie speculation, we were going to finally learn the truth behind what really was causing those sounds in the walls at night and confirm Cracker's story.

As each wall came down, one hundred and twenty years of smells were released. Try as our people might, nothing was going to stop Neilex and me from inspecting each and every piece of plaster as it hit the floor, even if that meant putting ourselves in harm's way. Add in the hundreds, if not thousands of mice that had freely roamed the walls over the years, and it was doggie smell heaven!

Renovation by its very nature is a



Kira reporting for duty

dirty job. Try as you might, you can't pull plaster down without creating a dust cloud. No matter how many pieces of plastic you hang to contain the dust, it's going to escape. At times, the dust in the sections of the house undergoing demolition was so thick that it poured out the window like smoke from a house on fire.

Having served in the shipyard during an overhaul to remove asbestos on the submarine, our human set up a "clean room" between where demolition was taking place and the rest of the house. In principle, that should have contained the dust and debris to a limited area. However, he failed to take into account that unlike the shipyard crew who religiously followed the "clean room rules," dogs completely disregard them.

Lowering the directions on vacuuming oneself off before leaving the renovation area to dog eye height had no impact on our behavior. Let face it, we'll never admit we can read! Replacing the written instructions with pictures on proper vacuuming techniques likewise had no impact. We're not cats, we don't clean ourselves; to the contrary, the dirtier we are, the happier we are!

Even disciplinary conferences brought no results. No matter what our human did, we insisted on walking into the demolition areas, and when sufficiently covered with dust, would leave and shake ourselves off in another section of the house, and then return. It seemed to keep the female busy, and while she was busy, we could chase the cats.

We had a couple near misses while monitoring the plaster removal. The humans seemed to make a sport of seeing how much plaster they could take down with each swing of the hammer. Which was ok when they were tearing down walls, but when they started to tear down the ceilings, watch out! One whole section which had been sagging for years came down en masse nearly right on top of me. Thankfully, I have twice the number of feet that my owner does, and so while he got covered with plaster, I escaped.

The only downside of the renovation was with all that hammering, sawing, walking in and out of the house, etc., there was no time to get



Kira and Neilex double checking dry wall measurement

any good quality naps. So we were exhausted when the call to start clean-up finally came.

Clean-up, of course, meant only one thing to us — a ride in the truck! Plaster was collected in small buckets. Once full, the buckets were carried down the stairs, out the door, and over to the truck where they were emptied into the bed of the truck. Then back to the house, in the door, and up the stairs again. Of course, we had to follow our people to make sure they didn't cut any corners — humans have been known to do that when not properly supervised, you know.

Once the truck was full, the "Truck" call was sounded and we assumed our positions in the front seat to supervise the drive to Tess' house (Joe Wivell Jr.). Once in her back field, it was Neilex's and



Cracker Six and her favorite person Cora May (Cool)

my responsibility to inspect the grounds where the plaster was to be spread. We didn't have much time before they started to spread the plaster, so we had to start running around fast. It was a lot of work, but someone had to do it!

The drive back was always the best. On the way down we had to sit in the front seat because the bed was full of plaster, but on the way back, we got to stand in the bed, which can't be beat! Standing in the bed is way too cool! It's the difference between being a sissy city dog and a "real" country dog. The last trip of the day was always the bestest as we always got to stop at Toms Creek to wash off the grime from our hard day's work, and occasionally catch a few crawdaddies.

Unlike our people, who got to relax in the evening, Neilex and I were expected to pull double shifts. We would no sooner get home and wolf down our dinner, than Tony Orndorf would show up and our second shift began. While hanging drywall seemed to be something Tess' person (Joe Wivell Jr.) and our person liked to do, they drew the line at something called "taping and mudding."

Being regular visitors to Zurgable Brothers, we knew Tony

Orndorff — he's always good for a long scratch under the chin. So when he was recommended as the best drywall finisher in the area, we knew we were in for a good time. We wagged our tails in approval when he showed up to look over the project the first time, and jumped for joy when our owner told Tony he wasn't interested in getting an estimate. "I've known you for years," he said, "and would rather give the work to a friend than to someone I don't know. Besides I want it done right the first time, and everyone says you're the man. So the job's yours."

The best part about having Tony come every night was he always brought us dog chews, not that we were lacking our own, mind you, but a dog can never have enough chews. Tony worked fast, sometimes too fast. Neilex and I would no sooner settle down into our monitoring positions than Tony would pack up his things and head out. Other times, Tony would work late into the night and our chews were a distant memory by the time he left.

Try as we might, Neilex and I never did figure out where Tony got that white mud from. All the mud we've ever seen was dark. This was great for me, as you can't see it on me, but mud on Neilex always resulted in a bath. White mud was the Holy Grail for Neilex, but in spite of all of Neilex's whining, Tony refused to reveal his source.

Just when Neilex and I thought things couldn't get any better, the permits for that addition thing everyone kept talking about finally got issued, and before we knew it, one whole side of the house was being torn down! For a dog, life doesn't get much better than a good tear 'em down and build 'em up renovation!

To read past issues of "The Old Tenant House" visit Emmitsburg.net.

Zurgable Brothers Hardware



Home Improvement Supplies. Stay Local. Start Here.

Open Monday thru Friday 7am - 6pm, Saturday 8am - 5pm, Closed Sundays



- ✓ Valspar Paints
- ✓ Hardware and Tools
- ✓ Lumber
- ✓ Garden Supplies
- ✓ Mulch
- ✓ Sakrete Cement
- ✓ Keys Made
- ✓ Garden Seeds & Plants
- ✓ Holland Gas Grills
- ✓ Red Wing Shoes
- ✓ Window / Screen Repair

and much more...

16663 Old Emmitsburg Road · Emmitsburg, Maryland 21727

301-447-2020

My Life Is My Career

Serendipity: My Mixed-up Mutt

Barbara Maccabee

When I saw the nurse holding four gorgeous puppies in her arms after a medical exam five years ago my heart melted. They were all in need of homes, immediately. The question was, did I really need a puppy? To be sure at that time in my life I did need a friend, and my old dog's best buddy, Thoreau, had recently died. I believe two dogs are better than one. Dogs need dogs, like people need people, right? Well, just as it is important to be careful which people you incorporate into your life, the same applies to dogs. That being said, we never really know what adventures or problems we will face in the future until after we make our choice, grow to love the beast, but later learn he/she has some very nasty tendencies which are hard to live with.

Such was the case of Dipity, short for Serendipity which means "the accidental discovery of something fortunate, pleasant, valuable or useful". I puzzle over who was indeed the most fortunate, valuable or useful to whom, she or me? I must also question my wisdom in asking for the largest female, part border collie and boxer, that day in the doctors office. In the future I will surely be slower to chose the breed of dog as well as its size and background, for therein lay the source of all my difficulties with her over the last five years. The same goes for choosing a partner in life. The romance of it all can blur one's good judgment. However is this not the stuff of life? The risks we take are for our learning and hopefully for the betterment of everyone concerned...hopefully.

Dipity's mother died in childbirth and so was hand-fed by a group of loving women who cuddled her against their breasts, kissed her and let her kiss them. So as Dipity began growing into the largest female I ever owned she expected me to kiss her and hold her all the time too. I do not kiss dogs and never enjoyed doggie kisses on my lips as do some of my friends. Also my dogs always live outside on our 11 acres, coming in the house only as a way to control their barking, not



to sleep on my couch; my bed, or on my lap. Besides that, she is too big to be a lap dog even though that is just what she wants to be. It took a great deal of patience working with her tendency to put her feet on my lap while I tried to rest out on the porch. I guess she wanted her arms to be around my neck or on my chest as she was so lovingly trained to do those first 8 weeks of her life. Old habits are hard to break.

