

# Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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## S. Seton to remain closed till late June

For those of you hoping to see South Seton Avenue at the square reopen to traffic, you are going to be waiting for awhile. The current estimate from the engineer working to stabilize the apartment building that burned on square is that the road will remain closed until late June.

The reason for the holdup is a steel beam. According to an e-mail sent to town staff on April 23, project engineer Shannon Fuller is waiting on a steel beam to stabilize the apartment building that burned on April 3. "This beam will be placed in the roof to shore up all sides of the building. They are expecting a wait time of approximately 7-8 weeks, by the time this beam is constructed and actually installed in the building," according to the e-mail. The information had been relayed from Fuller to Frederick County Fire Marshal Marc McNeal to the Emmitsburg Town Office.

Once the beam is in place, the building will need to be inspected before South Seton Avenue can be reopened. To this point, signage has been used to direct traffic away from

South Seton and drivers who need to travel on the road have also been crowding back alleys to circumvent the closed portion of the road.

The owner of the building is still expecting to reopen the historic building. However, the length of time he needs to wait for the beam is an indicator of how long the project will take. If the building is reopened, it will also need to be brought up to current code. For example, Town Manager Dave Haller said the entire building's water supply was being fed off a one-inch line, which is too small. He has obtained permits for site cleanup from both the State of Maryland and Frederick County.

It will also be an expensive proj-



The Western Maryland Hotel under repair. See related stories on pages 21 and 29.

ect. The building had no fire insurance and the damage is estimated at more than a \$1 million.

The fire was reported around 6 a.m. on April 3. Fire companies from Frederick, Carroll, Washington, Adams, and Franklin counties battled the fire for roughly three hours. Thirty-five pieces of equipment and 125 firefighters helped put the fire out.

The building had 17 apartments and 28 residents, all of whom got out safely. As of Friday, April 16, 15 of those residents were still homeless, according to Emmitsburg Commissioner Denise Etris.

While the town had successfully gathered plenty of food and clothing for the displaced residents, the real need is money.

Continued on page 4

## Kids get hooked on fishing

Saturday, April 24, was a good day for seven-year-old Katherine McGuire. She had her line in the water and the fish were biting.

"I caught the golden one! I caught the golden one!" she shouted as the reeled in her latest catch, a golden trout about nine inches long.

It was her second catch of the day during the 7<sup>th</sup> Annual Carroll Valley Fishing Derby. The Borough of Carroll Valley sponsors the free event each year for kids 12 and younger.

"We would like to be able to open it to older kids, but we just don't have the room [along the stream bank]," said Mayor Ron Harris.

More than 100 people turned out to the Carroll Valley Park on the morning of April 24, which Dave Baker, who was helping coordinate the event, said was about average and "just about the right number" to allow kids to fish without getting in each other's way.

The trout stream around the park was sectioned off, and in some cases dammed, so that dif-

ferent age groups could fish in different areas. The stream had been stocked earlier with about 250 trout donated by McSherrystown Fish and Game.

Nine-year-old Kamren Bell was having success fishing, too. He needed to in order to keep up with his two-year-old brother Jady who had caught two fish soon after the derby began.

The two brothers learned their love of fishing from their father, Steve. "I fish just about every day during trout season - rain or shine," Bell said.

Though Kamren enjoys fishing, there's one aspect he still doesn't like.

"I just like catching fish, but I don't like to eat them," Kamren said. Katherine, however, enjoys all aspects of fishing. When asked what she was going to do with her prized golden trout, she said, "I'm going to eat him!" Then she turned and ran off with her two trout on a chain to show her latest catch to her grandfather.

"See that and everyone here enjoying themselves makes it all worthwhile," said Harris.

Besides having the opportunity to fish, each participating child gets a fishing-related gift that was either donated or purchased by the borough at a discount. Even with donations, it still costs the borough about \$400 to run the derby.

The derby was started by Borough Manager Dave Hazlett seven years ago to introduce kids to fishing and give them something to do other than watch television, according to Harris.



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## NEWS

## Around the Town

What began as a clean-up of the language in the Emmitsburg town code concerning firearms in January turned into something more involved as the Emmitsburg Town Council tries to decide on the best way to continue to allow hunting on certain properties within the town's boundaries.

When the council decided to remove mention of the town's police chief from the firearms ordinance since there is no longer a chief, it closed a loophole in the ordinance that hunters used in order to hunt on a large piece of property on the edge of the town boundary. Since January, the council, mayor and town staff have been looking for way to clean up the language in the ordinance while not adversely affecting anyone. For instance, Councilman Cliff Sweeney said that the way he read the ordinance also disallowed the gun business in town and any gun drawings that are used for fund raisers because both require firearms to be carried within the town at some point.

"If you're in favor of allowing it [hunting], you need to provide a way

for it to happen," said Commission President Chris Staiger.

Town Manager Dave Haller told the council that hunting is allowed in only one municipality in the state and that is St. Michael's.

While the mayor and Haller are trying to craft the language, it appears that the most-likely change will be that the town council or its designee assumes the duty held by the police chief in the ordinance. If so, then a process will have to be developed for someone to apply for an exception to the ordinance.

### Police enforcing helmet law

The Frederick County sheriffs deputies who patrol Emmitsburg have been enforcing the recently passed bicycle helmet law that requires helmets be worn while riding a bike. With the warming of the weather, the deputies have been giving many people their first verbal warning about the law. A second infraction of the law will result in a \$25 fine, but so far, the deputies have not had a problem with people wearing their bicycle helmets.

### Revenue cut from state could become permanent

The Town of Emmitsburg and all Maryland municipalities stand to lose a significant revenue source as the State of Maryland seeks to balance its own budget. Because of the reduced revenues to the Maryland comptroller, the Maryland General Assembly reduced the Highway User Funds to Maryland jurisdictions. The Maryland Senate now wants to cut the amount even further, down to 9 percent of what it once was. The loss is roughly \$115,000 annually.

"That money's important to help snow removal and street repairs," said Mayor James Hoover.

Town and county officials across the state will be fighting to keep these revenue cuts from becoming permanent.

### Four members named to Citizen Advisory Committee

The Emmitsburg Town Council unanimously approved four more residents to the new Citizen Advisory Committee. Larry Little, Ann Kulcheski, Rick Olesak and John Swenkler will be joining Don Briggs, who was appointed and March, and Commissioner Denise Etris, who will serve as the commissioner liaison to the committee.

## Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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## Around the Borough

It appears that the Carroll Valley Borough Council won't be making an ordinance change with the borough's noise ordinance, but a procedural change may be forthcoming. The Planning Commission looked at changing the noise ordinance earlier this year, but in the end decided that any possible benefit from the change wouldn't be worth the effort. In 2009, only 12 noise ordinance complaints were made and 4 citations issued. Instead the Carroll Valley Police Department may start hav-

ing complainants sign an unsworn falsification warning to warn them of the consequences of making a false complaint.

### Annual audit ready for public review

You can view the 2009 Carroll Valley Borough financial audit at the borough office. According to Borough Manager Dave Hazlett, the audit had only minor comments, most of which have been addressed already. The audit will also show that budgeted reve-

nues for the borough were down \$172,000 and expenses were cut \$160,000 to try and keep the budget balanced.

### Borough looking for volunteers

Carroll Valley Borough currently has 10 openings on its committees and boards that it is seeking to fill. Openings exist on the Parks and Recreation Committee, Board of Health (for an M.D.), Finance Committee, Sewer and Water Committee, Planning Commission and

Zoning Hearing Board. Volunteers need to commit to attending a monthly meeting (in some cases quarterly) and doing study and review for about eight hours a week on issues of concern to their committee.

### Employees recognized

Carroll Valley Borough recognized the service of two employees during the April 5 meeting.

Sterling Shuyler, Jr., an assistant foreman/operator, was recognized for 21 years of service to the borough.

"He was out there a long period of time trying to get those roads

cleared up," Mayor Ron Harris said of Shuyler's work during the February blizzards.

Richard Cool, a sewer treatment plant operator, was recognized for 10 years of service to the borough.

"If we had 20 Rich Cools my job would be simple," Borough Manager Dave Hazlett said.

### Tax collector sworn in

The new tax collector for Carroll Valley Borough is Phyllis Doyle. She can be reached through the borough office at 717-642-8269 ext. 31 if you have any questions.

## Harney to hold Memorial Day Observance

On May 29, The Monocacy Valley Memorial Post in conjunction with the Harney Fire Department and the Harney Lions Club will hold its annual Memorial Day Services in honor of Fallen Veterans.

The services will begin at 4:30 pm. The Post Honor Guard will visit the two local cemeteries, firing a 21 gun salute. In behalf of the VFW an American flag will be at each veteran's head stone. Families and friends of our fallen veterans are invited to participate in the services.

This year, in recognition of Memorial Day Observance, the post will have Albert Snyder as a guest speaker. Many will recognize Mr. Snyder as the father of a fallen marine while serving in Iraq in 2006. The Westboro Church from Kansas, attended his son's funeral,

protested and created a disturbance of the family's privacy and dignity during the funeral. Mr. Snyder will speak of his son and the ongoing civil suit to maintain a family's right to privacy during a funeral ceremony.

Members of the Maryland Patriot Guard Riders who have attended many funerals of our fallen comrades including Matthew Snyder will be present to express their profound support of Memorial Day Observance and all members of the military who have given the ultimate sacrifice. Marine Sergeant Major (Retired) Elaine Stem, Taneytown American Legion will give the salute in honor of Matthew Snyder and all fallen comrades.

In conjunction with the Memorial Day Services, the Ladies Auxiliary, the Lion Club and the

Harney Fire Department will also host their annual Good Ole Days celebration at the Pavilion at 6:00 pm.

The Good Ole Days will feature food and drinks at the Good Ole Days prices along with a band playing old time music, country and blue grass. In the tradition of the Good Ole Days celebration, the Ladies Auxiliary will have their famous cake walk and the sales of home made cakes. The public is invited to attend the Memorial Day Observance and the Good Ole Day celebration.

This event has been enjoyed for many years by Post members and our surrounding communities. All are welcomed to attend the Memorial Day Observance ceremonies and the Good Ole Days celebration.

Additional information can be obtained by calling the Post at 410-756-6866 or Frank M Rauschenberg, 410-756-5444.



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# Great weather, fun times for opening day

James Rada, Jr.

The closure of South Seton Avenue at Main Street may have caused the opening day parade for the Emmitsburg Baseball and Softball League to be canceled, but that may have been the only thing that went wrong with the opening of the 55<sup>th</sup> season of the league.

"You've given us a day to celebrate," Pastor John Rudolph, also the manager of the Athletics T-ball team, said during the invocation. "Emmitsburg needs a day like this and you've given it to us."

This year 235 local children ages 4 to 15 are playing on the league's 20 teams. Eight of the teams played exhibition games following the opening ceremonies that introduced this year's teams.

President Jeff Little said that it's very satisfying to see the youth in town develop their skills and teamwork as they have fun and achieve success on the playing field.

During the opening ceremony, Joe Zanella was given the Guy McGlaughlin Award for Service. The award is named af-

ter the first president of Emmitsburg Baseball and presented each year to honor a person's service and dedication to the league.

"I'm surprised at this," Zanella said. "I'm also very pleased and honored to receive it."

Zanella began working with league in 1968 as an assistant coach of the Giants. He became coach the following year and continued until 1995. He also coached his four sons through their time in the league.

"I like the way the young boys develop when they play baseball and I enjoy seeing them achieve their successes," Zanella said.

The Cardinals also received recognition and a banner for being the Northeast Conference Cal Ripken Baseball Play-Off Champs for 2009.

This year's teams and league are sponsored by Trinity United Methodist Church, Med One Pharmacy, the Emmitsburg Business and Professional Association, Emmitsburg Memorial Canteen Club, Ott House, Coleman Cadillac, Carriage House Inn, Tahiti Sun, Harrington and Sons, VFW Post 6658, Tim's Garage,



Reaver's Woodworking, American Legion Post 121, Quality Tire Service, W.S. Drywall Services, Knights of Columbus, Briggs Associates, Rosensteel Studios, Zurgables Hardware,

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mitsburg Ambulance Company and PNC Bank.

Keep track of how the season progresses for your favorite teams at [www.eteamz.com/Emmitsburg](http://www.eteamz.com/Emmitsburg).

## Casino application filed

The paperwork's in. Now David LeVan and the rest of Adams County will have to wait and see whether the State of Pennsylvania will follow the Cumberland Township Commissioners and allow a casino to be built a half a mile from the Gettysburg Battlefield where the Eisenhower Inn currently stands.

If approved, the Mason Dixon Resort and Casino would turn the Eisenhower Inn into a 72,000-square-foot casino. LeVan, who is proposing the casino, released the conceptual renderings on April 5. The drawings show that no new construction is planned for the Eisenhower Inn site.

"There is no new construction," said LeVan during the press conference to unveil the renderings. "We're making the buildings better, with new facades and interior upgrades."

Changes will include landscaping and interior and exterior work on the hotel and 100-acre property. The buildings will be remodeled for a more-historical, stone-and-wood look. LeVan also said no neon and flashing lights are planned for the exterior. Devonshire Village, condominiums near the Eisenhower Inn, will not see any changes.

"It's definitely not something you'll find in Las Vegas or Atlantic City," LeVan said. "Our overriding principle was to fit our project into the nature of the area."

The finished casino will fill the space where the All-Star Sports Complex currently is. It will have 600 slot machines and 50 table games if approved.

LeVan and his partner, Joseph Lashinger, have the property under a purchase option through 2012.

"It's a new chapter and a new beginning for this property, to

turn it into a premiere destination resort," said LeVan.

The application must now be reviewed by the Pennsylvania Gaming Board, which has one remaining category three slots resort license to award. The board has no expected date for when it expects to make a decision.

On April 23, supporters of the Casio raised close to \$1,000 to help Franklin County purchase land for a Monterey Battlefield interpretation center. Pro-Casino Spokesman Jeff Kline said he was astounded by the turnout and looked forward to the group raising money for other local unmarked battle sites, such as those in Fairfield and Zora.

Over 200 local citizens of Adams County turned out for the fundraiser, with many reaching into their pockets several times during the evening to help push the final toll towards its final mark. Many attendees stated they had little knowledge of the Battle of Monterey and expressed gratitude in having the opportunity to learn more about the battle and support the efforts to purchase the land.

## Man pleads guilty to murder

A 35-year-old Carroll Valley man was sentenced to 30 years in state prison on April 5 for stabbing and killing another man who he worked. Under a plea agreement, Jason Reuben Armstrong pleaded guilty to third-degree murder, aggravated assault, and tampering with or fabricating physical evidence. Armstrong had been facing life in prison on a first-degree murder charge.

The case centered around the death of 19-year-old Andrew Scot Bosley, who lived on Carrolls Tract Road in Ortanna. Armstrong confessed to the murder to his wife when he returned home at 5 a.m. covered in blood, though he told her that he had been attacked first. He then told his wife he wanted to get more beer and a steak because "he knew he would be going away for a long time," Wagner said.

On his way to get the beer, he crashed his car. When he returned home, he was arrested and taken to Gettysburg Hospital. His blood alcohol content was tested

there and found to be 0.111 percent well above the legal limit.

Police found Bosley's body 500 yards into the woods off of Ski Run Trail. Armstrong was charged with first-degree murder, third-degree murder, possession of instruments of crime, arson, abuse of a corpse, tampering with evidence, and driving under the influence.

Bosley's parents testified, telling the court how the death of their son had affected their family. Armstrong did not react to hearing the testimony.

Bosley's mother, Glenda Wornner, said, "It changed our world. I don't know how we survived, or how we will continue to function. It still stings."

Judge Michael George sentenced Armstrong to 20 to 40 years in prison on the murder charge and 10 to 20 years for aggravated assault. The sentences are to be served consecutively, meaning that Armstrong will serve 30 to 60 years. George sentenced Armstrong to 1 to 3 years on the remaining charges, but these can be served concurrently with the murder sentence.

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NEWS

# Mother Seton School celebrates its 200th anniversary

James Rada

Hundreds of people filled Mother Seton School on April 16 to begin a weekend of celebrating 200 years of Catholic education in St. Joseph's Valley. Throughout the hall, dozens of mini-reunions took place as former students met their former teachers and classmates they hadn't seen in years.

"This is a great and wonderful place and I loved it here," said Barbara Fitzgerald, one of the school's earliest lay teachers.

She taught at the school in the 70's, 80's and 90's. She also passed up her own high school reunion to be able to travel from her home in New Hampshire to be a part of the bicentennial celebration.

The opening ceremony at the school was on Friday, April 16 followed by a Bicentennial Homecoming Social the following evening and a Grand Celebration of the Gift of Elizabeth Ann Seton to the Church and to Children at the Basilica of St. Elizabeth Ann Seton on April 17.

"This is hallowed ground," said Ron Valenti, superintendent of education for the Archdiocese of Baltimore. "St. Elizabeth Ann Seton gave us a gift and that gift goes on today."

The auditorium at Mother Seton was filled for the opening ceremony. Among the attendees were five former principals, Daughters of Charity from all of the U.S. provinces, clergy, local politicians, former and current teachers and former and current students.

"If she [Mother Seton] were here today she would rejoice to see the fruits of all her labors," said Katherine Marshall, chairperson of the Mother Seton School Board, said during her remarks.

St. Joseph's Free School and Academy was founded by Seton in 1810. It was the first school in the country to provide a free Catholic education



for girls. It grew into school system that offered girls a primary through collegiate education. Then it began to break into separate schools and even offer education to boys.

Mother Seton School opened in 1956 on South Seton Avenue, a direct descendant of St. Joseph's Free School and Academy. This first site, now occupied by the Seton Center, was unique because it was one of the first pre-fabricated schools in the country.

The school was moved to its current building on Creamery Road in 1965. Patrick O'Boyle, Archbishop of Washington, preached at the dedication of the new building by

Cardinal Lawrence J. Shehan, Archbishop of Baltimore. The original building had 16 classrooms, cafeteria, library, gym-auditorium, computer lab and resource lab. A 2002 addition to the school added a science lab, multi-purpose room, pre-school classrooms, kindergarten classrooms, playground, office area, staff room, health room and atrium entrance.

She'll be attending Catoctin High in Thurmont after she graduates from Mother Seton. While she's looking forward to it, the change has her nervous because of how different it will be from what she have experienced so far at Mother Seton.

# Emmitsburg Carnival arrives May 24

Watch for the 23<sup>rd</sup> Annual Emmitsburg Carnival coming to the grounds of Mother Seton School in this month. The carnival will open daily at 6 p.m. from Monday, May 24 until Saturday, May 29.

Russ Amusements in Wells-ville, Pa., provides the rides and carnival games. Different deals for discounted rides are available each night.

Local organizations run food booths and the bingo tent. You can get soup, Italian sausage, pizza, soft pretzels, pit beef, hamburgers, crab cakes, fried chicken, funnel cakes, snowballs and more from the food vendors.

Regional bands take to the stage each night to provide live entertainment beginning at 6:30 p.m.

The carnival is a large fundraiser for many of the organizations in town, especially Mother Seton School, which hosts the carnival.

Mother Seton School is located at 100 Creamery Road

in Emmitsburg. Plenty of free parking is available at or near the school. For more information, call (301) 447-3161.

### Upcoming graduations

As we enter the graduation season, high schools and colleges will be holding graduation ceremonies for their seniors.

### Mount St. Mary's University

May 15 - Mount St. Mary's University will hold a graduation dinner for graduates and their families from 6:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. in Patriot Hall.

May 16 - Mount St. Mary's University will hold its 2010 commencement in the Knott Auditorium. Guests will not be permitted close to the stage to take pictures. A professional photographer will take a picture of each graduate receiving his or her diploma and proofs of these pictures will be sent to the senior in June. Any questions should be directed to the Office of Student Affairs at [studentlife@msmary.edu](mailto:studentlife@msmary.edu) or (301) 447-5330.

### Western Maryland Hotel continued from page 1.

"The rent for some of them is going to be higher than what they were paying, which is an issue," Etris said.

Money is being collected to help pay landlord security deposits and deposits needed to activate utilities. Etris estimated that about \$30,000 is needed and only \$10,000 had been raised. She pointed out that the money is not distributed to the residents but paid directly to landlords and utility companies. St. Joseph Church is still taking cash and check donations. If paying by check, it can be made out to the Emmitsburg Fire Relief Fund.

Stavros Pizza was located on

the first floor and suffered damage from the fire and is closed as well. The business is expected to reopen soon. Rumor has it that the new location will be in the current Smokehouse Alley location, but those associated with the businesses would not confirm or deny the rumor.

John William Bushman Sr., 43, a resident of the building, has been indicted for 12 counts of first-degree arson, 13 counts of reckless endangerment, one count of arson threat and one count of malicious burning/first degree. He allegedly set fire to a pillow in failed suicide attempt. No trial date has been set yet.

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# One hundred years ago this month

May 6

## House Burnt at Bruceville

Fire thought to have originated from a spark from a passing locomotive burned the house of William Ott at Bruceville, with nearly all the contents. The plane started under the roof, and when discovered had gained too much headway to be checked. As much of the furniture was removed as possible. The loss is about \$1800, nearly covered by insurance.

## Runaway Hurts Mail Carrier

On Monday afternoon Mr. James Bishop rural mail carrier, was badly hurt in a runaway accident. His horse became frightened at some store boxes near the residence of Professor Jourdan and became unmanageable. Mr. Bishop was thrown out on his face and besides several ugly skin wounds he was much bruised. The buggy was badly broken and the mail, money, postal cards, etc. were scared over the road.

## Dramatic Club Gives Excellent Performance

The performance of "Mr. Bob," by the Dramatic Club on Monday and Tuesday evenings was enjoyed on both evenings by a larger audience. The betrayal of different characters was excellent. Miss Euphemia Tyson, Miss Valerie Welty, Miss Grace Landsinger, and Miss Anna Felix on one hand and Messrs Robert Kerrigan, John Rosensteel, and Felix Adams on the other constituted the cast. It was the first appearance of Miss Felix with the club and she acted or part admirably, the others, old members and well known for their ability, perform their parts in a finished manner. The audiences were also entertained by the first appearance of St. Euphemia's Glee Club.

## Fairfield High School Graduation

The Fairfield High School held its first annual commencement on Monday evening in the school building and was enjoyed by an appreciative audience. The high

school was organized two years ago and the first commencement was proof of the wisdom of the undertaking there were three graduates, Ethel McCreary, Anna Landis, and Alma Slonaker.

## Toll Gate House Robbed

The toll gatehouse at Zora was robbed on Friday night. The keeper, Mr. Eyer, who is blind, was aroused by his wife who heard the noise made by the robbers who used a bench as a ram to break in the door. As soon as the robbers were discovered they fled.

May 13

## Wreck on Emmitsburg Road

The excursion train carrying some 60 persons, which left Emmitsburg early Wednesday morning, collided with the engine at Rocky Ridge and a number of persons were more or less injured. The cars were drifting at the time, the ancient having gone ahead into the Y, the switch was open and the coaches followed the engine with the above result. The car was put out of commission, the front platform be pretty badly damaged.

## Auto Car Line to Resume

In a few days the Auto Car Line, established last summer, will be in full operation. One car making a regularly scheduled trips between Emmitsburg and Thurmont and the other car running between Gettysburg and the battlefield. Under this year schedule the directors and stockholders look for substantial returns.

The car between Emmitsburg and Thurmont will make for trips a day connecting regularly with the important trains on the Western Maryland railroad. Passengers will thus be assured of reaching their destination when exact time. It is expected that the car to be located in Gettysburg why handle a great number of tourist during a coming in Camden and that it will be well patronized throughout the summer.

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## Death of George T Six

George T. Six, formerly of Emmitsburg, but for the past 40 years a resident of Columbus, Ohio, died on April 13. He was the son of the late Edward and Susan Six, of Emmitsburg, and in the Civil War was a member of Cole's Cavalry. He was 68 years of age.

## Town Commissioners Organize

The Town Commissioners organize last night by electing Dr. Foreman, president; M. F. Snuff, Secretary and Treasurer. One ordinance was passed providing for meetings which are public. These meetings are to be held on the second Tuesday of every month at Fireman's Hall from eight to nine o'clock.

## Child's Strange Affliction

On Wednesday a son of Charles Ridge, attending the public school at Annandale, even evidence that he was suffering from Hydrphobia. The lad was kept in at recess and his teacher noted that saliva was flowing from his mouth and he moved his jaws in a particular matter. She told him to go outside and we need got among the other children he made several unsuccessful attempts to bite them. When the teacher heard the commotion she came to the door and the afflicted child ran

home. It has since been discovered that the child had been bitten by a dog some time ago

May 20

## Notice

Attention is called to the existence of an ordinance which forbids the allowing of horses, cattle, hogs or any stock to run at large on any of the streets or alleys of the town. Also to the ordinance prohibiting playing ball in the streets. It is the intention of the town authorities to force these and all ordinances.

## Complimentary Dance

The Emmitt Cornet Band gave a complimentary dance to the ladies who assisted them at their recent festival. The dance was held in the Opera House on Tuesday night and was greatly enjoyed.

May 27

## Wife Beater Shot By Incensed Neighbors

Fairfield-Saturday night James Corwell arouses community by abusing his wife in such an outrageous manner that neighbors took a hand with the result that Corwell was taking to

jail after doctors had picked a handful shot from his anatomy. Corwell was going up an alley towards the house his wife had retreated to when he was told to stop. When he failed to stop he was stopped by a load of shot.

## Fireman's Festival Great Success

The festival given in the Opera House last Friday and Saturday evening by the Vigilant Hose Co. Was an unqualified success, do very largely to the cooperation of the ladies of the town. The hose Company enjoys the goodwill of the entire community and very deservedly. This support of the festival is but an instance of the people's gratitude for services in the past and their desire for the future success of the organization.

## Wandering Mechanic

On Monday night all wandering mechanic was arrested and lodged in the "cheese box." He had harvested too much rye in the heat of the day and it took a night in the "cooler" to reduce his temperature.

## Haley's Comet

The comet and the eclipse on Monday night was viewed by most of Emmitsburg citizens. The comet, in competition with a full moon did not appear so lustrous.

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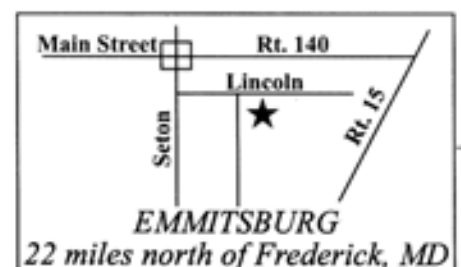
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## GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

# From the Desk of County Commissioner Weikert

May 18 is primary election day in Pennsylvania. In this election cycle voters will be choosing candidates for US Senator and Congressman, State Governor and Lieutenant Governor, State House Representatives and state and local political party committee members. In the Pennsylvania Primary Elections, only Republicans and Democrats may vote, all others are for some reason by law not included. By the way, do you know all the official political parties that exist in our country today? I was amazed when I saw the list.

The parties include American, American Eagle, American Independent, American Labor, Anarchist, Birthday, Christian, Christian Democrat, Citizens, Conservative and Constitutional, Democratic, Free, Freedom, Good Neighbor, Green, Green Democrat, Independence, Independent, Independent Democrat, Independent Republican, Liberal, Libertarian, Natural Law and Non Affiliation, No Party, Non-Committal, Non-Partisan, Other, Patriot, Reform, Republican, Tax-

payers and United Peoples. I had no clue that some of these political parties ever existed. So now with all that knowledge behind us, it's the R's versus the D's.

So how do you decide to be an R or a D anyway? When I was a youngster, I thought the farming community was all D's and the downtown business folks were all R's. Since my Dad was a storm trooper Harry Truman Democrat, it was all but decided that all his children would follow suit, walk into the Court House and sign up on the D side. Not so fast, being of our own minds my sister, brother and I all decided farm work was a hard life and we would sooner align ourselves with the downtown folks and opted for the R side. Most of my generation was pretty much expected to align with the family pecking order when picking their political affiliation. There were a lot of squabbles when family members chose different parties; I understand my wife's grand parents often nearly came to blows as the ballots were being counted.

Ok so what is really the difference between the R's and the D's anyway? Well the D's are often classified as liberal and R's as conservative. The D's many times support social programs which help those in need, while the R's rely on the private sector to create our jobs, pay us a competitive wage and we then can fend for ourselves. So what if you like to see new business startups and you also care for people and their needs, are you now a RD? If you believe we need to increase social programs and also help the business sector make it through a down turned economy are you now a DR?

As a teen I noticed that the D's often times drove Fords and the R's drove Chevrolets, Pontiacs and Cadillac's. I have a friend who, a few years back, proclaimed that a lot of the D's drove Volvos and the R's drove BMW's. In today's hybrid age, he tells me that the D's are driving the Prius and the R's are driving Tahoe's and Suburbans. Some people think that the D's are seen as tree huggers and

the R's want to cover the entire landscape with concrete. Others claim that the R's are tall, dark and handsome and the D's are short, stocky and balding. I talked to a gentleman along the street one day and he tried to convince me that females were predominately D's and the guys were mostly R's. Funny how we classify our friends and neighbors isn't it?

