

# Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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# Farewell to a great Shepherd

Father Vincent O'Malley is doing a lot of packing lately. Not only must he pack up his belongings; he has even more memories to pack away of his nearly seven years at St. Joseph's Church in Emmitsburg.

"Besides being a parish priest here, I'm also the religious superior and you can't be the religious superior for longer than six years," O'Malley said.

And so, O'Malley's next home will be at a retreat center in Spring Lake, MI, where he will be the administrator for the retreat center.

Before he leaves, however, a party will be held for him on August 21. This celebration will include a Mass conducted by the bishop and a special program, as well as a catered dinner and dancing. Aside from parish friends, some of his relatives will also be in attendance.

"It's the O'Malley way," he said with a smile.

O'Malley will be missed by those he is leaving behind, though.

"He is compassionate, witty, funny, he makes us all laugh. We will miss him terribly, but we wish him well in his new assignment and hope one day he will return to Emmitsburg," said parishioner Elaine Ebaugh.

He also leaves his parishioners with fond memories of him. Brian Barth, along with his brother and father, included O'Malley when they

went to play golf, and enjoyed many fun hours on the green with him.

"With no great surprise when we hit bad shots, a few choice words would slip out," Barth said. "When playing with Father O, these vulgarities would be whispers, then, as time passed, would become more vocal. One time Father hit a not-so-great shot and instead of joining in our poor choice of words he yelled, 'Sugar!' He is and always has been a man true to his values. That is one of many reasons we will miss him so."

Father O'Malley has also made friends beyond the Catholic community, including other clergy.

"I would count the Protestant ministers among my best friends," O'Malley said.

Elias Lutheran Church Pastor Jon Greenstone has shared dinners at the rectory with O'Malley and said that O'Malley was generous, kind and a good neighbor.

"I will dearly miss him and hope he comes back to visit," Greenstone said.

O'Malley was ordained a priest in 1973 and came to Emmitsburg on January 1, 2004. According to Elaine Ebaugh, under O'Malley's leadership, St. Joseph's Church was renovated, the parish hall and the priest house received new roofs, a handicapped-accessible ramp was added to the rectory, and the effort to restore the church's stained-glass



windows was set in motion.

O'Malley said what he will miss the most when he leaves is the children and the joy and innocence they bring to the church.

"With children, if you can build trust with them when they are young, they will feel comfortable coming to you when they are dealing with the problems teenagers have," O'Malley said.

O'Malley was asked to submit three choices for his new service location. He asked to teach in India, teach in China or serve at the Spring Lake Retreat Center. He was told that with the shortage of

priests in the U.S., he would get his third choice.

"It's ironic, I became a Vincen-tian priest because I wanted to go to the missions overseas and I did not want to teach," O'Malley said. "Yet, I've spent much of my life teaching and I haven't gone overseas."

Still, he considers his life blessed. "I love my life and I have found the greatest blessings here as a parish priest," O'Malley said.

O'Malley's replacement will be Father John Holliday, who will be transferring from Philadelphia, PA to serve in Emmitsburg.

# It's South Mt. Fair time!

The 88th Annual South Mountain Fair will be held August 17-21 at the South Mountain Fair Grounds in Arendtsville.

"It's a small, country fair that still has the same types of exhibits we have had for years," said Joanne Irvine, a fair board member.

The fair features a mix of agricultural exhibits, live entertainment, rides and special events for visitors.

"One of the big draws for people is the horse pull on Wednesday and the fireworks on Thursday night," Irvine said.

Other events include the Peak 98 Battle of the Bands, the Colgate Country Showdown, a youth dance and a baked goods auction to benefit the Adams County Red Cross. Tall in the Saddle and Smokey Mountain Sunshine are the live music acts performing at the fair.

Irvine estimates that 10,000 to 12,000 people will attend throughout the week.

During the fair, livestock and farm goods will be judged for awards. Audrey Hillman has been coordinating the floral department at the fair to prepare for the entries.

"The exhibits we will see are pretty good," Hillman said. She has some concern, however, that the drought may affect the exhibits. "This year because of the drought, some people may not feel like they have anything to enter," she said.

Lizzy Ryan isn't deterred, and already has her flower exhibits planned for the fair. "Every year I enter my legendary sunflowers in the flower department of the fair hoping to win yet another prize," she wrote in an article in this issue of the Emmitsburg News Journal. "I call my flowers legendary because a few years ago they won the Thomas Piper Award, which is almost like grand champion."

She also plans to enter craft exhibits and her rabbit, Nutmeg, this year.



See related stories on pages 27 and 35.

Admission to the fair is \$4.00 for adults, and free for children 12 and under. Fair parking is also free. Gates open at 4:00 PM during the week

and 10:00 AM on Saturday.

For more information, visit the South Mountain Fair web site at [www.southmountainfair.com](http://www.southmountainfair.com).

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## NEWS

## Around the Town

Though Emmitsburg is not experiencing a drought that requires water restrictions, it does not mean the lack of water has not had an effect on the town's water reserves. In June, the town received 1.5 inches of rain compared to the normal 4.3 inches, according to Town Manager Dave Haller. The town's excess of water is slowly disappearing and the water level in Rainbow Lake is now 4 inches below the spillway.

Usage is up about 28,000 gallons a day as people use more water to water their lawns. A lawn sprinkler run for a half an hour uses about 250 gallons.

The Emmitsburg Town Commissioners have not enacted any water restrictions, but they have discussed the possibility if the town does not get more rain.

### South Seton reopens

Better late than never. The first block of South Seton Avenue has reopened to traffic. The road had been closed because after an April fire burned an apartment building at the corner of South Seton and

East Main Street. The road had originally been expected to open at the end of June, but that date was pushed back a couple times.

When the road did finally reopen on July 8, it was a limited opening that only opened one lane. The purpose of this was to allow contractors working on the burned apartment building to finish roof work that required large equipment to be in the road.

The road fully opened on July 16, taking some of the traffic off of the alleys in town. The alleys have been forced to accommodate traffic from South Seton since the fire burned the apartment building.

### Daughters of Charity update

Lori Stewart, director of development and public relations for the Daughters of Charity, updated the Emmitsburg commissioners on changes taking place at the St. Joseph's Provincial House. The Daughters are undergoing two large changes at the same time. One is the consolidation of four of the Daughters of Charity provinces into a

single province based in St. Louis, MO. The second change is a renovation and rehabilitation of the provincial house in order to better utilize the space within the building.

"Both of these changes are completely separate, but they are happening simultaneously," Stewart said.

Currently, there are 98 sisters based in Emmitsburg: 7 are in province leadership, 60 are retired and 31 are on active missions. The consolidation will affect only 10 of those sisters and Stewart said there's a good chance that those sisters will remain in Emmitsburg, though their positions may disappear.

The provincial house was built in 1965 when there were 1,200 sisters in the province. With far fewer sisters now, 150,000 square feet or 38 percent of the provincial house space is underutilized or not used at all. The goal is to turn much of that space into affordable senior housing.

The Daughters of Charity will hold an open house during the week of August 8 to answer questions community residents might have and to show presentations of the plans of the provincial house.

## Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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## Around the Borough

In an effort to avoid potential litigation, the Carroll Valley Borough Council has agreed to form a four-person subcommittee to talk with other property owners of Lake Carroll about whether public boating should be allowed on the lake.

Boating is allowed on Lake May and Lake Kay in Carroll Valley, but signage at Lake Carroll was confusing, and according to Police Chief Richard Hileman conflicting, about whether public boating is allowed on that lake. He asked the council for

clarification and the council decided to be consistent among the three lakes and allow boating on Lake Carroll.

This did not sit well with some residents who own lakefront land and land under the lake. Resident Dorothy Corbin also pointed out that she is paying taxes on the land that the borough is opening up for public boating without her consent and that she worries about liability of any accident that could occur on the lake.

The borough is among the property owners on the lake. From

the viewpoint of the council, this means that everyone in the borough is a partial owner of the lake through the borough. In addition, borough citizens also pay for the upkeep of the lake through their tax dollars.

No date for the meeting has been set yet.

### Citizens urged to complete bus survey

Carroll Valley Mayor Ron Harris is urging citizens of Carroll Valley, Fairfield, Hamiltonban, Highland, Liberty and

Cumberland to complete a survey that will help determine the feasibility of extending one of the Freedom Transit bus routes from Gettysburg to Carroll Valley along Route 116. The survey asks questions about travel patterns, travel times, purposes of travel, and travel origination and destination.

"Fill out the survey if you're interested in any attempt to get bus service in Carroll Valley," Harris said.

The survey can be found online at [www.BusSurvey.com](http://www.BusSurvey.com).

### National Night Out on Aug. 3

The fifth annual Carroll Val-

ley Night Out is scheduled for August 3 from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. at Carroll Commons. The program seeks to bring out community members across the country on the same night. National Night Out's goal is to heighten crime prevention and drug prevention, and to open the lines of communication between public safety agencies and the communities they serve.

Local public safety organizations will have their equipment on hand to tour, including a police helicopter from the Maryland State Police. Child ID kits will be available and refreshments are free for children under 12.

## News and Briefs

### Emmitsburg man killed in crash at Liberty

An Emmitsburg man was killed in a single-vehicle crash in Liberty Township on Sunday, July 25. Thomas Humerick, 65, was traveling westbound on Route 16 when he went off the road near the intersection with Jacks Mountain Road around 12:15 p.m.

His vehicle crashed into several trees before coming to a stop. Humerick was pronounced dead at the scene.

Liberty Police are investigating. Carroll Valley Police, Hamiltonban Police, Medic 28, Fairfield Fire Department, Fountaindale Fire Department, Vigilant Hose Company and Adams County Coroner's Office were also on scene to assist.

### Fairfield man critically injured in motorcycle accident

A Fairfield man was critical-

ly injured in a four-vehicle accident on Saturday, July 24 on Route 16. Neil Shriner, 35, of Fairfield, was traveling east on Route 16 on a motorcycle when he became involved in a three-vehicle accident in the westbound lane around 9:46 a.m.