Lest I only focus on her difficult qualities, and I have just scratched the surface here, let me tell you how very soft and silky her ears are and how much I enjoy caressing them. She also has been great company on my daily trips down to the chickens and the ducks, running joyfully down the hill, full steam, to run circles around their pens. Due to her border collie genes, she was great at cornering any chicken escapees, though in the frenzy of my catching the bird she too tried to put her paws and mouth on it. With strong verbal demands on my part, she learned, I thought, how not to touch the chicken with her teeth or her feet. However, I am convinced that she thinks of her feet as hands, having been raised by humans who used their hands and arms all the time, touching her, picking her up...I do believe she thinks she is human. It has not been easy for her to learn that she is indeed a dog, and that in the human world, at least in my world, there must be limits to her behavior.

This winter, what with all the cold, ice and bitter winds, I failed to fix the part of the chicken wire fence that had a few small holes in the lower portion. As was my habit, I would let

Dipity out of the house first thing in the morning while I busied myself dressing and drinking the essential coffee. When the weather is warm I always go out more quickly with only shorts and a top, but when there is sleet and wind in 20 degree weather it takes much longer to don my several layers of clothing not mention gloves, socks and boots. As you might guess, one morning a chicken turned up dead outside of the pen. Not being too quick to judge, I patched up the holes with pieces of wood, but 2 weeks later another chicken was found dead after a horrific wind and sleet storm blew down my wooden plugs. I am convinced Dipity was simply trying to catch them with her huge, powerful hands, just as I did. She was copying me!

How Dipity wound up tied at the doghouse for two days with a chicken necklace around her neck to cure her of chicken killing is a story for another chapter in this book of my life. I have had many wonderful dogs in my life, but none so dramatic as Dipity. However, I also believe that she was fated to be here in our valley running free and joyous rather than confined to a small backyard where she would have created a path of mud a foot deep on the inside of the fence. She is a huge, active, sweet-natured dog, and she may have wound up in the pound by now if I had not found her, serendipitously!

Sorry, but I really have to go. One of my ducks has been quacking regularly off-and -on over the past two hours so I must check on it. Don't worry...Serendipity is quietly resting on her bed by the fire...good dog!

Acupuncture — Benefits and More...

In the first part of this two part series on acupuncture, its history and how acupuncture works was described. In this part, the scope of acupuncture benefits and more will be addressed.

So why would someone try acupuncture? While acupuncture is widely known to relieve pain, it is also helpful for many conditions in which pain is not the primary symptom, including a wide variety of chronic conditions. It can be used for almost any physical or emotional problem, or simply the desire to stay well. Does this surprise you?

Actual illness or symptoms of disorders need not be present to benefit from acupuncture. Acupuncture is known to activate the immune system, enliven the senses, and offer a sense of alert calm or relaxation. Healthy individuals can benefit from this supportive complementary health care.

People from all walks of life use acupuncture for many different reasons. People who might par-

treatment may respond favorably; and you will have a reduction in long-term health care costs.

The 1997 National Institutes of Health Consensus Conference on Acupuncture stated, "The data in support of acupuncture are as strong as those for many accepted Western medical therapies." The World Health Organization recognizes acupuncture's ability to treat over 43 common disorders (see table).

And, if you have any questions about the risks associated with acupuncture, there are minimal risks or side effects. In fact, the 1997 National Institutes of Health Consensus Conference on Acupuncture stated, "One of the advantages of acupuncture is that the incidence of adverse effects is substantially lower than that of many drugs or other accepted medical procedures used for the same conditions."

Finally, you may ask, "What about the needles? Do acupuncture needles hurt?" The needles used for acupuncture are extremely fine

ACUPUNCTURE CAN BE EFFECTIVE IN TREATING: (according to the World Health Organization)

Addictions Nicotine, alcohol, other drugs, drug withdrawal, food addictions	Pain Neuralgia, headaches, migraines, TMJ, carpal tunnel
Digestive Conditions Constipation, diarrhea, colitis, nausea, indigestion	Preventative Medicine Immune enhancement, relaxation, life transitions
Gynecological Conditions PMS, irregular periods, cramps, menopause, infertility	Respiratory Conditions Allergies, sinusitis, asthma, bronchitis, colds / flu, COPD
Immune System Conditions Rheumatoid arthritis, chronic fatigue, fibromyalgia, HIV/Aids	Stress/Emotions Depression, anxiety, insomnia, panic attacks, mood swings
Musculoskeletal Pain Stiffness, arthritis, muscle spasms, sprains, joint pain, low back / neck pain	Urogenital Conditions Incontinence, urinary tract infections, sexual dysfunctions

ticularly benefit include those with chronic pain or other symptoms not responding to western medical treatment; those for whom there are limited medical interventions; those whose complaints have no easily determined cause; those whose symptoms seem to be associated with or worsened by stress; and those who would like additional support for their prescribed treatment to help cope with side-effects or to improve vitality (for example, to help those with side effects of chemotherapy).

Remember that acupuncture is particularly useful since it addresses the deeper, underlying root of *dis-ease* rather than relying on symptomatic treatment alone. Treatment evidence supports that you are *more likely* to get sick less often and recover more quickly if you do get sick; that your vitality and stamina will improve; you will be more able to take an active role in your health; health concerns other than those for which you began

and flexible. They are only as thick as one to two human hairs! The needles are sterile, and disposed of after one use. The sensation when the needles are inserted varies from person to person. Some people report a temporary sense of heaviness in the area of the needle insertion, while others don't even feel the needle insertion.

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

Information in this article is provided for informational purposes only and is not intended as a substitute for the advice provided by your physician or other healthcare professional. You should not use the information in this article for diagnosing or treating a health problem or disease, or prescribing any medication or other treatment.

301.447.2020
16663 Old Emmitsburg Rd., Emmitsburg

Zurgable Brothers Hardware

Come and Taste the Holland Difference

It Grills, It Steams and It Smokes

Stop by for our live cooking demonstrations
Saturday, April 25, May 16, June 20 & July 11

The Holland grill is the easiest, safest, healthiest way to make your cook-out a success. Most foods never need turning. Simply close the lid and cook by time. *Guaranteed performance.*

- Stainless Steel Cooking Grid and Cast Iron Burner Guaranteed for the Life of the Grill
- Durable Construction - Made in the USA
- Models Available in L.P. or Natural Gas



Live DEMO




Simple. Delicious. Reliable.

FITNESS: Exercise More/ Stress Less!

Linda Stultz

Certified Fitness Trainer/Therapist

There have been many articles written about how to deal with stress. Unfortunately, we don't take them seriously. Today's world is made up of two types of people. The first type is extremely busy with work, family and other daily activities. This group wants everything fixed immediately. When they gain some weight, get a headache or develop some other physical or health problem, they want a pill to instantly fix it. Another unfortunate situation is that society tries to do just that. Pop a pill for weight loss, it doesn't work and we get upset and eat more. Pop a pill for the stress, it doesn't work so we give up and eat more. Pop a pill for energy, it doesn't work so we sit and watch TV and eat. Somehow, eating seems to be an important part of the solution (we think), but is really a big part of the problem. All the time we are taking the pills, we are seeing on TV that America is getting fatter and needs to lose weight. TV gives us examples of how to lose weight and get healthier but that's too much like work. This brings us to the second type of person.

The second type of person is the doer. Doers are just as busy with work, family and daily activities but realize that by adding just one other very important duty to their day, they can enjoy the other duties even more. They have "made" the time to exercise. Their exercise routine is just as much a part of their day as brushing their teeth and going to work. I'm not saying that finding the time is easy. For some, finding the time may have even started out as another stress in their day. Fortunately for them, they quickly realized the benefit of exercise. They saw how much better they felt and how much more energy and less stress they had. Again, I'm not saying starting and keeping a good habit is easy. The bad habits develop before we know it and are very easy to keep up. Surveys show that to develop a good habit takes about six months (for some of us even longer). Once we incorporate exercise into our daily lives, all the other duties of the day seem to go better. The people in this group reduce stress and sometimes even medications, shots and doctor visits just by taking the natural way to better health. More energy comes naturally as an added benefit along with more family time and more satisfying relationships. I'm not saying exercise is the "cure all," but it surely won't hurt and most definitely will help.