Speaking of our Presidents, there were some famous ones who were identified by R's and D's. Our first President George Washington, "The Father of our Country", was not affiliated with any party. Abraham Lincoln, our 16<sup>th</sup> President, who saw us through the Civil War and helped preserved the union was our first R President. FDR was our 32<sup>nd</sup> President of the United States. He was a D. He led America through WWII and helped establish our Social Security System, two major accomplishments I would agree. How about JFK our 35<sup>th</sup> President of the United States? He was a D. His leadership and commitment enabled America to land a man on the moon and

create major opportunities in the field of math and science. LBJ our 36<sup>th</sup> President opened the door to civil rights for all Americans. He was a D. Ronald Reagan an R, our 40<sup>th</sup> President saw the Berlin Wall fall and helped broker the end of the "Cold War".

Well enough said about letters and history, let's get to the point. I believe that public service should have no need or claim for an R or D. We should look beyond our needs and step up to serve those who need our assistance. When you feel better by serving others than doing things for your self you are truly a public servant. It's no use to complain about others if you are not willing to step up and step out to make your community, organization, county, state or country a better place than you found it. Get up and get out to vote on May 18 and help elect those who wish to serve. Think long and hard about how you may be able to serve yourself. Find something you care deeply about, something that you love and join in to make this world a better place for us all.

# From the Desk of Carroll Valley Mayor Ron

May is definitely a busy month for all of us. We have, Teacher's Appreciation Day (May 4th), the Carroll Valley Citizens Association (CVCA) Yard Sale (May 8th), Mother's Day (May 9th), National Police Officers Memorial Day (May 15th), the Fairfield Fire & EMS Open House (May 16th) and the CVCA July 4th Golf Tournament (May 28th). There is so much to do and so little time.

This is also the time of year that everyone starts to clean around the house. The question is what to do with the leaves and fallen branches. Some residents bag them and drop them at the Washington Township Transfer Station on Route 16. Others drive a shorter distance and dump their leaves in the designated borough leaf deposit area located at the Borough Municipal Service area in the Ranch section. You are asked to remove the leaves from the bag unless the bag is biodegradable.

As a reminder, if you choose to burn the leaves, you should refer to our ordinance #6-2008. Here are some of the highlights. You can burn yard clippings, leaves, shrubbery, brush, tree branches and tree trimmings (less than 6" in diameter). You are not allowed to burn garbage, plastic, Styrofoam, skid, chemically treated lumber, synthetic material, cardboard boxes, rubber-based materials or other hazardous materials. Burning must be performed between dawn to dusk. The property owner is responsible to assure the fire is under constant supervision and control during the fire's duration. No open burning is allowed within 50 feet of an existing building or any paved portion of a public right of way. Under this ordinance, you no longer get your burn

permit from the Borough office. You now call 334-8101 to get your permit from the Adams County Department of Emergency Services.

Our State Forest Fire Warden Bill Jacobs asks us to be aware of ground conditions when planning a recreation fire or burning leaves and branches. He recommends the area needs an inch of rain before it is safe enough to engage in an open burn. Remember the surface shrubs, leaves, and grass can dry out within an hour. Please be careful. You do not want to start a brush fire that can spread very quickly.

Don't know if you heard but I have created a website [www.ronspictures.net](http://www.ronspictures.net) to share the pictures I have taken in and around our community. After the home page appears, click on the gallery of interest. You also have the capability to view the pictures in slideshow mode. If you want a copy, move your mouse over the picture and a menu appears on the right side of the picture. Click the Save Photo folder icon and a dialog window appears asking you what to do with the file. Click the Save File radio button and then click OK. The picture is downloaded to your hard drive. Hope you enjoy your visit to the site.

On May 8th the CVCA Spring

Yard Sale will be held from 8:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. at the Ski Liberty Parking Area off Sanders Road. The rain date is May 15th. If you are interested in reserving a table to sale your stuff, you need to reserve a space by calling (717) 642-9741. The payment of \$10.00 to CVCA will be collected on the day of the sale before entering your space. When you reserve, you will be given a space number, and you will be directed to your space when you arrive on Saturday. You are asked to make your reservations as soon as possible. If you have any questions you should call the Yard Sale Coordinator John Springer at the above number.

By the way, if you are looking for a special treat for Mothers Day, how about a walk on the wild side that is a Wildflower Walk. Bring the whole family out to Strawberry Hill [www.strawberryhill.org](http://www.strawberryhill.org) on May 9th from 2 to 3:30 p.m. and treat Mom to a guided hike through the preserve lead by local horticulture enthusiast Joe Breighner

The Fairfield Fire & EMS is planning to have an EMS Open House on Sunday, May 16th from 1:00 to 4:00 pm. It is an opportunity to meet the people who respond when help is needed. The Open House involves some of the

following attractions: Fire and Rescue Demonstrations, LifeNet Helicopter, Fire Truck and Ambulance rides and spraying water from a real fire truck. Children will receive a free Fairfield Fire & EMS t-shirt. The family will receive a free lunch. Spend an old fashion Sunday afternoon at the fire house on May 16<sup>th</sup>.

On May 28th the 4th Annual CVCA Golf Classic will be held at the Mountain View Golf Course. The check-in time is 8:00 a.m. with a shotgun start at 9:00 a.m. The fee is \$65.00 per golfer (4 person Scramble) which includes green fees, cart fees, donuts, coffee, lunch, door prizes and beverage.

Prizes will be awarded in 3 men's flights and a ladies flight. A cash prize of \$500.00 will be awarded to anyone who gets a hole in one on hole #3. Registration is due by May 18th. If paying by check, you are asked to make the check payable to the Borough of Carroll Valley. Questions should be directed to the tournament director Margaret Wile at (717) 642-6631. Please come out to the tournament and enjoy the play. The money is used to support our community's July 4th Celebration.

*If you have any questions or if I can be of any help, please do not hesitate to email me [mayor@carrollvalley.org](mailto:mayor@carrollvalley.org) or call me (301) 606-2021.*

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## GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

# From the Desk of County Commissioner Hagen

On April 6th, the Frederick County Board of County Commissioners (BOCC) presented the "Recommended Operating Budget" for Fiscal Year 2011 (FY2011), which begins on July 1 of this year. It's called the "recommended" budget, but it makes more sense, I think, to refer to it as the "draft" budget.

The draft FY2011 budget will be taken to public hearing, on Tuesday, May 4th at Middletown High School. Many county residents, organizations and institutions will comment on it then, and for a few more weeks by letter, email and other means, before the final budget is adopted on June 1, 2010. The BOCC will almost certainly make some adjustments during a few public meetings between the public hearing and the final adoption of the budget.

Drafting a budget for the county is a lengthy and complicated process, and an especially challenging one during these difficult economic times. It is also the single most important responsibility of the county commissioners, who must carefully decide how to support our community's needs, priorities and values with the dollars provided by taxpaying citizens and businesses across the county.

### A few basic points:

The county always adopts a balanced budget. If revenues fall below projec-

tions during the year, mid-year adjustments are made.

For the last two and a half years, the focus has been on producing a balanced budget by decreasing spending. While Frederick County has fared better than almost everywhere else during the economic downturn - or global recession - we have seen a significant reduction in revenues from almost all sources. The reductions have included deep cuts from the state. For example, two years ago the county received more than \$14 million for our share of State Highway User Revenues. This budget includes a return to the county of just \$491,000 - a reduction of more than 95% in funding source that was used for road maintenance. Locally, property tax assessments are declining (properties that were assessed this past year, had an average reduction of 28%).

Despite these reductions in revenues, this board has been unanimously opposed to raising any taxes to make up the difference. As a result, Frederick County's budget has been reduced by \$50,000,000.00 over the last two years. After funding for Frederick County Public Schools, that is roughly a 20% reduction in the funding for all other county services and facilities.

A partial list of the county services that are supported in the county bud-

get includes the sheriff, fire and rescue, emergency management, the detention center, road and bridge maintenance, parks and recreation, transit, public health, animal control, planning, citizen services, libraries, and more - even snow removal!

Budget cuts have been made across the board. From the services listed above to the county departments that support them (such as management services, finance and human resources), every part of county government has experienced significant reductions. Programs have been reduced or eliminated, and the county workforce has been downsized, with 184 positions eliminated over the last two years.

County divisions that are supported by fees - solid waste management, water and sewer services - have experienced the same scrutiny and reductions in budgets and staff. In addition, a number of capital projects have been deferred, some indefinitely. Projects delayed include the already overdue renovations of some older schools, the development of much-needed park facilities, maintenance projects on various county buildings, and more.

One important goal has been to make the necessary reductions in the most informed and thoughtful manner possible. In order to do that, three commissioners - Gardner, Gray and myself - spent many dozens of ex-

tra hours meeting with all of the Division Directors, and many department heads, reviewing their budgets program by program, and in many instances, line by line.

While we would all prefer not to be experiencing the current economic downturn, every crisis is also an opportunity. And so, in addition to the reduction and elimination of some programs and staff positions, we've looked closely for ways to be more efficient. One of many examples is targeted reductions in fuel consumption has resulted in saving more than \$500,000.00 due to lower utilization of vehicles and equipment. Many of these efforts helped close the short term gaps we've had to close, but will make county government more efficient for years to come.

### Which brings me to the next few years ahead

While the news brings increasing signs of an economic recovery, and Frederick County will certainly bounce back sooner and stronger than many or most places, there is little doubt that the next two budget years, at least, will be just as difficult as the last two. More cuts from the state may be forthcoming. Or the state could shift a substantial share of teacher pension cost to the county, even though the county does not decide or control the level of ben-

efits. That alone could be tens of millions of dollars. Either way, we are not expecting to have any of the cuts from the state, such as our share of the State Highway User Revenue, to be restored any time soon.

Even without additional state cuts, we know there will be significant reductions in property tax revenues as the state updates assessments on the two-thirds of the county over the next two years.

It is going to be more important than ever to examine every detail of the budget thoughtfully and thoroughly, balancing competing priorities in order to make hard decisions well and responsibly...without raising taxes. I know we can and hope we will continue to take a more surgical approach, using a scalpel to make precise cuts rather than whacking away at the budget with a meat axe. It's hard work, but the budget is too important to do it any other way.

For those who want to review the county budget, detailed documents are available on the county's website (<http://www.frederickcountymd.gov>). The public hearing will be televised, and will be available afterward via online video. and throughout the month of May, you can ask questions, or express your thoughts or concerns by email or letter before the final budget is adopted.

# From the Desk of Town Council President Chris Staiger

No time for chit chat this month - lots going on in town courtesy of last month's fire...

First of course: Thank you to the volunteers of the Vigilant Hose Company and many neighboring fire departments for saving the town from an even worse disaster. It was impressive to see four tower trucks - one at each corner of the building - as they brought the blaze under control. One firefighter really drove the situation home for me when he described his initial thoughts while passing the burning building when responding to the station siren. Although not "sprinklered," the installation of required smoke alarms in the building appears to have been key to an early response and no loss of life. Once things WERE under control these first responders were also extremely attentive to numerous residents' requests to retrieve critical personal belongings and medications or medical equipment. These were neighbors.

Thank you to Pastor Jon and Suse Greenstone for their efforts to comfort displaced persons on the scene and thank you to Father O'Malley for answering a knock at the door and opening St Joseph's Church facilities so that folks could have initial shelter, the Red Cross could have an ample staging area, and the Fire Marshalls' had everyone together to begin their interviews and investigation. The owner of the Little Flower shop even opened her building to serve as a shelter for pets. I was chastened to see all of these actions unfold as the morning progressed. Please contin-

ue to help where you can - the critical need is monetary support for deposits and fees as victims seek new housing arrangements.

So where do we stand with the situation on the Town Square now? The short answer is that the property owner is in the driver's seat... As of April 19, permits had been obtained from the Town and the County to begin cleanup work within the structure as well as stabilization work on the western wall that bore the brunt of the fire damage and is the primary reason for the closure of the intersection. The property owner will be required by the State to have additional inspections completed to confirm the stability of the structure. Inspection, review, and approval by the County and State will then provide the basis for reopening the intersection. At this point, the property owner controls the time line.

So then what about the state of Lincoln Avenue that has become the main alternate route? First to commuters - please, please use the alternate intersection at Main Street and US15 a half mile down the road. It's safer and certainly easier on

your car. For locals, the short story is not short. A tangle with the State over permits for the Lincoln Avenue Sewer and Water Rehab Project is now magnified by the impact of the fire. The State authorities, after granting approval to begin the project came to realize that they had not implemented one required permit. This permit requirement was the result of a recent court decision. Yes, it would have been best if ANY of those involved had picked up on this discrepancy. But, nobody did. That's just the way it is. No point trying to blame anybody. The required information was submitted to the State within three days of the cease and desist order but the State has now taken longer than their 'mandated minimum' of 45 days to approve the permit. The State knows the situation - they just need to get moving. The State will not assess any fines and the Engineering company's insurance is paying for any costs resulting from "the error."

Final repaving of the road was slated to take place following completion of the project - which would have been done by now according

to the original plan. Of course, the road continues to deteriorate not only due to the project's suspension but due to the increased traffic related to the closure at the square. Unfortunately, it then took a period of time to confirm that patching work wouldn't be considered a violation of the State's order to halt the project! By late April, we were in a position to fill the potholes, but then rain prevented the mix from curing and the holes reopened. My understanding from the Mayor and Town Manager is that by the time of publication some progress should finally be made on the road surface. Regardless, it will not be to the quality of the pre-existing road way - take it

easy if you are forced onto the alternate route to collect the mail or visit businesses in the South Seton area.

So, this is the situation as I understand it on all these inter-related issues. I'm proud to be an elected official representing such a strong and supportive community. And I apologize on behalf of the Town Government for all of the inconvenience to our residents and business owners related to the suspension of the infrastructure improvement project and the complications of the fire on the Town Square. The only thing I can ask is for another measure of patience while the situations resolve. Thank you, Chris Staiger



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## COMMENTARY

# Words from Winterbilt

## Retirement—looking down the road

Shannon Bohrer

I recently retired after 42 years in law enforcement and I very much enjoyed my career. It was very rewarding work and I know that I was very fortunate to have such good and long employment. I was also lucky that, when I set a retirement date, some associates of mine asked me to work with them on a project. The project is like continuing my work on a part time basis. So while I have retired from full time employment, I am still working several days each month and continue to associate with some very good people. Additionally, the part time work includes a little traveling, and I look forward to the trips when my wife can join me.

Just prior to my retirement, I was at a luncheon when someone asked me why I was retiring. I responded that I liked my job, the people I worked with and enjoyed coming to work. I continued that from my perspective I am paid a very good salary to do something I enjoy, which makes me very fortunate. Additionally, I have a wife I love (38 years of marriage), a home that I enjoy very much and a long list of things that I would

like to do. Besides, everyone has to retire sometime.

The person that asked the question thought for a while and then repeated, "But if you like what you do, why are you retiring?" I thought for a moment and responded with the analogy that when you teach someone to drive, they tend to fall into two categories. One group always looks out over the hood of the vehicle and literally as far ahead as they can see the road. The other group tends to look over the hood at the road directly in front of them. Both perspectives have their advantages and they both have disadvantages.

The advantage of looking far down the road is that the operator is taking a longer view of what's ahead. The disadvantage is the driver can miss hazards that are close. Conversely, the driver that looks directly in front of them tends to see the immediate hazards, but misses the larger view.

For a long time, I tried to have both perspectives, but felt I was not always attending to important matters and I needed more balance in my life. I added that I was too old to be in the rodeo, but I wanted to retire before I was too

old to be in the parade (not literally). My reality is that I want both views, and converting from full-time to part-time will allow me the time I need; at least that's the plan.

One of my first part-time jobs was to teach a class in San Antonio Texas. I approached my wife with the proposition that she travel with me on this trip. We have both been to San Antonio before and we very much enjoyed our previous trips. And, as luck would have it, we would be in town for the first weekend of the San Antonio Rodeo. My wife agreed and I made the arrangements. We would fly to San Antonio the first Wednesday in February. I had a presentation on Thursday and we then would have the entire weekend to visit the historic sites and see the rodeo. Since we would be gone for five days, my wife made arrangements for her sister to stop at our farm and feed the horses and chickens.

Everything went according to plan, with one little glitch. While we were in San Antonio, Maryland had a snow storm. Before the snow started, my wife called home and talked to her sister. Her sister told her that since it was sup-

pose to be a lot of snow, she was moving to our farm with her twin 9 year old boys. It turned out to be a lot of snow and her sister and the twins were snowed in for two days. We called several times, and by the second day, thanks to our wonderful neighbors, the farm was plowed out and her sister and twins went back to their home.

We had left Maryland on a Wednesday and were supposed to be back home on the following Monday. Watching the national news in San Antonio, we realized another snow storm was due in Maryland on Tuesday and that it may be more snow than the first. I advised my wife that we would be home before the next snow. I was wrong. Our flight on Monday was cancelled and there were no other flights that were available. We re-booked for Tuesday morning and called her sister. Once again, her sister and twins moved to the farm.

Very early on Tuesday, we boarded a flight from San Antonio and landed in Chicago, but our connecting flight to Baltimore was cancelled. We eventually left Chicago on Thursday and finally arrived in Maryland. However, our road was still closed and we spent the night at my wife's sister's home. Of course, my wife's sister was still at our home. On Friday

afternoon, the County opened our road and we arrived home, home being at the end of the driveway with a walk through deep snow.

Later that evening, after the driveway was cleared with help from our great neighbors and after my wife's sister and her children had left, my wife told me that the twin boys had left us some notes. Since they were snowed in for several days they were supposed to be doing their school work but they also left us several written notes. A few of the notes.....

"Aunt Sue & Uncle Shannon, Mom and us went out to feed the horses, mom fell down in the snow and could not get up. Later she did get up and fed the horses. We came in and had hot chocolate and mom had a beer. Joe & Tom"

"Aunt Sue we thank you for letting use sleep over night here, Love Joseph"

"Welcome Home. By the way can you get us out of the snow - Yeah"

My wife and I enjoyed the notes and my wife commented that she would not be going on my next trip.

Even when you look down the road, the trip may not always go as planned. However, often you can find unexpected rewards, even when things don't go as planned.

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

# Pondering the Puzzlement

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

"I'm finding I enjoy bitterness more than I did longing for success." -J. Gorin

When a Russian born Jew posted that line I felt a flush of anger. Bitterness I wrestle with every day and have yet to see how it leads to anything useful. To learn that she is leaning toward embracing bitterness depresses me.

From what I've gleaned of her birth, in a state hospital in Communist Russia, she lives by chance or the grace of some god. That her mother was a Jew had little to do with the poor treatment received in that medical institution. All the peasant women laboring in that place were treated with considerably less concern and care than were given village goats during kidding time. If any of the women died it was only paperwork for the overworked nurses who tried to ignore their cries of pain. If any of them succeeded in giving birth, well that was only more paperwork. What does it matter in any bureaucracy if a peasant lives or dies, so long as someone does the paperwork?

Considering her birth, I found the Jew's sense of humor fascinating. She was living in Manhattan, working comedy clubs between writing opinion pieces for

any publication that would pay for them, when I first contacted her. Her nationally published columns, baring the extremes of her Über liberal Manhattanite acquaintances, were a confirmation of what little I'd heard of such people. That she could make me laugh while getting me to think outside my "rural mindset" endeared her to me, when I wasn't cursing her for making me consider ideas I'd rather not.

I once attempted to rattle her with a declaration as to why the world hates the Jews. "They make the rest of us think! Every freaking Jew I've ever talked to has caused me to think about things that I'd sooner ignore." She thought I was hilarious and encouraged me to open my eyes. The universe of ideas expands before me and I'm late to the race!

As much as the exchange of thoughts with this woman has set me to pondering and seeking, I often return to my "hick" nature.

There is only so much I can absorb of the world and blend with what was set in my head during childhood. I find myself twisting and squirming like some poor worm I use to thread a fishhook through. I too, don't understand the need for the torment; though I've been convinced the pain is worth the result. I keep reading,

listening, watching, and asking questions against the day I gain some understanding. I still worry the worm has the right of it and I'm just being used to no end I'll be pleased with.

Partly because of the Jew, I've chosen a side in the unending political struggle for the control of our country. I too have embraced bitterness. While I'll not be voting for any candidate from one of our two major political parties, I do carefully listen to what they have to say, compare it to what they are doing, and to what similar ideologies have done elsewhere in the world.

Which doesn't mean the other half of our governing system gets a pass. Those running under that flag are looked at with an even more skeptical eye. Sadly, I don't see much in the party I could vote for that is likely to be worthy of the effort I'll make in walking to the polling place.

I haven't quite reached the point of "Throw all the bums out!" I still think there are good people in elected office struggling to bring this country back to center right where most of the population rests. Obviously, the resting is what has gotten all of us into the situation we have today.

I struggle to control the bitterness shading my political think-

ing. History doesn't offer much hope for people acting in bitterness. Better to laugh at the opposing ideology and encourage "we, the people" with honest smiles and efforts to change America's direction before bitterness is all most of us have left. The Jew should consider that tactic. She managed to

capture the affections of this misanthrope with her humor. I think her illusive success lies in her ability to make us laugh. It sticks in my mind that comedy and tragedy are a matter of where we stand. I definitely need to step across the line and grin at those in opposition to my American Dream.

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



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# Pure Onsense

## Tea for two

Scott Zuke

Barely a year old, the tea party movement has made its presence known on the national political scene. At first they were hardly noticed, then they were ignored or derided, but today they have become a regular fixture in the mainstream political news cycle. A recent article for Politico begins: “2009 was the year when many journalists concluded they were slow to recognize the anti-government, anti-Obama rage that gave birth to the tea party movement. 2010 is the year when news organizations have decided to prove they get it. And get it. And get it some more.”

What tea partiers would call the liberal media establishment now observes and studies them like Jane Goodall studied primates, with a sense of curiosity, detached amusement, and a perceived need to inform the public about their strange behaviors and beliefs.

There was a flurry of excitement among commentators as results of the first polls directly focusing on the movement’s followers began streaming in. “They’re white. They’re older. And they’re angry,” a CBS News analysis concluded from a

joint survey it conducted with The New York Times. The poll also found that the group’s adherents predominately classify themselves as conservatives and republicans or independents, have a higher percentage of college graduates than the general population, and have higher than median household income, among other things.

But what does this really tell us? Detached observation and light interaction only go so far. That the group is mostly white does not make it racist; That they are wealthier than average does not prove they are hostile toward the poor, and so on. Such accusations have lingered in conversation about the tea party group, and many in the media still speak about the movement in the tone of voice of a zoologist saying of a species, “We know so little about them.”

For all of the talk about tea partiers, few in the media have taken the seemingly more logical step of talking with them, asking them not just what their beliefs are, but how they defend them. The good ones, steadfast in their principles, well-read in their American history and political theory, and willing to engage in rigorous debate, are eager to answer.

Like many who have joined

the movement, the leaders of Frederick’s tea party group are ordinary citizens who had no particular background in political activism before around this time last year. Today Joshua Lyons and Mark Kreslins host “The Forgotten Men” radio show on WFMD (forgottenmen.com), run monthly meetings for tea party supporters, write articles for various blogs and websites, and have organized several tea party events, the most recent being held April 15. You can’t accuse them of being unapproachable. They correspond frequently and for the most part respectfully with everyone from hostile detractors to “conscientious objectors” and the merely curious. I would classify myself as somewhere between the latter two.

The discussions I’ve had with them have been challenging, thought provoking, and sometimes educational. While I am not personally on board with most of the tea party’s views, I admit I have found more common ground with them than I would have expected, and I have had to reexamine my own beliefs (always a good thing to do from time to time anyway) in light of their surprisingly nuanced and textually-supported arguments. It’s a discussion worth having for those with the time and interest, and perhaps the courage, to do so.

For the sake of providing a very brief overview, the most fundamental belief of the tea

party is that the federal government has expanded in size, power, and scope beyond what is outlined in the Constitution and what was intended by the Founding Fathers (both of which they allow little room for interpretation). They seek to shift the balance of political power back toward the states and local governments in order to reduce federal spending and taxation to a minimum. Economic regulation would be rolled back in favor of a very free market, and entitlement and safety net programs like unemployment benefits, social security, and the new health care reforms would be cut or heavily restricted. The tea partiers stress the importance of personal responsibility on the part of those who have become accustomed to accepting unlimited government support at the expense of taxpayers, and of charity on the part of citizens who can afford to help their neighbor of their own free will, rather than through federal decree.

Unfortunately it’s about at this point that the rhetoric of those supporting and opposing this political view takes a turn for the worse. Words like “tyranny” and “socialism” are lobbed by one side, and charges of racism and ignorance are cast by the other. Such arguments are cynical, close-minded, and often intellectually dishonest.

That’s not to say that honest and civil discourse will lead to agreement. I still have plenty of

questions and concerns for the tea party. They sometimes lean too uncritically on the Founding Fathers, treading close to the fallacy of appeal to authority and dodging a more complex discussion on the history of judicial review and the events that precipitated 20th century progressive reforms. Their frequent mention of the need for “personal responsibility” usually ends up sounding like a euphemism for a callous disregard of the systemic inequities faced by the poor (who are disproportionately minorities), and unfortunately both sides poison this important topic of debate by bringing in the charged and incorrect term “racism.”

Others within the group hold more extreme views, such as that only citizens who pay federal income taxes should be allowed to vote, or that the Census, beyond a simple headcount, is an unconstitutional invasion of privacy. And of course there are the notorious “birthers,” whose views, in reality, have nothing to do with the tea party.

It is unfortunate that most media coverage has focused on such outliers at the expense of investigating, elucidating, and challenging the fundamental views and values of the movement as a whole. While perhaps not as good for exciting television, it would be a far more interesting debate. For now it appears to be one that is up to us to pursue on our own.

# Down Under!

## A balance for the arts

Submitted by Lindsay!  
Melbourne, Australia

You can calculate the worth of a man by the number of his enemies, and the importance of a work of art by the harm that is spoken of it – Gustav Flaubert.

The arts – writing, drawing and painting, sculpting, music making – have been around for about 40,000 years. They went hand in hand with the rise of tightly knit communities and societies, and were a key factor in the domination of Homo Sapiens over other earlier hominids. The need and ability to depict reality, as well as abstract ideas, was an essential part of survival, for it helped give focus to the lives of tribes, clans and communities. People’s lives were enriched, knowledge was conserved and passed on, and worship developed. Later generations absorbed this, and added their own ideas and discoveries, leading to the foundation of recorded history. The arts have been an essential part of human existence and growth ever since. They were

not, as some would suppose, pastimes, scribbles or daubings, but an integral part of growth and stability. Our ability to record history, to let our mind enter into the ‘not-here-and-now’, to raise emotion and perspective, and to point the way forward are the things that truly make us different to other animals. The arts are essentials for survival.

I grew up in a household where books, magazines, music and art were abundant. We never had much money, but this was compensated for by such things as the complete works of Dickens, Shakespeare, Zane Grey, O Henry, Oliver Goldsmith, Jane Austin and many others. Encyclopedias, short story collections – all scattered through our two bedroom weatherboard bungalow.

There was an early record player, lots of 78’s, and a piano which I learnt from a young age. Yet, as I recall, the most popular pastime was reading the weekly delivery of The Saturday Evening Post. Many a fine author was found in those pages for the very first time, the humour was

very funny, the sketches comic or biting. It was not a journal to make one throw up. There was no hint of distress, any disquieting stories were dressed up with an edge of gold, and it was considered good, wholesome, and relevant. Who wanted to read of wars, famine and heartbreak? Not the readers of that weekly.

But also in our house were books on art, books of art, and critiques of art. I was a teenager before these came to mean much, but with the end of WW2, the relaxation of rationing, and the beginning of post-war rebellion, I began to find the balance to the depiction of the world as given by the Post – and the Readers Digest, and Time Magazine, and similar publications. Far from the depiction of the great American dream as represented in those journals, European art particularly had begun to throw back the covers and show the world what a terrible place it really was. I think it was Picasso’s ‘Guernica’ that was the first shock, but who can ever forget Charles Munch’s ‘The Scream’? Then I discovered Turner, that great 18th-19th century English painter and his depiction, among many disturbing images, of slave traders and how they threw the sick members of their cargo into the water, chained, so they could

be ‘lost at sea’ and an insurance claim made for such events. Further back again is Pieter Brueghel, with his not too subtle depiction of peasant life – have a look at ‘children’s games’ and be unmoved if you can – and the list could go on, backwards and forwards in time.

There have always been artists who have a compulsion to show the terrors and inequities of their age. They cannot, it seems, be made politically correct, (that awful excuse for cowardice), yet because of their high repute, often achieved through a patron or the appearance of earlier conformity, they can be a potent force in showing people and rulers alike the plight and horrors citizens must endure under a repressive regime. They provide the sword needed to cut through the pap of prettiness and the entrapment of entertainment. Not that there’s anything wrong with prettiness or entertainment, we all need a little sometimes, but they can all too easily become compulsive rose coloured spectacles.