Corina Hanlon, 41, of Fairfield, was traveling westbound on Route 16 when she stopped to make a turn near the Blue Ridge Sportsmans Association. Loretta Brown, 68, stopped behind her. A third vehicle, driven by Steven Wolfe, 31, of Ca-

vetown, was unable to stop in time and rear-ended Brown's vehicle. Brown, in turn, rear-ended Hanlon, whose vehicle was pushed into the eastbound lane where it hit Shriner on his motorcycle.

Shriner was airlifted to York Hospital where he is listed in critical condition. A witness on the scene said he lost his leg. Injuries to the other drivers were minor.

Liberty Police are investigating the accident. Fountdale and Blue Ridge Summit sent emergency equipment and ambulances to the scene to assist. Waynesboro also sent a medic unit.

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### EMMITSBURG MEMORIAL CEMETERY ENTRANCE LANDSCAPE PROJECT

Many friends and families of loved ones visit the cemetery. Visitors approach our town from the west. We, the Board Members of the Emmitsburg Cemetery have a project underway to make the entrance to the cemetery more attractive and easier to maintain. To do this job properly we must replace materials and add plantings to both sides of the entrance. We have drawn up plans and hired a landscaping company, which has the proper equipment to complete this project in the fall of this year.

Since our treasury is not substantial we are soliciting donations from our community to help defray some of the cost. Any amount will be appreciated. If you would like to share in this project to enhance the appearance of our cemetery and our community, we ask that you make a contribution. Checks are acceptable and may be mailed to:

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Susan Sanders and Rebecca (Hayes) Jones

# Carroll Valley celebrates the 4th of July

It took moving away from Carroll Valley for Stacey Peterson to appreciate what the borough has to offer. She recently moved to Harrisburg, but returned with her kids during the Fourth of July weekend to visit family who still live in the borough.

Though she had lived in the borough for years, it was the first time she attended the borough's Independence Day celebration.

"I decided to bring them [her kids] to get them away from the pool for 10 seconds," Peterson said.

She said her kids enjoyed running around and participating in the activities.

Carroll Valley Borough, the Carroll Valley Citizens Association, Adams Electric, Liberty Mountain Resort and Comcast

sponsored the activities at Carroll Commons on July 4 from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Kids enjoyed rides, a kid's run, hay rides, duck race, climbing wall and a Civil War encampment.

Lee Mikeska came from Washington, D.C. with her son just to enjoy the activities in Carroll Valley.

"We come here to ski in the winter, and I get an electronic newsletter from them. I saw a notice about this and decided it would be a nice day trip," said Mikeska.

She said that she enjoyed the variety of activities available at the celebration. Besides the children's activities, there was a car show, chili cook off, rides on the Vigilant Hose Company ladder truck, putting contest, horseshoes and

fireworks.

"This is a good thing for the borough to sponsor," Peterson said.

The Aldridges also thought the celebration was a good activity for the borough to sponsor. "We moved here about a month ago and we wanted to come and see what the community was all about," Barry Aldridge said.

They enjoyed walking around and participating in the various activities. They took a break in the afternoon to go home and then returned when darkness fell to enjoy the fireworks display.

Before the fireworks, Boy Scout Troop 76 retired an American Flag and presented it to Col. Thomas Cantwell of Sabillasville in thanks for the service he and other servicemen have given the country.



# Emmitsburg High School Alumni Banquet

The Emmitsburg High School Alumni Association will hold its 86th banquet on Saturday, October 16th, 2010 at the Emmitsburg Ambulance Center, 17701 Creamery Road, Emmitsburg. A social hour will begin at 5:30 p.m. and will be followed by a buffet dinner at 6:30 p.m. catered by the Carriage House Inn of Emmitsburg.

As a special treat the Alumni Association has arranged a tour of our old schoolhouse building which is now the Emmitsburg Communi-



ty Center. All stages of its renovation have been completed and our schoolhouse has been completely transformed. The tour will be from 4:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. prior to the banquet and light refreshments will be served. There is elevator accessibility to all floors and ample parking in the rear of the building.

So that you may receive an invitation to the banquet and reserve your spot on the tour, your dues to the Association must be paid. The cost of the dinner is \$25.00 per person and dues are \$5.00. If you attended Em-

mitsburg High School but did not graduate from there, you are still welcome to be a part of this evening.

Just contact Joyce Bruchey at 410-775-7921 by August 20th and leave your address with her. The Association will send you an invitation and by sending a check for your dues and the banquet cost made payable to the EHS Alumni Association, we will reserve a seat for you. We hope this will be a memorable occasion for all who attend and relive memories of their school days.

# Delauter running for County Commissioner

Kirby Delauter had a busy July spending time at the various town carnivals around Frederick County. It wasn't so much because he enjoys the rides but because Delauter wants to become a Frederick County Commissioner.

He is telling residents that he wants to get the county's economy back on track.

"Before the national economy took a dive, Frederick County was well on the way to stopping business growth," Delauter said.

Delauter sees the issues of his campaign as job creation, controlling government spending, eliminating government waste, lowering taxes and encouraging growth.

The key to it all is limiting government. He points out that while private businesses have to make do with less and to make what they have last longer, Frederick County government is willing to continue buying more than what they need. By controlling spending in the county and eliminating waste, the commissioners would then be able to lower taxes and encourage businesses to locate here.

"Of the top 15 businesses in Frederick County, the number of public sector employees outnumber the private sector employees two to one," Delauter said.

He also points out that the top

three employers in the county are all government operations and the government continues to grow faster than the population of the county.

Delauter is a life-long resident of county who was born and raised in Thurmont. He is a U.S. Army veteran who heads up his family business, W.F. Delauter and Son, in Emmitsburg.

As a businessman, Delauter said he has seen how unfriendly the county has become toward business.

"It can take 15 months to get through planning and zoning," Delauter said. "That's ridiculous. Some people just give up and walk away. Basically, we're telling business, 'We don't want you here.'"

He has also weighed in on the issue of a waste-to-ener-

gy plant in the county. He believes building on a new landfill would cost the county an enormous sum just in lost property taxes from the minimum 1,000 acres that would be taken off the tax rolls.

"I believe the WTE site should be located at the old Eastalco plant. It would have minimal environmental impact there," he said.

His goal is to see the county grow at 3-4 percent a year, which is a sustainable rate. If the county grows faster than that, it's hard for infrastructure to keep up. If it grows slower than that, you will drive even more business from the county.

Frederick County voters will be choosing five county commissioners from 19 men and women; 7 Democrats and 12 Republicans.



The primary election is on Tuesday, September 14 and the general election will be on Tuesday, November 2.

For more information about Delauter's campaign for county commissioner, visit [www.kirbydelauter.com](http://www.kirbydelauter.com).

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NEWS

# Farmers struggle but deal with drought

Area farmers are wishing for some rain. While sunny days are nice and needed to grow crops, they also need rain. The 90-degree-plus days haven't helped either, as they increase the need for water for the crops while at the same time speeding the evaporation of any surface water.

"Farmers are dealing with it as best they can, though some farmer's corn is not looking so good lately," said Mary Ann Ryan with the Pennsylvania Cooperative Extension.

Rainfall in Emmitsburg was only a third of what it typically is

for June. July hasn't been any better, which has the town asking residents to voluntarily conserve water. Water consumption in the summer is higher because of people watering their lawns and gardens.

During the Emmitsburg Town Council meeting on July 19, Town Manager Dave Haller told the commissioners that the town's 6.7-inch water surplus accumulated in 2010 is now down to 1.7 inches.

Bob Black of Catocin Mountain Orchards waters his trees and plants with trickle irrigation using water from four ponds he and his

father built on the property in the 1960s.

"So far everything's coming up great for us and tastes good, though I'm not saying I wouldn't appreciate it being a little cooler and wetter," Black said.

Though he has enough water for his orchard, Black did note that he is seeing the water level in his ponds dropping. Once he harvests the fruit from his trees, he'll be able to cut back on the amount of watering he does.

"My father was a visionary to realize how important water would be and build those ponds," Black

said. "I have a lot of neighbors who are suffering right now."

Small-garden farmers can water their plants and keep them healthy, but larger farms tend to rely on rain, which hasn't been falling in great amounts.

Amy Naill, who runs the Emmitsburg Farmers' Market for the Town of Emmitsburg, said she has heard some of the farmers complaining about the need for water, but so far, they are still bringing in good-looking vegetables and fruits to sell.

Black said that sweet corn will probably suffer the most because

of its water needs, but he has also seen some problems with tomatoes that are caused not only because of a lack of water but also calcium.

Farming is still a major industry in Frederick County producing \$130 million in agricultural products annually. The county has 202,000 acres of farmland or 10 percent of Maryland's farmland and has more than 1,400 farms. It is the largest agricultural county in the state, according to the Frederick County Office of Economic Development. Vegetable production increased 43 percent in the county from 2002 to 2007.

# Catholic Sisters hit and pass the century mark

She might have been 100 years old, but Sis. Ruth Roddy still managed to blow out the candles on her cake.

St. Joseph's College High School. St. Anthony's School was especially convenient for her to attend.

"I was lucky to attend this for



"I had a room above my Aunt's room. My Aunt was Sister Bernard Orndorff, who was Treasurer for thirty-five years. My sister, Alice, was with me for the first two years, before she graduated. We had to be very quiet in our room because of Auntie's nearness," Sis. Ruth wrote.

She graduated in 1929 and joined the Daughters of Charity the same year at age 19. She spent her years as a teacher or librarian in Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Washington D.C.

"She worked until she was 92 and then decided it was time to retire," said her great niece, Sheila Seltzer. Even after Sis. Ruth came to Villa St. Michael in 2002, however, she continued to work part time in the library.

"She has been amazingly dedicated and devoted," Seltzer said.

Along with birthday greetings from her friends and family, Sis. Ruth received birthday cards from both Maryland U.S. senators, the White House and the Paris motherhouse of the Daughters of Charity. She also received a state proclamation from Maryland Governor Martin O'Malley.