Ask your doctor what type of exercise would be right for you to start with. You'll know when you are ready to move up.

Keep Moving! You'll Be Glad You Did.

If you have any questions, please call Linda Stultz at 717-334-6009.

ASTRONOMY: The Night Sky of April

Dr. Wayne Wooten
Professor of Astronomy

For April 2009, the Moon will be first quarter on April 2nd. The waxing gibbous moon is passing about 5.5 degrees south of Saturn on April 7th. The full moon occurs on April 9th; this is the Paschal Moon in tradition, setting the following Sunday as Easter. The last quarter moon rises about midnight on April 17th, the passes about two degrees north of bright Jupiter on April 19th. On April 22nd, the waning crescent moon passes in front of Venus for most of the US. This occultation just misses us, with the Moon passing just north of Venus about 7:30 PM, already after sunrise locally. The new moon is on April 25th.

While the naked eye, dark adapted by several minutes away from any bright lights, is a wonderful instrument to stare up into deep space, far beyond our own Milky Way, binoculars are better for spotting specific deep sky objects. For a detailed map of northern hemisphere skies about April 1st, visit the www.skymaps.com website and download the map for the new month; it will have a more extensive calendar, and list of best objects for the naked eyes, binoculars, and scopes on the back of the map. Also available as the next month

begins is wonderful video exploring the April 2009 sky, featuring many different objects, available from the Hubble Space Telescope website at: http://hubblesite.org/explore_astronomy/tonights_sky/.

Venus is low in the east just before dawn as the month begins, having passed eight degrees north of the Sun on March 27th. She is a large, slender crescent visible easily in binoculars, but pulls away from the earth and higher in the eastern sky, becoming brightest in the morning on April 29th. Jupiter dominates the morning sky, the brightest object well up in the southeast, rising about midnight. Red Mars is low in the eastern twilight; Venus passes 4 degrees north of his on April 24th. Saturn is in the east in southerly eastern Leo, just under the lion's tail. This is the best time to observe the most beautiful object in the sky. When viewed with a telescope, near Saturn's equinox now, the edge on rings are so narrow they almost disappear with most telescopes. Note also how now Saturn's moon, like Jupiter's always do, appear in a straight line on either side of its equator.

Yellow Capella, a giant star the same temperature and color as our much smaller Sun, dominates the northwestern sky. 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. 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 from West Florida.

To the northeast, look for the Big Dipper rising, with the top two stars of the bowl, 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. Just below the handle is M-51, the famed Whirlpool Galaxy. This cosmic fender bender was captured by new EAAA member Phil Phillips, one of his first astrophotos with his new scope. Call that beginner's luck, Phil!

Take the pointers at the front of the dipper's bowl south instead to the head of Leo, looking much like the profile of the famed Sphinx. The bright star at the Lion's heart is Regulus, the "regal star", but brighter still is Saturn, just east of Regulus.

Now take the curved handle of the Big Dipper, and follow the arc SE to bright orange Arcturus, the brightest star of the spring sky. Recent studies of its motion link it to the Sagittarius Dwarf Galaxy, a companion of our Milky Way being tidally disrupted and spilling its stars above and below the plane of the Milky Way, much like dust falling away from a decomposing comet nucleus. So this brightest star of Bootes the Bear Driver is apparently a refugee from another galaxy!

Now spike south to Spica, the blue-white gem in Virgo rising in the SE. Virgo is home to many galaxies, as we look away from the obscuring gas and dust in the plane of the Milky Way into deep space. To the southwest of Spica is the four sided Crow, Corvus.

Learn to drive this Spring

Enroll Now for Spring Courses in Thurmont

FCC is bringing our credible, affordable driver education program to your area.

We offer experienced instructors, convenient courses and MVA approved curriculum.

Catoctin High School

April 22-May 27

MW • 3:45-6:45pm

Orientation April 20 from 6-9pm at Catoctin High School.
Parents invited

To register or for more information
301.846.2427 • www.frederick.edu

 **Frederick Community College**
The joy of learning ... discover it here.

Hagerstown Farmers Almanack



*Gerald W. Spessard,
Business Manager*

MID-ATLANTIC REGIONAL WEATHER WATCH:

Fair and cool (1,2,3) with April Showers (4,5,6,7,8). Fair but colder (9,10,11). Mild temperatures with more showers (12,13,14,15). Showers and STORMS 16,17), turning fair and mild again 18,19,20). Cloudy and cool 21,22,23,24,25) with yet more showers and mild (26,27,28). Fair and mild weather (29,30).

TORNADO WATCH: *The Almanack* sees possible tornado activity in the Mid-Atlantic Region between the 23rd and the 25th of April.

FULL MOON: April's Full Moon rises at 9:56 a.m. on the 9th. Native Americans often referred to it as PINK MOON because of the many flowers and trees that turn pink and bloom during the month of April. It is also has been known as FISH MOON because fishing started to pick up as the weather warms.

SPECIAL NOTES: April 22nd is Earth Day. Call The Earth Day Network at 202.518.0044 or got to www.earthday.net for activities that will help to preserve our great planet. Take a moment to review last year's income tax return before filing. Compare it to your current return and look



“Only a fool expects to receive compensation for never accomplishing anything.”

*J. Grubers' Thought
For Today's Living*



for any deductions you might have missed. Remember that amended tax returns can be filed up to 3 years later using IRS Form 1040X.

HOLIDAYS: Easter in 2009 is on Sunday, April 12th. Spend some quality time with your family, friends, and neighbors but be sure

to find spiritual time to attend church. Enjoy this time of rebirth and celebrate the coming of Spring. It's right around the corner!

THE GARDEN: Test your underground sprinkling system by monitoring a full cycle to make sure it is still operating correctly. Inspect all sprinkler heads for cleaning, adjustment, or replacement. Set out annuals, perennials, and other bedding plants in late April and remember to apply a balanced fertilizer. Plant shrubs, such as Rhododendrons, Viburnums, Azaleas and Spiraea for late Spring color. Keep an eye out for nasty pests such as slugs and snails, especially because this year, Spring will be cool and wet. Get the lawn ready by treating it with pre-emergent crabgrass killer right after forsythia bloom. Be sure to check out the over 80 varieties of trees available at low cost on the National Arbor Day Foundation's website at www.arborday.org and plant a tree on Arbor Day, the 26th.

Obituaries

Goldie D. Andrew

Goldie Deona Andrew, age 90, of Emmitsburg, Md., went to be with the Lord and her husband, Wednesday, February 25, 2009, with her loving family by her side where she resided in her daughter Nancy's home.

She was born Aug. 26, 1918 in Mount Hope, and was the daughter of the late John Michael and Mary Ellen (Snyder) Manning. She was the wife of the late Mark Andrew, who died in 1982.

Goldie loved her family, and enjoyed spending time with all her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren.

Surviving her are two daughters, Nancy Lee Tyler and husband Frank, and Patricia Jean Rosensteel and husband Robert Sr., both of Emmitsburg, Md.; six grandchildren, Francis Topper Jr., Karen McDannell, Susan Swartz, Ronald Topper, Robert Rosensteel Jr., and Laura Money; 12 great-grandchildren, Mark Andrew Topper, Kerri Bonanno, Krystal Stull, Kassondra Topper, Kimberly Swartz, Timothy Swartz, Robert Rosensteel III, Ashleigh Rosensteel, Derek Rosensteel, Sarah Money, Rachel Money, and Caleb Money; four great-great-grandchildren; several nieces and nephews; five step-grandchildren; and 11 step-great-grandchildren.