Such art as I have spoken of comes in times of upheaval and distress. Once seen, it may reside in the mind and empower the viewer to speak out. Images of the outcome of tyranny, megalomania, dictatorship and exploitation cannot be soon for-

gotten. They are powerful raisers of awareness.

Of all the arts, images are best suited for this. Writing has to be read, but is the most potent medium – for it can be carried around and studied, passed on and taught. Music is totally aural, has to be heard over time for its message to be conveyed, but can transport the hearer to other internal dimensions. Paintings, sculptures, all forms of visual art can have a far more immediate impact. When the product is from a mind that has to cry out in protest at inequity, their reality is powerful and moving. Photographs can have a similar impact, but regretfully can, and are, manipulated.

I believe there will be a rash of disturbing art coming soon to a gallery near you. The veneer is cracking. The ugliness of existence is too real for comfort. The dungeon that hold the secrets, lies and cover-ups is near full. Keep your eyes peeled for protest, and alert your leaders. They are still human, and some may be moved as much as you and I. Perhaps we may also see if the emperor is wearing any clothes.

To read past editions of *Down Under!* visit the Authors’ section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net)

## FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

# Ah, Spring!

**Barbara Anderson**  
**Pastoral Life Director**  
**Our Lady of Mt. Carmel/  
 St. Anthony Shrine Parishes**

The weather is unpredictable but it heralds the promise of new life and warm weather on the way. It is also the Easter Season; the ultimate promise of new life for Christians.

It's not a coincidence that Easter is a Spring holiday. Its very timing is based on the lunar calendar and the first day of the new season. (Easter Sunday for most Christian churches is determined as the first Sunday after the first full moon after the first day of Spring.) The secular symbols for Easter also signify new life - Easter eggs, rabbits, and flowers to name just a few.

For Christians, Easter is the most significant holy day in the calendar. Preceded by 40 days of preparation (Lent), the Resurrection of Jesus is the foundation for Christianity. The Triduum is one celebration consisting of 3 liturgies; the Mass of the Lord's Supper on Holy Thursday, the Celebration of the Lord's Passion on Good Friday and the Easter Vigil on Holy Saturday. Each of these liturgies has a special significance and leads us through those very special events of our salvation history. In addition there's often other times of prayer and devotion available in parishes during those three days. The intensity and amount of services alone that are related to Easter clearly denote its spiritual significance.

For the Roman Catholic Church, we welcome new members to our community by celebrating the sacraments of initiation with them (Baptism, Confirmation and Eucharist) at the Easter Vigil. We also bless new water for our fonts and new fire for our candles. The Paschal Candle (the symbol of the presence of the risen Christ among us), has a prominent place in our sanctuary until Pentecost. The Easter season is a time of new birth and renewal.

As human beings we are always looking for ways of renewal. One of the biggest celebrations every year is New Year's Eve, a time of resolutions vowing to do

better in the next year. Out with the old and in with the new is a popular sentiment at any time of the year. We "spring forward" to allow more daylight at this time of the year presumably to be able to get more done.

Springtime is filled with newness but life presents us with opportunities to begin anew all the time. I remember as a child when my mother (and those of us who were old enough to help including my father) would do the "Spring cleaning" but it wasn't always in the Springtime of the year. We would take the curtains down and roll up the rugs so that we could get the dust bunnies and cobwebs that had accumulated since the last time. Starting fresh was the goal.

The timing of starting fresh isn't always our choice. Our neighbors who were effected by the fire in Emmitsburg know all too well that sometimes the timing isn't what we want. Taking advantage of challenges that are thrust upon us show how resilient we can be. Surprise is around every corner but so is opportunity.

How exhilarating does it feel when you've finished a project but aren't you then anxious to begin another one? Life is cyclical and Easter will come around again next year. Another opportunity for new birth and renewal will present itself. But why wait for next year? Look around for all the ways that you can renew yourself today. Is there a relationship that needs mending? Can you start that organizing project this week? How about trying again to enhance your prayer life?

The best way to start is to just start. Don't wait for the perfect day or when you have some free time. Some wise person once said "A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step." Neil Armstrong famously began a new chapter in the history of the world with "That's one small step for a man; one giant leap for mankind." Jesus once told a woman "go and sin no more" after her accusers were unable to claim their own innocence. Start fresh, begin anew, and take that first step.

Easter celebrates the Resurrection of Jesus. It gives us the opportunity to reflect on what

needs to be resurrected in our life and what we can begin anew. Use this wonderful season to start fresh.

Since I have the opportunity to reach so many people in this article I thought I would also take the opportunity to speak about my position as the Pastoral Life Director of St. Anthony Shrine in Emmitsburg and Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Thurmont. Because I get to oversee all the preparations and celebrations for Easter and the Easter season, I was particularly aware of my position in the parishes and the Church at this time of year. The model of leadership being used at our parishes is a relatively new model and is provided for in Canon Law (the law of the Church) by allowing a bishop to appoint a non-priest to participate in the "exercise of the pastoral care of a parish."

Many people have asked me "What is a Pastoral Life Director?" This is the title used in the Archdiocese of Baltimore but across the United States there are almost 600 people who are not priests who have been appointed by their bishop to oversee parishes using many different titles. A Pastoral Life Director is responsible for all of the activities of the parishes where he or she has been assigned. The corporal workings of the parishes (finances, human resources, buildings and properties) as well as the spiritual needs of all the parishioners are part of the responsibilities.

A Pastoral Life Director also ensures that the appropriate priests and ministers are available to administer the sacraments and preside at the Sunday Masses. Part of the model is that there is a priest assigned to the particular parish to specifically serve the spiritual needs of the faithful. Until his transfer to two parishes in Hancock, MD, Fr. Jack Lombardi was our assigned priest. At this time, the Archdiocese is working on as-



signing another priest to our parishes. We are blessed to have access to so many priests from Mount Saint Mary's and other priests also in the area that help us meet those spiritual needs.

In my time here in Emmitsburg and Thurmont I have worked with families who are having their child baptized, celebrating the life of a loved one who has died, or couples who are preparing for marriage. I've been blessed to be present at Baptisms, weddings, First Communions, Confirmations and funerals. I've met with young people who are struggling with their faith and adults who want to share their skills with others and vice-versa. The most humbling experience is to visit someone in the hospital or at home who is dying and being able to bring them Holy Communion.

I am constantly surprised by the variety of things that come across my desk. One thing I didn't expect to have to do was to watch snow being removed from a building's roof so that it didn't collapse. In the many snowstorms of this winter, the parish center at Our Lady of Mount Carmel was beneath over two feet of snow and was in danger of collapsing. Still this was just another item on the list of things that I am responsible for. Luckily there is also a wonderful

staff of eight other people who help me in the myriad of things that happen every day.

As a lay ecclesial minister in the Roman Catholic Church I am privileged to serve the people of God. I look forward to all the challenges and opportunities that God sends my way to begin anew and to continue the work of the Church.

*If you are interested in becoming a member of either of our parishes or learning more about us, please check out our website at [www.emmitsburg.net/sasolmc](http://www.emmitsburg.net/sasolmc), or better yet, join us at weekend masses: Saturday Evening 4:00 P.M. & Sunday Morning 7:00 & 9:30 A.M. Saint Anthony. 8:00 & 11:00 A.M. at Mount Carmel.*

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# The Book of Days

## The history and tradition of May Day



The outbreak into beauty which Nature makes at the end of April and beginning of May excites so joyful and admirable a feeling in the human breast, that there is no wonder the event should have at all times been celebrated in some way.

The first emotion is a desire to seize some part of that profusion of flower and blossom which spreads around us, to set it up in decorative fashion, pay it a sort of homage, and let the pleasure it excites find expression in dance and song. A mad happiness goes abroad over the earth, that Nature, long dead and cold, lives and smiles again. Doubtless there is mingled with this, too, in bosoms of any reflection, a grateful sense of the Divine goodness, which makes the promise of seasons so stable and so sure.

Amongst the Romans, the feeling of the time found vent in their Floralia, or Floral Games, which began on the 28th of April, and lasted a few days. Nations taking more or less their origins from Rome have settled upon the 1st of May as the special time for fetes of the same kind. With ancients and moderns alike it was one instinctive rush to the fields, to revel in the bloom which was newly presented on the meadows and the trees; the more city-pent the population, the more eager apparently the desire to get among the flowers, and bring away samples of them; the more sordidly drudging the life, the more hearty the relish for this one day of communion with things pure and beautiful.

Among the barbarous Celtic populations of Europe, there was a heathen festival on the same day, but it does not seem to have been connected with flowers. It was called Beltein, and found expression in the kindling of fires on hill tops by night. Amongst the peasantry of Ireland, of the Isle of Man, and of the Scottish Highlands, such doings were kept up till within the recollection of living people. We can see no identity of character in the two festivals; but the subject is an obscure one, and we must not speak on this point with too much confidence.

In England we have to go back several generations to find the observances of May-day in their fullest development. In the sixteenth century it was still customary for the middle and humbler classes to go forth at an early hour of the morning, in order to gather flowers and hawthorn branches, which they brought home about sunrise with accompaniments of horn and tabor, and all possible signs of joy and merriment. With these spoils they would decorate every door and window in the village.

By a natural transition of ideas, they gave to the hawthorn bloom the name of the May; they called this ceremony 'the bringing home the May;' they spoke of the expedition to the woods as 'going a-Maying.' The fairest maid of the village was crowned with flowers, as the 'Queen of the May;' the lads and lasses met, danced and sang together, with a freedom which we would fain think of as bespeaking comparative innocence as well as simplicity.

In a somewhat earlier age, ladies and gentlemen were accustomed to join in the Maying festivities. Even the king and queen condescended to mingle on this occasion with their subjects. In Chaucer's Court of Love, we read that early on May-day 'Forth goeth all the court, both most and least, to fetch the flowers fresh.'

Such festal doings we cannot look back upon without regret that they are no more. They give us the notion that our ancestors, while wanting many advantages which an advanced civilization has given to us, were freer from monotonous drudgeries, and more open to pleasurable impressions from outward nature. They seem somehow to have been more ready than we to allow themselves to be happy, and to have often been merrier upon little than we can be upon much.

Not content with a garlanding of their brows, of their doors and windows, these merry people of the old days had in every town, or considerable district of a town, and in every village, a fixed pole, as high as the

mast of a vessel of a hundred tons, on which each May morning they suspended wreaths of flowers, and round which they danced in rings nearly the whole day.

The May-pole, as it was called, had its place equally with the parish church or the parish stocks; or, if anywhere one was wanting, the people selected a suitable tree, fashioned it, brought it in triumphantly, and erected it in the proper place, there from year to year to remain.

The Puritans—those most respectable people, always so unpleasantly shown as the enemies of mirth and good humour—caused May-poles to be uprooted, and a stop put to all their jollities; but after the Restoration the rites re-commenced. Now, alas! in the course of were everywhere re-erected, and the appropriate the mere gradual change of manners, the May-pole has again vanished. They who remember ever seeing one must now be pretty old people.

Washington Irving, who visited England early in this century, records in his Sketch Book, that he had seen one:

'I shall never,' he says, 'forget the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place, the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart.

The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plains of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down a long green valley, through which "the Deva wound its wizard stream," my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia.

I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity."

Indeed, it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green and homely May-day pageant have gradually disappeared in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too, knowing for simple enjoyment.

Some attempts, indeed, have been

made of late years by men of both taste and learning to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by—the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic—the country apes the manners and amusements of the town, and little is heard of May-day at present, except from the lamentations of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city.'

The custom of having a Queen of the May, or May Queen, looks like a relic of the heathen celebration of the day: this flower-crowned maid appears as a living representative of the goddess Flora, whom the Romans worshipped on this day. Be it observed, the May Queen did not join in the revelries of her subjects. She was placed in a sort of bower or arbour, near the May-pole, there to sit in pretty state, an object of admiration to the whole village. She herself was half covered with flowers, and her shrine was wholly composed of them.

It must have been rather a dull office, but doubtless to the female heart had its compensations. In our country, the enthronization of the May Queen has been longer obsolete than even the May-pole; but it will be found that the custom still survives in France.

The only relic of the custom now surviving is to be found among the children of a few out-lying places, who, on May-day, go about with a finely-dressed doll, which they call

the Lady of the May, and with a few small semblances of May-poles, modestly presenting these objects to the gentlefolks they meet, as a claim for halfpence, to be employed in purchasing sweetmeats.

In London there are, and have long been, a few forms of May-day festivity in a great measure peculiar. The day is still marked by a celebration, well known to every resident in the metropolis, in which the chimney-sweepers play the sole part. What we usually see is a small band, composed of two or three men in fantastic dresses, one smartly dressed female glittering with spangles, and a strange figure called Jack-in-the-green, being a man concealed within a tall frame of herbs and flowers, decorated with a flag at top.

All of these figures or persons stop here and there in the course of their rounds, and dance to the music of a drum and fife, expecting of course to be remunerated by halfpence from the onlookers. It is now generally a rather poor show, and does not attract much regard; but many persons who have a love for old sports and day-observances, can never see the little troop without a feeling of interest, or allow it to pass without a silver remembrance. How this black profession should have been the last sustainers of the old rites of May-day in the metropolis does not appear.

To read other selections from Robert Chambers' 1864 *The book of Days* visit [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net).

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## THE (retired) ECOLOGIST

# The merry, melancholy month of May

Bill Meredith

*Mostly it had been as good as May can be, even in merry tales. J.R.R. Tolkien, The Hobbit.*

Being born was a confusing event in my life. It took several days for me to figure out where I was and why I had arrived just then. My mother explained that April had been too rainy, and June was going to be too hot, and she assured me that May would be a merry time. I remember telling her that I was glad she had decided to have me just then, and I asked her why the month of May was so merry. She probably figured I was too young to understand what alliteration means, so instead of explaining, she told me an old nursery rhyme:

In the merry month of May,  
When green leaves begin to spring,  
Little lambs do skip like fairies,  
Birds do couple, build and sing.

At the time, I didn't know what "couple" meant (probably just as well), but the rest of it made sense; there was a pair of wrens building a nest in an old tea-kettle on the back porch and singing as if they were having a great time at it. Some time later I found that the phrase had been in common use since the mid-1500s, when the composer, William Byrd, wrote a madrigal called "The Merrye Month of May" which he dedicated to Queen Elizabeth I at her coronation. Spring came later in those days; the earth was still in that period called the "Little Ice Age," and winter was just breaking up when May got here. It was a time of blooming and planting, finally getting warm enough for picnics and festivals... a time of innocent fun for young folks, when girls put on their best dresses, wove flowers in their hair and danced around May-poles.

Times have changed. My wife tells me pole-dancing is completely different now, and spring comes at least a month earlier now than it did 450 years ago. This year, the snows of February and March acted like a dam; they held everything back, so when April finally got here, everything happened at once. Normally I would have pruned trees and shrubs in February; this year, there was only time to remove the branches damaged by snow before it was time to plow the garden. The temperature seemed to have been dammed up too; when April got here, it skipped its usual gradual rise and shot straight into the 90s. The trees and perennials in the yard ignored the carefully planned blooming schedule I had given them, and all burst out at once.

With everything so far off schedule, I was a bit apprehensive about making my annual spring pilgrimage to Toms Creek. It was a little like going to visit old friends you

haven't seen for a long time; the house is still there, but you aren't sure they are still living in it. I found the floodplain ecosystem was in the same state of confusion as my yard. After tramping around a while, I found all of the spring flowers... violets of several colors, spring beauties, toothworts, trout lilies, Dutchman's breeches, bluebells... all trying to bloom after being delayed, while having to compete with summer grasses and weeds that had been tricked into starting early by the April heat wave. The old sycamore tree was still there, resolutely clinging to the stream bank and coming into leaf again, with the rusted remains of cables protruding from its trunk where it used to support a suspension bridge over the creek... too old to be merry, perhaps, but an encouraging reminder that determination and patience are rewarded by survival. Finding the old friends still at home was an occasion for merry feelings, although it was embarrassing to realize that I was unable to recall some of their names.

There are always new things to see. Near the old sycamore was a clump of snowdrops that had sprouted from bulbs washed down from someone's yard in a previous year's flood; they were blooming merrily, and looked healthier than the ones in my flowerbed. And on the pool behind the old mill dam, mixed among a flock of wood ducks were two pairs of common

mergansers. They are large, fish-eating ducks; I have seen them migrating through this area often, but never before on Toms Creek. The males have black heads and white bodies; the females have reddish heads with gray bodies. They made a spectacular sight, and they seemed to be having a merry time. Coupling was obviously on their minds.

Change is a normal process in a floodplain. The winter's snow melted quickly and produced more flooding than usual, so many of the places where flowers grew last year were covered with several inches of silt. The stream bank was eroded back several feet in some places, exposing the roots of trees; many of them will fall over in storms later this year. This is as it always has been; bulbs from the buried flowers will come up next year, and new trees will grow merrily, though not in my lifetime. But other changes are happening which are not part of the normal cycle and which cast the future in a more melancholy light. Alien plants are invading the area, threatening to crowd out native species. Multiflora rose thorns make it impossible to walk through formerly open places; "mile-a-minute" vines and Japanese honeysuckle are smothering native shrubs like alder and witch-hazel; and nearly all of the elm trees have succumbed to the Dutch elm fungus.



Turning toward home, I felt a sort of kinship for Bilbo Baggins, the old Hobbit who was conned into going on a quest with Thorin Oakenshield's band of dwarves. It was as fine as a day in May can be when they started out, but Bilbo wasn't sure where they were going or what they were after, and he would rather have stayed home. Life is like that... a quest, and you have to go whether you want to or not. I wasn't so concerned about it when I was a week old and just

starting out, but you get a different perspective as the quest goes on. So, I will watch May pass for the 77<sup>th</sup> time... hoping some of it will be like it was in merry tales, knowing that, realistically, melancholy tales will be recited too. We have learned... I, the flowers, the sycamore... the lesson of the floodplain: accept what life brings, and get on with the quest.

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## IN THE COUNTRY

# Wildflowers

Lynne King Holt

Spring does come early to northern Maryland. Upon sighting robins and other signs of wildlife, I can now start looking for the delicate spring flowers. The earliest on the scene are two small trees and a shrub. These three all flower first, and then the leaves replace the flowers. The Serviceberry Tree has white blossoms and may well be the very first. Plants all have their scientific names: the genus and then species. But all have their local names as well. The Serviceberry received its name when people would see this tree as the first flowering plant of spring when they made their way to church. The slower pace and shorter distances of yore made it possible to notice the surroundings in detail, and it was christened simply by church-goers on a Sunday who attended the service.

The Redbud Tree is found both domestically and in the wild. This small tree has reddish-purple flowers. The contrast of their beauty, interspersed through the woods, is something to behold. The emerging leaves and other kinds of vegetation have barely begun. The pale green of the forest is handsomely set off by the Redbud.

Forsythia is a shrub with a yellow flower. It is a popular wild-looking hedge that replaces their yellow flower with green leaves. This shrub and the lilac can be found in the woods years later growing next to old foundations.

I am sure you have been driving along and have seen what looks to be small dandelions along the road's edge. They seem too early, too small, and where are the leaves? This is Colt's Foot. The yellow flower comes up first and then the leaf. Interestingly enough, the leaf is what generated the name, not the flower. The leaves are rather

large and resemble a colt's foot. Some plant names have imagination; some are head scratchers. And its relative, the dandelion, will replace this flower along the roadside and in your yard. These leaves are much more familiar; the long spear with jagged lobes.

Right behind Colt's Foot is Bloodroot. This flower is white with long petals that are closed at first. Then, the small, soft green leaves appear. Should you ever have the occasion to see inside a broken stem, the fluid is a reddish color – hence the name Bloodroot. You will see these flowers along the roads and further into the woods. By some hidden factor, the flowers eventually open and the leaves grow to a larger size. This leaf has lobes which are deeply cut out; unlike the Colt's Foot that has a serrated, but unlobed, perimeter. But, like Colt's Foot, the flowers disappear while the leaves remain.

As you have probably discovered, plants and wildlife have various habitats. The roadside is an ecosystem of its own. As we progress through the year, the plant life will go from Colt's Foot, to Dandelions, to Chicory. Some plants require the sun; others require shade. You will not see the same plants in dry soil as you will in the wetlands. This is an important way of determining how wet an area is. As I explore on my horse, the vegetation will tell me if the ground is passable. Skunk cabbage has already emerged along creek beds. The footing would not be good where they grow. Footing is a term used to describe the firmness or softness of the ground. Horses do not like sinking into the ground up to their knees. If I see sedge or certain ferns, I know that it will be mushy, but passable.

The Violet is another delicate flower that arrives in early spring. The deep purple, pale purple, yellow,

and white varieties are all in bloom now. Like their relative the Pansy, they are hardy little plants that can withstand the cold.

Just like a flower garden, the woods have seasonal vegetation. Crocuses and Daffodils, Narcissus and then Tulips appear in your garden. At the same time, we are seeing the wildflowers of the fields and forests. It amazes me that the more delicate the flower, the earlier it appears. You will see different plants in an open field, versus the forest, versus wet areas.

The Mayapples are populating the woods. This plant appears first as a closed umbrella, and then as it tests the waters, it slowly opens. Later, in May, they will have white flowers. A small "apple" is the fruit of this plant. This spring plant gives the ground in the woods its early cover.

Virginia Bluebells add color to the greening or spring. Most spring flowering plants are white to pink or yellow, but these flowers contrast with the Bluebells' medium blue. The Bluebell illustrates the dominate colors in nature: the sky of blue, the ocean blue, and the green grass and forests. These flowers are glorious to see. They grow in small communities of their own and can be seen as you drive along the road.

Rue Anemone is another white flower. Like the other spring flowers, they are small and very delicate in appearance. It is a member of the



Colts foot

Buttercup family. If you have passed a pasture in spring, you have probably seen the yellow Buttercup. This plant is much taller and rather spindly. Rue Anemone is small and prefers the woods.

These succulent early spring flowers will not stay around for long. Some may be past their time already. Once the temperature rises and the earth dries out, spring flowers give way to more prolific plants.

Much can be missed while whizzing down the highway. I prefer to take my nature walks on horseback. It is quiet; I have a vantage point

from about eight feet off the ground. I can stop, look, and key out the plants that are still unknown to me. A walk in the woods does not allow me to see as much. ATV's interrupt the solitude of the forest and cannot follow a trail as a horse can.

The move I made to Maryland has been adventuresome for me. I heard birds all year that make me think of spring in New York State. The lush vegetation presents me with new entries for my journal. This state has such diversity and a growing season to produce such lush vegetation.



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## THE MASTER GARDENER

# April Showers Bring May Flowers

**Adams County Master Gardeners: Bill Devlin, Faith Peterson, Pat Simpson, Mary Ann Ryan**

May is probably the biggest month for gardening, whether you are a novice or an experienced gardener, this is the time to make things happen.

**Vegetable Gardens:** Besides the obvious advantage of harvesting fresh food as you want to use it, people are more interested in knowing how their produce has been grown.

Gardeners today are reclaiming part of their high cost lawns as planned vegetable beds and landscaped areas with vegetables growing among the perennials; blueberries and raspberries as background plants; and floral and vegetable annuals planted alongside herbs. The traditional backyard garden patch is still popular, but not the only way to go.

Many vegetable gardeners utilize containers, from pots and tubs on patios, to larger raised beds. These practices provide the extra space that some people need; and also offer the option of growing vegetables in a more perfect soil. The better soil allows for planting closer together, and maximizing space.

If you are new to vegetable gardening, or if you have not had a garden recently, you might ask "What do I do first?" Think about your site. The traditional garden patch should receive 8 or more hours of sun - or a minimum of 6 hours sun per day. The patch should be near a water source, and handy to get to from the kitchen.

The next item to consider is your soil. Should it be amended? The importance of a soil test - available for sale at your local Extension Office - cannot be overlooked. This test will give you valuable information like the soil pH, as well as recommended nutrient needs to make your garden a success. And the last consideration - will you use seeds or trans-

plants or a combination? Many vegetables such as peas and beans do best when planted from seed directly into your garden. Tomato and pepper plants are often purchased as transplants.

Especially useful in planning a garden is to refer to the Journal you kept in the previous year. Notes can be made on a wall calendar throughout the growing season, and compiled on one sheet at the end of the gardening season. It is helpful to include planting dates, rainfall, pest problems, harvest dates, fall planting dates, and how much food was picked and processed, as well as a plot plan showing what was planted where.

### Perennial Gardens

**Bed Preparation** Successful perennial gardens start with thorough and thoughtful bed preparation. Some of the key points include: eliminating perennial weeds before turning the soil; insuring a well drained soil yet having it retain enough moisture for good plant growth; providing for sufficient organic matter in the soil; and adding fertilizer as needed.

### Eliminating perennial weeds

The first step in soil preparation is to get rid of perennial weeds before you turn the first spade of soil. When establishing new beds in grassed areas or in areas where there is heavy weed growth, apply a non-selective, systemic herbicide such as Glyphosate to the area. Trade names for products containing glyphosate include Gallup, Landmaster, Pondmaster, Ranger, Roundup, Rodeo, and Touchdown. Apply this material to weeds that are actively growing, generally when temperatures are consistently above 50 degrees. Spring applications are good with fall being another time when weed control is good with this material. If looking at an organic way of controlling initial grass and weeds, lay down newspaper

and cover with compost, soil or fine mulch. This will take a bit longer than using glyphosate, but it will do the job without using chemicals. (Always read the label on any herbicide product.)

Outline the shape of the bed with a garden hose. Use whichever technique you choose to kill weeds and turf. Once the weeds are controlled, half the battle is over before you have even planted the first perennial.

### Providing drainage

Generally, well-drained soil is essential in order to grow perennials successfully but is most critical when it comes to over-wintering perennials. More perennials are killed by soils that stay wet over the winter than by the actual cold temperatures. To ensure a well-drained site, avoid planting in low-lying areas, unless your choice of plants are all wet loving. During bed preparation, add organic matter at a rate of about 25-30 percent by volume of soil. This translates to adding about 3-4 inches of organic matter on top of the bed and working it into about 10-12 inches of soil.

In areas that tend to have less than good drainage, raising the bed either with timbers, rocks, landscape bricks or similar materials will greatly improve drainage and your chances of growing and maintaining a perennial bed. Drainage can be checked by simply digging a hole 8-12 inches deep and filling it with water. Let it drain and fill it again. If this water drains in less than 1 hour, drainage should be satisfactory.

### Adding organic matter

Organic matter is the key to improving less than great soils. There is no easy short cut and no magic soil preparation material that can take its place. Organic matter helps to improve the physical and biological properties of soils when added in sufficient amounts and to sufficient depths.



The bottom line is, don't short cut this part of bed preparation. Organic matter improves the structure and aeration of clay soil and improves moisture and nutrient retention in sandy soil. There are a variety of organic matter materials that can be used depending on availability, preference and cost. Materials to consider would include compost, peat moss, composted barks, leaf compost, mushroom compost, and composted manure. For large areas with a bulk requirement, dairies and horse farms may be contacted, but avoid fresh, non-composted manure. Local stores carry retail bagged quantities also.

### Fertilizer rates

If you have a new planting bed, consider obtaining a soil test. Kits are available at a nominal charge at your local extension office. The results will give you recommended fertilizer rates for your soil type.

### Pick your Perennials

Is your flower bed in sun or shade? It is important to have the right conditions for your perennials. A

shade plant may not survive in the hot sun. A plant that likes direct sun may not flower properly in a shady spot. Make sure the plants are hardy for your area or agricultural zone.

Check the flowering times of different perennials since most have short blooming periods. Pick plants with different blooming periods so you have a succession of bloom during the spring, summer and fall. Look for ones that have longer blooming periods. You can also plant annuals (plants that live only one season) with your perennials. The annuals will help brighten the garden during the periods when some of the perennials stop blooming.

### Planting & Transplanting

Perennials can be purchased in a number of ways. The most common way is plants in quart, one or two gallon containers. These plants are already growing and afford the gardener the flexibility to select and plant through the growing season. Another way is bare-root or packaged plants. These are obtained through mail order or at garden centers and are sold as dormant material. These are available for spring

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planting only. If these materials are received at a time that they cannot be planted immediately, keep the plants cool and keep the roots moist. They can be held for several weeks this way, thus assuring their survival prior to planting.

### When to plant

Most perennials are best planted in the spring. However, with the availability of material in containers, the planting season often extends well into the summer and early fall with autumn planting continuing until the first of October. The earlier perennials are planted the better the root system will be when the plant enters the winter. Late fall plantings can sometimes result in frost heaving and loss of perennials.

### Planting depth

Containerized perennials should be planted at the same depth they were grown in the container. Planting too high results in plants drying out and too low invites crown rots. Some perennials such as bleeding heart, iris and peony need shallow planting in order to flower properly. Containerized plants should be watered before planting and bare root perennials should be soaked in water for one hour prior to planting in order to re-hydrate the plants.

### Start Planting

Plant in clumps or groups, spacing the plants as the directions recommend and keeping in mind the height of the plants. Plant according to heights starting with the tallest plants in the back of the bed down to the shorter, edging plants in the front. Large plants like ornamental grasses do better planted as specimens by themselves since they will grow very large over the years. Begin planting by removing your plants from the flats or pots leaving as much of the block of moist soil around their roots as possible. Dig a hole deep enough so that the top of

the root ball is level with or just above the surface of the ground.