A week after Sis. Ruth turned 100, Sister Helen Palermo celebrated her 101st birthday on July 21. Sis. Helen is an Italian im-

migrant who came to the United States with her family at age 3. Her family eventually settled in Philadelphia.

"My dear Mother died when I was four years old and my Father was sickly, so my brother and I went to the Daughters of Charity in Darby, Pa.," Sis. Helen wrote

in her autobiography.

She became a Daughter of Charity in 1928. She served in West Virginia, North Carolina, Connecticut, Virginia and Maryland working primarily as a music teacher.

She retired to Villa St. Michael in 2005 at age 96.

Four generations of her family joined her for her century birthday celebration at Villa St. Michael in Emmitsburg. After traveling throughout the region for 80 years, Sis. Ruth is spending her final years in the town where she was born and raised.

the seventh and eighth grades. All I had to do was cross Mother's Station Road. I loved it, especially the Sisters and Miss Stella Sweeney, who also taught us," Sis. Ruth wrote in a short autobiography for the Daughters of Charity.

It shouldn't be surprising that being educated her entire life by the Daughters of Charity that she wanted to follow in their footsteps.

"This is what I wanted to be," Sis. Ruth said during her birthday celebration.

At St. Joseph's, she was a day student for a year and then decided to become a boarding student.



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# One hundred years ago this month

## August 5

### New Fairfield Oil Pipeline

Oil now flows through the Pure Oil Company's pipeline running through the southern part of the county. It enters the county west of Fairfield and travels about four miles south of Gettysburg. The pumping station at Nunnery, Franklin County, was recently completed and started pumping the oil over South Mountain last week. After getting over these mountains, the oil finds its way to tidewater at Marcus Hook by gravity. The 292 mile long pipeline enters Pennsylvania at the southwest corner and runs the entire length of the state. The origin of the oil wells lies in Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. Before the oil flow started, a thorough testing was conducted on the pipeline and any imperfect places were fixed.

### Spectacular Runaway

Yesterday afternoon people witnessed a spectacular runaway along the Gettysburg Road, a couple miles outside of town. While standing near Rhodes' Mill, a two-horse team belonging to Mr. George Lingg became frightened and ran off. They ran at breakneck speed towards Emmitsburg. Mrs. J. S. Felix of Fairplay was driving along the road and had to jump from her buggy to avoid colliding with the horses that were headed straight toward her. Felix's buggy was hit and damaged by the runaway vehicle. The scene ended at Mr. John Long's house where the horses ran into the fence and were then taken charge of by Mr. Robert Long. Both horses were badly bruised, and the wagon was somewhat damaged.

### Quick Moving Stunt

On Monday eight boys led by Mr. Flemming Hoffman and under the supervision of Mr. George Springer moved hay barracks a distance of 50 feet in less than one day. The hay barracks measured 40 feet long by 20 feet wide. On

top of having to travel 6 miles to and from work, Hoffman and his help turned out several of the rollers used in the moving.

## August 12

Another Motherhouse of Sisters of Charity Made Necessary by Growth

The arrangements for the establishment of a second Motherhouse for the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul are complete. The motherhouse has been located in Emmitsburg ever since the establishment of the order in America. In these hundred years the Sisters of Charity has grown so that such an adjustment was imperative. The other motherhouse will be in St. Louis.

### Ordinance Number 121

An ordinance was passed for the levying and collecting of taxes to pay the outstanding debts and defray the current expenses of the town. A tax of \$.25 will be laid on every \$100 worth of assessable property, within the limits of the corporation, according to the valuation thereof returned by the late assessor. In addition, a war tax of five cents on every \$100 worth of assessable property will also be laid for the purpose of paying the Emmitsburg warder Co.

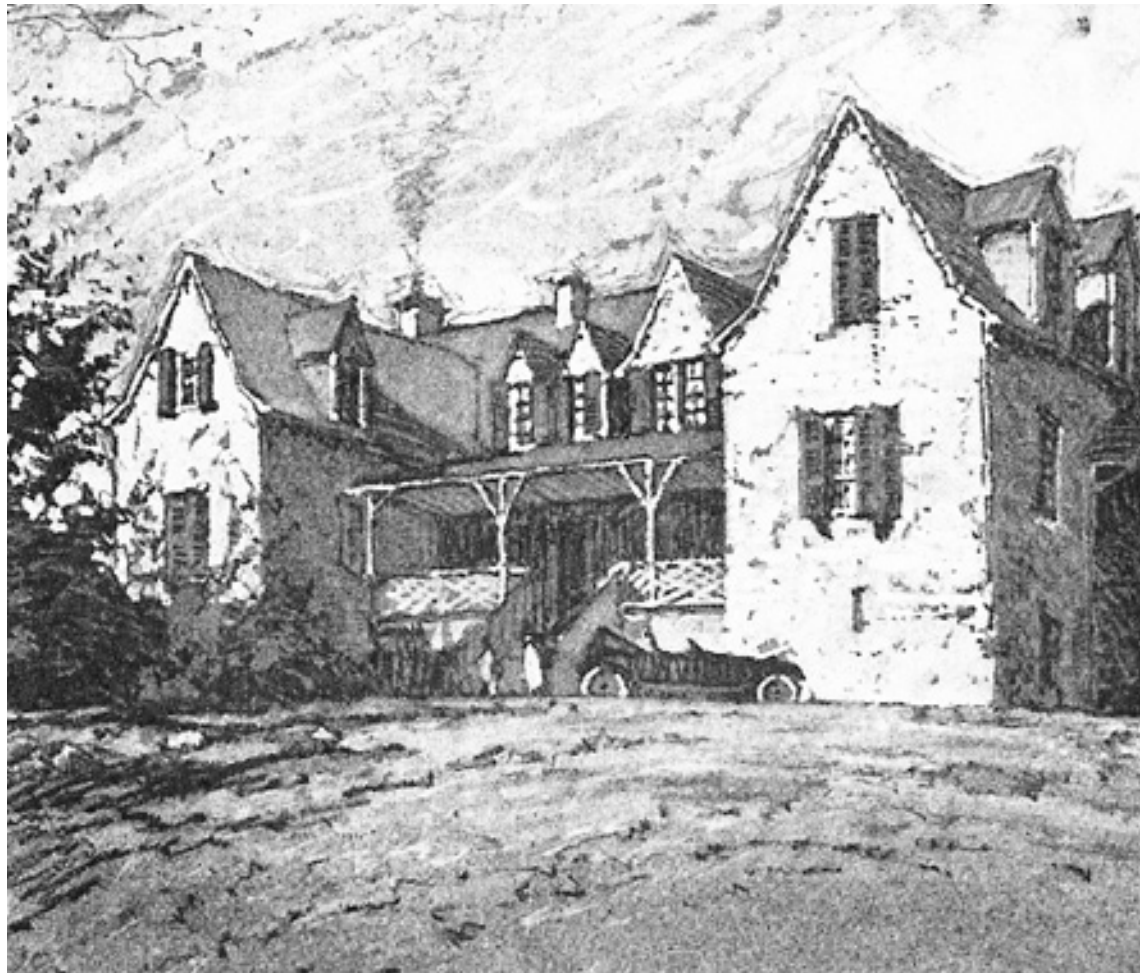
## August 17

### Dynamiting the Creeks Again

Last Saturday dynamite exploded in Toms Creek at David Riley's meadow. Sometime after the explosion about a bushel of stonefish were found floating on the surface. The report scared off the perpetrators of the deed. Acts similar to this were committed just around this time last year. The game warden has been notified, and the matter will be investigated.

### Spat of Driving Accidents

During the past week the town experienced a series of horse and



Sketch of Clairvaux that appeared in the August 16, 1916 edition of Harper's Magazine

driving related accidents. On Tuesday John Boyle fell from a spring and received a severe cut to the head. On Wednesday afternoon a horse pulling a buggy driven by Mr. Guy topper fell to the ground on West Main Street. Guy received a deep gash in the front leg, but otherwise there was no damage. A horse belonging to Zurgable family ran off from their stable later that night and drowned in flat run. On the positive side, however, almost every day Roy Shorb, who is undoubtedly one of the best colt breakers in the area, appears in town on some new mount. This young man is apparently without fear and has been most fortunate in being able to break the most vicious animals in the shortest time.

## August 26

### Hockensmith Sale

Last Saturday Mrs. Mary Hockensmith sold her real estate in Taneytown at a public sale. Mr. William Hockensmith bought the home place, consisting of 155 acres, for \$7,788. Russell Hockensmith bought the adjoining farm of 155 acres for \$3,565. Charles Hockensmith paid \$39 per acre for the 135 acre farm near Taneytown.

### Big Society Show Clairvaux

The little theater at Clairvaux expects a big crowd at the doors on Tuesday night, August 30. The guest at that delightful villa, assisted by Emmitsburg talent, will sing and dance in their catchy costumes made especially for the occasion, all for "sweet Charity's sake."

There will be opera, vaudeville, a society sideshow, freak show and all kinds of attractions to entertain those who attend. After the performance refreshments will be served by those who have taken part in the affair. Price of admis-

sion is fifty cents and includes refreshments. The proceeds of the evening will be devoted entirely to charity work in and around Emmitsburg.

Almost every year it happens that some family in the neighborhood is in distress. Protracted illness, death, accident or misfortune - any one of these may bring privation with it. To avoid making it necessary to appeal to individuals for aid, as heretofore, a proposal is in the works to create a common fund on which to draw for the purpose. This is the object of the "big show" on Tuesday evening, and this is why it should appeal to everyone. A committee of ladies from each church will handle the proceeds and disburse them, doing full and sympathetic justice to each case that is presented.

To read past issues of 100 Year Ago this Month visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net.