She was predeceased by one daughter, Teresa Arlene Andrew, and by two infant sons; and by four siblings, Rita Wetzel, Teresa Mort, Rose Wetzel, and Floyd Manning.

Special thanks to her Carroll Hospice caregivers and nurses, Debbie Scott, Tracey and Diane, and Hospice chaplain, Dave Bare.

Interment was in Germantown Bethel Church Cemetery in Cascade, Md.

Mr. Albert Gochenour

Albert C. "Buck-Chetty" Gochenour, 82, of Raven Rock Road, Lantz, died Thursday, March 5, 2009, at his home. Born Feb. 24, 1927, in Lantz, he was the son of the late Claude A. and Ruth Marie (Smith) Gochenour. He attended the Emmitsburg area schools.

He was a veteran of the United States Navy serving World War II, Korean Conflict and Vietnam War.

He was a chartered member of the World War II memorial wall.

He was a life member of American Legion Post 239 of Cascade and Blue Ridge Sportsman's Association.

He retired from the U.S. Navy in 1968 after 30 years of service. He was also employed by Victor Cullen of Sabillasville.

He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Dorothy Mae (Kuhn) Gochenour, whom he married April 14, 1947; daughters, Rosemarie Garland of Fairfield, Pa., Mary Jane Gsell of Waynesboro, Pa., and Sue Ann Smith of Blue Ridge Summit, Pa.; sisters, Dottie A. Cowley of Linthicum and Marianne Myers of Emmitsburg; brother, Donald L. Gochenour of Thurmont; six grandchildren; five great-grandchildren; and several nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by brothers, Gene E. Gochenour, Harold C. Gochenour, Claude A. Gochenour, Charles Gochenour, Archie Leon Gochenour, and Merle C. Gochenour.

Burial was in Bethel Cemetery, Cascade, with military honors.

Mrs. Jane Gingell

Jane B. Gingell, 89, of Emmitsburg, died peacefully Sunday, March 8, 2009. She was born Nov. 20, 1919, in Emmitsburg, and continued to live in the home she was born in until the time of her death. She was predeceased by her parents, Theodore and Fannie (Jackson) Bollinger, and by her beloved husband, Thomas Robert Gingell in 1999.

Jane graduated from Emmitsburg High School, and was a loving homemaker, mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. She was a lifelong member of Elias Evangelical Lutheran Church in Emmitsburg, as well as the Emmitsburg Memorial VFW, Post 6658 Ladies Auxiliary.

Surviving her are daughters, Pinny Davis and husband, Marshall, of Frederick, and Francie Thomas and husband, Jeff, of Frederick; grandchildren, Amy Bond of Waynesboro, Pa., Jennifer Flores of Cascade, Jason Gingell of Frederick, and Mollie Radonovich of Frederick; great-grandchildren, Rebecca and Marshall Radonovich, Skylar and Chanz Flores; great-nephew, Josh Bollinger; and special friends, Ann Adams and Doris Joy.

In addition to her parents and husband, she was predeceased by a son and daughter-in-law, Bob and Sue Gingell in 2006; and by brothers, Thomas, Richard and Jack Bollinger; and by a great-nephew, Tommy Bollinger.

A memorial service was held at Elias Evangelical Lutheran Church in Emmitsburg. Pastor Rev. Jon R. Greenstone officiating.

Internment was in the Emmitsburg Memorial Cemetery.

SENIOR NEWS

EMMITSBURG

Susan Allen

The earliest spring flowers; crocuses and daffodils, purple and white and yellow, have brightened our gardens. Now we hope for April rains to bring other buds to glorious flower and make the ground ready for vegetable shoots and farmer's crops. This month also brings the sunrise and hallelujahs of Easter Sunday.

Looking ahead: The annual health fair will be held at the Frederick Senior Center on April 8. Call Linda, 301.600.6350, for details. **The center will be closed on Friday, April 10.** And remember that whatever the weather, it's always cool to come in and shoot some pool.

The seniors encourage all eligible persons (50 years and older) to join them for regular program activities and special events. Our lunch program is open to those 60 and older. Programs are held in the Community Center on South Seton Avenue. Call for lunch reservations 24 hours in advance. The Senior Center will close whenever county offices are closed. To register for special events or for information, call program coordinator Linda Umbel, 301.600.6350.

REGULAR ACTIVITIES

Bowling: Mondays at Taneytown bowling center. Carpool: Meet at center at 12:30 p.m.

Strength Training Conditioning: Tuesday and Thursday, 10 a.m. Dress comfortably, wear athletic shoes. Participants will use small weights. Free.

Bingo: April 8 & 22

Cards, 500, and Bridge Group: April 1, 15 & 29

Men's Pool: Wednesdays at 1 p.m.

Pinochle: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

Canasta: Fridays at 12:30 p.m.

Shopping at Jubilee Foods: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

FAIRFIELD

Cathy Olson

The Fairfield Senior Center welcomes all seniors of the Greater Fairfield, PA area. The Center is located in the Fairfield Fire Hall, 106 Steelman St, Fairfield. **The center will be closed April 10 for Good Friday.** Call for lunch reservations 48 hours in advance. The Senior Center will close whenever Adams County offices are closed. To register for special events or questions about activities call Cheryl Kulkusky, Site Director at 717.642.6170.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Apr. 8: Dept of Health Skin Cancer Screening at 10:30 a.m.

Apr. 9: Lunch at the Moose, Gettysburg at 11 a.m. \$2

Apr. 14: Cooking Class with Eleanor Pella, Reg. Dietitian at 11 a.m.

Apr. 20: Garden Club; make your own Spring Flower Arrangement at 10:30 a.m.

Apr. 22: Asera Care speaker, "Recognizing a Stroke"

REGULAR ACTIVITIES

Exercise: Monday, Wednesday and Fridays, 9:30 – 10:30 a.m. Dress comfortably and wear athletic shoes.

Post-exercise Blood Pressure Checks by EMTs: Mondays at 10:30 a.m.

Exercise Light: Tuesday and Thursday, 9:30 – 10:30 a.m.

Needlework: Mondays, 10:30 a.m. – Noon. Bring your knitting, crochet or other project. Beginners welcome.

Lunch: Monday – Friday at Noon, except for Special Events already noted.

Card games: Your choice. Tuesday and Friday, 9:30 a.m. – 1:30 p.m.

Games and puzzles: Thursdays, 9:30 a.m. – 1:30 p.m. except for Special Events.

Chat Time: Wednesdays at 10:30 a.m.

QUOTATIONS

“A pessimist sees the difficulty in every opportunity; an optimist sees the opportunity in every difficulty.”

—Winston Churchill

Recipes



Submitted by Carriage House Inn

Filet Crostini

Ingredients:

Toasted french baguettes
Caper Aeoli
3 TBS mayonnaise
1 ½ freshly grated parmesan cheese
1 tsp garlic powder
2 TBS drained capers
Olive Oil
Thinly sliced plum tomato
Thinly sliced; slow roasted Filet Mignon
Fresh chives

Cooking Directions:

- ★ Slow cook Filet Mignon on the grill; rare to medium rare
- ★ Put in refrigerator and cool overnight
- ★ Thinly slice a french bread baguette and brush slices with olive oil
- ★ Toast until crispy (can be done ahead of time)
- ★ Slice garden fresh plum tomatoes
- ★ In small bowl prepare Caper Aeoli.
- ★ Right before serving, spread Caper Aeoli on toasted baguette
- ★ Top with slice of plum tomato and a slice of Filet Mignon
- ★ Garnish with chives.