### Transplanting

Most perennials are transplanted in the spring as growth starts or in the late summer or early fall. It is usually best to wait until the plants have flowered and then cut back by half just prior to moving. If plants are moved out of season, they may need to be shaded for several days to allow them to recover.

### Dividing Perennials

A common maintenance chore in a perennial garden is that of dividing. There is no set rule as to when to divide perennials. Some may need division every 3-5 years, some 8-10 years and some would rather you not bother them at all.

Perennials will send signals to let you know that they would like to be divided. The signals to watch out for include: flowering is reduced with the flowers getting smaller; the growth in the center of the plant dies out leaving a hole with all the growth around the edges; plant loses vigor; plant starts to flop or open up needing staking; or it just may have outgrown its bounds. These are the signs to look for and not a date on the calendar.

If division is indicated, spring is the preferred time to divide. Some fleshy rooted perennials such as poppy, peony, and iris are best divided in the late summer to very early fall.

Division is usually started when growth resumes in the spring. The process starts by digging around the plant and then lifting the entire clump out of the ground. Then, using a spade or sharp knife, start to cut the clump up so that each clump is the size of a quart or gallon sized perennial.

Discard the old, dead center and trim off any damaged roots. The divisions should be kept

moist and shaded while you prepare the new planting site. After replanting, water well and protect the divisions from drying out.

Division is no more complicated than this. Some perennials may be more difficult to divide than others because of their very tenacious root system. Division has as its primary goal, the rejuvenation of the perennial planting so it can continue to perform the way it was intended. Many home gardeners have found that the process of division is more traumatic to them, the gardener, than it is to the perennial.

### After Planting Care Mulching

Mulch provides a number of benefits. They help to make the garden appear neater, conserve soil moisture, retard weed growth and moderate soil temperatures. There are a variety of materials that can be used as mulch. Examples would be bark, dry grass clippings, and hulls of various sorts. Mulch should not be applied right up to the crown of the plant to avoid problems with crown rots. Leave some air space between the mulch and the crown.

New perennial beds are mulched right after planting with about 2 inches of mulch. Additional mulch is applied annually as needed so that the overall depth doesn't exceed 2 inches. Apply additional mulch in the spring as soils start to warm. Most perennials will not need additional mulch in the winter if soils have been properly prepared and the drainage is good. The exception would be for perennials that have been transplanted or planted late in autumn. Here, a 3-4 inch layer of loose mulch like straw, or evergreen boughs applied after the soil is frozen, helps to avoid frost heaving.

### Watering

Water is a vital part in getting newly planted perennial gardens established. Soak the plants initially after planting and then

check regularly to prevent drying out. Mulching helps to cut down on watering frequency. The general rule of thumb of one inch of water per week for established plantings holds true. Less frequent but deep watering encourage perennials to root more deeply and thus become better able to handle drought conditions.

The most common and time efficient way to water perennial gardens is to use soaker hoses. Many perennial gardeners will snake a soaker hose through the garden and leave it there all summer. When water is needed they will connect it to a faucet and turn it on. To make the hose invisible, bury it just under the mulch.

### Fertilization

Most perennials do not require large amounts of fertilizer if the soils have been prepared properly. Many over-fertilized perennials will produce excessive, soft growth and produce very few flowers. Many times perennials will tend to "lodge" or open up when over-fertilized.

### Weed Control

Weeds that do appear in perennial gardens are often best controlled by shallow cultivation. If the weeds are perennial in nature, quick action is needed so that the infestation does not get out of hand. Cultivation again is the key, or you can make a very selective and directed application of glyphosphate to the weed. Use a foam paint brush to make such applications without the fear of damaging surrounding perennials.

### May-blooming Perennials of interest

Baptisia australis is a spring blooming perennial that is native to our region. Boasting tall, blue flower spikes in May - early June this perennial likes full sun, and

once planted, likes to stay put. It is drought tolerant and can grow 3'-4' tall.

Dianthus 'Firewitch' is a low growing, spring blooming plant that is not native, but certainly likes growing here. Blooming early May, this perennial has a hot pink flower color and great for dry locations, like hanging along walls and spreading along walkways.

Iris cristata is another May bloomer native to our region. Getting only about 8" tall, this plant adjusts well in low fertility sites and likes part shade to full sun. Lavender is the color of this little iris.

Amsonia 'Blue Ice' is a native plant selection. Getting about a 2' mound, this perennial is a full sun lover and has blue-purple flowers in May. Once established, it too is drought tolerant and in the fall it gives us another show of yellow fall color that is striking in any garden.

Sedum ternatum is a low-growing sedum that is native as well. The interesting thing about this particular sedum is that it is a shade perennial. It's flowers are small and white and appear in May. It does like well-drained soils.

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**South Mountain Chapter of the National Audubon Society**

**General information**

The Eastern Bluebird (Bluebird) is a native species and the only species of Bluebird that breeds east of the Mississippi River. The Bluebird is a member of the Thrush family that includes the American Robin (a.k.a. lawn thrush). The Bluebird is pretty much a year round resident in this region. That can provide some benefits when it comes to locating and defending nesting sites.

The bluebird is about 6 inches in size, smaller than a Robin, and is often seen perching on overhead wires. The male has a beautiful blue head and back with partial orange-red breast. The female is an overall duller version of the male. Young birds are speckled like young Robins.

The Bluebird is now starting their first nesting attempt. Bluebirds in this area generally nest twice per season with three broods being possible. Landlords should remove used nest material from all boxes as soon as the birds have fledged. This will increase the chances for more use of the box for that nesting season.

The Bluebird is another species that people have helped rebound after declining numbers due to several of man's doings. For example, the introduction of two non-native species (see below) provided competition for nesting sites. The preferred nesting uses of wooden fences were removed from the landscape and the increasing use of pesticides caused problems with this insect eating bird.

Thankfully, issues with pesticides have declined plus someone was smart enough to figure out that the Bluebird would accept artificial nesting if placed in the proper habitat, thus the bluebird box. As far as competition by other species, this is an ongoing issue.

**The Basic Needs**

**Nesting** - Location, location - Just like the Martin, location is very crucial to attracting Bluebirds. Bluebirds prefer open areas comprised of

low growing vegetation with nearby perching spots (trees/shrubs, fence line or overhead wires). The entrance to box should be 4-5' above the ground, pointing towards a suitable perch and located opposite of prevailing winds (face easterly). I prefer to mount my nest box on either a U-post or T-post. Both of these green metal posts can be found at most lawn and garden stores. \*\* When competition exists for nesting boxes, try grouping two boxes in close proximity to each. This technique usually allows different species to nest near each other (a territorial thing).

Bluebirds do not create their own cavities/nest sites so they rely on manmade boxes or cavities created by primary excavators such as woodpeckers. The traditional nest box is made of non-treated and non-painted wood. The wood of choice should be something weather resistant such as cedar or redwood. The round entrance hole of 1.5 inches is critical. The specific dimensions can be found at the web links noted below. Of course drainage and ventilation are important components of any birdhouse. A device located on posts to prevent climbing predators is a good investment. Use your imagination.

**Food** - The Bluebird is basically omnivorous (eats plants and animals). Insects comprise most of the Bluebirds diet while berries are utilized when the insects are less available. Bluebirds are primarily ground feeders and hence one of the reasons for their preference of open, short grassy areas with some perches. Bluebirds will visit feeders and readily eat mealworms, or a peanut butter/corn meal mixture.

**Water** - Water is an important part of any bluebird habitat. Bluebird's need a continuous supply of fresh clean water at all times of the year, for both drinking and bathing. Adding a birdbath to your backyard will give you more bluebird appeal! On hot summer days, bluebirds can be drawn to a birdbath kept fresh with a water dripper. During the colder, months, fresh unfrozen water is just as important. A source of water can

dramatically increase the number of bluebirds and other species you attract in your backyard. There are many ways to offer water including birdbaths, drippers, misters, shallow dishes and small ponds.

**Shelter** - In the winter months, Bluebirds tend to flock together. I've seen flocks of 50 during the winter months. During the annual Christmas Bird count conducted by the South Mountain Chapter of Audubon (Gettysburg), volunteers generally tally about 50 Bluebirds within our count area. Most people can't believe that Bluebirds can be found here in the winter months. While they are less likely to be found in the open, I usually find them in the thickest of cover such as those of cedar groves. Roosting boxes (same box as nest box but the front panel is flipped so the hole is located at bottom of box - hot air rises). Bluebirds will utilize artificial roosting boxes. The boxes I now use and those that we sell at our seasonal business, Sugarloaf Valley Gardens, Fairfield offers this option with a simple adjustment of the front panel. A local bluebird enthusiast by the name of Art Kennel has confirmed up to 18 Bluebirds exiting a roost box. I suppose they don't have claustrophobic issues!

**Competition/Predators**

**House Wren/Jenny Wren** (a seasonal native and protected species) House wrens always line the box cavity with sticks. They also create havoc by creating dummy nests that may not even be utilized by nesting wren. They will even go as far as peck holes in Bluebird eggs and even try to discard the Bluebird eggs from box. Avoid placement of boxes near brushy/woody areas. This bird is arriving now and will spend the summer.

**European Starling** (A year round non-protected and non-native species) If you have the correct size entrance hole on your box than you should have minimal issues with this species. This bird is more competitive for nesting sites with our native woodpeckers such as the Redheaded Woodpecker. Flocks of Starlings will decimate a food supply of berries in



the winter months thus competing for food supply.

**House Sparrow** (A year round non-protected and non-native species) the nest is usually trashy with material comprised of most anything, this bird is more a problem in urban and farming communities, be vigilant and remove nests.

**Native Species** which utilize and benefit from artificial nest boxes.

**Flying Squirrel, Chickadee species, Tree Swallow, Tufted Titmouse, Wasps, Black Rat Snake, Deer Mouse** etc.

What can you do to help this beautiful native bird?

1. Provide appropriate nest boxes in suitable habitat.

2. Monitor the boxes.
3. Be cautious in the application of pesticides.
4. Be vigilant when it comes to dealing with competing species.
5. Join a conservation group such as Audubon.
6. Educate our young people.

If we as humans can do these simple things, there is no doubt that this beautiful native species can continue to fill our skies, eat some harmful insects along the way and provide beautiful song.

Useful web sites:

- www.sialis.org
- www.nabluebirdsociety.org

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## PETS LARGE AND SMALL

# Don't call a plumber

Dr. Kim Brokaw, DVM  
Walkersville Veterinary Clinic

It was Easter weekend and, as usual, I was spending it in a less-than-traditional manner. Saturday morning, I had woken up early for an embryo transfer on a mare, and then drove back to Virginia for dinner with the family. My mom, who is a human nurse, was working Easter Sunday, so the family usually celebrated holidays the day before. Because if she wasn't working, then I probably was. I drove back to the clinic Sunday morning because I was meeting up with one of my friends. She is a small animal vet and made a declaration in vet school to never work on anything weighing over 200 pounds. While the weather on Sunday was delightful, it was supposed to get very hot in the next few days. My one horse, Herbie, is a large grey draught cross with PPID (Cushing's Disease.) Because of his

hormone imbalance, he grows an excessive amount of hair and needed to be clipped for summer. We figured that while we were clipping him, we could also give him a bath and, as it was Easter, dye him bright colors. My friend pointed out that they do make animal hair dye, but as we had not planned ahead, we didn't have any.

Food coloring seemed like a logical choice, but, as it was Easter, Safeway was out of it. Grape and Cherry flavored Kool-aide seemed like an appropriate alternative. Herbie was very patient and tolerated the dyeing process well, but the color only lasted about 36 hours. Selecting dye for Herbie reminded me of a pony who had a reaction to dye and scratched out her hair. The pony's experience made me reluctant to use human hair dye on Herbie. Like people, horses can have hypersensitivity reactions to hair dye.

Lady Jane was a very cute Welsh

pony. She was the favorite ride of a few young children, as she was always in the ribbons at the hunter shows. She had been competing successfully for about four years when Jane stopped jumping. At first the owners treated her at home by giving her a few days off and some bute (the horse equivalent of aspirin). When they started riding Jane again, she jumped for the first couple days and then quit again. Lady Jane's owners knew that there was something wrong with their pony, since she had always been a very cooperative and skilled jumper. They knew they needed some assistance for their pony, so they called an equine communicator. The communicator "talked" with the pony over the phone and told the owners that the reason Jane wasn't jumping anymore was because she was depressed because no one had ever thrown her a birthday party and that her favorite color was pink.

The family decided to throw a party that would be the envy of any 9-year-old girl. Pink ribbons and balloons were placed all throughout the barn with Disney princess-themed table cloth and plates, and they even had carrot cake. And to top it all off, they decided to dye Lady Jane pink. This would have been a lovely party and I am sure that pony probably would have enjoyed it, except that



she had a reaction to the dye and started scratching out all of her hair. So now, the pretty bay mare is pink with bald patches.

The owners quickly put in a panicky call to their herbalist and told him what was going on. The herbalist gave them some good advice, such as washing off the dye and giving the pony an oatmeal bath shampoo. After the bath she instructed them to get marshmallow extract and put some of that on the skin. This got misinterpreted and the pony had Marshmallow Fluff applied to her. As it was, washing off the dye was enough to stop the itching and Jane was already starting to grown back her mane and tail when I got involved in the case. The birthday party hadn't been enough to get Jane jumping again. A lameness exam was performed and it was determined that she had some mild hock arthritis. A few joint injections and Lady Jane was back to jumping

happily. In the end, time, and the end of allergy season, was what ended the pony's itchiness.

One of the more frustrating things about being a veterinarian is that clients are getting more and more medical information from trainers, herbalists, the internet, the person at the feed store, and some random person they met at the gas station wearing riding clothes. Don't get me wrong, a lot of good information can be learned from these horse people. When a client says that their horse refuses to jump ditches or won't load in a trailer, I tell them to find a good horse trainer. But, like everything in life, having the right tool is essential for solving the problem. If the heat goes out in your house, don't call the veterinarian. I won't be able to help you. So, when your horse starts running a fever, please don't call a plumber.


For more stories on pets visit *Emmitsburg.net*.

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## VETERAN'S PROFILE

# Sergeant Kenneth Krom

James Houck

Sergeant Kenneth Lionel Krom, a hometown boy, became a true hero in every sense of the word 42 years ago. Kenny's unit had just come in from the field and was resting when they were attacked. Two men in his unit were hit and in the open. Kenny didn't know if they were wounded or dead, but wasn't going to leave them in the open. So, he and another soldier went to bring them to cover and were hit by incoming mortar. Kenny did not survive the attack. Sergeant Krom was the only graduate of Emmitsburg High School to lose his life in the Vietnam War.

Ken's mother, Mrs. Berry Krom said, "Ken (as she called him) was a very good baby. I had no problems raising him. He was a normal kid with a normal childhood playing with friends and going to school. He was a kid that would do anything for you. He did well in school and strove to be the best at whatever he chose, be it scholastic, shop, or sports.

Ken had one brother, Ronnie, who was two years older than him. Even though there was the usual sibling rivalry, Ken looked up to Ronnie. Ronnie had a bread route while he was in high school and when he had to give it up, Ken took over.

Ken's first vehicle was a black Corvair van that he used for the bread route. He would pick the bread up at Smith's Bakery in Ladysburg, MD and deliver it house to house to all of his customers. He also worked for Lawrence Basler doing farm work

while he was in high school. Ken graduated from Emmitsburg High School with the class of 1965.

After graduating he went to work for a construction company helping to build the brick plant in Rocky Ridge. After wrecking his Corvair van he bought an old, brown panel truck to drive to work. His next job was with Moore's Business Forms in Thurmont. While working there he saved enough money to buy a blue 1966 Chevelle convertible. It was his pride and joy. He really took care of that car. He was always washing and polishing it. Ken worked at Moore's until he was drafted. Ken was engaged to Marie Devilbliss, but never made it back to marry her."

When Kenny was drafted, his brother Ron was finishing up his own tour in Japan where he served in the military police.

"Kenny was almost always positive." His brother Ron said. "He was a fun loving, boy. We grew up in a loving, close-knit family. We fished a lot and played along the Monocacy River, which ran close to where we lived.

A lot of our childhood was spent swimming and fishing there. We would dip for suckers at Stony Branch. Our nearest neighbor lived about a mile away and we would go to their farm to play. All the kids would find eggs in the hay loft where the bantam chickens would lay them. We would have egg fights and they would really sting when you got hit in the face.

Being boys and brothers, Kenny

and I would get into scraps. Even though Kenny was younger and smaller, he was a tough kid. Sometimes Kenny would win, but even if I won, I still lost because I would get in trouble for picking the fight and have to cut weeds for a couple of days as punishment. Kenny loved driving tractors and anytime there was a job to do with one, he wanted to do it. He would haul sawdust, which was used as bedding for cattle, from Smith's Sawmill in an old cart that was ready to fall apart.

We used to play baseball in our uncle Jim's field using cow patties as bases. Kenny never did homework, but always managed to pass his tests and from grade to grade without difficulty.

The last time I talk to Kenny was in South Carolina in April of 1968. I was at home in Walkersville when the call came from the U.S. Army about Kenny's death. The whole family was in shock from the call. Kenny's body was sent to a funeral home in Thurmont, MD. There was to be no viewing of the body, but our father, Guy Krom, insisted he wanted to see for himself that the body was definitely Kenny. The funeral director tried to talk him out of it, but to no avail. I accompanied our father when he went to view Kenny's remains. You could tell that it was him, but after seeing him, our father was never the same after that."

Gary Valentine, a neighbor, classmate, and friend of Kenny remembers Kenny as "...quite a character. He was funny, intelligent, and very

giving. He liked the three Stooges and did a perfect impersonation of Curly. He was fun to be with and spent a lot of time at my father's farm.

We lived about a mile apart and spent most of our time along the Monocacy River fishing and swimming. We were known as the "river rats." We played a lot, but also had daily chores to get done before playtime. We graduated in 1965.

The last time I remember seeing Kenny was at the drive-in movies in Bridgeport, MD. I joined the U.S. Air Force, as a flight engineer and was stationed in Japan. I found out about Kenny's death when I called home and my dad told me. I was taken aback and had a lot of questions. It had happened a couple of days before and they had just gotten word. It kind of let the wind out of my sails."

Gerry Orendorff, another classmate and friend of Kenny's remembers Kenny as "a kid who was always fun to be with. After he got his driver's license and took over Ronnie's bread route, I would ride along and help with deliveries. We did a lot of fishing and gigging at night. We got a lot of fish and frogs. All of us kids practically lived at the river because we didn't have any money to do anything. Even if we did have money, there was nothing to do in our rural



Sergeant Kenneth Krom  
8/8/1947 - 8/18/1968

area. Our river excursions were very pleasurable.

When Rocky Ridge had a festival we would get a quarter from our dads to buy a bottle of pop and maybe have enough left to play a game of some kind. I was with Kenny when the transmission from his van dropped on his trigger finger. After that he couldn't bend it. I thought that would keep him from being drafted, but the army said he could use another finger to pull the trigger. He also had a trick knee that would give out when he was playing ball and sometimes just walking along, but he passed the Army physical anyway. He was proud to be in the U.S. Army and was determined to make the best of it."

Sergeant Kenneth Lionel Krom - a true hometown boy, American hero.

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All these prizes will be awarded on May 22, 2010. You do not have to be present to win. Tickets cost \$60 and are good for two people. Ticket cost includes admission, food, drinks, entertainment, and chance on prizes.

Please visit our website at [www.vigilanthose.org](http://www.vigilanthose.org) for more information and for the list of rules for the drawing.

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## CIVIL WAR DIARY

# Interpreting the past: A Civil War Historian's view on educating the public

John A. Miller  
Emmitsburg Historical Society  
Civil War Historian

With Memorial Day approaching, it is important for us to take a moment to look back and give honor to the men and women who fought and died for this country protecting our very freedoms. Memorial Day was first established for honoring the Union soldier who perished during the Civil War.

For the last several editions of the "Civil War Dairy," I have shared first hand accounts from soldiers of Cole's Cavalry as well as other units who fought in the Civil War. While it's important to look at the events of the past, this month I want to focus on the importance of educating and interpreting Civil War history to the public and to give you, the reader an idea of what a living historian does. Many people are unaware that the so called "Reenactment hobby" has different categories and are oblivious to the significance of each.

The first and perhaps most widely known category is what most people refer to as a reenactment with battle re-enactors. At a typical reenactment you will see hundreds of dressed reenactors who participate in mock battles. These reenactments typically only portray how a particular battle unfolded. As spectators at a reenactment, you can visit the camps where the soldiers spend their weekend, but keep in mind this is not an accurate portrayal of how military camps were organized. Nonetheless, attending a reenactment from a spectator point of view can be fun for the entire family, but often very expensive.

The second and lesser known category is living history encampments with living historian interpreters. This is what you see when you visit Antietam National Battlefield, South Mountain Maryland State Park or Gettysburg National Military Park. The main objective of a living historian is to educate the public through various interpreter programs, providing them with an authentic portrayal of the common soldier or civilian during the American Civil War that is based upon research. Some living historians consider a reenactment degrading to the men who fought and sometimes died during the Civil War.

The main difference between a reenactor and a living historian is that a living historian continuously researches different aspects of the American Civil War in order to educate the public, focusing on the roles, uniforms, equipment and mindset of the average Civil War soldier, especially paying close attention to detail of the time period and theater of the Civil War they are portraying. All uniforms, food and camps

of a group of living historians have a higher standard of authenticity. They use only items that are documented and made to the exact specifications as the original like you would see in a museum or what the actual soldiers wrote in their letters or dairies. Make no mistake, never call a true living historian a "reenactor" as there is a big difference between the two.

A living historian also understands the importance of interpretation. Without interpretation you would not be able to understand the events of a certain time period, this is lacking when you attend a reenactment. The role of educator would apply to a living historian as they share their research with the public, research that is based upon fact and not secondary sources.

Some of the area's most authentic living histories are held at the South Mountain State Battlefield near Boonsboro, Maryland. The Battlefield holds an annual event entitled "Fire on the Mountain" which will be held in September of this year, and will feature artillery and infantry demonstrations as well as tours of Fox's Gap. Events such as "Fire on the Mountain" are very important as it educates people not only to the significance of the Battle of South Mountain, but it also shows people how these soldiers encamped during the Maryland Campaign.

Every year on Labor Day weekend, the Gettysburg National Military Park holds an authentic event that features a full Confederate battery. Last year was my first year participating in this living history demonstration and it was great to be able to educate the public about Confederate artillery. Most spectators that come to this demonstration are surprised to see three original cannon tubes dating back to 1864 that are actually being fired.

For the last several years, I have participated in living history demonstrations on the artillery at



Monocacy, Antietam, South Mountain and Harper's Ferry. The public gains so much from these events, all things that they can not experience at a reenactment. They are up close and personal with the living historians and they can see exactly how the battery, section or piece worked as well as witnessing a detachment of cannons working their post.

This year, the Monterey Pass Battlefield Association in Blue Ridge Summit will be conducting a series of educational programs for locals to understand the average Civil War soldier on campaign. Many people are unaware that what you see at a big reenactment is not what the soldiers experienced. We are also planning several living history events to educate the public on their Civil War heritage as well as the area's Civil War history.

With summer approaching, and the celebration of Bells and History Days behind us, it is a great idea to get out and explore the Civil War related sites in your own back yard. There are so many sites, and these sites offer several educational programs that can be fun for the whole family. Three campaigns entered

Maryland during the Civil War. The first is Maryland Campaign and includes the sites of South Mountain State Battlefield, Washington Monument State Park, Antietam National Battlefield, Harper's Ferry National Park and the C&O Canal National Park which also houses Ferry Hill, the home of Henry Kyd Douglas, who rode with General Stonewall Jackson. This campaign ends with the battle of Shepherdstown, West Virginia.


The Pennsylvania Campaign also includes several sites from South Mountain State Battlefield, Emmitsburg, Gettysburg and Monterey Pass. The 1863 Invasion of Pennsylvania which resulted in the battle of Gettysburg is considered the turning point of the American Civil War. The Retreat from Gettysburg, considered as one major battle, includes the battles of Monterey Pass, Smithsburg, Funkstown, Boonsboro and Hagerstown, all fought from July 4 through July 14.

The last campaign to take place in our area occurred in July of 1864 when General Jubal Early led his corps of Confederate troops through Maryland and came close to taking the Union Capital of Washington. These sites include South Mountain State Battlefield, Monocacy National Battlefield and Fort Stevens, near Washington, D.C.

All of these places are near Emmitsburg and are a great way for the family to experience Civil War history through interpretive programs, living history programs, tours and demonstrations. These parks allow families to take in views of the landscape, which in many instances were written about by Civil War soldiers who traveled through the area. So get out and support your local battlefields, I promise you, you won't be disappointed.

To read past editions of John Miller's Civil War Diary visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net.

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## HISTORY

# At the End of the Emmitsburg Road

## Part 2

William E. Hays, et al.

We felt very close to our neighbors, and to many others. We knew the people who ran the stores, the shoemaker, the harness maker, the grocer, the druggist, the blacksmith, the livery stable operator and a number of others. At our shop, meaning the plumbing, heating, roofing and machine shop, we saw it all first hand. If a water pipe leaked, the call would come to our shop to send someone for repairs. If someone needed a new stove, be it a cook stove or range, or home heater, more than likely they came to J. T. Hays & Son for a new one. That meant that one of the five of us boys would bring the horse and wagon to a point in the alleyway alongside the shop, where a heavy rope, on a pulley, would lower the stove from the second floor, and off we would go to deliver and set up the stove at the purchaser's home.

Very few people in town went on anything like an extended trip. On occasion, someone would take the train to Baltimore, or go to Frederick or to Thurmont, by what was called the jitney bus, that being a model T Ford, made into a minibus. I remember that our family doctor, by the name of Jamison, stirred up a lot of talk by going to Montana to see the Jack Johnson-Jess Willard prize fight. I think the place was Shelby and the time about 1916. But no matter the date, it was a big event, and talked about as if he had gone to China.

If a young boy wore long trousers for the first time, he could expect to receive a lot of attention from the older boys and the town loafers, when he appeared on the street. The same was true when a boy walked down the main street, with his best girl friend. I tell you, it was tough. I know from experience.

I remember asking a very popular girl to have a ride on the handlebars of my bicycle. That alone was bad enough. But when I swerved to avoid a hole in the road, and my beautiful friend fell off, sustaining a bruised knee, I was really marked for life. I never heard the end of it, and still am reminded of it by one or another of my brothers.

We felt a closeness, a familiar-

ity with townspeople generally. I recall that when I would come home from College, on vacation or perhaps only for a weekend, I was expected to make the rounds, that is, to go see the Shuffs, the Annans, Frank Rowe's shoe shop, the local blacksmith, two or three other neighbors, and of course my Aunt Weema, across the street. I had been away to the city, and they all wanted to hear about it.

What I am trying to say is, that in one way or another, we felt a close relationship to almost everyone in town, and the nearer they lived, the closer you felt.

It was a feeling of dependency, certainly of familiarity, that is not so evident today. And if I can recreate it, even if only in a faint way, I will feel rewarded, for it truly was a warm and human touch, that helped make my days in Emmitsburg a time of high adventure, fun and romance.

### My Parents

I am sure that Papa never heard of what is called the "work ethic," but he certainly practiced it. He worked hard and long. As he once told me, his aim was to provide us with as good an education as he possibly could. He had never gone beyond the sixth grade. He would show us how to use a soldering iron, or cut a thread on iron pipe, or unload a heavy machine from a wagon or truck, and, though perhaps hard to believe, we, meaning myself and brothers, enjoyed it.

We were proud to be trusted and anxious to do the job to his satisfaction. No matter what the problem was, he could figure a way to solve it. He was a genius at using wedges, levers, rollers and jacks. Incidentally, I find this trait carrying through to my three sons and grandsons, and already I see some signs of it in my great-grandson, Avery, at the ripe age of three.

Mother, on the other hand, had music in her heels. Her laugh was full-bodied and contagious. She loved to entertain. She could work all day and, I think, could have danced all night. She had little time for books or for logic. She was motherly, affectionate, soft-hearted and generous. Whatever she had, she was glad to give away. In her eyes, everyone was to be taken at face value. She was

proud, sentimental and romantic. Papa, though completely unselfish, was wise, prudent, unromantic and only slightly sentimental. He was deeply religious. Mother never took time to think about the hereafter. The present was good enough for her.

### J. T. Hays & Son

It is difficult to describe adequately the Hays shop. This is partly because so many things were done there, as I will explain. For me, it was a great source of pride to hear it said that Tom Hays could fix anything. I recall being in the shop one night and hearing a farmer trying to persuade him to say he would repair a part of a mower that was broken. Papa used a phrase that was his favorites that he was "too intolerably busy," but the farmer persisted, saying that there was no one else who could do it, and his farm work was being held up. "Tom, if you will just say you will do it." In the end he won out, and went off happy.