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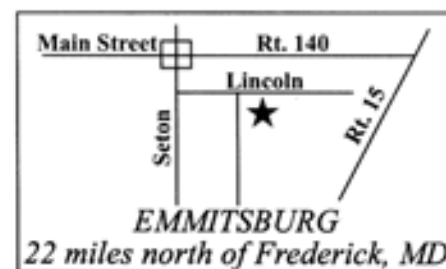


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## GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

# From the Desk of County Commissioner Weikert

Need help with solving an agricultural conservation problem? Interested in preserving your stream corridor, wetlands, woodlands or wildlife habitat? Would you like help with an environmental presentation for your school classroom, community group or club? Having concerns about the West Nile Virus and all those mosquitoes on your stream or pond? Contact The Adams County Conservation District!

The ACCD works daily with farmers in Adams County to identify and resolve agricultural related issues and problems which may adversely affect crop production or our environment. From manure management to farm field erosion, soil testing and plant analysis, the ACCD has practices and procedures available to solve most every agricultural related concern. The district not only has the expertise and technical support required to tackle the task,

they also have access to financial resources through various state and federal agencies to help the agricultural community put these best management practices in place.

As agriculture moves into the next decade, new innovative ways of producing crops and livestock will be evolving as the world attempts to feed a worldwide growing population. We simply need to produce more agricultural products at less cost to stay competitive in the world markets. No till crops have become the norm in Adams County, with the majority of medium to large scale farms utilizing the no till practices. No till farming saves fuel by applying herbicide, opening the soil, planting the seed and fertilizing all in one application. No till utilizes decaying vegetation as both a source of mulch to hold moisture and a source of natural fertilizer for the soil.

Continuing to utilize the top

four to six inches of soil also helps to control soil erosion and decreases the need to add extra nitrogen to the soil. No till equipment is available for rent through the ACCD and new and advanced technology has allowed for the conversion of conventional equipment into the no till format. The fruit industry has also been at the forefront of technology change with the use of natural insect control, rather than pesticide use, low level runoff irrigation and mechanized trimming, pruning and harvesting practices. Robotic technology is soon to be the norm in producing more fruit at less cost in the orchards of the Adams County Fruit belt. Contact the Penn State Extension office in Gettysburg to find out about the exciting changes coming to Adams Counties Agricultural Community.

The dry months of June and July have increased everyone's awareness of the availability of adequate

sources of water. The ACCD provides watershed expertise and support to various organizations and committees in Adams County as we learn more about our most precious resource. Very little water flows into our county which means most of it flows away to the Monocacy and Susquehanna Rivers. I have learned that stream flow has a direct impact on aquifer recharge, plant growth and evaporation use up most of our summer rains and frozen ground assures most of our rain runs away. With all that knowledge I now realize that fall and early spring rains are what make our wells full of clean, clear, cold refreshing water. Want to learn more about your water supply contact the Watershed Specialist at the ACCD, the Watershed Alliance of Adams County or attend the next meeting of the Adams County Water Resources Advisory Committee.

Educating our children, young

and old alike, in the need to protect our environment is a generational obligation we can not ignore. As we pass the torch of natural resource oversight to our children and grand children we must be sure they understand the importance of the task. Want to be able to identify trees by their leaves and bark, fish by their shape and color or birds common to our area? The ACCD provides the staff, materials and expertise to help educate your classroom, community group or club on the importance of conserving our precise natural resources. The Adams County 4H Extension Staff provide support to more than a twenty different clubs ranging from livestock to science and technology. Stop by the Adams County Conservation District and the Penn State Extension office at 670 Old Harrisburg Road in Gettysburg to see what printed and staff resources are available for you.

# From the Desk of Carroll Valley Mayor Ron

Hope you had the opportunity to attend the July 4th Celebration held in Carroll Valley Commons. It was definitely a success with approximately 1,000 people in attendance during the day and another 1,000 at night. In the evening, everyone was treated to a spectacular 25 minute fireworks display on top of Ski Liberty mountain. All of this could not have been accomplished without the involvement and participation of many volunteers, organizations and businesses. I would personally like to thank the members of the July 4th (J4) Planning Group who planned and managed the event.

They are Charles Dalton, George Fisanich, Joe Hallinan, Ayse Jester, Bob Jester, Mandra Jester, Mary Ellen Jester, Gayle Marthers, Larry Noel, Melvin Losovsky, Marie Schwartz, Jason Shay, Tim Skoczen, and Jay Stroup. Special thanks go to our Carroll Valley Municipal Service (MS) crew for preparing the Commons for the event. The members of the MS crew are: Steve Fitez, Bruce Pecher, Jack Ringler, Donnie Shaffer, Sterling Shuyler, Terry Weikert, and Jeff Wise.

Thank you to our major sponsors Adams Electric Cooperative, Inc., the Borough of Carroll Valley and Liberty Mountain Resort and Conference Center. Without their sponsorship, we would not have any fireworks. Wish to also thank our event sponsors Bochanan Auto Park Inc. and Buchanan Automotive, School Safaris Inc and especially Comcast for sponsoring the kids rides.

I appreciate the work performed and funds raised by the Carroll Valley Citizens Association through their annual Golf Classic and the J4 Planning Group for helping out with the raffle. When saying thanks, you always run the risk of missing someone. Well, the J4 Group is in the process of col-

lecting all the names of the volunteers that helped make our 2010 July 4th Celebration a success. We plan to post the names on the July 4th Celebration website ([www.july4thcelebration.info](http://www.july4thcelebration.info)) created by Ayse Jester. You can see the day's pictures on the website or at [www.ronspictures.net](http://www.ronspictures.net) Special thanks to my co-chair, Gayle Marthers and the Borough staff.

About six months ago, one of the residents asked me if there was any chance that the bus service that is in Gettysburg would ever come down to Carroll Valley. Discussed the idea with area residents, there may be need that could be satisfied by extending bus service down to our area. Many said they would use the bus to go shopping, to go to a medical appointment, go to HACC, go to work or to take their bicycle to go riding in the Gettysburg National Military Park. Naturally, I asked "Why not use the car?" The answer was the price of gas, don't like to drive unless I have too, I don't have a license yet, I have been told not to drive be-

cause of the meds I am taking, and I am staying at the hotel and would rather take a bus and not worry about parking. Whatever the reason, there seems to be groups who would use the bus service.

Based on this information, I contacted the surrounding municipalities and asked if they were interested in the bus extension proposal. The response was a overwhelming YES! With the consent of the municipalities, the idea was presented and Rich Farr, who is the Executive Director of Adams County Transit Authority (ACTA), thought it was an idea worth investigating. By the way, the bus service in Gettysburg charges \$3.00 for an all day pass, transfers are free, children 5 and under ride free, and sixty-five (65) years of age or older ride free. Not a bad deal.

After two meetings, we came to the conclusion that we needed to collect ridership data. There is a need to document how many people are truly interested in the bus service. On Wednesday, July 15th ACTA launched a new survey tar-

geted to commuters who live and travel through Carroll Valley along route 116 to the Gettysburg area. "The survey isn't just for the individuals who live on route 116 as we are looking more regional to include the municipalities of Fairfield, Hamiltonban, Highland, Cumberland, Liberty and even as far way as Emmitsburg," stated Rich Farr.

Riders traveling daily between these areas are encouraged to provide feedback in the survey, which outlines topics ranging from van-pooling to bus service. If you are interested in the possibility of having bus service in our area, please take the survey. To take the survey, visit [www.BusSurvey.com](http://www.BusSurvey.com) and follow the link. If you do not have a computer, go to your municipality office and a paper survey will be provided. When you finish com-

pleting the survey return it and the data will be entered for you. We have this opportunity but you must take the survey so that we can better understand your need. The survey will close on August 15, 2010. We need to plan for the future now. If you have any questions please contact me at [mayor@carrollvalley.org](mailto:mayor@carrollvalley.org) or (301) 606-2021.

At the July Borough Council meeting, the FY2011 Budget Timeline was briefed to council with meeting dates of October 11th, 19th, 26th and November 9th. Why are these dates important? Because these are the times you can participate and see how your money is being spent to provide your services. Have you heard that St. Catherine's Nursing Center in Emmitsburg will be opening a 16-bed assisted living unit in October 2010. Applications are now being accepted. Contact Sue Osterman at (301) 447-7007 for more information.

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## GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

# From the Desk of County Commissioner Candidate...

## Ellis Burruss

Ellis graduated from the University of MD with a B.A. in English (and a minor in organic chemistry). He has lived in Brunswick for the past 30 of his 65 years where he has owned and operated three businesses. His current business is Bellwether Printing. For the past four years he has been president of the Greater Brunswick Area Chamber of Commerce.

OK, let's get into the first person.

When I moved to Brunswick in 1980 the population of Frederick County was 114,792. Now it has more than doubled in size to over 235,000.

I welcome the work that the current Board of County Commissioners (BOCC) has done on the Comprehensive Plan to keep uncontrolled growth in check.

I was an enthusiastic supporter of the 2002 annexation referendum that made the 1500-home Brunswick Crossing part of our community. Since then, as a member of the Brunswick Planning Commission, I have consistently voted to support

the various phases as they came before our panel. This development will nearly double the size of Brunswick. Now, THAT is growth.

I support growth. I support Brunswick Crossing. I support managed, smart growth. I DO NOT support uncontrolled, sprawling growth that could ravage and despoil our countryside. The new Frederick County Comprehensive plan allows for plenty of growth in the next 20 years, but balances it with maintaining the health of our community. There's no need to sacrifice the quality of life of most of us for the enrichment of a few.

### Sustainability, the Environment, and saving money...

These are very important issues for me. A famous frog once claimed that "It isn't easy being green." I disagree. It does sometimes require thinking in new ways, but I'm very optimistic about that. Look at how Frederick County residents have accepted recycling, which has saved thousands of tons of materials from the landfill.

Does it cost money? Sure, but so

do landfills and incinerators. In the long run, recycling paper, plastic, and metals and composting organic waste and conserving energy will save us all a lot of money.

That's why I oppose the proposed regional waste incinerator for Frederick County. Not only is it hideously expensive in this time of tight budgets, it's just the wrong approach to our waste stream.