Submitted by Incarnation United Church of Christ, Audrey Glass

Tee's Corn Pudding

Ingredients:

¼ c. sugar
3 TBS all-purpose flour
2 tsp. baking powder
2 tsp. salt
¼ - ½ tsp nutmeg
6 large eggs
2 c. whipping cream
½ c. butter, melted
6 c. corn kernels

Cooking directions:

- ★ Combine first five ingredients
- ★ Beat eggs with fork in a large bowl
- ★ Stir in whipping cream and butter
- ★ Gradually add sugar mixture, stirring until smooth
- ★ Stir in corn (drain corn first)
- ★ Pour mixture into a lightly greased 13 x 9 x 2 inch baking dish
- ★ Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes or until deep golden and mixture is set
- ★ Let stand 5 minutes

Submitted by Trinity United Methodist Church

Italian Sausage and Ziti Skillet Dinner

Ingredients:

¾ lb Italian Sausage (casings removed)
1 c. diced onion
1 c. diced bell peppers
2 cans condensed tomato soup
1½ c. water
3 c. small ziti pasta
2 medium zucchini diced
1/3 c. minced fresh basil
Pepper
Grated parmesan cheese

Cooking directions:

- ★ Cook sausage, onion and bell peppers over medium heat for 8 minutes or until sausage loses pink color and veggies are tender
- ★ Stir in soup and water, bring to boil, stirring until smooth
- ★ Stir in pasta and zucchini, cover, reduce heat, and simmer 25 minutes or until pasta is cooked and zucchini is tender. Stir occasionally to separate pasta
- ★ Remove from heat, stir in basil and pepper
- ★ Let stand 10 minutes
- ★ Sprinkle with parmesan cheese

All ingredients for these recipes can be found at the Jubilee grocery store in Emmitsburg.



www.ShopJubileeFoods.com
Jubilee515@comcast.net

Jubilee Foods Helping Emmitsburg Food Bank

Jubilee Foods is teaming up with the Emmitsburg Business & Professional Association collecting CHANGE FOR FOOD for the Emmitsburg Food Bank. Collection boxes have been placed at each checkout with the hopes that customers will donate their change to help the Emmitsburg Food Bank. With the economy being as it is, the Food Bank has seen increased traffic and these donations are greatly needed.

Manger Rich Boyd noted, "There has been a surprising amount of donations for the short time the boxes have been up." The Emmitsburg and surrounding community are great people and always seem to give to those in need.

Additional donation drops will be set up in various businesses throughout Emmitsburg.



Pictured left to right:

Jubilee Front-end Mgr., Michele Orndorff, Bob Rosensteel, Bev Koontz, Terry Ryder, Doug Long, Bob Hance, Allen Knott and Store Mgr., Rich Boyd

My ^{Little} Sister's Jokes



After a particularly poor game of golf, a popular club member skipped the clubhouse and started to go home. As he was walking to the parking lot to get his car, a policeman stopped him and asked, "Did you tee off on the sixteenth hole about twenty minutes ago?"

"Yes," the golfer responded.

"Did you happen to hook your ball so that it went over the trees and off the course?"

"Yes, I did. How did you know?" he asked.

"Well," said the policeman very seriously, "Your ball flew out onto the highway and crashed through a driver's windshield. The car went out of control, crashing into five other cars and a fire truck. The fire truck couldn't make it to the fire, and the building burned down. So, what are you going to do about it?"

The golfer thought it over carefully and responded . . .

"I think I'll close my stance a little bit, tighten my grip and lower my right thumb."

Stumpy and his wife Martha went to the State Fair every year

Every year Stumpy would say, "Martha, I'd like to ride in that there airplane."

And every year Martha would say, "I know, Stumpy, but that airplane ride costs ten dollars, and ten dollars is ten dollars."

This one year Stumpy and Martha went to the fair and Stumpy said, "Martha, I'm 71 years old. If I don't ride that airplane this year I may never get another chance."

Martha replied, "Stumpy, that there airplane ride costs ten dollars, and ten dollars is ten dollars."

The pilot overheard them and said, "Folks, I'll make you a deal. I'll take you both up for a ride. If you can stay quiet for the entire ride



and not say one word, I won't charge you, but if you say one word it's ten dollars."

Stumpy and Martha agree and up they go. The pilot does all kinds of twists and turns, rolls and dives, but not a word is heard. He does all his tricks over again, but still not a word. They land and the pilot turns to Stumpy, "By golly, I did everything I could think of to get you to yell out, but you didn't."

Stumpy replied, "Well, I was gonna say something when Martha fell out, but ten dollars is ten dollars."

An able-bodied seaman meets a pirate in a bar and they take turns recounting their adventures at sea.

Noting the pirate's peg-leg, hook, and eye patch the seaman asks, "So, how did you end up with the peg-leg?"

The pirate replies, "We was caught in a monster storm off the cape and a giant wave swept me overboard. Just as they were pul-



lin' me out, a school of sharks appeared and one of 'em bit me leg off."

"Blimey!" said the seaman. "What about the hook?"

"Ahhhh...," mused the pirate, "we were boardin' a trader ship, pistols blastin' and swords swingin' this way and that. In the fracas me hand got chopped off."

"Zounds!" remarked the seaman. "And how came ye by the eye patch?"

"A seagull droppin' fell into me eye," answered the pirate.

"You lost your eye to a seagull dropping?" the sailor asked incredulously.

"Well," said the pirate, "it was me first day with the hook..."



An elderly woman had just returned to her home from an evening of Church services when she was startled by an intruder. She caught the man in the act of robbing her home of its valuables and yelled, "Stop! Acts 2:38!" (Repent and be baptized, in the name of Jesus Christ so that your sins may be forgiven.)

The burglar stopped in his tracks.

The woman calmly called the police and explained what she had done.

As the officer cuffed the man to take him in, he asked the burglar, "Why did you just stand there? All the old lady did was yell a scripture to you."

"Scripture?" replied the burglar. "She said she had an Axe and Two 38's!"

*Looking for a daily dose of humor?
Then visit the humor section of
Emmitsburg.net*

\$30,000 CASH GIVEAWAY

For Tickets and Information: Vigilant Hose Company 301-447-2728
Chris Stahley 301-447-3081; John Glass 301-447-3724; or Gabe Baker 301-447-2212

Vigilant Hose Company #6 First Annual Spring Fling

Saturday, May 16, 2009

Benefit: Vigilant Hose Company, VHC Auxiliary & VHC Explorers Post

Noon\$1500 cash	1:00.....\$1000 cash	2:00.....\$1000 cash	3:00.....\$2500 cash	4:00.....\$1000 cash	5:00.....\$1000 cash
12:05\$200 cash	1:05\$200 cash	2:05.....\$200 cash	3:05\$200 cash	4:05\$200 cash	5:05.....\$200 cash
12:10\$400 cash	1:10\$400 cash	2:10.....\$400 cash	3:10\$400 cash	4:10\$400 cash	5:10.....\$400 cash
12:15\$100 GCert	1:15\$100 GCert	2:15.....\$100 GCert	3:15\$100 GCert	4:15\$100 GCert	5:15.....\$200 cash
The Palms	One More Tavern	Dave & Jane's	Chubby's Barbeque	Carriage House	5:20.....\$300 cash
12:20\$400 cash	1:20\$400 cash	2:20.....\$400 cash	3:20\$400 cash	4:20\$400 cash	5:25.....\$200 cash
12:25\$200 cash	1:25\$200 cash	2:25.....\$200 cash	3:25\$200 cash	4:25\$200 cash	5:30.....\$400 cash
12:30\$400 cash	1:30\$400 GCert	2:30.....\$400 cash	3:30\$400 GCert	4:30\$400 cash	5:35.....\$200 cash
12:35\$100 GCert	Shriver's Meats	2:35.....\$100 GCert	Jubilee Foods	4:35\$100 GCert	5:40.....\$300 cash
Ott House	1:35.....\$100 GCert	Hillside Restaurant	3:35\$100 GCert	Stavros Pizza	5:45.....\$200 cash
12:40\$400 cash	Carleo's	2:40.....\$400 cash	Alesandro's	4:40\$400 cash	5:50.....\$400 cash
12:45\$200 cash	1:40\$400 cash	2:45.....\$200 cash	3:40\$400 cash	4:45\$200 cash	5:55.....\$200 cash
12:50\$400 cash	1:45\$200 cash	2:50.....\$400 cash	3:45\$200 cash	4:50\$400 cash	FINAL DRAWING
12:55\$200 cash	1:50\$400 cash	2:55.....\$200 cash	3:50\$400 cash	4:55\$200 cash	6:00 p.m.
	1:55.....\$200 cash		3:55\$200 cash		\$4,000 cash