Let me mention some of the things that were sold, or made, and some of the work that was done. Stoves of all kinds were sold and repaired; plumbing, roofing, welding, acetylene lighting of homes and public buildings; some blacksmithing and on occasion well drilling. I recall very clearly going with Papa to the P. O'Donohue place, near the College, to fix a windmill. I should mention the sale and installation of pumps, for every farmer had one.

It was routine for him to rig up a device to pull a pump from a well and, more than likely, find that it needed a new leather. Then, after fitting a new leather, the pump went back into use and he was off to another job. For years there was a large sign, hanging over the sidewalk in front of the shop, advertising F. E. Myers Bros. pumps, with a logo featuring an attractive young farm girl at the handle of a Myers pump.

I should note one other type of work that came to the shop. Town water was provided by a reservoir in the mountain to the west of town, and from time to time a break would occur in the water main, or in a service line, and in either case a hurried call would

come for repairs, sometimes in cold weather and sometimes at night.

### James T. Hayes

The shop adjoined our house, and you could walk direct from the kitchen door into the front of the shop. For some years prior to 1856, my grandfather Hays and his brother, Joseph Hays, had been in business under the name of J. & J. T. Hays. They operated an iron foundry, made cream separators and other metal products, but I believe that the foundry was the big item.

In any event, sometime about then they separated, with Joseph keeping the foundry, and my grandfather, James T. Hays, taking the plumbing, tinning and other parts of the former business. Sometime later, my grandfather, James T. Hays, took my father, Thomas C. Hays, into the business, and thereafter it continued under the name of J. T. Hays & Son, until 1935, when it was discontinued.

Up to the time I went off to college, and for some years after, the shop was a busy place. Some of the men who worked for Papa were Robert Rider, Webb Felix, Joseph Orendorff, Warren and Luther Kugler, Charlie Motter, Harry Weant and his son, Frank. I am reminded of a little episode involving Warren Kugler.

It seems that Papa had asked him to cut a piece of 3/4 inch pipe, twelve inches long. Now Warren wasn't too sure of himself, so rather than measure twelve inches long, he measured 13 inches instead, and cut it that length. When papa came along shortly after, he discovered what was happening and asked Warren about it. "Well, I thought I would make sure it was not too short, so I figured to cut it 13 inches first and then I could take off what was needed." We often laughed about it.

The men, meaning the workmen, came at seven and quit at five. On Saturday, work stopped at four. Then they went home, changed clothes, had supper and later returned to the shop to be paid. This always bothered me, because it sometimes was a long wait. No one would speak up.

So, if Papa was talking with someone about some work, or happened to be showing a stove to a customer, the men had no choice. They waited, and finally they were paid. As I recall it, the average pay was about eight dollars a week. Mr. Weant was special, since he was a skilled mechanic, so his pay was ten a week. But there was no complaint.

Papa ran everything. He would assign jobs, and often he would go along to supervise, or, if it was a long job, he would have one of us boys take him several times during the day, either in the Model T



Dr. Jamison

or by the horse and wagon, so that he could be sure that all was going properly.

If it was a water pipe being laid, he would be down in the ditch; if it was a tin roof being put on a barn, he was on the roof. This was the routine, checking up on whatever was in progress. But once that was done, it was back to the shop, where more than likely he would tell one of us to get a gasoline torch ready, for he needed to weld, let us say, a section of a boiler. Or, if not a boiler section, it might be a broken plow or some piece of machinery.

Now a gasoline torch was a really dangerous thing. It held, I would guess, about a quart of gasoline, and had a pump attached so as to produce a spray. Once you put a match to the end of the nozzle, a hot flame shot out. Our job was to bring the piece being welded to a white heat. Meanwhile, Papa had lighted an acetylene torch for the welding operation.

All this was being done over a hot blacksmith fire, and often on a hot summer day; once finished, even though his shirt and trousers were wringing wet, he was off to whatever the next job might be. As the final act, we were to cover the welded piece in some fashion, so that it would not cool too quickly. The wonder is that no one of us was ever burned or hurt.

There were some jobs that came often. The radiators on the early cars would freeze and crack, and then were brought to the shop for repairing, meaning a soldering job. Now the radiators had narrow tubes that were encased in webbing, and this webbing had to be chiseled away, in order to allow access to the broken tube.

What a miserable job! Of course these breaks occurred in winter time, so that the chiseling took place in the shop, which was not very warm. Then there were farm tractors, now available for the first time, and when used on rocky ground, they would often suffer a break and need welding. So off the farmer went to Tom Hays, with an urgent plea for as much speed as possible.

Then there was acetylene lighting. Acetylene gas, made from carbide, was not exactly new, but nonetheless, was not in common use in most

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# HISTORY

## The Western Maryland Hotel

We would be amiss if we failed to include a short history on the Western Maryland Hotel that was extensively damaged by fire April 3rd. Built by Daniel Wile in 1858, it was the last building to catch fire in the Great fire of 1863 that consumed half the town. Undeterred, Daniel Wile rebuilt the grand hotel.



The hotel's roots, quite literally, can be traced back to before the 1820s when Mrs. Margaret Agnew, operated a hotel, known as the Eagle Hotel, on the spot now occupied by the Western Maryland Hotel. Francis Scott Key - the composer of the National Anthem - once delivered a speech from the balcony of the Eagle Hotel, as did President William Henry Harrison. Margaret Agnew died in the cholera outbreak of in 1853.

Daniel Wile purchased the Eagle Hotel from Mrs. Agnew's estate and had it torn down and built a hotel valued at over \$10,000 (which today would equate to \$2.8 million). It would be an understatement to say that the Wile's hotel was grand.

The first floor contained a bar, restaurant, and smoking parlor. The top three floors were dedicated to rooms for weary travelers making their way west after the civil war. With the founding of the Emmitsburg Railroad in 1875, the hotel, just two blocks from the depot, was the natural destination for passenger seeking a place to stay while visiting the town.

One can only imagine what it was like to sit on the hotel's porch in 1886 following the instillation of the fountain in the square. The sound of falling water and the rustling of leaves on the tree lined streets must have made many a pleasant memories.

Over the years the hotel was know by many names. When Charles Spangler bought the hotel in 1899 it became known as the Spangler Hotel. As a result of the 1919 financial recession that followed the end of World War I, which saw the fall of Emmitsburg's banking house of Annan-Horner, Charles Spangler fell upon hard times and lost the hotel.

Annie Slagle bought the hotel during the bankruptcy sale and its name was changed to the Hotel Slagle. Following Mrs. Slagle's death in 1921 the hotel passed into the hands of her son, Lawrence Morndorff, and the next 40 years the hotel was known as the Morndorff Hotel. After Lawrence's death in 1944 the hotel remained in his wife's Patricia's name until she sold it in 1977.

After the close of the railroad, the hotel fell onto hard times. The advent of the age of the automobile saw many salesmen who once had no other option but to spend the night in town, now opting to make day trips. As the number of overnight guests dropped, the hotel increasingly became depended upon long term guests—and eventually it became an apartment building.

Located on the square, the hotel's ground floor was a perfect location for small businesses. In the 1950's Mrs. McDonald open an eatery on the lower floor by the bank and according to many, had some of the best home cooking in town. Later the restaurant was known as 'Toss Dog House.'

Guy McGlauglin had a Barber Shop on the southwest corner of the bottom floor in the Hotel where Stavros Pizza was located. Lewis Cooper ran a Liquor Store on the North West corner which was known as Village Liquors, later it was run by Charlie Myers, whose wife, Patricia Morndorff owned the hotel at the time. When the liquor store closed, it was replaced by a day care center.

John O'Donoghue ran a small 5 & 10 cent store on the Seton Ave side of the building; according to those who remember it: "It had more junk in it then you could shake a stick at."

Ever wonder where 'Stavros' came from? It came from when Stavros Giarimoustas and his wife Elise who owned the hotel from 1977 to 1989. Following the Giarimoustas sale of the hotel in 1989 it has passed through several owners.

While through the years the hotel has lost much of its original grandeur, if you stand on the steps of the Annan Brother mansion early in the morning, it's not hard to let one's mind wander back to 1880s and visualize just how magnificent this Grand Hotel once was. And while the hotel has gone by many names, in the history books it will be remembered by its original name, and the name it bore the longest – the Western Maryland Hotel

homes and public buildings. Kerosene lamps were generally used. What changed the picture was a device, on which Papa obtained a patent, which automatically mixed the water and carbide, with the resulting gas being piped throughout the house or church or other building. We sold the carbide in 100-pound drums, it having been bought in carload lots, and brought to Emmitsburg by way of the Emmitsburg Railroad.

I remember that the carbide came from the Canadian Carbide Company, Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, Canada. The name fascinated me; it seemed so far away. We stored the drums in what we called the "old barn" and would go there for one when it was needed in the shop or to supply a customer.

This is a good time to speak of what was called "slack," meaning the residue that was formed when the water and carbide combined. It was a thick white substance, which was commonly used for whitewashing. Anyone wanting a supply could have it at no charge. And as far as we boys were concerned, nothing better could happen than for all of it to be taken

It went so slowly, especially on a hot day. After working at it for a while, I would make the fatal mistake of turning it just a little in the vise, thinking it might cut faster. Sure enough, the cut would not be a clean straight one, and I would be told again by Papa, not to try short-cuts. My brother John was never in such trouble. He did it the correct way, and this carried over into other shop duties. He was the expert.

The period I am speaking of was one when most homes were heated by stoves, burning either wood or coal. This was equally true as to cooking. And stoves meant lots of stove pipe, which Papa could turn out about as fast as Mother turned out bread and rolls. 'I can see Papa turning a seam with a wooden mallet, which I am sure he could have done with his eyes closed.

All in all, it was a beehive of activity around the shop. Everyone was busy. It might be several stoves being unloaded in the alleyway alongside the shop. We would bring them by horse and wagon, from the freight office at the railroad station, and then tie a large rope around each stove, one by

Sam and I, or John and Harry, would assemble them and immediately set out with one for a customer, who often was a farmer living several miles out of town.

I think that each of us felt pretty important, being entrusted with this entire operation. Oh yes! There was a lot of labor spent cutting a length of iron pipe and then putting a thread on one end. We used a set of dies, depending upon the size, and turning the stock by hand. I was never very good at it, but I could cut a thread on a 3/4 - inch pipe, without too much trouble. I should mention that my brother Jim, being the eldest son, was entrusted with more important and more difficult jobs.

While mentioning the use of kerosene, I should add a note about an individual by the name of "coal oil Johnnie." (Coal oil is another name for kerosene) "Jonnie came to town, I think from Thurmont, driving a two-horse wagon, the body of which was a large tank filled with kerosene.

The driver's seat was higher than the top level of the tank, and as I recall, there was a roof above the



Inside of J. T. Hays & Son Shop ~ 1925. (L-R) Thomas Hays, James Hays, Herbert (Ship) Rodgers, Leslie Null, Irvin Brown, Warren Kugler, Samuel Hays and Harry Hays.

by others, for we then would be spared the tiresome job of whitewashing our many fences.

It was always much more fun to go to our favorite swimming hole, or play baseball or shoot marbles, or anything than that monotonous whitewashing. I know exactly what Huckleberry Finn felt.

Cutting an iron or steel rod with a hacksaw was my bete noire.

one, the rope being part of a pulley arrangement.

By pulling a rope which turned the pulley, the stove was hoisted to a doorway on the second floor. Or there might be a shipment of what were called "oil stoves." "They were very lightly made and used kerosene for fuel. Some were for home heating and some for cooking. One or more of us, sometimes

seat to protect Johnnie from the weather. But the interesting thing is that there was, great demand for kerosene and not much for gasoline. The result was that while he had a large tank of the former, he had only three or four 5 gallon cans of the latter, in a rack alongside the kerosene tank.

Part 3 Next month.

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## MOUNT CREATIVE WRITERS

# The Disappearing Act

Chelsea Baranoski

Teardrops stained Barbie's bronzed face and her hot pink dress. Just perfect, Barbie thought. Another fashionable outfit drenched in teardrops. A typical woman, Barbie chose not to forget all of her "teardrop incidents." She remembered the time Ken killed her kitten, Kiwi, with toxic kitty litter. She cried all over her light pink tank top. Two months later, Ken spent the night at Teresa's bar, Pink Haven. She cried all over her rose-colored, rose-scented silk blouse. Only one week later, Ken spilled apple juice on the keyboard of her new MAC. He tried to make a joke out of it, telling her he reinforced the "Apple-ness" of the computer. She cried all over her magenta t-shirt. And today she mourned the disappearance of her blonde-haired, blue eyed boyfriend of ten years, the boyfriend she had dreamed of marrying since their first date at the Pinkadilly Pub. She knew he was "the one" because of his eating habits. He mixed all of his food together to make a roast beef-mashed potatoes-gravy-succotash-biscuit concoction. Barbie believed Ken's blending of foods symbolized a desire for unity. Of course this unity could only be achieved through marriage with Barbie.

Sometimes Ken would disappear for a few days at a time, but he would always come back to Barbie with a dozen white roses in his left hand and a pound of sugar-free, fat-free, cholesterol-free chocolate fudge in his right hand. But this time was different. She had not heard from Ken in over a month. She was not even sure if they were still "together." This could seriously affect the marriage plan. Before Ken made like Houdini and disappeared, he and Barbie had their biggest fight in ten years.

"No, I will not give you money for a Malibu dream car!" Ken had roared.

"But Ken, it's a limited edition and it's really cheap," Barbie had begged.

"If it's so cheap, why don't you pay for it yourself?" Ken had replied, rolling his ocean blue eyes.

"Because I'm the girl in this relationship!" Barbie had exclaimed, twirling a strand of her long blonde hair around a French-manicured finger.

"And what is that supposed to mean?" Ken had countered.

"It means that you should pay for the Malibu dream car. Every guy in Southern California knows that it is his responsibility to pay for things. The first rule of a relationship is that the guy must always pay for anything the girl wants. Forget that "double-dutch" bologna. I'm not a feminist, you know!" Barbie could feel her face getting hotter and hotter. She did not want to get too hot and sweaty; she forgot her blotting papers in the car.

"There is no written rule saying that the guy must pay for any-

thing the girl desires. Besides, I'm kinda saving up my money right now," Ken had said, running his hand through his hair.

Barbie arched a perfectly waxed eyebrow. "For what?"

"I can't tell you," Ken had said, with a sly grin. He walked out of Barbie's pink dream house and hopped into his jeep, blasting Metallica. This was the last time Barbie saw Ken.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the minutes turned into hours and the hours turned into days and the days turned into weeks, Barbie grew more and more nervous. Should I send out an Amber Alert? she thought. No, I think those things are only for missing children. Should I put up "Have you seen me?" fliers with dashing photos of Ken from his days as a model? No, I think those fliers are only for missing pets. Besides, I don't want some girl to see those photos of my boyfriend and run away with him. Wait a minute! Barbie could feel her stomach twisting like an Auntie Ann's pretzel. Teresa!

\* \* \* \* \*

Barbie pulled up to Teresa's house in her pink corvette. She banged on the door so loudly that she was sure the geishas could hear it in Asia. "Let me in, Teresa!" she hollered.

Teresa slowly opened the door. She was wearing a skin-tight royal purple mini-dress with matching three-inch stilettos. She smelled of Calvin Klein Curve mixed with a hint of Polo Sport for Men. "Barbie! How have you been?" Teresa asked, enveloping Barbie in a bear hug.

The smell of Polo Sport intoxicated Barbie, making the knots in her stomach twist tighter and tighter and tighter. The light cologne made her think of Ken. "We need to talk, Teresa. This is urgent."

Teresa opened up the door and led Barbie down the hall and into the lilac wall-papered kitchen. "Have a seat. Can I get you something to drink? Maybe one of those strawberry lemonades you enjoy?" Teresa opened the

stainless steel refrigerator. A six-pack of IBC root beer sat on the top shelf, all alone. Root beer was Ken's favorite drink.

"No thanks, Teresa. I can't stomach much of anything right now."

"Why not? What's wrong?" Teresa asked, tossing her long chestnut brown hair over her shoulders.

"It's Ken. He's been missing for a month and I have no idea where he is. And I think you know where he's been hiding."

"Pshhh, how would I know where Ken's been hiding?" Teresa asked, letting out a nervous laugh. The last time I saw him was at the barbeque you guys had about three months ago."

"The barbeque where you were all over Ken," Barbie exploded.

"I was not 'all over Ken.' You know I am just a touchy-feely person who loves to give hugs."

"I saw you kiss him under the palm tree in our backyard," Barbie grimaced.

"On the cheek, Barbie! He complimented me on my outfit!"

Barbie glanced around the room. Her blue eyes darted from the ceramic cookie jar on the kitchen counter to the apple pie with two slices taken out of it to the cell phone. Barbie got up and clip-clopped over to the kitchen counter. She picked up the cell phone and stared at it. It was a lime-green enV phone. It had a tiny pink heart sticker on the back. The tiny pink heart sticker that Barbie had stuck on it on Valentine's Day. Ken never took the sticker off because he was afraid it would leave ugly glue marks on the back of his most prized possession. Barbie turned on the phone and went straight to Ken's inbox. And array of texts popped onto the screen. All of the texts were from Teresa. She read the first one. "Have you gotten it yet?" What was "it?"

Teresa came up from behind Barbie and knocked the phone out of Barbie's hand. The phone clattered to the pink and lilac tiled floor.

Ding-dong! Someone banged on the front door. "Is everything okay in there?"

That was Ken's voice. Bar-



bie may not have heard it in a month, but she could recognize that Southern accent mixed with a tinge of New York and a smidgen of California anywhere.

"Everything's fine!" Teresa shouted, a pained look on her perfectly made up face. She dashed to the cherry oak door and opened it for Ken.

Ken walked into the kitchen, humming "Don't Stop Believin" in a terrible baritone. "Do you think she'll like this? I --" Ken's eyes grew to the size of golf balls. He saw Barbie standing in the corner of the kitchen, with smudged mascara and white lines that extended from her eyes to her chin. Either she's been crying or she forgot how to put on make-up, Ken thought.

"What are you doing here?" Ken asked Barbie, rubbing her back.

"I think the better question is, what are you doing here? You've had me worried sick!" Barbie screeched.

"I've needed Teresa's help. And I've needed a month to make the right decision."

"And I couldn't help you make this decision?" Barbie asked, her voice getting higher and squeaker with each syllable.

"Barbie—" Teresa interrupted.

"Stay out of this, Teresa!" Barbie

shouted.

"Now, now, Barb. Teresa and I have been doing a lot of window shopping this month. She helped me pick this out." Ken got down on one knee and white gold diamond ring in hand, said "Barbie, I have loved you since our first roast beef-mashed potatoes-gravy-succotash-biscuit dinner at Pinkadilly Pub. Will you marry me?"

Barbie broke into tears. "I-I-I-dunno," Barbie stuttered.

"What?" Ken exclaimed.

"I don't think the diamond is big enough," Barbie said, biting her pink glossy lips.

"But I spent a month trying to find the perfect ring. Are you saying I failed?" Ken asked, his voice catching in his throat.

"No. I still want to marry you. We just need to make a trip to Claire's Jewelers so you can take this ring back and I can pick out a bigger rock," Barbie said, matter-of-factly.

Ken breathed a sigh of relief. At least Barbie still wanted to marry him! "Whatever you say. The first rule of marriage - the wife is always right and the husband is always wrong."

*Chelsea is an Senior at the Mount Majoring in English. To read other articles by Chelsea visit the Authors section of Emmitsburg.net*



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## MOUNT SPORTS

# Mount Baseball

**Amanda Rochita**  
Communications Major

Flowers are blooming in the area, the scent of grilled hamburgers and hot dogs is the norm, and the warm weather can only mean one thing ... Baseball season has arrived in Maryland. Now the Baltimore Orioles did have their opening day a few weeks ago in April, but its now time to talk about Mount Baseball. If you haven't heard much about this team, it is my obligation to tell you how much this team shines.

In the summer of 2007 while most students were spending their time on the beaches and hanging out with friends, two former Mount baseball players received the biggest news of their baseball careers, these two former Mount baseball players were drafted by the Kansas City Royals and the Baltimore Orioles. A few years before that, Brian Santo was drafted into the Detroit Tigers in 2003.

With 12 wins so far as of mid April, the team has already made a head start in the Northeast Conference coached by Scott Thomson whose returning for his 13th season coaching the Mount.

One student we should keep an eye out on is Junior Shane Eylar. Eylar has made several career records while on the Mount Baseball team for the past three years alone. Some to name include highest batting average and highest slugging percentage. In high school, he had a career .413 average with 10 home runs and he also received the team underclassmen award and in his junior year he was named All-County and MVAL conference first team. He also led his high school team and conference in all offensive categories.

Last year during his sophomore year, he earned Northeast Conference Player of the Year honors and received First Team All-NEC. His 15 home runs are currently the third best single season mark in Mount St. Mary's history. As a freshman, he started in 42 out of the 47 games and hit a .256 with 29 runs scored. He also held a grand slam to help pace the Mount to the season win against Monmouth. However, Eylar has not always been the infamous baseball player that he is today. While in high school, Eylar was an honorable mention all state wrestler, football player, and of course baseball all star, but he chose to pursue baseball due to the opportunities and a better future that was presented for him at the time.

Eylar reigns from Maryland and is from the Taneytown area. Eylar chose the Mount because of its close proximity to home and the which is a few miles away because they offered him the best opportunities and that he also liked the coaches. Not only does Eylar have natural talent in the sport, but it is also evident that he inherited

some of his athletic genes from his parents who both played various sports throughout their lives. His younger brother was just recently recruited by Frostburg to play lacrosse for them next year.

While Eylar has been making career records, there are two players that have known each other even before setting foot on Mount St. Mary's soil. Two brothers on the Mount team have been on the same team since their Tee ball days. Mark and Tony Quaranta have been playing baseball for as long as they could remember. The Quarantas are from New Freedom, Pa. and just recently moved to Virginia Beach, V.A. Both of the brothers played for Loyola Blakefield during their high school campaign.

The Quaranta brothers were also born into a collegiate athletic dynasty. Their father played baseball at Towson University and their mother was a collegiate tennis player for University of Baltimore.

When it was time to choose for college, Tony Quaranta, who is Mark's senior by two years, felt that the Mount was the right fit for him. "I was looking for a small school that I could play baseball at and I also wanted a school with a good learning program. The Mount had that," stated Tony. As for Mark he followed his brother's lead to enter the Mount two years later and is currently a freshman.

While only being a freshman, Mark has already made some memorable experiences with the team. "Our spring trip was fun. We went to Davidson, Florida and Virginia Beach," stated Mark. Mark also recalled a game against Quinnipiac this year when he caught a no-hitter, which was the first one since 1989.

Even though Mark was still



leading his team back in high school at Loyola Blakefield, his brother Tony and also Shane Eylar were starting to know what Mount Baseball is all about as a freshman. When Tony Quaranta and Shane Eylar stepped on the field in 2007, they were going to have a memorable year being apart of the NEC Championship winning team.

"I remember beating Monmouth during the championship game and dog piling in the field. It was cool and we beat them 14 to 2," stated Tony. Not only did Tony and Shane experience winning the NEC championship title, they also got to play in the NCAAs against University of North Carolina at the field where Team USA practice and play. "It was great to play there. There were about 3,000 people there and we played against people that got drafted real high the next year," stated Tony.

Like most athletes, these baseball players did not get to where

they are alone. Both Tony and Mark thank their father for their successes thus far and for inspiring them their whole lives. Not only do they thank their father but they also turn to each other for support.

"This year, its more evident since we're on the same team and Tony helps me out and gives me tips and advice," stated Mark.

"Since we grew up, our dad has pushed us our whole lives," stated Tony. "Mark and I ... we feed off of each other and help each other out since we both have a different understanding from it."

While these two brothers still have some months and also years before they graduate, two Mount baseball players have only a month before their Mount Baseball career ends and they're off to a new journey. Seniors Costa Kapothanasis and Kent Worthington have bright futures after they say farewell to the Mount. Kapothanasis has been invited to play on the Greek National team

this summer in Germany and he is also planning to try out for a professional baseball team in Texas. Worthington is also in the works of trying out for a pro contract and he has also applied to be a special agent in the U.S. Secret Service.

It is clear that no matter what happens in the future for all these fine baseball men, we will surely see them making an impact for society, pursuing their dreams, and helping future generations play the beloved game of baseball.

There is still about a month left of the Mount baseball season to catch them in action. From May 1 to 9 they will be playing against Long Island and Central Connecticut State at the ARCC complex in Emmitsburg and if the team advances, they will be playing in the Northeast Championships at the end of May.

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

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## FOUR YEARS AT THE MOUNT

# Senior Year

## Almost at the top of this Mountain

Jackie Quillen

Graduation – *n.* the ceremony of conferring degrees or diplomas, as at a college or school; the tempering or refining of something to a certain degree; the last day of the best time of my life thus far; the end of the roller coaster that lasted four years; four weeks, 25 days away; May 16, 2010.

Every day seems to go by faster than the one before and there is no slowing down. Some people are anxiously counting down the days until summer, and others are asking for just one more week before the end. It is crunch time for everyone. Only three weeks of classes remain before final exams and then summer time. I usually count down the days until summer, but not now. There is this huge thing blocking my view— that G-word that everyone keeps talking about.

Every Wednesday at 2:00 I leave the Career Center with a list of things to accomplish in the next week for planning out my future. I feel ambitious and motivated to live out the day and every day after with my head held high. Wednesday night rolls around, and I want to work on my “Future’s to-do list,” but I end up putting it off

to the side for the time being. The pile of schoolwork I have to do is so high it might tumble over. I make a dent in the schoolwork, but by Friday afternoon the pile only grows taller. I never understood the saying “so much to do, so little time” as clearly as I do now.

Another week begins on Sunday, and I am already sleep deprived and struggling to finish all of my work for every class. The phone rings on Tuesday afternoon. It is the Career Center calling to remind me of my appointment on Wednesday, and I still have the majority of my to-do list left to finish. A personal statement about why I want to become a teacher or about my philosophy of education is not the same as a paper for an English class. In other words, procrastination and pulling an all-nighter do not produce good work. This is my future we are talking about.

I know what I want to be when I grow up, a teacher, but not knowing how I am going to get there is killing me. I know that grad school is necessary for me to become a teacher, but I have no idea how I will pay for grad school. The list of uncertainties goes on and on, and every time I take a step forward in figuring out the Future, it feels like I take another

two steps backward. Meanwhile, I still have to pass a 19-credit semester to get to that big ceremony.

This is the time when teachers pile on the workload, thinking that their class is the most important or the only class that students care about. This is also the perfect time to be outside soaking up the sun. For seniors this is the time to enjoy our last spring in college and our last few weeks together.

I find myself in a pickle these days. I should be enjoying my last few weeks of English classes by reading the assigned books and participating in class discussions. Instead I find myself using the 50 minutes of class time to outline a paper I have to write later or making a list of everything on my mind that I hope to attend to. I walk around my apartment and find scattered to-do lists lying around, most of them unfinished. This must be what my brain looks like on the inside: a bunch of scattered lists.

Though I want to soak up every last minute of college courses right now, I’m also ready to start life after college. All I want to do every day is complete the list sitting on my night stand. It’s staring me in the face every morning when I wake up and every night before I go to bed, haunt-

ing me, telling me my time is almost up. Homework and papers haunt me also. If I don’t do the papers I will not make it to the G-word.

I applaud and envy the people who make the honor roll, play sports, do extracurricular activities, find a job, and make time for friends. How is this possible without superpowers? These people must not sleep at all. I get an average of five hours of sleep a night and still fall behind in school. What have I done wrong? Thinking back, I could have done some things differently. If I had the chance to go back and do it all over again, however, I would not change a thing.

Working at Mother Seton School helps me grasp the transition from college to career. My dreams of becoming a teacher feel more real. In my first lesson plan, students completed math worksheets to get reptilian body parts made of paper plates and green construction paper. I forgot how creative things could be in elementary school. Once the students collected all the body parts they created a turtle. The lesson took a little longer than expected, but luckily working toward the goal of making a turtle kept the students’ attention throughout the lesson.

Turtle math received mixed reviews, but everyone worked hard and seemed pleased with their unique turtles by the end. My favorite response to the activity was from Madison, who joined the activity later than her classmates. When I gave Madison the second worksheet and her first turtle leg,

she turned to me with a blank stare and asked, “Why are we doing this?”

Madison’s comment felt like a mild foreshadowing of the comments to come when I am eventually a teacher, comments like, “I’m not spending my life’s savings on my child’s education for her to make turtles all day.” Madison quickly had a change of heart when she completed all the math problems error free and got more turtle parts.

I have always had a passion for children and a desire to work with them. Starting a new job or a first job will inevitably be nerve-racking. I do not think my first day of teaching will be as stressful because children have a way of making a teacher feel at home in the classroom.

For now I am going to keep living every second the best I can until G-day. My roommate, who is also senior class president, is working on her speech. She thinks of a way to secretly include her roommates and best friends in the speech by using code words. One of my roommates selfishly tried to claim the word “the” to get the most shout-outs, but such words have been declared off limits. Another roommate was just accepted to grad school. One by one, we are coming to terms with the end of college and the end of our time together, which has been the best part of my entire college career. I have truly had the time of my life, and I owe it all to the Mount. I thank my parents every day for giving me the opportunity to grow here.