### We do need job growth...

In addition to protecting existing jobs, the new BOCC needs to encourage businesses to locate in Frederick County. Too many citizens are forced to spend hundreds of hours a year commuting to their jobs. When we increase local employment, people who work locally spend locally, creating even more jobs.

The loss of EastAlco, the reversal of BP Solarex, the downsizing of Canam Steel and other large employers are the result of forces outside of our County and beyond our control. It would be great to undo these losses, but we need to be mindful that over half of American workers are employed by companies with fewer than five hundred workers.

Small business is the lifeblood of our economy. We need to attract employers by emphasizing natural advantages such as proximity to the Nation's capitol and our rural setting. Frederick County needs to remove any obstacles to the establishment of small business in our community.

### The budget is going to be a major problem...

The economic crisis has hit households, companies, and government. Frederick County's 2011 budget of \$435 million has a projected deficit of about \$35 million. The current BOCC has made significant cuts, but more cuts are going to be necessary.

As property assessments decrease, tax revenues are also going down. Local governments will have to tighten their belts too. "Thrift" has always been my personal watchword and thrift will be my approach to County spending.

### Spare time...

What's that? I spend a lot of time when not running a printing press in community volunteer activities. That seems to be mostly going to meetings

(I don't have cable so I have to do something in the evenings). Here's an example:

It was about 20 years ago that Frederick County started recycling. Brunswick was not scheduled at that time to have one of the new drop-off centers. However, some local citizens thought we should participate anyway. We had a series of meetings that resulted in setting up our own recycling program.

Volunteers with pickup trucks announced a regular collection of paper, cans, and bottles in RR square. It caught on and after a few months the County was helping by sending dump trucks and then we got a drop-off center.

That's how things got started: citizens taking the initiative. And that's how I got interested in the issue of municipal solid waste.

Besides the volunteer activities I read a great deal. The Frederick News-Post and the Brunswick Citizen, The Wall Street Journal and Scientific American. I like to read about science and history (current book: The Prize by Daniel Yergin. It's a history of the petroleum industry). I also read a lot of cheap detective thrillers.

# From the Desk of Town Council President Chris Staiger

The Provincial House of the Daughters of Charity was completed in 1965. At that time there were 1200 Sisters in the province centered on Emmitsburg. Today, the Provincial House is occupied by approximately 98 Sisters. Many are retired or reside at Saint Vincent's Care Center. Some are administrators for the province, while others are involved in maintaining the shrine of Mother Seton, running the Mother Seton School, operating the Seton Outreach Center or are otherwise engaged in activities of the Order. St. Catherine's Nursing Facility has come to occupy one wing of the building in recent years but 38%, or 150,000 square feet, of

the building is considered underutilized or not used at all. Substantial infrastructure repair liabilities continue to mount as time passes and the Daughters of Charity are actively searching for a way to "re-purpose" the building through the Provincial House Transformation initiative.

As noted in section 3.3 of the Town's Comprehensive Plan, the Provincial House of the Daughters of Charity has a taxable assessment of approximately fifty-five million dollars. This amount represents about 20% of all the potentially taxable real property of the Town of Emmitsburg. One would expect that the provision of Emergency Medical Services (EMS) to the property

would be higher than the town average due to the presence of the seventy-six bed Nursing Center, the twenty-six bed Saint Vincent's Care Center (maintained for religious with special health-care needs), and the generally higher, average age of those residing there. As a result of tax exemptions for religious facilities, the property is not subject to county or municipal property taxes or the county "Fire Tax" meant to support EMS services. These three charges are billed to other property owners within Emmitsburg at \$1.424 per \$100 dollars of assessed value.

The Daughters of Charity have proposed to re-purpose the facility by establishing up to 120 low to moderate income (\$10-40,000) Senior Rental Housing Units at the Provincial House in partnership with the developer Homes for America. In addition, there are plans for up to sixteen "assisted living" units at some point in the future as well as the continued operation of St. Catherine's Nursing Facility which can potentially expand at the state limit of ten percent per year. A discussion is now underway because the current municipal zoning ordinance does not allow for 'senior housing' on parcels, such as the Provincial House, which are zoned Open Space. This use is currently restricted to higher density residential zones.

I would like to take this opportunity to outline some of my additional concerns.

- In what other case would the Town Council consider approving an attorney/developer written text amendment to the Town's zoning ordinance that was solely altered to benefit the applicant?
- What independent analysis exists to validate this level of need for senior housing in Emmitsburg? Should we accept a study that has been contracted and paid for by the developer as complete and unbiased without independent verification?
- Should the Town continue to subsidize expansion of primarily commercial operations (e.g. the existing nursing home operation, the proposed senior rental housing, and the proposed assisted living operation) established under the umbrella of a religious property tax exemption?
- What effect will 120 units of low to moderate income, senior rental housing have on the demographic profile of Emmitsburg – which already has one of the higher percentages of seniors and one of the lowest average incomes in all of Frederick County?
- What financial concessions are required on the part of the Town (e.g. reductions to tap fees or cash contributions) so that the developer qualifies for the 'grants' that have been described?
- Given the limited number of water and sewer taps available, is this the best way to

- invest these public resources? How does the property tax on a tap utilized for senior rental housing compare to the return on one allocated to commercial development or balanced, residential development?
- How will this request for a new development right impact our recent efforts to balance water and sewer capacity with the demands of pre-existing zoning?
- What additional changes to the Town's development ordinances will be required to meet the developer's project parameters?
- What guarantee does the Town have that events will play out as depicted once the requested changes have been granted? Once the requested change has been approved, there is no cap on the number of units that could be constructed.

These and other questions – as well as the developer's proposals – will be discussed at a Public Hearing as part of the August 16, Emmitsburg Town Meeting at 7:30pm at the Town Office. In addition, on August 10 at 7:00pm, the Daughters of Charity will hold a Provincial House Transformation Briefing open to the general public. I encourage members of the public to attend both meetings and offer their input on the proposals and action that should be taken. Sincerely, Chris Staiger.

### ELECTION JUDGES NEEDED FOR 2010 ELECTIONS

The Mayor and Board of Commissioners are seeking persons to serve as election judges for the September 28, 2010 town election.

In accordance with the Emmitsburg town code, judges must be registered and qualified voters and not hold or be a candidate for any Emmitsburg public office.

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## COMMENTARY

# Words from Winterbilt

## Sometimes the news is annoying

Shannon Bohrer

My wife and I are not regular television viewers but there are some programs that we like to watch. In particular I like to watch the evening news and a few of the special news programs. I believe it is ones responsibility to keep up with events and news that affects our lives. Lately I have noticed that some of the news programs seem to be copying entertainment programs with commercials and they often have some confusing parts. Have you ever noticed some commercials for upcoming news? They are about 30 seconds long and incorporate 105 still pictures, each of which appears for a fraction of a second; someone is saying something that you cannot hear because they are also playing music. After watching this either my wife or I will say to the other – what was that about? I know that I am old (at least older) but I often think commercials like the one I described are made by individuals on drugs that have trouble focusing on something for more than a tenth of a second....

Another sometimes confusing event is the news group, where a group of EXPERTS sit around and

discuss what the news is, or what they think it is, and tell you what it means. These are the talking heads and that is part of the problem. Only one head should be allowed to talk at a time. One expert will start, then another will jump in and then a third. Instead of news it more resembles an older group of people having coffee and conversation. I know this because it has been my experience that if three people my age are having coffee you can have two conversations at the same time. While listening to the person on your right, another person facing you will start another conversation. This seems to work for older people, although I don't know why. However, when a news program does this you have no idea what is being said. Of course the same thing occurs when I have coffee with friends, but it is expected. Also, have you ever noticed how they experts can tell you why something happened after it occurred? If they really are experts, like the financial experts, why do they not tell what will happen? Could it be they don't know?

There certainly is plenty of news, at least what I consider news, but sometimes I think I am watching a

program on entertainment. You expect to see news about the wars, the financial crises, the oil spill, politics and things that affect a lot of people. Instead a television reporter and/or entertainer died, sometimes from a drug overdose, and that's the big story for the evening, the next morning, the following evening.... The world is about ready to explode and they spend most of the news time talking about someone who died. I do of course feel sorry for the family of the person that died and it certainly is news. However, just because someone is a celebrity and dies the rest of the world does not stop. Of course the news of this individual goes on for days and sometimes weeks. Many times it is only replaced when, say, someone tries to go to a state dinner at the white house, uninvited. Of course then that becomes the news for days, weeks.....

"If you don't read the newspaper you are uninformed, If you do read the news paper, you are misinformed."

Mark Twain

During a half hour news program they often advertise telling you what they are going to tell you,

which takes at least five minutes of the news cast. They have commercials every four of five minutes, maybe ten minutes total, and they also tell you about what you are going to see on the national news following their broadcast. If you add time for sports and weather what is left is about 5 minutes, if you're lucky, of real news for the half hour program. One news program commercial says they are "live, local and late breaking." I guess that's compared to dead, far away and old. It really does make you wonder why they are advertising, you're already watching. If they really wanted to advertise should they not do so on another channel? Sometimes I believe they spend more time advertising the news – than they do giving the news.

On rare occasions a talking head show will advertise that a particular guest is coming up, and you wait to see this particular person. What they fail to tell you is that the program is one hour long, the guest is the last person up and when they finally appear the host asked a question. The guest starts to respond and the host interrupts – and then they are out of time. It should be a law that if they advertise a special guest, THEY

SHOULD LET THEM TALK. And it should be against the law to interrupt; it is rude behavior.

Maybe I am old, but it seems to me that sometimes the news should be called the confusing news. You are watching a news program and the person is in a box talking. However you're distracted because surrounding the box is what's coming up next, the local weather, stock prices, other headlines, what you're having for lunch and the metaphysical science news. It can be confusing. You try to read the crawl moving across the bottom, and a flash from the left side takes your attention, you go back to the crawl and what you were reading is gone. You start watching and listening to the person talking and s/he says we will be right back after this commercial break. After watching a half hour of this, I am tired, I sometimes don't know anything more than I did before I started watching, so I have to question, why did I watch this?