Vigilant Hose Company #6 First Annual Spring Fling Rules

- 1) Cost per ticket is \$60 which is valid for one or two people attending.
- 2) Each ticket has five (5) four digit random numbers between 0000 and 9999.
- 3) Ticket price include admissions for up to two (2) people and includes food, drinks, and entertainment.
- 4) Gates will open at 10:30 a.m. with drawings held from noon until 6 p.m.
- 5) All participants must check in at the registration area and have proper identification to enter food and drink areas.
- 6) All ticket stubs for purchased tickets must be returned by Saturday, May 2, 2009.
- 7) All unsold tickets will become the property of the VHC and are eligible for any winning prizes.
- 8) The VHC reserves the right to cancel the event if ticket sales quota is not met.

Random Numbers

_____, # _____, # _____, # _____, # _____

- 9) You must be 18 years of age or older to claim prizes. Winners will be responsible for any and all taxes.
- 10) All prizes must be claimed within 30 days of notification.
- 11) The VHC and the Town of Emmitsburg are not responsible for any accidents during the event.
- 12) By purchasing this ticket, the buyer accepts any and all responsibility and liability pertaining to this event, including travel to and from, and the attendance of the event.
- 13) During the drawing, all patrons must conduct themselves in an orderly and appropriate fashion. The VHC reserves the right to request any person(s) to leave the event grounds if they cannot conduct themselves as such. Furthermore, the VHC may request law enforcement to remove said person(s) if needed.
- 14) For additional information, log onto www.vigilanthose.org.

Emmitsburg Drug Stores of Old

Ruth O. Richards

It was the smell. Not just a smell, but an aroma — or maybe even a Perfume — whatever it was, it was the one thing that Houser's Drug Store and the drug store of my memory had in common. There were other things too, of course, things that I can find and buy elsewhere — but never will ever again experience that smell.

The drug store of my youth, actually my childhood, too, was on the ground floor of the building where my father had his law office. And my father's office was on the main shopping street of my hometown. My father loved "his little girls" to come to his office, and what with shopping and seeing my father we also stopped into the drug store often.

Druggist — Drug Store — Pharmacist — Pharmacy — Greek meaning "to heal." Chemist — The Chemist and Doctor — the name used in Emmitsburg to refer to the provider of medicine.

The word Chemist is closest to what went on in the back room years ago when the druggist literally concocted the potion

prescribed by the physician that would make us all well. And after it was concocted it was brought to the customer in a little cardboard box or in a vial labeled with instructions for administering to the ailing one.

The druggist of "our" drug store wore a white coat, making him look very professional. I don't remember ever seeing Mr. Houser in a white coat, but by his manner, he gave his customers confidence in his ability to fill the prescription correctly. Mr. Kreiser, my druggist, and Mr. Houser would disappear into a back room where there was, no doubt, a mortar and pestle, test tubes, miniature scales, chemicals and bottles, all necessary items for concocting medicines.

Both stores had fountains where ice cream treats and soft drinks were also concocted. The fountains were marble-topped and the dispensers of these delicious treats were metal and were kept shiny. From this fountain delicious treats would appear.

My mother would take my sister and me for an occasional treat after we had been shopping. And it was

a treat, too, as we sat at the special ice cream table on wire-backed ice cream chairs, with that lovely smell all around us. I felt like I was in fairy land — ice cream drowned in chocolate or butterscotch syrup with nuts on top, served in shiny, footed, paper cup-lined dishes to be eaten with tiny ice cream spoons. The Druggist would stop by our table to talk with us and to tell my mother what attractive good little girls she had.

Houser's also had a fountain. John's and my favorite from that fountain was a milkshake. Actually, we would have preferred a malted milk, but that cost 25 cents, 5 cents more than a plain milkshake. Our budget allowed us but one milkshake, and so we asked for two straws. The Housers were very understanding and without comment, provided two straws, knowing that when we ordered milkshakes, it was a two-straw order.

Another treat was a fountain coke. Coke syrup with lemon syrup added to it with a shot of carbonated water gave us a treat for the gods. Cokes cost only one cent so we could each have our own. Both stores were Rexall Drug stores, a chain of drug

stores around the country. Once a year, Rexall's had a big, two-for-one sale. I remember this sale well from my childhood. Mom would go to the store and come home with a shopping bag of the drugs we might need for a whole year: milk of magnesia (my parents were big on that), aspirin, Bay Rhum (for dandruff and a good smell, too), toothpaste and shaving cream, among other things. And in the bottom of the bag would be two very large chocolate bars that were meted out one square at a time. Houser's too, had the yearly Rexall sale but I never had the need to buy a shopping bag full of patent medicines.

The Housers seemed truly interested in hearing about our homes in the Middle West. They had heard about the dust storms, but wanted the description of them first hand. They had many questions and we were happy to provide the answers.

This was a generous couple. I remember two instances of their generosity, both of which really pleased me. When Kathy started to school, Marge who was two at the time, also wanted to go to school. She especially wanted a book bag.

Mrs. Houser knew of her desire and one day when we were in the store gave Marge a red and blue plaid one. Marge packed her book bag every day and carried it as we walked Kathy to the bus.

When we built our house in 1954 the Housers were interested in the day by day progress of it. When it was finished and we had moved in, Mrs. Houser gave us some plants from her garden, among which were lilies of the valley. They are still growing on the north side of the house.

Did Mr. Houser concoct drugs for prescriptions? Of course he did. It wasn't until after WWII that the new drugs — antibiotics — were available. I can see him now, consulting with Dr. Cadle about a certain drug or another. Do druggists concoct medicines now? Can we buy ice cream or a fountain coke there? You know we can't. Does a modern day drug store smell like a "real drug store?" Definitely not! If I could find a bottle labeled "Old Drug Store Smell" on the shelves, I would buy it and every once in a while I would remove the top, take a whiff, and allow memories to wash over me.

Est. 1999
Classic Affairs D.J.'s
 Elaine & Dennis Ebaugh
 Wedding, Anniversary & Birthday Parties
 1930's to Top 40

39 Federal Ave.
 Emmitsburg, MD 21727
 301.447.6440
 E-mail: ebaughsr2@comcast.net Karaoke available

Baumgardner Farms Landscaping

Lawn Care & Maintenance
 Planting & Bed Installations
 Mulching
Mulch available for Sale | Delivery or Pick-up
 Pond Installation
 Snow Removal
 Other Services available

10% OFF
 with this ad

Chad Knox, Manager **301.418.1353**
 Paul Baumgardner **301.676.9847 | 717.642.5469**

Emmitsburg Veterinary Hospital

Services Provided

- Senior Wellness Counseling
- Preventive Health Care Exams
- Specialty Surgical Procedures
- Boarding • Grooming
- Behavior Counseling

Helping Pets & People Care For Each Other

(301) 447-6237
 www.emmitsburgvet.com
 9436-B Waynesboro Pike, P.O. Box 337 • Emmitsburg, MD 21727

WOODCRAFTERS
 Hardwood Flooring

Sanding • Staining • Refinishing
 Custom Installation • Repairs • Restoration
 Also specializing in Ceramic Tile & Stone

717-359-8845
 FAX: 717-359-8732

E-MAIL: woodcrafters12@comcast.net • MHIC #92845
 Owned & Operated by: **Tim Wantz & Joe Williams Littlestown, Pa.**

NEED PAINTING?