# Freshman Year

## Finals...

Samantha Strub  
English Major-Class of 2013

The time is here again. It comes faster than you would think. It seems like just weeks ago when final exams brought activity at the Mount to a screeching halt. Everyone’s weekend suddenly involved deep hitting of the books. I knew this when I saw 135 friends on Facebook on a Saturday night that is normally full of life and vigor. Instead of chilling with friends, students were hitting stacks of books and sitting on Facebook.

This was the highest count that I got last semester when I was taking one of those important study breaks. You can’t just study straight. Well, maybe some people can, but I’m definitely not one of them. I need breaks with friends, and I need to ride my horse to get my mind off the material and just relax. If I don’t do this I become too stressed and can’t function. This was how I prepared for exams last semester—knowing that I would be studying constantly but also taking a lot of breaks in order to retain the information that I desperately needed to do well. I figured that this was the best way for me, and it paid off! All those hours of studying then riding in order to press the reset button! I couldn’t have been happier!

I was especially happy because I needed to show people that I really could handle everything that I had taken on in college and keep my grades up at the same time. No one believed that I could do everything that I wanted to. They thought I would send my horse back to Wisconsin because she would have been too much work. Not only did I keep my Sona girl here, I started writing for the newspaper, joined club field hockey, became a Freshman Ambassador, and still stayed somewhat social. My friends don’t understand why I go off to the barn for hours, but that is something I have accepted. Because many people told me that I wasn’t going to be able to handle all this and get good grades, I went into exams with the mindset that this was the final push that I needed in order to prove everyone wrong.

When I went to discover my fate a few weeks into winter break, I was so nervous that I almost didn’t want to look, but I knew I wouldn’t rest until I knew what I had gotten. I jumped for joy when I discovered that I had done really well, getting a good enough GPA to make dean’s list! I had accomplished everything that I wanted to when I started school last fall and more. Everyone was thoroughly shocked except my dad who wasn’t very surprised. He knew all along that I would thrive on my own and relieve everyone’s fears. For the first time, my mom

seemed to understand why Sona was here and how much I could handle when I did everything to the best of my ability.

My heart was crushed when some people in my family had not thought this was good enough. Some of my relatives had told me that even though I had gotten on the dean’s list that it still wasn’t good enough and that I needed to drop the things I loved, like my horse and field hockey, in order to have my GPA higher. It seemed to me that I could do nothing right in their eyes. Something was wrong even with my dream career of being a famous novelist, and literature teacher. I couldn’t understand why I was such a disappointment to them. Just because I’m not going into a scientific field doesn’t mean that I’m not going to have a firm job or that I’m going to destroy my life and not make anything of it. I will realize my own dreams one day. They either need to accept that I’m not the person they want me to be or just not say anything.

I have learned that college shapes you to be the person you were meant to be. If some people don’t approve or don’t like what you have to offer then they are not worth your time. Staying true to yourself is one of the most important things that you can do. If you don’t follow what you believe then there is no point in saying you believe in something because you don’t have any proof of it. I have decided that I’m going to live my life with this attitude. I’m going to stay true to my dreams and not


care about what other people may say about them, knowing that if I work hard enough anything is possible.

In life we all have hopes. Some people achieve them while others fall short. We have to go through many challenges to get to the main goal. I like to think of them as stepping stones. All through life you encounter such stepping stones. For college kids, finals are one of those stepping stones. They are painful to cross and probably not what you would chose to do

with your time, yet they are a necessary evil. If you go into them with the right mindset you can accomplish anything. This is how I view finals: stones that seem huge as we approach them turn out to be tiny obstacles in the big scheme of things. So let’s get ready to hit the books, take the necessary breaks, and end this year with a bang!

To read other articles by Samantha visit the Author’s section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net).

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## A MOUNTAIN PERSPECTIVE

# A Changed Person

Chelsea Baranoski

With my graduation from Mount St. Mary's University quickly approaching, I have engaged in numerous conversations with my roommate regarding the uncertain future and how the Mount has changed us. I know that I am not the same person who entered Pangborn Hall in August 2006 with a hundred pounds of luggage and a bundle of nerves. One look at my student ID card will show that my physical appearance has changed a lot since freshman year. I have traded in my long dark hair for a shorter cut with highlights. And I have definitely gained a few pounds thanks to eating too many chicken tenders and fries from Patriot Hall. But Mount St. Mary's has given me much more than a physical change. It has changed me into an adult, one who is ready to conquer the working world.

When I entered my freshman year, I was an incredibly shy individual. Though I am still somewhat shy around people I don't know, the majority of my shyness has melted away. During my freshman year, I never would have thought that I would later become a Mount Ambassador, one who gives tours to prospective students and their families. I also never would have thought that I would get involved in so many campus activities. When I was a freshman, I was only involved in Campus Ministry. Although I still have strong ties to Campus Ministry, I have broadened my social circle to include working on the Mount's literary magazine, *Lighted Corners*, and even starting an organization of my own: Ranger Rosaries. Ranger Rosaries is a group that makes rosaries for our troops overseas and for those about to deploy. Through my involvement in these activities, I have learned to shed my shyness and make more friends. Perhaps the biggest test of my shyness was my decision to become a peer mentor the summer before my sophomore year. As a peer mentor, I was responsible for shepherding the incoming freshmen during their summer orientation. This meant answering any questions they may have about life at the Mount and directing them to buildings throughout campus. Since none of my close friends were peer mentors, I really felt that I was on my own. I broke away from my usual crew so that I could help the freshmen adjust to their new home at the Mount.

Mount St. Mary's has changed me into a more independent person. I remember thinking that my ideal college was one close to home, one that I could commute to every day. I never imagined that I would be going to school an hour and a half from home, just under the Maryland state line. I never thought that I would grow so attached to the Mount that I would only go home on breaks. The Mount has taught me that I can survive on my own, without my family constantly by my side. I have also learned that I can do things apart from my core group of friends. Dur-

ing my beginning days at the Mount, I did not want to do anything unless I knew that my friends were going to be there. Now, I willingly go to Zumba class by myself and join activities that my close group of friends are not involved in. I go to Eucharistic Adoration without my friends in tow and I work on the Mount's literary magazine on my own accord. By moving outside of my social circle, I have met new people and remained true to my own interests.

Furthermore, the Mount has changed my perspective on life. During the first semester of my freshman year, I was so intent on studying that I did not spend much time socializing. I remember turning down a trip to get ice cream in favor of studying in my crowded, stifling dorm room. My time at the Mount has taught me that studies are important, but they are not everything. This is why I always take time away from my schoolwork to talk to my loved ones on the phone and to catch up with my roommates. Though I always try my best on my schoolwork, I realize that I must have a healthy balance between school and my social life. Without going out on the town and hanging out with my friends, I honestly think I would have lost my marbles by now. The tragic passing of some of my fellow Mounties has also made me realize that life is precious. I must live life to the fullest—that means escaping the piles of books and seeing what the world has to offer! This means spending time watching movies with my roommates and dancing at the Ott House! This means finding time in my busy schedule to talk to those who have left footprints on my heart!

The Mount has also strengthened my spiritual life. Before attending the Mount, I never experienced the power of Eucharistic Adoration. I enjoy going to Eucharistic Adoration because it allows me to make time in my busy schedule to talk to God about anything that is bothering me.

During my junior year, I went on a Kairos retreat that strengthened my relationship with God and my roommate. Kairos is a weekend long retreat held close to the Mount's campus. I will never forget sitting on one of the bunk beds and having a heart to heart conversation with my roommate. The Mount's seminarians have also provided an excellent witness to the faith. One seminarian, who was ordained to the priesthood last May, always encouraged me in my spiritual discernment. He always asked me if I still went to Mass and told me that God had a plan for me. Sometimes, I felt that he knew more about God's plan for my life than I did.

I have experienced a profound change in my academic endeavors. I feel that my writing has improved with every passing year. During my sophomore year, I took American Women Writers. I remember receiving a B- on my first paper and being so distraught. On the next paper, I worked harder and I received a B+. I have taken two subsequent English classes with the same professor and I have watched as my writing grades have gradually improved. I just finished the last English paper of my college career and I received an A! It may have taken four years to reach this point, but it was worth it. I know I have become a better writer as a result of my classes at the Mount.

Looking back at my days on Mary's Mountain, I realize that I have become a stronger person. I have overcome financial stress, academic stress, and heartache. My friends at the Mount have seen me through everything. They have listened to me complain, cry, and worry. During my sophomore year, I experienced stresses that left me so upset that my friends and I got shot-glass desserts at Fridays in Gettysburg and shopped at the outlets in an effort to boost my mood. On another occasion, I was very stressed out and my friends were there for me. My friends



had planned to go the Ott House for college night, but they stayed in because they knew I was upset. They listened to me explain my stress and offered me advice. I felt a lot better after talking with them. I am very lucky to have a group of friends that accept me for who I am. They do not mind my quirks, my frequent worrying, and my corny sayings. They are the best listeners and the best friends I could ask for.

I remember that when I first came to the Mount for orientation, one of the speakers told us to look around—the people around us would be the bridesmaids and the groomsmen in our weddings. This is definitely true. When I get married, I know that my Mount friends will stand with me on the altar as I enter a new chapter in my life. Someone recently told me that the friendships I made in college are the friendships that will last. I firmly believe this. Even though my friends and I are

separated by many miles, I know that we will reunite after graduation and continue to share in each others' successes and failures. The Mount has helped me to identify with Tracy Lawrence's lyrics, "You find out who your friends are / Somebody's gonna drop everything / Run out and crank up their car / Hit the gas, get there fast / Never stop to think 'what's in it for me?' or 'it's way too far' / They just show on up with their big old heart."

The Mount has definitely left a mark on my heart. I am not the same person who strolled across this campus four years ago. The Mount has shaped me into an adult, one who is ready to enter the world of work. The Mount has taught me to shed my shyness, become independent, and value my friends.

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## STAGES OF LIFE

# I'm a dad again

## Quiet time for Mom and Dad

Brian Barth

It is rare that my wife and I get the opportunity to take longer than a day without the kids. So when an opportunity arose to go away for a few days to a nice sunny location I didn't want to say anything to my wife until I got some more information. I am a thrifty person and knowing my wife as I do, if I mentioned the possibility of taking a trip to Mexico she would be extremely disappointed if we didn't go.

When we were buried under 5 feet of snow a neighbor mentioned to me while we were shoveling that we should join them in Cancun, Mexico, I said sure why not. I had a feeling my neighbor thought we weren't going to go. I tend to get

caught up in the moment and then back away once I hear how much time or money it will be.

My wife was pregnant during our ten year anniversary and we didn't really celebrate the milestone. Saturday will be our 11th anniversary and thought it would be nice to try and do something special as a late 10th anniversary present.

My surprise wasn't a surprise once she caught wind that I was looking into a trip for a few days to Cancun.

I was on the phone with the reservations company trying to work any deal I could to save a few bucks. At one point I said "how much and you want us to make how many connections?" I swivelled around in

my office chair to see my wife standing right behind me with a very disapproving look. I told the reservation specialist that I would have to call them back. That was basically the kiss of death and she knew it. My wife began to realize any hopes of a warm climate vacation away for a few days without the kids was becoming a distant memory.

Right after I hung up the phone my neighbor called and said "well are you all booked?" I said not quite yet. I'm still working out some of the details.

I hung up the phone, walked into the kitchen to get a drink when my wife said, "I guess we aren't going, are we?" Well, I said, it isn't looking good. They want too much and we have to make two connections. She simply said in a hushed voice, "figures."

For some strange reason I finally had a realization that we should start taking advantage of these opportunities. I picked up the phone and called the agent back. With-

out hesitation I picked-up our conversation where we left it when I hung up the first time. Within ten minutes I was providing my credit card number and writing down our itinerary plans.

Needless to say my wife was in shock. She actually thought I was making up the conversation and went to the kitchen to pick-up the other phone to see if I was talking with someone. Once she heard the person's voice she dropped the phone. I personally thought she should have won an Oscar for her performance.

Time flew by, next thing we knew it was the morning to take our little adventure, alone with no kids, schedules, computers, or cell phones. We stepped off the plane, met up our neighbors, passed through customs, and went directly to the taxi waiting area and caught a ride to the resort.

Arriving at the front door we were greeted with a glass of champagne and a cold cloth. Right then

and there I knew I made the right decision to take this trip.

We quickly checked in and bypassed everything else and headed straight for the white sandy beach and crystal blue water. We all took off our shoes and put our feet in the water. Luckily our wait to get into the rooms wasn't long and fortunately for us there just happened to be one of the 5 outdoor bars right there. We all grabbed a drink, quickly taking big gulps, raced to our rooms, and changed into our bathing suits.

As the last day quickly approached my wife and I were sitting on our patio overlooking the ocean and both said at the same time that we were ready to go home and see the kids.

As much of a pain as it seems some times running to practice, going over homework, and preparing dinner, vacation just didn't seem like a vacation without the kids.

With that said I'd still love to do it again.

# Mom's Time Out

## Working from home...

Abigail Shiyer

I have been working from home in one fashion or another since before I became a mother. I was fortunate enough to have a job that I really enjoyed with the flexibility to work from home a couple days a week. I worked as a systems consultant in new product development for one of the biggest banks in America.

Before having children, I truly enjoyed working from home. I could attend all of my meetings and get all of my work done online from home. I could get up and take a 10 minute break and throw a load of laundry in the wash, put some dishes away, or walk down my driveway to check the mail. I could work with a cat on my lap in my jammies if I wanted to. And I also had this "crazy" idea that I could still do this once I became a mother.

Oh - how naïve I was. But, I am a fighter and I don't give up easily (translate as stubborn or stupid??). I tried to work from home a couple days a week with an infant - didn't work. I tried hiring someone to come into the house a couple days a week - didn't work. I tried taking my baby down the road to a sitter so I could work - didn't work. Bottom line - things had changed - I wanted to be the one with her every minute that I could. I was a Mom now and no amount of money could change the fact that my baby was my top priority.

So... I decided to leave my wonderful job - I say that because I truly did enjoy where I worked, the people that I worked with and what I did. I had a great boss and made a decent income with tremendous benefits. I wasn't one of those people who longed to leave the office because "I hated my job and wanted to fire my boss". It was a tough decision to leave, but I wanted to be a Stay At Home Mom and knew that I could not devote 40 hours a week to a job and be a full time Mom too.

My search for the perfect Work At Home job began. I looked and tried just about everything. From home party businesses to freelance work to paid surveys to selling stuff on eBay. I found that there are lots of legitimate business opportunities out there and there are lots of scams out there - and I found that for someone like me there is very little that actually worked.

My first attempt at my own business as a Mom was with a party type business. I loved the products - they were all natural skin care products - and I loved to buy them... and I bought and bought and bought - but, there was very little selling. I didn't want to host or conduct "parties" - evenings and weekends are my family time. This did not work for me. So I moved on.

I researched all the different survey companies out there - thinking that I could do paid surveys online while my kids were napping or after they went to bed. Oh my goodness - that only lasted a day or two. The only thing that happened here was that I got on every "sucker" mailing list that was ever created. I almost had to change my identity!

Then, I stumbled upon a consumer direct marketing company while looking for non-toxic cleaning products to have in my home.

I had heard horror stories of kids poisoning themselves from chemicals in the home. I learned with my previous party plan company that personal care products are just as dangerous as cleaning products, so when I found this company I was really excited. They claim that they are not network marketing, but if you want to make any real income you need to refer other "shoppers". I worked this as a business for over a year. I believe in and love the products, I could whole heartedly recommend the products to people to use because they use them every day anyway (toothpaste, shampoo, soap,

cleaning supplies, laundry detergent, vitamins, etc.). My BIG problem with this is that I am a mother of YOUNG children. The products are a definite in our house - I love them, but my kids would start screaming as soon as they would see me get on the phone or on the computer to conduct a webcast overview.

And this type of business isn't one that you can do after hours - which is what I need while my kids are still young. The great thing here is that I am getting and will continue to get residual checks every month because I referred lots of customers and some of them went on to build a business and they have referred lots of customers. This may be something that

I pick up again once my kids are in school - but, for now I am happy being a customer and getting a thank you check every month. If you are interested in getting safer products in your home you can visit this site [www.saferhousehold.com/gogreen](http://www.saferhousehold.com/gogreen) and request more information.

I have realized through all of my trial and error that what works for one person may not work for another and you just have to do what "fits" for you and your family.

I can say that I have finally found a perfect fit for our household. I have my own business, I work when I can - around my children, they never have to see me on the computer or on the phone anymore and I am do-

ing something that I love that gives me lots of satisfaction. I don't have to "recruit" people to be successful and it is truly just me and my computer. Anyone can do what they love online without leaving their kids.

There is a complete training guide - it is a natural, powerful, proven process which is outlined, step by step, in an easy to understand Action Guide. Regardless of how "new" you are to the Net, you will understand it. If you are looking for something to supplement your family's income - I highly recommend this - you can request more information at [www.momschoosomore.com](http://www.momschoosomore.com) (it is not just for moms...)

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## STAGES OF LIFE

# Lizzy Bizzy

## My friends at my house

Lizzy Ryan

We have many pets. We have a golden retriever named Simon. My parents got him at a Ducks Unlimited auction many years ago. We have two cats. One is named Belle. She is a gray tabby which we just got last August. My sister and I have many nicknames for her, like "The Little Princess" and "Spacey". We call her "Spacey" because she spaces around the house like a loony, especially when she wants to go outside. We call her "The Little Princess" because whenever she wants to sleep, she always picks the highest spot to sit on, and she has a big attitude.

Our other cat is a solid black cat named Midnight (obviously). She is an interesting cat that we got from a friend of my mom's who was moving from her farm. So Midnight was a farm cat. She used to be an extremely good hunter but now she has no front teeth and only one good eye (The other is always partially closed. We think she may be blind in that eye).

I have a lion head bunny named Nutmeg because she has the color of nutmeg. She is really loud at night. When she is in my room, she runs around her pen making a lot of noise. And of course, we have fish that live inside during the winter and in the garden pond during the summer. We have two chickens, but we are getting 25 more at the end of the May. They are going to be cool exotic ones like frizzles, cochins and silkies.

My favorite pet is my best friend, Oscar. He is a Boer goat. He has a different back story. When I was in the 4th grade (now I am in 7<sup>th</sup>), I kept begging my mom to join a 4-H club since she works at the same office as 4-H. I originally wanted to join the 4-H beef or dairy club, but my mom said no because we were not getting a cow. She agreed to either the sheep or goat club. I decided to join the goat club because I thought it would be less work since goats didn't need to be sheared.

I had a name picked out forever. We got him from a friend of my mom's who worked for 4-H. At school, when my mom picked me up, I saw Oscar in the back of the car. When we got home with Oscar, I immediately took him for



a walk and from then on he was my best friend. Numerous times my mom told me to remember that he was going to be sold for meat. I just didn't think anything of it until the last two months I had him. Finally I had gotten a wake-up call. Every night I would argue with my mom to keep him. I had actually saved some money to buy him back.

I hated doing the project book for 4-H, so since I didn't complete it, I couldn't sell Oscar. My plan worked out well. As for the goat club, I stopped going to meetings because they only talked about showing and selling their animals.

Oscar can sometimes be trouble though, because he is a meat goat. He's probably 200 pounds of muscle. That makes it pretty hard to take him on walks, but I still do it - just on his terms. I basically treat him like a dog. I give him baths and treats when he is good. When any other person comes over to our house and visit him, though, Oscar will butt the fence, so no one really likes to come near him anymore. The only reason he butts is because he is really protective of me.

When people ask me why I would say that a goat is my best friend, I say that I can tell him things and he won't comment back. He doesn't argue, doesn't complain and doesn't care what I do. But still, people think that I am crazy. I sometimes get made fun of for it, but I don't care. I'll just tell them he same things.

I love animals, especially farm animals. I don't know why, maybe because my pop-pop has a farm, but whatever the reason, animals are great.

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

# Simply Maya

## 'If you think you can, you can'

Maya Hand

At school each week, there is a different phrase on the board in Ms. Warthen's classroom. I'm always looking forward to seeing what the next phrase will be. One week it was "If you think you can, you can. If you think you can't, think again." And that's exactly correct. Be determined to try your best in everything you do. If you want to do something, all you have to do is believe in yourself and really put your mind to it. Well, you couldn't necessarily grow wings and fly like a swan, but you could use or make a flying contraption.

Talking about flying, have you ever thought you could fly? Once when I was younger I did. Well, sort of. I was standing on our guest bed. I was going to try to jump from there to the wooden chest touching the wall. I ended up crashing to the floor in no time. Then Mom walked in. "What happened?" she asked, giggling at the same time.

I have a story for you about determination. First, let me give you some background about a special trip with my family, where my story takes place. Once, I went to Mexico with my family for my Mi-mi's birthday. We did a lot of fun things and learned a lot in Mexico. Mom went swimming with the dolphins. She had always wanted to swim with the dolphins and now was her chance. Before the dolphins, while we were waiting, Daddy, Nathaniel, Ana, and I kept spotting iguanas blending in with the rocks as they lay in the sun. Afterwards, Mi-mi and I went out to a gift store and I picked out a dolphin pin for Mommy.

The hotel we stayed in had one smaller pool and one bigger pool.

Over the bigger pool was a small bridge which lead to a buffet. Ana and I went over to that pool several times to get virgin (no alcohol) strawberry daiquiris. We had never had them before, but they tasted so good and we drank so many that we almost turned into strawberry daiquiris!

We went to the beach, of course, and there was a nice man working on the beach who kept collecting rare seashells and giving them to me for my collection. One day we were at a restaurant. They had soft serve and I had never had it before. As I was skipping and holding my bowl, going over to get my soft serve, there was a man who was working there. He looked at me and then started skipping in place smiling at me. I giggled and then kept on going while Daddy talked to the man. Most people around us came from Mexico but spoke English AND Spanish. A lot of people in Mexico seemed very kind. They helped my trip to be more enjoyable and memorable. There are good people all over the world. Sometimes we just don't notice.

Ok, there's something I haven't told you. You know swimming? You know, moving, in water? Well, of course you know swimming. Anyway, I'm sort of nervous to tell you what I'm about to tell you, but... I can't. That's right. I can't swim. Well, sometimes I can, sometimes I can't. What I mean is... I'm afraid to stick my head underwater. Well, you remember when I told you about the strawberry daiquiris at the pool? If you swam across the pool there was a bar on the other side with little stool-like things sticking out of the water covered with blue mosaic for people to sit on. That pool was deep. It came



up to my neck when I was on my tippy toes. Ana's feet couldn't even touch the bottom! But she is a great swimmer.

I was scared to cross that pool, terrified my head would go underwater. It seemed so big and deep but I wanted so much to sit there and drink strawberry daiquiris with my sister. I was afraid, but I was determined to try. Ana offered to help me, be my support, hold my hand the whole way. So finally I walked very slowly on my tippy toes as she swam with me holding her hand. My mom and dad watched, and they said it took us almost twenty minutes to cross the pool. When we got there we celebrated together with our strawberry daiquiris. We did it all with team work.

Ana loves swimming. She will dive off the diving board. She will dive off the side of the pool. She will purposely, without being asked, stick her head under water. You can give her any challenge in the water. Trust me, she'll pass it! Someday I hope that I'll be able to swim like her. And someday, I will. Because I think I can and I know I can. My sister and I worked together and reached our goal. Remember, "If you think you can, you can. If you think you can't, think again," especially when it comes to using teamwork. When you work together, you can do things even better and you can make a bigger difference in your own life or even in someone else's.

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



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# STAGES OF LIFE

## A teen's view Prompts

Kat Dart

One of my favorite things to respond to is a 'prompt', and I'm not talking about a high school essay that says to define gerrymandering and why it is illegal.

My favorite type of prompt to respond to is a single-word prompt. The instructions are simple: use the word somewhere in a short story (which is also called a 'drabble' or a 'one-shot').

'Challenges' are generally more difficult to answer to than a prompt. Usually, one author will propose a challenge, making up rules that you must follow, and other authors choose to answer it. The writing requirements say what genre the story must be, the length, and the fandom it takes place in. A fandom is a book or a movie, like Harry Potter or Star Wars, and its universe.

While writing in a fandom, most authors enjoy creating an alternate universe - they change character histories, personalities, and change several aspects of the world they belong in. It's really interesting to see what people would change about a fandom's universe if they could.

While writing about characters is a lot of fun, it is also very difficult. Most people tend to make their characters very OOC - or out of character. That is, their character does not act like the orig-



inal at all. Another major mistake is creating a Mary - Sue. When these characters are written, they are absolutely perfect, normally with some bad past. They have the most beautiful physical traits the main character has ever seen, and they fall in love. The Mary - Sue has some obvious personality flaws, but they only serve to make him or her even more likeable or cute. Yeah, not my cup of tea - this is why a lot of authors choose to not use an original character at all, and instead uses characters already seen in the fandom.

Writing, no matter whether it is yours or you are using someone else's characters, and no matter if it is fiction or nonfiction, is a huge escape from the world. It lets you rant or lash out at anyone, and no one will ever read it if you do not want them to. It is a way to let your imagination soar and be alone in your own world, if only for a little while. No matter what you write about, you can know that there is someone out there who will appreciate it. Someone

out there will respect you for at least trying it out.

Speaking of respect, there is one thing in high school that really bugs me: the lack of respect a lot of people seem to have for others. Rumors and gossip can easily get out of control. Girls tend to try to discredit another girl by spreading a rumor and/or gossiping about her. They don't respect her privacy. Maybe their lack of respect is shown in a really immature fashion, but most teens aren't aware that when mild gossip like this gets out of hand, it may ruin someone's future.

I am planning to go to college in a few years. One of the biggest things I am focused on is keeping my name clean. People don't seem to realize that employers and colleges check your online profiles: your facebook, myspace, youtube, and yahoo profile. If they know you have one, you can almost guarantee it's going to be checked. You can be rejected from a college or lose a job opportunity because of what's on your page.

On a happier note, it's finally May which means the end of the school year is almost here! Of course, it's kind of funny with how many girls are complaining about how pale they are and how they need to tan soon - and I look at myself and know that this is as tan as I'm going to get. (It's actually kind of sad...)

Also going up in May is the drama club's final production: Little Women. I know several of the freshmen in the play and based on what they have said, it's going to be great. I know that when the final practice week comes up, I'm going to see if they need any backstage people - if they do, then I get to help out one of my best friends.

Also coming up in May are the HSA's - the high school assessments. I get to take the Government one (yay!) and then I'm done, after I take the rest of my finals. And then I get to look forward to summer vacation with finals finished.

Next month, I will hopefully be able to comment on a day at the beach..!

To read past articles by Kat Dart visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

## A teen's view Seventeen again

Danielle Ryan



Why is it that seventeen seems so much older than sixteen? Why does your seventeenth birthday feel like you turned two or three years older instead of just one? I asked myself these questions on the morning of my seventeenth birthday.

The day started off normally, just like any other day. In fact, I had almost forgotten that it was my birthday until my mom came into my room, woke me up, and said, "Happy Birthday, Danielle! You're seventeen today!" It was then, at that moment, that I remembered that it was indeed my birthday, and I was seventeen.

I never realized that I could actually feel different after turning one year older. Every other birthday that I had experienced never left me feeling any different. This one did. I felt older.

I wasn't the only one who thought of me as being older, as both my parents said that I seemed older. Of course my mom, being a typical mom, was a little sad about the thought of her daughter getting older. Not only was the number age one year larger, but this particular day was the day that I would drive by myself for the very first time - to school nonetheless. This fact probably made matters worse. This act of independence, driving without my mom for the very first time, was just enough to send some feelings of sadness through my mother. When I walked out the door that day, I knew that there was a slight pang of sorrow in my mom, seeing her daughter taking one more step into adulthood.

After thinking about being older, I decided that there were some defining factors that were different about being seventeen as opposed to sixteen or fifteen. First of all, there was my independent driving. It may not seem like a big deal to some, but for me, driving was a very big deal.

Another huge thing about turning seventeen is that I came to the realization that I am one year closer to attending college. When I turned sixteen, I had the idea of college in my mind, but it was in the back of my mind - far enough away that I didn't have to think about it yet. Now, however, I realize that my college years are approaching fast. The thought frightens me a little. I don't feel that I am ready to go to college yet and the idea that I am another year closer woke me up.

Along with the thoughts of college

comes the idea of everything that I need to do to prepare myself for college. This long list includes researching colleges that I am interested in, figuring out a major, going on college visits, and taking the SATs and the ACTs, as well as focusing on my studies at hand and the work I am doing in high school. There are so many things that I have to do before I am anywhere near ready to attend college; I know that I have a limited amount of time left.

I know that I have been working on several of these items on my always-growing list of things to do. Recently I took the ACTs for the first time, and took the SATs twice before. I was overjoyed at the fact that the ACTs were much easier than the SATs since colleges like high standardized test scores. I was really hoping that the ACTs would be easier so my scores would be even better than the SATs.