I think it only reasonable to question myself from time to time when watching the news. I like being informed and generally like the news, but sometimes I question if I am being informed or entertained, or just confused... or maybe it's an age thing?

To read past edition of Words from Winterbilt, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.

# The Village Idiot

## When the money runs out...

Jack Deatherage

"I have a daughter in her last year of college and this little one (a preschooler.) Do you know why my children are so far apart in age?" The woman wanted to tell me her story. Some days I should just go home and not talk to people I don't already know.

The woman had been introduced to me as the girlfriend of one of my old buds. He told me she was living in a state funded housing project, receiving food stamps and medical care. He had moved in with her and was living well enough on his paycheck (he was making more than twice my weekly take home.) He said the biggest problem with the arrangement was having to gather up his clothes and "move out" every month when the state sent an inspector around to make sure everyone was living in the proper level of poverty.

He thought it was hilarious he was living comfortably at the taxpayers' expense. Him, I understood. I didn't like it, but I got it. He was getting one over on the rest of us. Couldn't fault him for that at the time. Most of his paycheck went for alcohol and recreational drugs, as mine used to, before I decided to make a family and take on the responsibility of answering to, and for, others.

She was enlightenment. I'd never talked to a welfare mom.

"I got pregnant before I finished high

school. I left home and went on welfare and have been there ever since." She proudly told me. "I've never had to work a day in my life."

I told her I didn't think it was fair that I'd started working during the summers before I finished high school and had been at it ever since, paying taxes all along. I couldn't get pregnant, but maybe I should find a woman willing to let me live with her while she drew welfare checks from those foolish enough to work and pay taxes.

"Oh no! You were dumb enough to start working right out of high school. You have to keep working because you're already accustom to doing it!"

I allowed she looked as if she could work in the factory I worked in.

"Oh no! I'm accustom to this lifestyle and it wouldn't be fair to force me to start working this late in my life! (She was in her 30s.) People like you have to support me! It's only fair."

The conversation went on, but I can't repeat anymore. Suffice it to say, we did not part as friends. I'd like to meet her college-graduated daughter though. I'm curious how she turned out.

A few years later I met a fellow who had grown up on welfare. He too was an enlightenment.

"My father had been killed during WWII. Mom wasn't able to take a job and raise us kids so she went on welfare." The man told me. "She

wasn't happy about it, but it put a roof over our heads, food in our bellies and we were grateful for it. None of us kids went on welfare, and none of our children, nor grandchildren have. We got together and bought Mom a nice house. She's no longer on welfare either."

Another woman on welfare tells me she wants to work, is constantly applying for work, but can't find a job that pays better than welfare. She has health problems and is on medical disability. "Jack, you know me, you know I hate being on welfare. But everywhere I go I'm told the same thing. 'You should take advantage of the system.'

I'm so angry no one will hire me. I want to work! I can work. This isn't right!"

For the longest time I've wondered about these welfare people I've talked to. Why do some of them abuse the welfare safety net, by turning it into a hammock, while others manage to join the rest of us after being briefly aided by the system? And why would anyone, especially a private sector employer, encourage someone to seek welfare?

I think the problems with the welfare system are the voters.

Back in the 1980s one of the weekly news rags reported that 55% of all paychecks were drawn at the taxpayers' expense. Meaning government employees at all levels from towns, townships, counties, states, federal, military and those in the private sector who worked for companies con-

tracted to the various governments. Couple that with the people on welfare, disability and Social Security, and it is little wonder this country is no longer a meritocracy, if it ever was. The vast majority of voters depend on some form of government for their livelihoods!

Which brings to mind a question I was recently asked. When happens when the Government runs out of other peoples' money to give away?

Of a personal note, I was recently told I should go on unemployment as it's paying more than I am currently earning working part-time. When

I complained that doing such went against the grain, that I see unemployment as the next welfare entitlement, I was told I'm an idiot for not taking advantage of the government cash giveaway while I can.

When I argued the money is coming from my child and his future children's earnings I was told it doesn't matter. I had paid into the system and I should take as much of it back as I can get.

The Founding Fathers warned the people would lose their freedoms if they were not vigilant. And I'm an idiot?



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# Pure Onsense

## Kicking the habit

Scott Zuke

Is it time we give up on the 24/7 cable news experiment? As a society or as consumers, can we come to a consensus that this invention, rather than elevating the citizenry, has instead led us into vice? By the time this reaches print, the story of Shirley Sherrod's unjust and overly hasty firing in response to a doctored and misleading video will seem stale at best, and more likely will be mostly forgotten (Such is the speed of our media cycle), but bear with me. Some called the Sherrod affair a "teachable moment." I call it an intervention. I don't know if we have hit rock bottom, but we're close enough to warrant some serious reflection of how we ended up here.

Bob Dylan wrote a song titled "Who Killed Davey Moore," based on the true story of the American boxer by the same name who sustained fatal injuries during a match in 1963, sparking a controversy over the morality of the sport of boxing (See the lyrics at the link below). In each verse someone involved directly or indirectly in the match--the referee, the "angry crowd," the manager, gamblers, sports writers, and his

opponent--explains why they shouldn't be held culpable for Moore's death, leading to the ultimate argument that all of them, by supporting the industry in their various ways, share the blame.

The same conclusion seems to apply to the Shirley Sherrod story, in which blame could fairly be put on every party involved: The unscrupulous blogger, Andrew Breitbart, who posted the videos; FOX News, which ran with the story without doing even preliminary fact-checking; the NAACP for condemning her without hearing her side of the story; Agriculture Secretary Tom Vilsack for firing her out of pure cowardice, etc.

Based on the finger-pointing that dominated media coverage of the snafu, one could probably draw an elaborate analogy between all of these principal players and those mentioned in Dylan's song, except for one: the angry crowd. That's us. More and more it seems time that we give up this illusion that we are passive spectators when we watch the news. We're often worse than enablers. As consumers we are active participants, and the choices we are making when it comes to tuning

into the news each night are poisoning journalism.

Over the last few years a dubious partnership has emerged between the blogosphere and questionably more reputable outlets of the mainstream media. In short, it goes like this: a handful of blogs post a sensational, frequently fictitious story and spread it amongst themselves until a mainstream outlet runs with it (without fact-checking of course). Then the blogs link to those outlets as verification of their original post (because responsible media outlets fact check, of course), and so on. The story gets widespread coverage until responsible journalists debunk it, at which point the story is dropped from the news cycle never to be heard from again. No follow-up, no retraction, no accountability. It is a symbiotic relationship that benefits everyone involved, in a sickly sort of way. The blogs get a jump in hits, the mainstream outlets boost their ratings without ever having to expend resources on actual investigation, and we, the consumers, get exactly what we want: intrigue, controversy, and validation of our unshakable prejudices.

This year marks the 30th anniversary of CNN, which was founded with the noble intention of educating and empowering the masses by making news more immediately available. Today we are probably

the most news saturated country on the planet, but the benefits of that status, if any, are unclear. One Pew Research poll indicated that the average citizen's knowledge of national and international news remained basically unchanged between 1989 and 2007, the period of greatest growth for cable and online news consumption.

The ultimate problem, though, is not just that many of us are ignoring or misinterpreting the news, but really more about the attitude we have toward it. I see two significant shifts occurring on a wide scale: 1) We are increasingly conflating news with entertainment, and 2) using alternative news media to selectively verify our prejudices rather than to illuminate complex stories in search of the truth or more honest and informed opinion. The first shift explains the meteoric rise of FOX News, which has trounced CNN and MSNBC in ratings by solidifying its target audience, selectively covering and sensationalizing stories, and constructing an ongoing conservative narrative that sets up a typical good vs. evil dichotomy at the expense of objective and nuanced coverage.

The second shift explains the rise of the blogosphere. FOX has done such a good job of playing off of its viewers' confirmation bias and lumping together all of their rival networks as the "liberal mainstream me-

dia" that many consumers rebel against the supposedly corrupt and biased news media by turning ironically to blogs, the most biased and unaccountable sources of information possible. In the blogosphere there is usually no editorial oversight, no time or concern for fact-checking, not even time to do the journalist's most simple task of asking questions.

Bloggers like Michelle Malkin, Andrew Breitbart, and innumerable others are responsible for a growing number of crimes against good journalism, from highly publicized stories like the supposed racism of Shirley Sherrod to last year's assault on ACORN, to the lesser known but still harmful stories that have no credence, but are left to linger in the hazy memories of lazy and impressionable readers.

We as a society are bringing this corrupt and debased journalism upon ourselves. Biased, unaccountable media is the new cigarettes and alcohol: we know it's bad for us, but we're hooked and it just feels so good. It will take an intervention, a moment of clarity, and a lot of personal responsibility to break the habit. Start right away by taking a cable news and blog vacation and see how good it feels after a week. Then keep going.

To read past editions of Scott's *Pure Onsense* visit the Authors' section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net).

# Down Under!

## Measure for measure

Submitted by Lindsay!  
Melbourne, Australia

*When you can measure what you are speaking about, and express it in numbers, you know something about it; but when you cannot measure it in numbers, your knowledge is of a meager and unsatisfactory kind: It may be the beginning of knowledge, but you have scarcely, in your thoughts, advanced to the stage of science, whatever the matter may be.*

—Lord Kelvin, May 3, 1883

Back in ancient times there were no set standards for weights and measures. It appears the King and his court had the correct sized body parts, as his feet and so on were used for measurements. In due time, these measurements became more and more standardized until they were fixed by law and mathematics. The same once arbitrary units for weight, etc. also became standardized in the industrially revolutionized world. Those standardized units came to an end when a certain M. Bonaparte, having seen the work done by M. Lavoisier and the French Academy, gave his seal of approval on August 1, 1793 for the introduction of the metre, litre and the kilogram as the standards to be used henceforth

in France and all French territories. Basic standards became housed in special rooms to which commonly made units could be referred, and things, as they say, went bullish. By 1875 there was the first international weights and measures authority, and others have followed since.