DAVID E. LITTLE
 CUSTOM PAINTING
 11530 Simmons Road, Taneytown, MD 21787
 Phone: (301) 447-2315
 MHIC #41079

David E. Little
 Owner

Residential & Commercial
 Interior & Exterior

Free Estimates
 Power Washing

Sikes₅ L.L.C.
 Partners in Branded Development

(301) 447-3015

J.D. WALTER & CO. INC.

- Historic Brick and Stone Restoration
- Repointing, Sandblasting, Pressure Washing
- Stucco, Formstone, Waterproofing
- Veneer Stone Sales and Installation

MHIC #21419

16617 Old Emmitsburg Rd. 301-447-6131
 Emmitsburg, MD Free Estimates

GENE'S TOWING
 SNOW REMOVAL
 Parking Lots • Driveways
 Jump Starts • Flat Tires • Lock Outs

Need a jump?
 Now offering full battery service!
 Batteries Available.

Office: 301-447-2243
 Mobile: 301-676-0842
 Fax: 301-447-2381

Eugene B. Troxell
 Emmitsburg, MD 21727

LIBRARY HIGHLIGHTS

EMMITSBURG LIBRARY

► 300 South Seton Avenue | 301.600.6329
Register online at www.fcpl.org

For Everyone

April 17 & 18
Home Schooling Fair
At the Frederick Fair Grounds

May 9 • 9 a.m.
7th Annual Plant Exchange
Sponsored by the Friends of the Emmitsburg Library. Trade excess plants you have for plants you want. No plants to barter? Make a donation to the Friends for your flower choices.

For Adults

April 14 • 7:30 p.m.
Book Club
Have a fun filled evening discussing a variety of book genres. Call the branch to find out what we're reading this month.

For Adults and Teens

April 16 • 4 p.m.
Knitting Circle
Beginners and experienced knitters are welcome. Bring your yarn and needles.

For Teens

April 21 • 6 p.m.
Book Club
Come discuss the latest and hottest young adult books; Victorian Era and a fast-paced world filled with fantasy, romance, mystery and adventure with "A Great and Terrible Beauty", the first Gothic novel in 'The Gemma Doyle Trilogy'.

April 23 • 6 p.m.
Anime Club
Watch movies, play games and socialize with friends.

For Children

Tuesday, April 7 & 14
9:45 a.m.
Head Start Storytime
A private storytime for children attending the Emmitsburg Head Start program. (Ages 3 - 5)

Wednesday, April 1, 8, 15
7 p.m.
Family Storytime
A storytime designed to engage children of all ages and a participating adult. (All ages)

Thursdays • 10:30 a.m.
Pre-School Storytime
Designed for preschoolers and a participating caregiver, this storytime celebrates a love of reading through books, music, and activities. (Ages 3 - 5)

April 13 • 4 p.m.
Book Bunch Club – Dragons & Droids
Join us for out of this world discussion on popular fantasy and science fiction books. Refreshments! (Ages 8 - 12)

April 15 • 4 p.m.
Book Bunch Club – Adele*
Join us for a book celebration highlighting the Medieval Maidens series by Lois Jarman, a snack, and special craft. Register by April 12.

April 25 • 11 a.m.
Puppet Power*
It's National Puppet Day! Celebrate by creating your very own whimsical puppet friends.

April 27 • 10:30 a.m.
A.R.T. Books & Crafts*
A special monthly story time highlighting a fun book or two and a coordinating art project. (Ages 3 - 6)

For Babies (2 & under)

Tuesdays • 10:30 a.m.
Two Terrific Storytimes
A fun filled storytime filled with music, movement, rhymes and stories tailored for the active two year old and a participating caregiver.

Wednesdays • 10:30 a.m.
Two Terrific Storytimes – Babies with Books
Join us for stories, rhymes, songs, and fun! For children 0 - 24 months plus a participating grown-up.

THURMONT REGIONAL LIBRARY

► 76 East Moser Road | 301.600.7201
Register online at www.fcpl.org

For Everyone

April 13 • All day
Family Game Day
School's out for the day, so drop by the library for some quality time with the whole family. Classic and new board games for kids, teens and adults available at both service desks. Just ask!

For Adults and Teens

April 4 • 10:30 a.m.
BYO Series: Introduction to Knitting*
For teens and adults and for those who have never knitted before, or perhaps learned years ago but set it aside and need a refresher from the beginning steps.

April 8 • 7 p.m.
All Write! A Monthly Writing Workshop just for Teens*
Teen writers grades 6 - 12 meet monthly. Bring your creative energies into play through exercises. Introduction to genres, group support and sharing.

April 8 • 7 p.m.
Tis The Season to Learn about Lyme Disease*
Join registered nurse and former Lyme Disease patient Kitty Nalewaik as she outlines the history, symptoms, politics, and treatments for Lyme Disease.

April 15 • 1 p.m.
Diverse Lives: A Biography and Memoir Book Discussion Group
Interested in exploring issues by reading and discussing biographies? Let's look at people of a diverse, interesting, unique or ordinary nature. Participants in this Adult Book Discussion Group help select biographies.

*Registration required. Call or stop by the library.

April 16 • 7 p.m.
History & Heritage: Celebrate Local Archeology
Presented by the TH Center for Agricultural History, learn about local archeology. Over 300 hundred years ago, Native American Indians called Frederick County home. Learn their history through archeology as State Archeologist Charles L. Hall shares local Native American prehistory.

April 23 • 7 p.m.
Seeking Grant Money?*
Looking for money for your organization? The library's Grant Seeker's Resource Center can help you. Pat Anderson, Center coordinator, will share a wealth of information and guidance about how you can get a grant today.

April 25 • 10 a.m.
Library Friends 3rd Annual Plant Exchange*
Bring a plant, take a plant. Be sure to label! Until 1 pm, garden enthusiasts will also enjoy planting info, seeds and plants for sale, door prizes and more. Also join other gardeners for 'Container Gardening' workshop hosted by Frederick County Master Gardeners. (Registration required for workshop only!)

April 26 • 2 p.m.
Sunday Jazz on the Deck
Everyone is invited to The TRL Deck in celebration of Jazz Month to hear "3 Generations of Kookens" from Baltimore, MD performing a variety of jazz favorites and original music. Brian, Sarah & Browne Kookens will play old favorites and original compositions.

For Children

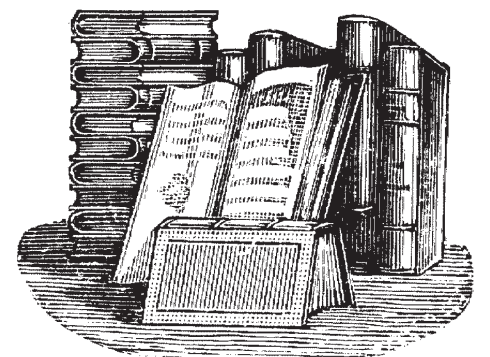
"We" story programs*
For infants through age five. Visit our website www.fcpl.org for days and times.