I now have everything else left on my list. My current school work is always an ongoing process, so that item is currently being taken care of. My decision in regards to the school that I want to attend? Well, it's still up in the air. The area of study I would like to focus on is mostly decided, I have it narrowed down to two different careers. So career choice is one more thing to check off my "to do" list.

As for college visits, I still haven't visited one. This item, as well as my college of choice, is something that I have yet to think about, and once again, I don't have much time before I must make all of these very important decisions.

As you can see, there are many things that make a seventeenth birthday seem a lot different than any other birthday. Most people think that turning sixteen is a really big deal. I have to disagree. I think that turning seventeen was a much bigger deal, and much more of a change for me than turning sixteen. Maybe it's because I have so many things to do and decisions to make. Maybe because I'm one year closer to eighteen. Who knows?

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

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## STAGES OF LIFE

# Changes? Ready or not.

Katherine Au

Imagine for most who live in or around Emmitsburg the news that the Western Maryland Hotel fire is now old news. But, I would imagine there are aspects of the building that most don't know: its history, rich and long. Its atmosphere inside is known only to those who once lived there or visited. This is not a tale about the fire, per say; but rather a story about a building that has once seen finer days before giving much of its structure to ash and char.

There is a history to the building, just as there is a history to every building. The hotel's beginning can be traced back to before 1820 when a lady known as Mrs. Agnew opened and operated the building as a hotel. It was named Eagle Hotel, and it was the main stopping point for weary travelers going to and from along their journey.

In 1853 Daniel Wile purchased the building from Mrs. Agnew's estate. In 1856 he then had the structure torn down and a four story hotel built which he called the City Hotel. It was the last building to catch fire in the great fire of 1863 that claimed half the town. Undeterred Daniel Wile rebuilt the hotel and renamed it the Western Maryland Hotel. Since then it has had many owner and many names: The Spangler Hotel, the Slagle Hotel, the Mondorff Hotel. But it bore the name Daniel Wile's gave it - The Western Maryland Hotel the longest.

Residences of Emmitsburg have shared stories of the building throughout the years.

One residence shared the story from his childhood years as, "I only knew of the Hotel by the name of The Mondorff Hotel as I moved in directly across the square in 1939. I remember a fine old gentleman by the name of Mr. Teddy Motter who had a room or apartment in the Hotel. He had a glass eye. One day when I was helping at my dad's store, Teddy Motter came in and was getting something at the store. I was only 9 years old and had heard about the glass eye. I couldn't hold back and asked Mr. Motter if I could see it. He smiled and took the glass eye into his hand and held it down for me to see. As things happen, it fell to the floor and rolled under a display case. My dad was embarrassed and told me to find it and give it to Mr. Motter. I found it, but it was covered with the oily dust bunnies that gather under the case. I handed it to Mr. Motter, he took it and wrapped in a clean handkerchief and with a smile said, 'I guess I will have to go back to my place in the Hotel and give my eye a good cleaning.' Then he crossed the street back to the Mondorff Hotel. He never forgot that and would laugh and tell others about it as he would sit



on the main front porch."

In the 1950's a woman by the name of Mrs. McDonald opened an eatery on the lower floor by the bank and had some of the best Home Cooking in town. The restaurant served not only as a place where those staying in the hotel could find a hot meal, but it was a place for those residing in Emmitsburg to catch up on the local gossip and eat a quality meal.

Also, on the first floor of the Mondorff Hotel there was a gathering place for the men to have their card games and to talk and plan which horse to put their bets on at local racetracks. It is also told that at Christmas, the Community Tree stood in the corner between the Mondorff Hotel and the Farmers State Bank. Many pictures were produced of the children of the area getting their Christmas gifts

of fruit and toys. Thus, the old Western Maryland was a backdrop for many events.

The building's balcony has seen its share of dignitaries and events. The view may have changed over the years but the balcony remained the same. Until now. As I saw the balcony after the fire, it is simply a charred reminiscence of its once grandeur. The balcony does still stand, but the signs of fire far out way its signs of the once magnificent structure.

How do I know the magnificence of the balcony? Well, I once lived in an apartment in the Western Maryland. It wasn't a grand hotel when I lived there. There were no dignitaries speaking on the balcony. The structure had, as the saying goes, "seen better days." But, it still was my home for a while. When I came back to college to finish my last semester

I lived in the building. I lived on the third floor.

My room didn't have level floors, the tub/shower was smaller than a cabinet, and each night when the Ott House closed, I heard all the drunk patrons shouting goodbye as they left. Each morning about 6:30 I heard a huge black truck roar by with its souped-up muffler at the traffic light. It never failed that the light seemed to stop the truck so it could rev up to go through the light after it had been stopped. My room served its purpose, however. I studied, I learned, I was able to have my dog.

The room was also in an apartment building that had an apartment manager who seemed to care more about getting the dirt on who entered the building than actually caring about the intention of who entered the building. All I remember clear-

ly was that her room was always open at the end of the hallway on the first floor, and I could always hear either yelling children in her room or barking dogs. When her door was closed it was well after hours and in some way it lent itself to a spooky place.

A once paper boy remembered the building into his 90s and said about it then:

"My first and lasting memory of the Hotel is that it was 'spooky'; by that I mean it always seemed dark and somewhat foreboding. I got that impression from having to deliver papers to a customer living on the third floor. It was probably about 1939 or 1940, (before WWII because all of my brothers were still living at home) I was six or seven years old and we had a paper route with each brother taking a different street. I had N. Seton Ave and, for some reason that I can't remember, I also had the area around the square which included the hotel. I had one customer on the third floor and going in there early in the morning when it was still dark with no one around was scary. There was one bare bulb at the top of the stairs and, other than that, I don't remember much about it because I flew up and down those stairs probably making the round trip in under 15 seconds."

I can see where the paper delivery boy comes from.

About 50 years separate that young paper boy and the young woman who was looking for a cheap apartment where she could keep her dog and finish her education, but 50 years later the 3rd floor of that building was still "spooky."

Perhaps that building that long stood at the center of Emmitsburg illustrates nothing quite so much as the saying, "the more things change, the more they remain the same."

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## COLD WAR WARRIORS

## The "Thaw" in Gettysburg

John Murphy  
Captain, U. S. Navy Retired

Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev visited President Dwight D. Eisenhower at his Gettysburg farm in September 1959. It was an unplanned change to a two week tour of the U.S. that began in New York on Wall Street, then went to U.S. farms in the Midwest, and culminated with a tour of Hollywood and special receptions with the stars of stage and screen, including Marilyn Monroe, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine and the cast of the movie "Can-Can."

Gettysburg was an afterthought, but a good one in that talks at the Camp David Presidential retreat in Maryland had bogged down and appeared to be going nowhere. It was hoped that they would lay the groundwork for a major Summit the following year.

Ike was ill and Khrushchev was restive and grumpy, but agreed to a Gettysburg visit. After a brief helicopter flight northwards from Camp David the two leaders landed at the Eisenhower farm south of Gettysburg. Khrushchev was introduced to the Eisenhower family on the back porch of the President's home. He played the role of grandfather with Ike's grandchildren - a role he obviously enjoyed. Then he was given a full-blown tour of Ike's prized Angus beef operation which concluded with Ike "gifting" the Premier a prized Black Angus heifer.

Khrushchev loved anything to do with agriculture and the ambience of this place transformed him. Ike taught him the English word for "friend" and they had become friends. There had been an apparent "thaw" in Soviet-American relations at Gettysburg.

It was similar to the "Khrushchev thaw" that had occurred in the USSR six years earlier, when Khrushchev set out to de Stalinize the country after the death of Josef Stalin. Khrushchev later described Ike's home as "a rich man's house, but not a millionaire's."

Had Gettysburg led to a thaw in East West relations? It appeared so. The planning continued for a summit in Paris the following May.

On the morning of 1 May, 1960 Khrushchev got into his limousine for a ride from his dacha to the annual Parade in Red Square. Then he received urgent, classified reports that an American U2 aircraft had departed its base in Peshawar, Pakistan and was headed directly over the Soviet Union towards the large, industrial city of Sverdlovsk in the Urals. He had seen such aircraft over Soviet territory before and his son Sergey said it drove him crazy. He had given orders that such aircraft should be shot down immediately, but his Air Defense forces had been unable to do so. This time it was different.

Before the Red Square parade had concluded the Soviets had downed the U2 piloted by Francis Gary Powers and he had been captured - alive! Khrushchev rejoiced, but then exploded in rage. How could his "friend" Eisenhower do this to him? Then again, Ike probably knew nothing about it, right? Was this the act of renegades at CIA determined to undermine "the thaw" between the U.S. and the USSR?

"Net" he was told. Ike had personally authorized the Powers mission. Khrushchev was furious. Ike had betrayed him. The Summit was finished.

All these events were discussed in some detail at a two-day symposium in September 2009 at Gettysburg College hosted by the College's Eisenhower Institute. Present were such notables as Ike's granddaughter Susan Eisenhower, Khrushchev's son Sergey Khrushchev, Susan Eisenhower's husband, Professor Roald Sagdeev (former head of the Soviet Space Research Institute), former Eisenhower Administration officials and Ambassadors to the USSR, as well as top academics who specialized in the Eisenhower and Khrushchev eras.

If only I had known what these folks knew - back in September 1959!



When Ike was touring Khrushchev at his Gettysburg farm, I had just completed an Intensive Russian program in Washington D.C., and reported as the Operations Officer at a Black Sea warning site. Since I was fluent in Russian, I was constantly being asked questions like... "Who is Nikita Khrushchev? What is his background?" And "Why is Khrushchev going to the U.S.? What is he really trying to do there?" I usually said, "I'll have to get back to you." And I am ... it only took fifty years.

Sergey Khrushchev was a top Soviet missile engineer and close confidante to his father during the momentous events of his tumultuous political career. There were no mysteries or enigmas for Sergey. Only problem was we were not on speaking terms back in 1959.

What went wrong? Why did the Cold War not end at Gettysburg? Here are some things that I learned at last year's symposium and during my own career as a Cold Warrior from 1959 to 2009.

Weak countries bluff about their arms capabilities. "Weak" countries tend to lie and mislead you as to their actual military strength. Khrushchev needed a couple of more years in the late 1950s for his new weapons systems to become operational. Meanwhile, he wanted us to believe he had them. Fake it "till you make it!" Sound familiar?

U2's and other Covert programs were essential - We had no way of knowing whether or not Khrush-

chev's grandiose claims were real. We had to be sure. Special intelligence programs such as the U2 and my warning site on the Black Sea were needed as a "sanity check" on a man who really was a "riddle, wrapped in a mystery..." etc.

We overestimated and underestimated the Soviets - On one hand we got caught believing Khrushchev's propaganda about superior Soviet science and new weapons developments. On the other hand, we tended to look down upon the Soviets. We thought they had to steal our secret weapon designs to compete. Sometimes they did, but then chose to take an entirely different path from ours (e.g. titanium submarines and spacecraft).

Khrushchev was an erratic, simple man looking for respect. We now know that Khrushchev's erratic behavior was not only confusing us, but his closest associates in the Soviet government as well. The same man who could not tolerate a U2 program could plot the placement of Medium Range Ballistic Missiles in Cuba. Missiles capable of conducting nuclear attacks on New York City and Washington D.C. Still Khrushchev begrudged Ike photos of his missile ranges. Khrushchev did not really think about what he was doing. He just did it!

Satellites were about to replace aircraft as strategic surveillance systems. It is ironic that the great hopes of Gettysburg in 1959 were lost in Khrushchev's overreaction to the Gary Powers U2 incident in 1960. At the Four Power talks in Paris in May 1960 - Khrushchev opened the meeting with an impassioned attack on Eisenhower and his U2 program.

The host, France's President Charles DeGaulle's responded: "That satellite you launched just before you left Moscow - to impress us - overflowed the sky of France eighteen times without my permission. How do I know that you do not have cameras aboard which are taking pictures of my country?"

Touch! The Cold War was about to march on for another three decades. Satellites were about to replace aircraft for strategic surveillance. And there was nothing that a target country could do, except "cover up" their precious secrets. Something that Khrushchev forgot to do when he put missiles in Cuba.

But ... that is another story. The Cuban Missile Crisis: Khrushchev's final gambit.

Have your on stories of serving during the Cold War? If so, send them to us at [editor@emmitsburg.com](mailto:editor@emmitsburg.com)

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## LIFE'S REFLECTIONS

# The Mulberry Bush

Ruth O. Richards

Here we go 'round the mulberry bush,  
the mulberry bush,  
so early Monday morning.  
This is the way we wash our clothes,  
wash our clothes so early Monday morning.

That childhood verse says it all. Monday was long ago chosen as the day the family's clothes were washed, at my home in South Dakota, in Emmitsburg, and every place else that I know of. And I hated it.

I have a strong memory of myself as a four-year-old speaking on the phone to an out-of-town aunt of mine and asking if I could live with her because my mother washed clothes on Monday. I was hoping that she didn't follow this weekly habit. Alas, she did. She washed clothes on Monday, too.

As I grew older, I hated it even more. The specter of the day really began when on Sunday we were instructed to gather up all the dirty clothes, put them in the laundry chute sending them to the basement where they were sorted by color and made ready for the washing machine on Monday morning.

My mother, a full-time secretary in my father's law office, got up at five o'clock on Monday morning to do the family laundry, before she went to work. I was the designated member of the family who had to help with this onerous task.

For those of you who don't remember, or might never have known it, the Laundromat is an innovation of the middle of the 20th Century. You might remember that as children singing the "Mulberry song," we

"washed our clothes," by scrubbing, bent over, on an imaginary washboard. This is the way it was done long, long ago. There was a wash tub and a washboard, and with these the cleaning of the clothes took place.

I suppose my grandmother out on the prairies of South Dakota in the 1800s had to use the washboard, and my mother, no doubt, had to help her. But when I was a child there was an electric washing machine. Water, hot water, was put into a cylindrical tub that had a device called an "agitator" which moved the clothes around. After the clothes were determined to be clean, they were put through a wringer, by hand, to squeeze the wash-water out, and then put into a tub of water for the rinsing. In my family there were two tubs for rinsing. The moving of the clothes was all done by hand.

In my school days the hand moving of the clothes was my job before I went to school in the morning. I also had to help hang the clothes on the outdoors line. Sometimes they froze stiff—and so did I, but by the time school was over they were dry enough to bring in.

When I got to Emmitsburg in 1940, I was devastated to find no washing machine in Mrs. Patterson's house. There was a single wash tub with faucets and a washboard (You all know what a wash board looks like? Corrugated (from Latin to wrinkle) metal nailed onto a board.) Was I going to have to do our sheets, towels, shirts, table linens with this contraption?

Someone, and it probably was Mrs. Patterson, saved the

day, and suggested I ask Goldie Kugler if she would do our wash. Goldie lived on West Main Street. That was very hard for me to do as I grew up in a house where we didn't ask others to do our menial work. But I asked her and she agreed to do it.

Every Sunday, just as at home, we (probably I), gathered up our dirty clothes, put them in a laundry bag and the bag into a clothes basket and took them to Goldie. She washed them Monday, dried them either outside on her porch or in the house in bad weather, and we picked them up on Tuesday, "rough dried," no ironing. Then back to the Mulberry bush.

Goldie's charge for her work was 50 cents. At the time I didn't think 50 cents was very much, but then we didn't have much money either. Goldie had washed, starched the shirts and table clothes and folded the rest of the clothes for just half a dollar.

In 1942 when we moved out to the Neighbors' house, I was pleased elated in fact—that there was a washing machine in the basement. So I went through all of the steps that my mother had gone through: gathering up the clothes, sorting, washing, hanging them outside. When? Monday, of course.

My mother and our neighbor women competed (mother denied it) to see who could get her clothes out on the line first. Mother, because she had to go to work, usually won. For me, at the Neighbors', there was no competition as I would never have risen at the crack of dawn to be first at anything. I do have to say, though, that I felt mighty proud seeing how white my things looked hang-



ing out in the sun.

Then we made the move to the house next to the bank and once again I had no washing machine. There were two fixed wash tubs with faucets in the basement but I wasn't going to do the family (John's and my) wash by hand.

Once again I found someone to wash for me. Mrs. Adelsburger and her two daughters, Janet and Alice. Mrs. Adelsburger agreed to not only do the laundry, but also to iron John's shirts and the tablecloths. She, Janet, and Alice could really iron. It was professional. I never have seen a shirt or a linen tablecloth done up so beautifully as those women did them. It was an art.

However despite the firm stand I took against using wash

tubs, I was forced into it when Kathy was born. I spent many hours washing diapers down in that clingy basement, and once again hanging things out to dry.

Lest you start feeling sorry for me, I want you to know that I finally got an agitator-driven washing machine after the war, and early in 1950 got an automatic washing machine. I know that I am a traitor, but I no longer confine my washing to Mondays. I probably never wash on Monday. And as for going around the Mulberry bush on Tuesday, science has practically made ironing a thing of the past.

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



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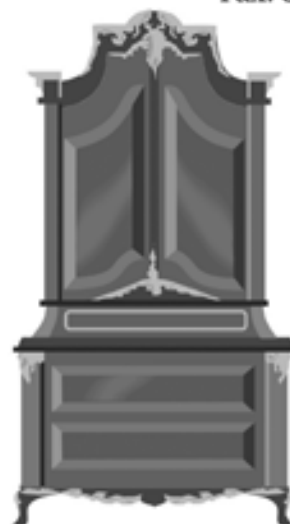
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## THE ZOOKEEPER

# Rolling Apples

Layla Watkins

My mom is the one who first introduced me to horses. Horses were, and still are, a passion of hers and I credit her for planting that seed in me. She is the one that taught me to ride and care for my horse. She taught me to both respect and admire their power and the importance of building trust and a partnership with them. My riding and horsemanship have evolved over the years, but a love for horses is something we still share.

My sister, on the other hand, was never very interested in horses. She liked them well enough I suppose, but her real passion was ice-skating. Still, I don't think my mom was any less proud when she watched my sister land a jump on skates than she was when she watched me land a jump on horseback.

A few years ago, Santa brought the kids a pony, Cupcake, for Christmas. I'm pretty sure he thought he was planting the same seed in my kids that my mom planted in me. But in hindsight, it seems Santa was a little premature. While both the kids thought she was cute and liked to give her carrots, neither were all that eager to ride or do much of anything with her.

For a while I told myself, "Oh, it's just because she's always there. They are used to having horses around, so it's no big deal for them to have their own pony in their back yard. To them, it's just like having another cat or dog."

Eventually though, I realized that while my conclusion was correct, it was not for the reason I'd thought - that "she's always there." It was "no big deal" because they just weren't that interested in horses.

My horse friends would ask me, "Are you disappointed that the kids aren't interested in riding?"

"Maybe, a little," I'd say. "But that's ok. This way I still have something that's my own thing, something that I don't have to share with anyone else."

And while that was true, a part of me was sad to let go of the daydreams I'd had. Daydreams about letting them play hooky from school to go for a trail ride on a nice day, helping them braid for a horse show, and horse-camping trips like the ones I used to take with my mom.

In time, I all but stopped asking if they wanted to ride Cupcake. I figured they know she's there and if they want to ride, they'll say so. Nobody said so, and so Cupcake continued to be a lawn ornament.



### Until...

You know how when people are looking for a relationship, they can't find the right person but then, when they stop looking, Mr./Mrs. Right magically appear? Apparently the same holds true for kids and horses.

One day, out of the blue, Kara asked if she could ride Cupcake. "Sure," I said. "You go change your shoes and I'll start getting Cupcake ready." I had no sooner gotten Cupcake through the

gate than Kara came running back out to the barn.

We brushed her, tacked her up and headed out to the ring to ride. The first thing I noticed was that Kara was uncharacteristically bold this day. Usually, she was more timid, but this time she wanted to do everything by herself. I obliged.

When we finished with Cupcake I asked Kara if she'd had fun. "Yes, can I ride Tia now?"

I couldn't believe what I was

hearing. Tia is my Quarter Horse that I used to compete. She is as honest and trustworthy as they come, but she is also much, much bigger than Cupcake. "You want to ride Tia?"

"Yep. Can I?"

"Well, ok. We'll have to put my saddle on her because Cupcake's is too small. My saddle doesn't have the horn to hold onto like Cupcake's does."

"That's ok. I don't need anything to hold on to."

Unbelievable. "Ok, let's get Tia."

Watching Kara ride Tia made me think back to when I used to ride a big Thoroughbred named Red. I was about 6-7 years old and my mom used to tell me I looked like pea on a rock. That's exactly what Kara looked like - my fearless little pea on my big, trusty rock.

Since that day, Kara has been asking to ride more and more. She's even written on her calendar "Ride Tia" and "Horse Day." When we go to the bus stop in the morning, she brings a stick so we can play "horse jumping" while we wait for the bus.

Still, I have made a point of telling her that while I think it's cool that she's becoming interested in riding, it's perfectly ok if she changes her mind or doesn't want to. I've told her that what makes me happiest is seeing her do things that make her happy.

If riding makes her happy, that's great. If something else makes her happy, that's great too.

I don't know how much of that registers in her 6-year-old brain, but I'm trying not to put any pressure on her. I'm also trying not to go overboard "encouraging" her to ride. I did buy her some of her own riding equipment and tack, but that's a safety issue. Ok, so maybe the purple reins weren't for safety but they are smaller and easier on her little hands than leather.

I have no idea whether or not her current interest in riding will last and I'm ok with it either way. Yes, it would be pretty special to share horses with my daughter like my mom shared with me. I would share them with Gavin too but right now, he still thinks it's more fun to clean their stalls than to ride them.

On the other hand, if neither of them hold an interest in horses, then riding will remain "my thing," and that's pretty special too - Riding is the one thing I have that allows me to be "Layla," not just "Mom."

So for now, we wait and see. The apple may not fall far from the tree, but there's no telling where it will roll once it hits the ground.

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

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# ARTISTS OF THE MONTH

## Brian Barth

Angela Craig

Do you pick up the News Journal every month and search for your favorite articles, or scan for your interests? Do you read every interesting title, and save the rest for rainy days? Is this your first time reading it?

In any of these cases, you've been thumbing through the paper today and finding rich stories. But I'll bet that most of you have taken for granted the ease in which you do this - following the correct columns for the right articles, looking at pictures which correspond to the prop-



er editorials, and turning to page three and finding the story you were reading picks up right where it left off. You know, there's a man behind this, making your reading experience the best it can be.

This man is Brian Barth, and he lays out the paper you're reading right now. He is the one who makes sure that each photograph and piece of writing is arranged pleasingly and comfortably on the page. With a Bachelor's degree in Graphic Design and a Master's in Fine Arts, he is well-qualified for this task, but it's not the only way he uses his skill.

Born in Cincinnati, Barth eventually made his way over to Maryland during his school years. He worked with the Naval Institute Press designing books, was the Junior Art Director for the Smithsonian, and is now the Art Director for the National Archives in Washington, D.C. This job entails creating anything that the National Archives needs printed - and I mean anything. His team of three people takes care of exhibit booth displays, brochures, and even the temporary tattoos sold in the gift shop.

A lot of heart goes into the jobs he does; working from start to finish, he dedicates a lot of time into seeing a project completed. He may start with a pencil sketch of a logo or design, and then translate it into a digital work of art. Most people don't realize how much effort is needed for one project; the font must be just right, the text must be in balance with the picture, and the key message must be visually stressed - all done with a computer.

"If you're not keeping current, you're going to fall behind the times," he says, speaking about the different types of computer software needed for the projects he uses. He tells me how a lot of his job requires him to do his homework and learn about new technologies and programs, and that not having this knowledge would be detrimental to the job.

One can see how passionate Barth is about his work, not only because of the high quality results he turns out, but also because his spare time is filled with hobbies in the same vein. He shows me some of his work around the house. On the walls are drawings of anything from boats to trees; the images are simple and peaceful, but shockingly realistic and detailed. And, surprisingly, all



are achieved with pencil. Next, the walls of his children's bedrooms are covered in murals. There is a baseball scene in one, pink Disney princesses in another, and, for his and his wife's newest addition, an animal theme.

"Drawing and painting helps me relax. I know that's kind of weird," he chuckles.

The town of Emmitsburg, also, can testify to Barth's gifts. He has painted for his neighbors and designed t-shirts for Emmitsburg El-

ementary School's Play Day. One of his most gratifying jobs is helping design prints and other items for Scotty's Ride, a poker run to raise money for children suffering from severe medical conditions, in memory of Scotty Harbaugh.

"The most rewarding things come from helping people in the community," he says. "I kind of figure, what goes around comes around."

Angela is a junior at the Mount majoring in Fine Arts Major.

## Becky Brown

Christine Little  
Adams County Arts Council

Gettysburg artist Becky Brown sees art as a thread that connects the generations of her family - and weaves through the various phases of her life. What she loves about it? The pure act of creation.

Brown credits her father for giving her the inspiration to begin doing artwork as a child, and the encouragement to stretch herself into the challenging medium of pen and ink sketching. "My father was a commercial artist, so I grew up playing with his colored pencils and watching him draw," she says. "When I was an adult he and I talked about my artwork quite a bit. I was doing a lot of pencil work and he said, 'Why don't you try pen and ink? Just try it!' I'd always avoided pen and ink - it's kind of scary because it's so permanent. But he gave me the courage to start with it, which must have been about 30 years ago."

Brown moved to Gettysburg in 1992 and began working at the Adams County Public Library. As she's transitioned from full-time to part-time work, and finally, retiring from the library system, she's found time to return to teaching pen and ink and other drawing classes for the Adams County Arts Council's arts-learning center, the Imagination Station.

"In both of these classes I'd like to be very flexible," she says. "I want to see what the students want, what is their skill level, what are their interests, and then I'll develop the class around that. I'm hoping, especially with the outdoor sketching class, to have peo-

ple bring suggestions of places that they've seen that they want to work on. I also have some ideas of my own, an in-town garden and some out-of-the-way townscapes."

What is it about sketching that keeps Brown interested, year after year? "I was talking recently with a woman who designs counted cross stitch patterns," she says by way of explanation. "She said something that struck me, about how sometimes there's a design cooking in you, and you're thinking about it, and as it stews there in your imagination, it can make you kind of irritable. And then when you finally create the design, it feels so good."

"In my case, I don't know about the irritability so much - maybe I should pay a little more attention to that! - but I know that there's that wonderful feeling of having created something. Maybe it's not exactly what you've envisioned, but it's gone in a direction starting with what you envisioned and what you saw. When it comes to completion you feel so good about it. It's that moment that it feels the best - not necessarily when you've had it out in public and it's been judged and people like it or don't like it. It's just between you and the work. It's sort of an 'Ah-ha' feeling, I think. That's what I like the best."

Brown says she carries her father's spirit of experimentation to her stu-

dents in her classes. "If you want to give it a try, come to a class!" she says. "There are a lot of books out there, but they can be so discouraging. It's more alive if you're in a class

with other people who are struggling and you can get some personal feedback from the instructor. Usually people turn out really nice stuff - they surprise themselves!"

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## COMPLEMENTARY CORNER—WELL BEING

# Chinese medicine and the five elements

## The Wood Element, part 2

Renee Lehman

The Five Elements is the cyclical pattern of expression in nature as observed by the ancient Chinese. These Elements or energies are felt to be the prime energetic building blocks from which everything in the material world is composed, and were never seen as five “distinct things”. So, every living thing and every person is a unique embodiment and combination of these Five Elements. The Five Elements are Water, Wood, Fire, Earth, and Metal (see the figure below). In the first part of last month’s article on the Wood Element, the associations of the season of Spring, and a Yin and Yang Organ (the Liver and Gallbladder, respectively) were discussed for the April 2010 article.

Remember that each Element describes a particular movement and the particular qualities which belong to a specific state of the changing energy seen in the universe. Together, the Five Elements help us to understand the process of dynamic harmony and balance in the whole system of energy. Therefore, when it comes to our health, if all Five Elements are in balance within us, then we are at a state of optimal health/wellness.

So, as you read this article on the Wood Element, Part 2, keep in mind that you are reading only about one part of a much bigger picture!

### Review of Part 1

What words have you used to describe this springtime? With a stretch of really warm days, did you see how everything seemed to bloom at the same time? I bet those of you with spring seasonal allergies were really bothered by all of the pollen in the air. Also, with the warmer weather, many of you have spent more time outside. Spring is a time of beginnings and renewal, flourishing, and increasing light/brightness. Overall, there is so much activity occurring throughout this season.

Along with being associated with the season of Spring, the Wood Element is also defined as having other associations. In this article the following associations will be discussed: a body tissue (Tendons and Ligaments), an external manifestation (Nails), a sound in the voice (Shouting), an emotion (Anger), a color (Green), a direction (East), a climate (Wind), and a taste (Sour).

### Body Tissue and External Manifestation Correspondences

The body tissues associated with the Wood element are your joints, tendons and ligaments. Strong and flexible joints create coordinated and easy movement. Think

about being like bamboo. It is flexible and stands straight and tall. If a strong wind storm came along, while other trees may have branches that snap and break, the bamboo just sways and sustains no damage. The external manifestation of the Wood element is your nails. Just like vegetation spring, your nails are constantly growing and need to be “manicured”.