The age of reason and rationality had indeed come up with a pretty neat idea of basing every measurement on the beautifully simple number, ten. And, of course, it changed everything, for it has always been so much easier to shift a decimal point than to divide or multiply by three, twelve, sixteen, or any one of a dozen other numbers that had been in use. France steamed ahead in mathematics, trade and influence, while the poor inheritors of the British system shrugged our shoulders and said, 'So What?' The British Empire was safe, English was the tongue spoken, so the French got another two-fingered salute.

The shrug was due to hostility; firstly to the idea that the French could come up with anything better than the English, but more importantly to the sheer difficulty of changing everything. An engineer, for instance, having learnt the number of threads per inch in a whit-worth bolt and the nut that

fit it, as well as the stresses that bolt could withstand, would never consider relearning the metric system. Why bother when theirs worked just fine? All but one profession agreed with them; that one profession was science. This burgeoning new discipline took to the metric system with relative alacrity. For not only did they need to have a universal language in which to compare the results of their research, but their understanding of and dependency on mathematics meant that lovely number ten was both manna and siren song.

Well, as one whose forebears arrived in Britain a few thousand years B.C., I hate to have to admit that the French were right. But as a scientist, I bless them for their rationality, and I bless Nappie for making sure that everything else was swept before it. It would be no fun doing a titration using minims or fluid ounces, or referring to 'micro inches' and not micrometers.

And so the march of metrics has gone on around the world. In 1974 Australia broke free from the old pounds, shillings and pence, the foot-pounds and horsepower, the unmanageable fractions of ounces, inches and minims, and we were one of the last. Except for one or two things, even good old Britain turned against their own to go French. Today only three countries in the world have not embraced the system: Liberia, Minimar (Burma), and please do not read the next few words, (I'll write them softly) The United States of America. Shame on you all!



I well remember the things we went through during 'the change.' Yes, equally as traumatic, with no helpful medication. Going to dollars and cents was the most difficult thing. Though it was difficult getting shops and suppliers to tell us the new weights and measures so that we could compare, being do or die Aussies, we went on smiling -- except for the so and so engineers who grizzled and grumbled their way to show-downs with the government, warnings of economic collapse, job losses and other weird things, but who now cannot remember what an inch is. The change cost money, but not so much that we did not recoup it in about eighteen months. It certainly created an enormous number of jobs, and really, we have not regretted it at all. It was a former life. (Remember those?)

So how about you, readers? It is never too late to change. Tell the engineers to go weigh themselves. Tell

the entrenched status quo factions to arrive in the nineteenth century at last. You have a head start. Your monetary system is in tens. Dare I say the rest is out of step?

On this, the birthday of the metric system -- yes, 217 years old today, August the first -- why not light a candle, send it a birthday card, and buy it a present. It will only coast a fighter plane or two to introduce, it is the ultimate in excitement, and it would get the wheels of industry turning 100 times faster. Not to mention it will bring us all closer.

Oh yes -- that is the one universal measurement: time. Sixty seconds to an hour, 24 hours to a day, 365 (6) days to a year. I guess that will never change to tens.

Time for happy hour.

To read past editions of Lindsay Coker's *Down Under* visit the Authors' section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net).

## FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

# Farewell Emmitsburg

Father Vincent O'Malley  
St. Joseph's Church

**Thank you and may God continue to bless you!** As I prepare to leave Emmitsburg for my next assignment in Michigan, I wish to thank all those who have been a source of inspiration to me over the almost seven years that I have served as pastor of St. Joseph's Church. I especially want to thank the priests and parishioners of St. Joseph's, the ministers and members of the town's other churches, the volunteers of countless organizations, and the municipal leaders and citizens of this wonderful community. God has blessed the people of Emmitsburg with an unusually strong faith and sense of community, especially in caring for those in need. I love you, and I will miss you.

Having lived in a dozen towns and cities during priesthood, I perceive that your faith and generosity are exceptional. Please receive this compliment in the right spirit; please don't take for granted your goodness. Thank God for your goodness. And may God continue to bless you as you share your gifts, material and spiritual. The only way to grow in the spiritual gifts is by giving them away.

**This article has one message:** for the praise of God, and for the sake of society, your children and grandchildren, please attend your churches.

**All of the churches in town have played and continue to play a significant role.** Most of the churches were founded here by the late 1700s: Elias Lutheran, 1757; the Presbyterian Church, 1760; Incarnation United Church of Christ, 1788; St. Joseph Catholic Church, 1793; and Toms Creek United Methodist Church, 1797. Two more churches were founded early in the next century: St. Anthony Shrine Parish 1805; and Trinity United Methodist, 1833. Most of these churches were here long before the Mount (1808), Elizabeth Ann Seton (1809) and the Daughters of Charity (1850). Walking through the church cemeteries in town, a pilgrim will notice with appropriate pride that the relatives of these deceased have remained in this town for two centuries. In the church cemeteries we read the following familiar names: Shriver, Troxell, Elder, Gelwicks, Martin, Welty, Van Brackle, Adelsberger, Pecher, Boyle. The list goes on of our church-going ancestors who established this town with God-given goodness.

After Robert and Elizabeth Wilson, around 1733, became the first residents of our as yet un-named hamlet, German Lutherans, Scottish Presbyterians and German and Irish Catholics soon followed. The town was founded upon and continues to thrive on the vitality of Christian people. It is now our turn to shoulder the responsibility of keeping alive the spirit of goodness, and we do it as active members of our churches. Religion gives rise to culture and

civilization. Religion serves as the soul of society.

**Why does religion matter in making society strong and vibrant?** An individual might possess strong faith and spirituality, and might serve the public well, but that individual's good has little possibility of continuing on for generations. When faith and spirituality are demonstrated through a religious institution, the impetus and structures for being and doing good continue on. Individual faith needs public religion. Granted, individual faith and spirituality are essential for religion to be vital, but Individual faith and spirituality alone will achieve little lasting good until it is expressed in institutional religion. Can we do it? Can our commitment to religion help to make Emmitsburg and beyond strong and vibrant? We have the churches, and we have the leaders. Now, we need to support our churches and support each other in upholding Christian vision and values, so that one day our children and their children will continue to be blessed by God as they share their gifts, material and spiritual.

**People of faith shake their collective heads in dismay** at what is happening not only in Western Civilization but also more specifically here in the United States. Occasionally, some people receive via email summary statements of the practical effects of having removed faith and religion from the vision, values and dominant institutions in our country. The impact is gradual but real. The deleterious changes in society are not attributable to religion alone, but the decline in religion makes profound impact because religion reaches to the soul.

Two examples follow. First, governmental records compare between 1940 and 1990, in order of gravity, the most serious problems which took place in schools. On the one hand, the contrast is humorous; and on another hand, the contrast is tragic.

- 1940—1990
- Talking out of turn—Drug abuse
- Chewing gum—Alcohol abuse
- Making noise—Pregnancy
- Running in the halls—Suicide
- Cutting in line—Rape
- Dress code violations—Robbery
- Littering—Assault

Another example of the consequences of eliminating religion from society is found in the heartfelt comments by Darrell Scott whose daughter was murdered in the student-led attack on Columbine High School. On May 27, 1999, he spoke before the U.S. House Judiciary subcommittee. He writes:

I am here today to declare that Columbine was not just a tragedy; it was a spiritual event that should be forcing us to look at where the real blame lies! Much of the blame lies here in this room. Much of the blame lies behind the pointing fingers of the accusers [members of Congress]. I wrote a poem just four nights ago

that expresses my feelings best. This was written way before I knew I would be speaking here today:

Your laws ignore our deepest needs. Your words are empty air.

You've stripped away our heritage. You've outlawed simple prayer.

Now gunshots fill our classrooms. And precious children die.

You seek for answers everywhere, and ask the question, "why."

You regulate restrictive laws through legislative creed.

And yet you fail to understand that God is what we need.

The conscious elimination of God from the public forum did not originate with the removal of prayer from public schools (1963) or the passage of Roe vs. Wade (1973). Historians point out that the 16th century Reformation broke the back of Western Civilization. For the previous 200 years, the Church had failed to reform itself despite the heroic efforts of individual popes and bishops, emperors and kings, saintly men and women both lay and religious. Because religion serves as a source for vision and unity, the divided religion resulted in dissonant visions and disunity. A century later, the Enlightenment arose. Over-emphasizing the value of rational thought to the detriment and disparagement of faith, the Enlightenment further wounded Western Civilization's soul. The false dichotomy between faith and reason led to the exaggerated separation of church and state. Society needs both strong government and strong religion; a society without both institutions will be unsatisfactory and unsustainable.

If society's pillars may be described as the political, economic, social and cultural institutions, then these institutions need to pay due respect to each other's roles, including the role of religion. If our USA society and Emmitsburg are to thrive, these institutional pillars need to incorporate into their structures, and individuals need to inculcate into their souls, a mutual respect and practical appreciation of each of these pillars. The

contemporary surge in secularism which disrespects and attempts to diminish the role of God and religion in society will lead to the society's downfall, if it is not corrected. Is it too late to save the United States from catching the same sickness from which Europe suffers? Europe is literally dying, culturally and demographically. Please God, we in the USA might find the cure for this affliction. Can we do it? God gives us the grace, but we need to evaluate our priorities.

What has history shown? Typically in the ebb and flow of history, a vital spirituality inspires strong religion and family life for about 300 years. For about the next 100 years, a malaise sets in during which politics and law attempt to fill the vacuum of providing order and direction to society. But soon enough, people become weary of domination by politics and law, and yearn for a return to vibrant religion and family life. From my humble observation, in the past few years, we have turned the corner on the expected century-long dominance by politics and law; religion and family life are on the rebound.

**How do we restore religion?** All believers need to work within and among our churches. Our Christian churches need each other; we thank the Holy Spirit for the ecumenical movement. Let's keep moving toward



reunion. To whichever Christian denomination someone gives profession, please God, he/she will be present in and for that church. If you are Catholic, you are invited and needed to participate at Mass every Sunday. If you are Lutheran, your congregation invites and needs you to worship every Sunday. The same goes for the Presbyterians, Methodists, UCC members and all our churches. To revive society, we need to revive our religious institutions.