April 4 • 10:30 a.m.
Sign and Dance with Kathy MacMillan*
Warm up your fingers and toes, and learn basic signs through stories, music, and activities. ASL interpreter Kathy MacMillan will lead this upbeat movement-based program. (ages 2 - 6 with an adult)

April 9 • 10 a.m.
Born to Play: An Activity Time for Young Children
Get to know other kids and caregivers while having fun at the library! Play in the Imagination Zone with activities, toys, and imagination starters for children ages 6 mos. (0 - 5 years with an adult)

April 11 • 10:30 a.m.
Spring Fling & Bunny Hunt
Come celebrate spring at a special family storytime! Enjoy stories, music, and take home a rainbow ribbon ring! Afterwards, help Betty Bunny find her friends in our Bunny Hunt. (ages 2 - 6 with an adult)

April 14 • 4 p.m.
Curious Kids*
Are you curious about science and nature? Explore the world around you with simple, hands-on science activities for kids grades K-2 with an adult.



CATOCTIN HIGH STUDENTS
BRING IN THIS AD
FOR \$5.00 OFF
ON TUX RENTAL

Tuxedo Rentals

HOURS:
MON & THURS. 4PM-8:30PM
TUES. & WED. 11AM - 8:00PM
FRI. & SAT. 11AM - 9:00PM

PROMS, WEDDINGS, SPECIAL EVENTS
CALL FOR AN APPOINTMENT
FOR GROUP FITTINGS

COME SEE THE NEW STORE

1 East Main Street
Emmitsburg, MD 21727
301-447-3087
ESTABLISHED 1989
JOE & CINDY WIVELL

ONE PER PERSON

Like what you're reading?
Have a suggestion for future issues?
Interested in writing an article?
Want to make a comment?
Have a news tip?
Want to make a donation?



It's easy!

Just drop us a line at:
editor@emmitsburgchronicle.com
or P.O. Box 372, Emmitsburg, MD 21727

MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

The Mount is built on four pillars—faith, discovery, leadership and community.

A SPECIAL CONNECTION



One athlete with special connections to the Mount is **Willie Shank** of nearby Fairfield, Pa., who began participating in the Fall Fest in 1995, at 47 years old. In 2004, he began working part time at the Mount.

Having a great love for many sports, Willie has participated in soccer, basketball, floor hockey, skiing, track and field, duckpin bowling, swimming and softball throughout Maryland. His favorite sport is whichever one is in season at the time. His sister, Nita, who has coached Willie in many of the sports, states, "If he were to single one out, it would probably be basketball or softball. But he really does love them all."

Now at the young age of 60, Willie has experienced some health issues that need to be taken care of before he can get back onto the court or field. But Nita says confidently that "we'll eventually get back to it."

When Willie is not practicing sports, you can often catch him working in President Powell's office, running errands around campus and bringing smiles to all those with whom he comes in contact. If you want to start a great conversation with Willie, just ask him about the Pittsburgh Steelers, his number one team!

National Shrine Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes

One of the oldest American replicas of the Lourdes shrine in France.

PALM SUNDAY, APRIL 5

Noon & 5 p.m., Mass

GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 10

Noon, Stations of the Cross; 1:30 p.m., "Seven Last Words of Christ;" Fr. Lawrence Donohoo, O.P.
3 p.m., Liturgy of Good Friday

EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 12

6:30 a.m., Ecumenical Sunrise Service;
7:30 a.m. & Noon, Mass; Mark Forrest, Cantor

DIVINE MERCY SUNDAY, APRIL 19

10 a.m.-Noon, Confessions; Noon, Mass;
1:30-3 p.m., Confessions;
3 p.m., Mass and Divine Mercy
Chaplet; Mark Forrest, Cantor



Located on the campus of Mount St. Mary's University in Emmitsburg, Maryland. Sunday Mass at Noon. Group Pilgrimages, call 301.447.5318. email: grotto@msmary.edu | www.msmary.edu/grotto



THE MOUNT OFFERS RELIEF FOR ARTHRITIS SUFFERERS

by Anne Costigan, '10

Three days a week for one hour, Arthritis Aquatics Class members come together to get wet, loosen their muscles, and socialize in the Mount St. Mary's ARCC swimming pool.

Many, but not all members of the class have arthritis, their ages range from 30-92.

Rosie Bentz, who has arthritis, has been teaching the class for 16 years. Just two months into teaching the first class, Rosie realized it was her calling, "I knew I would be doing this for the rest of my life," she says. Like many others in the class, aquatics are the only kind of exercise her doctor allow her to do. Arthritis Aquatics exercise focuses on moving every muscle and joint in the human body. During one hour, the class completes a combination of over 180 exercises. "The stronger the muscle buildup is around joints, the less likely you are to break bones during a fall," Rosie explains, while demonstrating a neck exercise usually done in the water. "The neck exercise is essential, because when driving you need to be able to turn your neck fully around."

The class is about more than exercise. It is a social network. "Aquatics class is the only socializing opportunity for some class members, so I don't mind the chatter" said Rosie. Monthly birthday lunch dates are a popular tradition for the class. "Every birthday during that month decides where we will eat lunch that month. It is lovely to see people at lunch who cannot come to class due to surgeries and other health issues, it is a way to stay connected and supportive of one another."

Rosie encourages class members to return to class quickly after surgery. "My motto is "if you don't use it, you lose it," referring to motion abilities.

Class payment is on a punch card system, members only pay when they show up. This allows class members to show up at their leisure, and not worry about missed classes for doctor's appointments or bad weather.

The Arthritis Aquatics class cost for 20 classes is \$44 for Arthritis Foundation and Mount ARCC members and \$55 for non members.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

INVESTIGATING AND PROSECUTING HUMAN RIGHTS VIOLATIONS FOLLOWING THE BOSNIA-HERZOGOVINA GENOCIDE

APRIL 2, LAUGHLIN AUDITORIUM, 7 P.M.

Jerry D. Jackson, Jr., Lieutenant Colonel (Retired), U.S. Army
Co-sponsored by the Department of Psychology, ROTC, the CJSA, and Amnesty International.

WHAT DID THE 2008 ELECTION TEACH US ABOUT RACE AND POLITICS?

APRIL 21, KNOTT AUDITORIUM, 7 P.M.

Dr. Darren Davis, Professor of Political Science at University of Notre Dame

LLOYD DOBBLER EFFECT

MAY 1, FOUNDERS PLAZA, 5-8 P.M.

Lloyd Dobbler Effect will wow you with their musical abilities and their sensational lyrics!

STUNNING INTERNATIONAL FILM PRODUCTIONS ON MOUNTAIN THEMES ranging from mountaineering to ice and rock climbing to wildlife and environmental issues, as well as mountain sports such as skiing, kayaking, snowboarding, and much more.

THESE ARE SOME OF THE BEST OF THE FEST from the internationally acclaimed film competition that captures the spirit of the mountains with magnificent cinematography. See the award winners that blanket the spectrum of outdoor activities, culture and environment.

COME EXPLORE breathtaking mountain environments and cultures celebrating the spirit of outdoor adventure. The tour brings the festival to the biggest cities on all seven continents (Antarctica included!). And on Saturday, April 25th, 2009, Emmitsburg will be a proud host as one of the stops on this amazing tour. Whether you are an experienced mountaineer or an armchair adventurer, come celebrate these mountain experiences, ideas, and visions. It is quite simply 3 hours+ of jaw dropping inspiration!

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 2009

TIME: 6-9 P.M.

LOCATION: KNOTT AUDITORIUM



BANFF MOUNTAIN FILM FESTIVAL WORLD TOUR 2009

CALL 301-447-7437 OR EMAIL: CRUX@MSMARY.EDU
FOR TICKET INFORMATION.

MANDATORY PHOTO CREDIT: Banff Mountain Film Festival 2008. Best Short Mountain Film *If You're Not Falling*, Directed by Dave Brown, Produced by Paul Diffley, Production company: Hot Aches Productions (UK), Photo: Cory Richards Photo courtesy of The Banff Centre