A well balanced Wood Element will show as: a supple body capable of dynamic movement; smooth, coordinated, and graceful joint movements; flexible muscles and tendons; a body free from muscle cramping and spasming; strong fingernails, nails free from pitting or ridges, and finger and toenail beds that are a healthy pink color.

Below is a list of questions that I would like you to ask yourself. Think about what shows up for you when you answer each question. You may need to “nourish” your Wood Element to bring it into better balance.

1. Do you have osteoarthritis?
2. Do you have chronic muscle cramps?
3. Do you have problems with chronic tendonitis?
4. Do you have dull, ridged or brittle nails?
5. Do you get headaches from tense shoulder and neck muscles?

### Sound and Emotion Correspondences

Think about how the energy of the season of Spring is moving upward and outward. The sound and the emotion that correspond with the Wood element are shouting and anger, respectively. Wouldn’t you say that the upsurge of energy that you feel when you express anger powerfully is similar to the rising energy of springtime? Don’t the words, “I just need to get this out of me, or I am going to burst!” resonate for you? And when you say these words are you “shouting” or saying them in a timid way?

Anger can result when there is a barrier to you achieving your goals, when an injustice has occurred, or when you have felt vulnerable and hurt (just to name

a few roots of anger). The same type of rising energy can also be felt when you are assertive and enthusiastically achieving your goals. So, anger is not always the western thought about being “mad” about something or at someone. It is the upward surge of energy that a blade of grass needs to grow up through a crack in the sidewalk. It is the rising of energy within us that fuels our “creative fire” and helps us to put our plans into action.

A well balanced Wood Element will show as: the appropriate raising and lowering of your voice; appropriate expression of the upward and outward energy associated with the emotion of anger; being appropriately enthusiastic; and being assertive.

Ask yourself the following questions. Think about what shows up for you when you answer each question. You may need to “nourish” your Wood Element to bring it into better balance.

1. Are you often aggressive towards others? Are you often timid when with others?
2. Do you often feel like a “doormat”, and get stepped all over?
3. Do you deal with something that angered you, or do you “push it down”?
4. Are you often angry or moody? When angry, do you shout? Are you afraid to shout?
5. Do you assert yourself on a regular basis?
6. Do you “take up your space” when in a room with others?

### Color, Direction, Climate, and Taste Correspondences

The color correspondence of the Wood element is green. The taste associated with the Wood element is sour. Things in nature are growing, but not yet mature. Haven’t you used the word “green” to describe someone who lacks experience or is immature? Think of the lush green colors associated with spring; the green leaves popping from the trees, the greenery growing through the earth, the fruit and vegetables that are still “green” and not yet the color they will be in the summer; and the

“greenness” of a tree branch if you try to break it. The sour taste also reflects this “greenness”, and being unripe. What does an unripened apple taste like? Think about the fresh spring lettuces that have a slightly sour taste.

The direction of the Wood element is east. Think about how the sun rises in the east, bringing with it things related to the Wood element: brightness, a new day, full of hope and possibilities! The climate of the Wood element is wind. This makes sense when you think of how windy it gets in the springtime. Remember the saying about spring “coming in as a lamb and going out like a lion” (or vice versa).

### Nourishing your Wood Element

So, if you are interested in nourishing and keeping your Wood Element in balance, try some of the following things:

1. On a physical level, try stretching exercises, especially sideways bending and twisting (remember to be like bamboo). Walk to keep your muscles and joints limber. Try juggling, because it takes coordinated movements and flexible muscles and tendons.
2. Consider taking a supplement to help keep your joints resilient.
3. Eat foods of spring: dark green lettuce and vegetables; sprouts and sprouted foods (like bread); sour foods like lemons, etc.; and avoid saturated fats, over-salted and over-processed foods.
4. Practice assertiveness in your daily life.

5. Take time to meditate or use a relaxation technique to help decrease your muscle tension.

6. If you hate wind, wear a scarf or keep your neck protected.

7. Practice “taking up your space” when you walk into a room.

8. Practice letting go of long term resentments and judgments toward yourself and others.

9. Let anger give rise to “effective action” instead of “fuming” about what angered you.

To do this, you may need a professional to work with you (a physician, nutritionist, acupuncturist, personal trainer, massage therapist, counselor, spiritual director, or other wellness professionals).

Until then, keep observing your movement through Spring, and how well your Wood Element is balanced. And remember: It is tempting to say that the ‘Wood is this or that’, or declare ‘I am only Wood, but this is NOT how the Elements are meant to be described. There are aspects of the Wood Element that resonate for each individual, and it should! The Wood Element is an integral piece of describing the ONE-NESS of the universe (including our own body/mind/spirit) that is constantly changing and transforming!

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

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## FINANCIAL FOCUS

# “Bumps in the Road”

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In the investment world, there aren't many certainties, but here's one of them: prices will always go up and down. As an individual investor, you can't do anything about this volatility. But the way you respond to it could make a big difference in your long-term investment success.

Many investors think they can “beat” volatility by trying to time the market - in other words, by buying when prices are low and selling when prices are high. In theory, this is an excellent strategy, but in reality, it's pretty much impossible to follow - because no one can really predict, with any accuracy, market highs and lows.

So instead of attempting to time the market, you're much better off by following a time-tested strategy known as systematic investing.

To systematically invest, you simply put the same amount of money into the same investments at regular intervals. To illustrate, you could put \$100, \$500, \$1000 or more into Investment X on the first of every month. To make it even easier on yourself, you could automatically transfer those dollars from your bank account directly into the investment you've chosen.

In all likelihood, your contribution will buy a different amount of shares of Investment X each month. For example, if Investment X sells for \$100 per share in January, a \$500 investment will buy five shares. In February, if the price has fallen to \$50 per share, your \$500 will buy 10 shares.

In other words, when you systematically invest, you'll automatically buy more shares when the price is low and fewer shares when the price is higher - and that's a great way to cope with market volatility. But systematic investing also offers some other advantages, including the following:

- o Efficient share building - The more shares you own of an investment, the bigger your cumulative gains whenever the price of that investment rises. Consequently, in-

creasing your shares should be a prime objective - and systematic investing is one way of building your share ownership.

- o Investment discipline - Most people realize the value of investing for their retirement and other long-term goals, but they often put it off each month and find other things to do with the money- and by then, there's often nothing left to invest. But by setting up a bank authorization to invest systematically each month, you'll “pay yourself first.”

- o Lower cost of investing - Through systematic investing, your cost per share likely will be lower than if you made sporadic lump sum investments. And by lowering

the cost of investing, you will, in effect have the potential to boost your returns.

While systematic investing is typically a good way to fight the effects of volatility, it can't guarantee a profit or prevent a loss in declining markets. And keep in mind that you need to have the financial wherewithal to keep investing through up and down markets.

But if you have that ability, consider putting systematic investing to work for you. It may not be glitzy or glamorous, but it may work for you.

*This article was written for Myles by Edward Jones Financial Advisor Inc..*





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## ASTRONOMY

# The night sky of May

Professor Wayne Wooten

For May 2010, the Moon will be waning gibbous on May 1st, with full moon on April 28th. The last quarter moon rises about midnight on May 6th. The waning crescent moon passes about six degrees north of Jupiter in the morning sky on May 9th, then seven degrees north of Mercury in morning twilight on May 12th. The new moon occurs on May 14th, and it will wax in the evening sky in the last two weeks of this month. On May 16th, the waxing crescent moon with earthshine on its upper dark side passes close to Venus in the western evening sky. The first quarter moon passes Mars almost overhead on May 20th, and then passes seven degrees south of Saturn in the southeast on May 22nd. The rose moon, the Full Moon for May, will be on May 27th.

To the west, Venus dominates the twilight until well into fall. It is still small and almost fully lit in the telescope. It passes the Pleiades cluster on April 25th, and then six degrees north of orange Aldebaran, the eye of Taurus the Bull, on May 3rd. Mars is overhead and still conspicuously bright and red, but fading fast as the earth leaves it behind. It moves from Cancer into Leo, approaching the bright star Regulus as May ends. It is so distant and small that our telescopes will hardly show more than a red ball and perhaps some polar caps. It was much closer, bigger, and brighter in our scopes at the end of January, when the earth passed it at opposition.

Saturn is the brightest object in the southeast as darkness falls. Its rings are now opened up to eleven degrees, much more visible than when they were edge-on during last year's Saturnian Equinox. You may also see some belts and zones

on the planet's disk. The largest moon, Titan, will be seen in any small telescope, but others will need larger scopes to spot. As the planet is now only half are bright as when the bright rings are tilted more open, up to six moons may be spotted, in a straight line with the rings, with an eight inch telescope.

The winter constellations will soon be swallowed up in the Sun's glare, but Orion is still visible, with its famed Orion Nebula, M-42, seen below the three stars marking his famed belt. Dominating the southwest is the Dog Star, Sirius, brightest star of the night sky. When Sirius vanishes into the Sun's glare in two months, this sets the period as "Dog Days".

The brightest star in the NW is Capella, distinctively yellow in color. It is a giant star, almost exactly the same temperature as our Sun, but about 100X more luminous. Just south of it are the stellar twins, the Gemini, with Castor closer to Capella, and Pollux closer to the Little Dog Star, Procyon. Mars was just east of the twins for the last few months, but has now moved eastward toward Leo the Lion as it orbits the Sun.

Overhead, the Big Dipper rides high. Good scouts know to take its leading pointers north to Polaris, the famed Pole Star. For us, it sits 30 degrees (our latitude) high in the north, while the rotating earth beneath makes all the other celestial bodies spin around it from east to west. If you drop south from the bowl of the Big Dipper, Leo the Lion rides high. Note the Egyptian Sphinx is based on the shape of this Lion in the sky. Saturn lies just SE of triangle of stars that mark Leo's tail this year.

Taking the arc in the Dipper's handle, we "arc" SE to bright orange Arcturus, the brightest star of spring. Cooler than our yellow



Needle Galaxy, NGC 4565

Sun, and much poorer in heavy elements, some believe its strange motion reveals it to be an invading star from another smaller galaxy, now colliding with the Milky Way in Sagittarius in the summer sky. Moving almost perpendicular to the plane of our Milky Way, Arcturus was the first star in the sky where its proper motion across the historic sky was noted, by Edmund Halley. Just east of Arcturus is Corona Borealis, the "northern crown", a shapley Coronet that Miss America would gladly don, and one of few constellations that look like their name. The bright star in the crown's center is Gemma, the Gem Star.

Spike south to Spica, the hot blue star in Virgo, then curve to Corvus the Crow, a four sided grouping. It is above Corvus, in the arms of Virgo, where our large scopes will show members of the Virgo Supercluster, a swarm

of over a thousand galaxies about 50 million light years away from us. One of the most photogenic members is the Needle Galaxy, NGC 4565, seen almost edge on the phot. It lies just north of Virgo in Coma Berenices, a historic constellation.

When the Pharaoh of Egypt Ptolemy III went off to battle, his queen Berenice vowed to cut off her long tresses as a sacrifice to Venus, should he come back safe. Upon his triumphant re-

turn, she donated her hair, but it then vanished from the temple. The fast thinking priest of Venus assured her that Zeus himself had taken her hair and placed it among the stars, pointing to this faint cluster of stars north of Virgo as the site it had been saved to in the heavens. It was a story that saved the careless priest's life, made the queen and hubby happy, and gave us a constellation filled with faint fuzzy galaxies to enjoy.



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# Computer Q & A

## What you should know about anti-virus

Some of us have it and some of us don't know about it and some of us don't think they need it but, the truth is that anyone connected to the internet SHOULD have antivirus. If you're not protecting your computer to defend against malicious software, it not a matter of IF you will get an infection it's a matter of WHEN. You should take steps to protect your computer from becoming unusable or even possibly the loss of all data.

### How do viruses get on my computer?

A virus can get into your computer by simply having your internet plugged in. You are connected to millions of other computers in the world when you are connected to the internet. A website that you go to may be hacked or contain a virus. It does not matter what website you go to any website can be infected, even Microsoft's website has been infected in the past. There is not a way to 100% prevent viruses unless you do not connect to the internet or plug in any external device (such as a flash drive or a cd) that may contain malicious software. There are some things the user can do to minimize your exposure to viruses. Visit our website at [www.jesterscomputers.com](http://www.jesterscomputers.com) and click on tips to read more about what you can do help your computer stay clean.

### What antivirus DOES for your computer:

Antivirus programs use definitions to find and remove malicious software from your computer. It should update frequently to add new definitions to its database so that it can detect new viruses. There are about 30,000 new threats detected DAILY which is why it's important to choose an antivirus that updates often. Most antivirus programs include additional protection such as spam mail filters, firewall, identity theft protection and link scanners. Spam filters can help filter out junk email as well as detect malicious emails (this only works if you are downloading your email to the computer online email such as Yahoo, Gmail and AOL have virus scanners built in to them). Firewalls can prevent programs or other people from being able to access the internet when they are determined to be a threat.

### What antivirus DOESN'T do for your computer:

Your antivirus software will not prevent you from installing malicious software that is bundled with

another program. For instance: if you install a program and do not read the user agreement it may say something like: By agreeing to our user agreement you are allowing our partners/affiliates to download content to your computer. It's a lose: lose situation, either you agree and install the software or you will not be able to use the software. Your antivirus cannot then decide that it will remove the software that you may have paid for. You should always use good judgment and be wary of what you are putting on your computer. A simple web search could save you a lot of money and time.

### Choosing an internet security solution:

There are many antivirus programs available today. At Jesters Computers we recommend AVG Internet Security Suite because it's an easy to use all in one solution with very little problems. Here are a few tips to look for when buying antivirus.

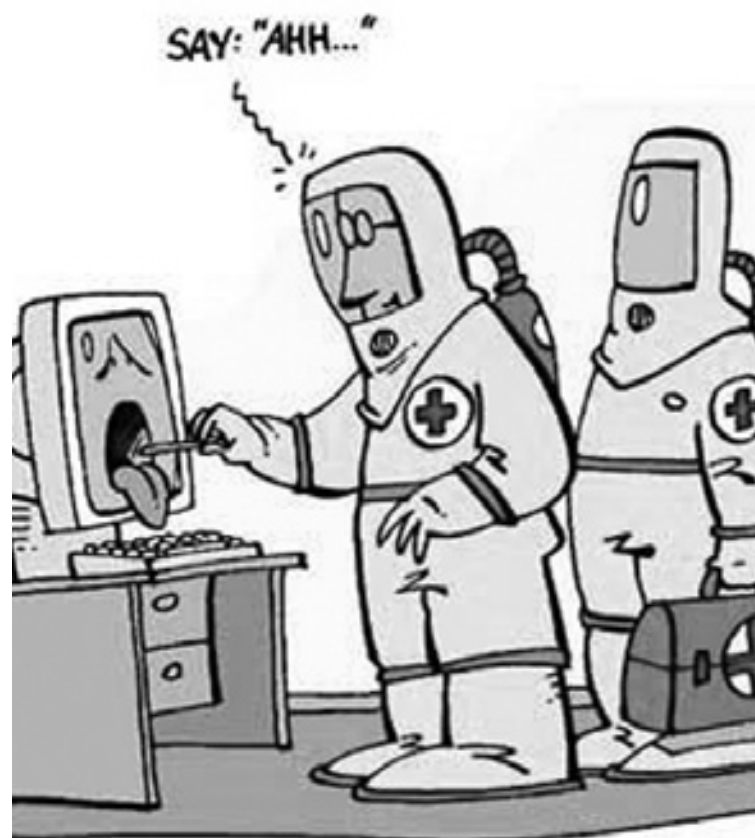
- Look for a complete solution to fit your needs. Find something that will protect you completely

ly and not just for spyware or just antivirus. In today's world there are a lot of infections and to truly minimize your chances of getting a virus or infection you should use complete protection.

- Find something that updates frequently. If a new virus comes out on Wednesday and your updates are only once a week you may not get the definitions to prevent the virus from getting into your computer.
- Find software that is easy to use and won't be confusing.
- Don't just buy the cheapest antivirus you can find. Do your research and ensure that the software will run on your system efficiently
- Check the system requirements of all software before purchasing it to install on your computer. If your system does not meet the requirements it may not handle the program and may cause your system to slow down or even crash.

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## LIBRARY NOTES &amp; SENIOR NEWS

## Spring among the stacks

Caroline Rock

I love spring. Not for the blossoms, the longer days, the warmer temperature, or the return of baseball, although these are welcome after the brutal winter we just survived. No, I love spring because spring is book season.

My husband, whom I met in a book store, proposed to me in the spring, and we celebrated our engagement by attending a book sale. We have attended this sale every spring since without disappointment. This is the time of year when festivals and fundraising groups organize used book sales under long tents or in vacant store fronts. One can walk for hours collecting armfuls of riches and spending only a few dollars.

Spring is the time of year when book publishers are marketing their beach reads, those bawdy romances and implausible adventures we crave in the hottest weather, while sitting barely clothed on a deck or a beach or a little league bleacher, stories we could never imagine reading when wrapped in a crochet afghan while sipping hot tea.

I can't tell you how many students have come to the library recently, checking out the last stack of research requirements or tomes of poetry, and announced, "I can't wait for spring when the semester ends and I can read what I want to read." And even one teacher who said, "On the first day after school is over, I sit on the front porch and read *My Antonia*. I've done it for twenty years." Spring and *My Antonia*—is there a better combination?

And, of course, spring is the time when children sign up for the Summer Reading Club at the library, the annual, summer-long event which en-



courages families, especially children, to come to the library often, linger a while, and come back again soon.

My own childhood experience with libraries is surprisingly scanty. My family was never one to frequent the library, even though we lived relatively close to it and both my parents loved to read. Occasionally, if there was a project for school, we would dart in with our heads down, flip through the card catalogue, and snatch what we needed from the shelves. Mom would produce a seldom-used card from a crevice in her wallet, and once we were properly identified and stamped, we hurried out the door to the car.

So I borrowed from the fusty library at school, and from any book case at the back of a classroom. I read what we had at home—some books of fairy tales, "boy stories" my brother received for Christmas, my sister's small collection of Nancy Drew myster-

ies, and my beloved copy of *Heidi* given to me by a favorite teacher. This was the book that clicked for me, the book I read until the cover broke free and the edges of the pages turned brown from my summer-sweaty fingers.

When my family moved to Williamsport, I discovered our new town had a quaint branch library, about the size of Emmitsburg's library, within easy traveling distance from home. I would bike to the library every Tuesday afternoon and head straight for the New Fiction shelf, stuffing my backpack with whatever I could fit. Then I would chug home and sit in my bedroom reading for hours, finishing every book by the next Tuesday. I was twelve, a very pale twelve, reading books by Philip Roth, John Irving, and Garson Canin, books I couldn't begin to understand! But I read them nonetheless, because that's

what one does in the spring, when school is ending and the days are turning heavy and lazy.

There was no Summer Reading Club in my childhood. Often, teachers would send home a list of book suggestions or reading requirements, and generally this was met with resentment, although many parents appreciated the suggestions. It was not until 1987, when I myself was a classroom teacher, that the Collaborative Summer Reading Program was established, a consortium of states sharing an annual theme, along with ideas, resources, and costs for supplies. The purpose of this consortium is simply to motivate children to read for pleasure, and to increase awareness of the benefits offered by libraries.

The profit of the Summer Reading Club is the reduction of learning loss which happens when children are out of school from June until September. Studies have shown that children who have access to books through Summer Reading programs perform better academically when they return to school in the fall.

This year at the library we are watering our minds. Children are going to "Make a Splash!" and teens are encouraged to "Make Waves at the Library." In addition to offering prizes for reading, the Emmitsburg library will hold a kickoff party featuring a magician in June, a Pirate Party and a Sat-

urday performance by Tracey Eldridge in July, and a finale party in August featuring Candy and Cupcake.

But the most important element of Summer Reading is READING. Although the program offers incentives for reading a certain number of pages or hours, quantity of reading is not the noblest goal. I knew a young man who hated reading until he read *The Sea of Trolls*, by Nancy Farmer. This, like *Heidi* for me, was the book that clicked for him. He carried that book with him wherever he went, and read it through from cover to cover four times before the end of the school year. Because of that one novel, this young man considered himself an avid reader with a love of books.

Sometimes all it takes is one great book to make it click for a kid. That is the fundamental value of the Summer Reading Club. It is a time to explore new authors, new genres, new eras, to re-read old favorites and sample something completely different. No book reports, no oral presentations, no dioramas or mobiles. And there may be an exciting program or a fun entertainer, a sticker or a pencil or some other token gift, or even a chance to win a bigger prize. But if through the Summer Reading Club a child discovers a book that makes it all click, that child has already won the prize.

You can sign up for the Summer Reading Club at [fcpl.org](http://fcpl.org), or at the library.

## SENIOR NEWS

## EMMITSBURG

It's May, and many of our local seniors remember the May Day celebrations that were held on the lawn in front of Emmitsburg High School—now our Community Center. Families and neighbors contributed some of their May flowers and blossoms to the May Queen's court's bouquets—beautiful! We've got a night card party scheduled for May 26; doors open at 6 p.m. and games begin at 7 p.m. Join us! County offices will be closed on Monday, May 31 in observance of Memorial Day.

May 27—Speaker on the caption telephone, 11:30 a.m.

The seniors encourage all eligible persons (50 years and older) to join them for regular program activities and special events. Our lunch program is open to those 60 and older. Programs are held in the Community Center on South Seton Avenue. Call for lunch reservations 24 hours in advance.

The Senior Center will close whenever county offices are closed. To register for special events or for information, call program coordinator Linda Umbel, 301-600-6350.

## FAIRFIELD

Wednesday May 5 10-12:00 Intergenerational Walk @ Gettysburg Rec Park / Box Lunch Included (Must pre-register to participate) 642-6170

Thursday May 6th and Friday May 7th - Exercise at the Carroll Valley Rec

park for Parachute Activities (Senior Center Hall Closed) Everyone Welcome! The Fairfield Lions Club will be selling flowers at the Senior Center Hall. Stop by and check them out!

Thursday May 13th Lunch @ Gettysburg Moose \$2.00 Donation per person (must call ahead for reservation) 642-6170

Tuesday May 18th ANNUAL SPRING FLING (Senior Health & Fitness Wellness Fair) \$6.00 per person for lunch (must purchase lunch ticket in advance) 642-6170

Monday May 31st, Senior Center Closed for Memorial Day!

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## UPCOMING EVENTS

Mother Seton School's Vera Bradley Bingo. Come out for an evening of bingo featuring the popular Vera Bradley handbags as prizes. Refreshments will be available. For more info: 301-447-3161 or [www.mothersetonschool.org](http://www.mothersetonschool.org).

**May 1 & 2**

55th Annual Apple Blossom Festival - Highlights of this year's festival include: live entertainment, free orchard bus tours, wine tasting and sales, hundreds of arts and craft demonstrations and sales, wagon rides, agricultural exhibits and the presentation of the 2009 Pennsylvania Apple Queen. South Mountain Fairgrounds, Biglerville. For more information call 717-677-7444

**May 6**

Gettysburg's Majestic Theater presents Jim Brickman - Back by popular demand, America's Romantic Piano Sensation. For more information call 717-337-8200 or visit [www.gettysburgmajestic.org](http://www.gettysburgmajestic.org)

**May 7 & 8**

Annual Adams County Master Gardeners' Plant Sale - For more information call 717-334-6271

8 - Annual Adams County Master Gardeners' Annual Green Thumb Seminar - learn about Vertical Gardening, Heirloom Vegetables, and Companion Planting. For more information call 717-334-0166

**May 9**

Taneytown's St. Joseph's Catholic Church Mothers Day Country Style All You Can

Eat Breakfast Buffet. Celebrating the vocation of Motherhood, all mothers will receive a Marigold flower in their honor. Every child will be given a flower to give to his/her mother in her honor.

Gettysburg! presents the Gettysburg Chamber Orchestra - The New York Philharmonic's violinist Charles Rex returns to perform Tchaikovsky. Lutheran Theological Seminary Chapel Gettysburg. For more information call 717-338-3000 or visit [www.musicgettysburg.org](http://www.musicgettysburg.org)

**May 10**

South Mountain Audubon Society presents "Messing Around with Birds for Fun and Science". Scott Weidensaul, a nationally known author, bird bander and naturalist will be the speaker. Meeting will be held at the Agricultural Resource Center, 670 Old Harrisburg Road, Gettysburg. For more information call 717-677-4830.

**May 11**

Young Authors Fine Arts Night - Come and enjoy Mother Seton School's Young Authors, Artists, and Musicians. The MSS Band and Chorus will perform and awards and certificates will be awarded. Artwork will be displayed throughout the school. An enjoyable event showing support for the Young Arts. For more information call 301-447-3161

**May 13 -16**

60th Semi-Annual Gettysburg Bluegrass Festival - The festival features top Bluegrass and Traditional Coun-

try musicians performing on our main stage, presenting informative workshops and meeting and greeting fans from all over the world. [www.gettysburgbluegrass.com](http://www.gettysburgbluegrass.com)

**May 13**

Elias' Lutheran Church's Coffee House Ministry presents the Luke Greffen Band and Friends . . . and their own Silver Lining Band! Once again, The Basement is Emmitsburg's best place to hear the Best in Contemporary Christian Rock. See you there and then!

**May 15**

Catocin Youth Football & Cheerleading registration - All registrations are at the Thurmont ambulance building.

His Place Car Show to benefit Mother Seton School. Entry fee is \$10.00. Cars, Trucks, and Hot Rods Welcome. A fun day of awards, door prizes, music, and food. Dash plaques given to the first 200 cars to arrive. For more info call Bill Kuhn at 800-529-5835 or stop by His Place, Inc. at 20 Creamery Way, Emmitsburg.

**May 16**

Music, Gettysburg! Presents the Buzz Jones Band - An Outdoor concert that will prime you for the cool music of summer. Schmucker House, 15 Seminary Ridge.

Gettysburg. For more information call 717-338-3000 or visit [www.musicgettysburg.org](http://www.musicgettysburg.org)

**May 17**

Regular Monthly Meeting of the Greater Emmitsburg Historical Society - If you're interested in local history then this is the place to be!

**May 20-22**

Saint Anthony Shrine yard and bake sale For more information call Helen Reaver at 301-471-6431 or the parish office at 301-447-2367

**May 22**

Gettysburg Outdoor Antique Show This one-day event features 125 antique dealers from 13 states displaying their unique pieces on the sidewalks radiating from the historic Lincoln Square. Downtown Gettysburg, Lincoln Square 717-334-8151

**May 24 - 30**

Annual Mother Seton School Carnival Rides, games, food, and entertainment available each night. An annual tradition in Emmitsburg. Come and Join the fun!

**May 29 - 31**

The Totem Pole Playhouse Presents the Sisters of Swing - A Musical Tour with America's Sweethearts. Follow sisters LaVerne, Maxene, and Patty Andrews from their early days on the road through their rise as recording stars to entertaining America's GI's overseas. 9555 Golf Course Road, Fayetteville, PA. 717-352-2164 or visit [www.TotemPolePlayhouse.org](http://www.TotemPolePlayhouse.org)

### JUBILEE FOODS AND EBPA DONATE TO THE EMMITSBURG FIRE RELIEF FUND



Bob Hanz

Allen Knott

Rich Boyd

Lorne Peters

Pictured above are Bob Hanz, president of the EBPA, Allen Knott, treasurer of the EBPA, Rich Boyd, manager of Jubilee Foods and Lorne Peters, owner of Jubilee Foods. This photo was taken at the presentation of checks totaling \$1,500.00 to the Emmitsburg Fire Relief Fund. The fund has been established to help the 28 people left homeless when the apartment building on the corner of Main Street and S. Seton Avenue burned in the early morning hours on April 3.

Donations can be made at St. Joseph's Church Rectory on DePaul Street in Emmitsburg. Cash donations or checks are both acceptable. Make checks payable to: The Emmitsburg Fire Relief Fund.



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# MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

Mount St. Mary's University is built on four pillars—faith, discovery, leadership and community. Students, alumni, our faculty, administrators and staff, all turn these words into action every day. In the coming year, we'll introduce you to some of the Mount's own, who help make the university, and the Emmitsburg community, a place we're proud to call home.

*Among the local veterans who have bricks on the Veterans' Walkway are Charles "Chuck" Dillon, C'60 & Eugene LaCroce, C'57*



*As we express our gratitude,*

WE MUST NEVER FORGET THAT  
THE HIGHEST APPRECIATION IS NOT  
TO UTTER WORDS, BUT TO LIVE BY THEM.

—John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Join Mount St. Mary's University as we recognize and thank our veterans who have served this great nation, in peacetime as well as war, to preserve and protect the God-given rights of all citizens of the world.

## DEDICATION & BLESSING OF THE VETERANS' WALKWAY AT MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

**Patriot Hall Plaza**

**Saturday, June 5, 2010, 2 p.m.**

For more information visit [www.msmary.edu/veterans](http://www.msmary.edu/veterans)  
or contact the Office of Advancement at 301-447-5360.



Ask us about our Yellow Ribbon initiative,  
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