Since the mid-first century of the Christian era, Christians have worshipped on Sundays: coming together, listening to the Word of God, receiving Communion, and returning to the larger society as disciples of Christ and as leaven to develop the Kingdom of God on earth as it is in heaven. Imagine and work for God's promised kingdom characterized by justice, peace and joy. Society needs good church-going Christians.

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# The Book of Days

## Old sayings as to clothes



It is lucky to put on any article of clothing inside out, particularly stockings. To make the omen hold true, however, you must continue to wear the reversed portion of your attire in that condition, till the regular time comes for taking it off—that is, either bedtime or ‘cleaning yourself.’ If you set it right, you will ‘change the luck.’ It will be of no use to put on anything with the wrong side out on purpose.

It is worthy of remark, in connection with this superstition, that when William the Conqueror, in arming himself for the battle of Hastings, happened to put on his shirt of mail with the hind-side before. The bystanders seem to have been shocked by it, as by an ill omen, till William claimed it as a good one, betokening that he was to be changed from a duke to a king. The phenomenon of the ‘hind-side’ before is so closely related to that of ‘inside out,’ that one can hardly understand their being taken for contrary omens.

The clothes of the dead will never wear long - when a person dies, and his or her clothes are given away to the poor, it is frequently remarked: ‘Ah, they may look very well, but they won’t wear; they belong to the dead.’

If a mother gives away all the baby’s clothes she has (or the cradle), she will be sure to have another baby, though she may have thought herself above such vanities.

If a girl’s petticoats are longer than her frock, that is a sign that her father loves her better than her mother does. Perhaps it is plain that her mother does not attend so much to her dress as she ought to do, whereas her father may love her as much as he pleases. At the same time be very ignorant or unobservant of the rights and wrongs of female attire.

If you would have good-luck, you must wear something new on ‘Whitsun-Sunday’ (pronounced Wissun-Sunday). More generally, Easter Day is the one thus honoured, but a glance round a church or Sunday-school in Suffolk, on Whitsunday, shows very plainly

that it is the one chosen for beginning to wear new ‘things.’

### Miscellaneous Sayings

It is unlucky to enter a house, which you are going to occupy, by the back-door. I knew of a family who had hired a house, and went to look over it, accompanied by an old Scotch servant. The family, innocently enough, finding the front-door ‘done up,’ went in at the back-door, which was open. Great was their surprise to see the servant burst into tears, and sit down on a stone outside, refusing to go in with them. If I recollect rightly (the circumstance happened several years ago), she had the front-door opened, and went in at that herself, hoping, I suppose, that the spell would be dissolved if all the family did not go in at the back-door.

The Cross was made of elder-wood: speaking to some little children one day about the danger of taking shelter under trees during a thunder-storm, one of them said that it was not so with all trees. ‘For,’

said he, ‘you will be quite safe under an elder-tree because the cross was made of that, and so the lightning never strikes it.’

With this may be contrasted a superstition mentioned by Dean Trench in one of the notes to his Sacred Latin Poetry. Accounting for the trembling of the leaves of the aspen-tree, he says that the cross was made of its wood, and that, since then, the tree has never ceased to shudder.

Hot cross-buns, if properly made, will never get mouldy. To make them properly, you must do the whole of the business on the Good-Friday itself. The materials must be mixed, the dough made, and the buns baked on that day, and I think before a certain hour as well. Whether this hour is sunrise or church-time, I cannot say. Perhaps the spice which enters into the composition of hot cross-buns has as much to do with the result as anything. Experto crede, you may keep them for years without their getting mouldy.

### Superstitions

In the appendix to Forby’s Vocabulary of East Anglia, are given several local superstitions. One of them regarding the cutting of the nails is such a very elaborate one that I give the entire formula in which it is embodied. The version that I have heard is nearly word for word the same as that which he has printed, and is as follows:

Cut ‘em on Monday, you cut ‘em for health;  
Cut ‘em on Tuesday, you cut ‘em for wealth;  
Cut ‘em on Wednesday, you cut ‘em for news;  
Cut ‘em on Thursday, a new pair of shoes;  
Cut ‘em on Friday, you cut ‘em for sorrow;  
Cut ‘em on Saturday, you’ll see

your true love tomorrow  
Cut ‘em on Sunday, and you’ll have the devil with you all the week.

I must confess that I cannot divine the origin of any of these notions, but of the last two. Sunday is, of course, the chief day for courting among the labouring-classes. What can be more natural than that of the cutting of the nails on a Saturday, should it be followed by the meeting of true-lovers on the next day? This is the most likely one for such an event, whether the nails had been cut or not.

The last, again, seems to have arisen from considering the cutting of nails to be a kind of work, and so to be a sin, which would render the breaker of the Sabbath more liable to the attacks of the devil. This view is strengthened by the fact of the Sunday being placed not at the beginning, but at the end of the week, and thus identified with the Jewish Sabbath. Indeed, I have found that among poor people generally, it is reckoned as the seventh day, and that on the Sunday they speak of the remainder of the week as the next week.

Superstitions with respect to the cutting of the nails are of very ancient date. We find one in Hesiod’s Works and Day, where he tells you: ‘Not to cut from the five-branched with glittering iron the dry from the quick in the rich feast of the gods,’

a direction which may be compared with the warning against Sunday nail-cutting in the East-Anglian saw given above.

### Superstitions

Mushrooms will not grow after they have been seen. Very naturally, the first person that sees them is the one who gathers them.

If when you are fishing you count what you have taken, you will not catch any more.

This may be paralleled with the prejudice against counting lambs, mentioned in a former paper. It is a western superstition, and was communicated to me by a gentleman, who, when out with professional fishermen, has been prevented by them from counting the fish caught till the day’s sport was over.

The same gentleman also told me a method which he had seen practiced in the same locality to discover the body of a person who had been drowned in a river. An apple was sent down the stream from above the spot where the body was supposed to be, and it was expected that the apple would stop above the place where the corpse lay. He could not, however, take upon himself to say that the expedient was a successful one.

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

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## THE (retired) ECOLOGIST

# Dog days and night sounds

Bill Meredith

**D**og Days is an evil time when the sea boils, the wine turns sour, dogs go mad, and all creatures become languid, causing to Man burning fevers, hysterics, and phrensies. Clavis Calendarium, J. Brady, 1813.

Summer began with moderate temperatures and a surplus of rainfall, about five inches above normal for the year, so I was looking forward to a productive garden. I should have known better. July arrived and Dog Days set in; the rains stopped, and temperatures shot up into the 106 degree range. The garden gave up all pretense of producing anything; pea and bean vines died, onions stopped growing, and everything else hunkered down into survival mode.

The idea of Dog Days goes back to Roman times, when planets, stars and constellations were believed to represent gods who controlled events on earth by their position in the heavens. The Dog Star, Sirius, appeared in the morning sky around the beginning of July, when the Mediterranean weather usually turned hot and dry. Since Sirius was one of the brightest stars, the god it represented was presumed to be unusually powerful. Dogs were sacrificed to appease him; sometimes that worked; but if he was in a bad mood that year, he would cause severe droughts and heat waves. With the coming of the Christian era, the Roman gods faded into oblivion, but the idea of Dog Days persisted; the work by Mr. Brady, quoted above, is representative of a whole genre of writings common in Victorian England. Even in my childhood my grandmother was concerned about the effect of Dog Days on her garden.

Although Mr. Brady's description of Dog Days was written in 1813, it seems to fit 2010 pretty well. The sea is boiling indeed, at least around the BP oil spill. While looking for my wife's canning jars in the basement last week, I came upon a bottle of wine, and it proved to be sour (admittedly, we made it in 1973, but still...). The dogs down the street are in a vile temper, but I'm not sure that counts; they're like that all year. My wife hasn't exactly had burning fevers, but she certainly is languid, spending

hours sprawled in her lazy-boy chair with the TV tuned to the '70s music channel. The other day a young robin blundered into the garage and became quite frenzied when it was unable to find its way out; it seemed to think that when alarmed, it should fly as close to the ceiling as possible, so it kept getting trapped above the folding garage door. And the same day, a large blacksnake wandered into the garage and provoked my wife to give an imitation of hysteria that would have done credit to a B movie actress.

Even the stock market felt

in a hanging basket on our porch. This provoked the disapproval of my wife, who likes to sit there and contemplate the state of the world each morning. A noisy argument ensued, and I was called to mediate it. I remembered that the same thing happened a couple of years ago; that time, I had to clean a pint of leaves, sticks and moss out of the flowerpot every day for over a week before the wrens accepted the eviction notice. So this time I decided to use psychological warfare. I cut an 8-inch piece of cardboard into the form of a small owl, drew large, menacing eyes on it, and stuck it in the flowerpot. That was language the wrens understood. They left immediately and built their new nest in the window box by the kitchen window, and now spend their time quarreling with the hummingbirds who visit the feeder there.

Despite global warming, Dog Days doesn't affect us as much as it once did. In the days before television and air conditioning, evenings were spent on porches; it was too hot to stay indoors, and there was nothing to do inside anyway. The barn, chicken lot and pigpen were not far off, so there were always hordes of flies; even if you were

lucky enough to have a screened porch, the strings of fly-paper that hung from every ceiling would be black with them. Aerosol repellants hadn't been invented yet, so mosquito bites were simply accepted as a fact of life. The grown-ups sat quietly on the porch swing or rocking chair with a fan in one hand, a fly-swatter in the other, and a glass of iced tea nearby, while the kids ran barefoot in the grass after lightning bugs as the dew settled. There was little air pollution and no insecticides, so the air was full of moths, mostly little gray-brown ones that we called "millers," but occasionally a luna or cecropia of spectacular size and color. They were pursued by bats, which we could hear squeaking and could see occasionally silhouetted against the moon. The air was full of the sounds of all sorts of insects... cicadas, katydids and crickets, as well as an occasional frog or toad and, if we were lucky, the whip-poor-will that lived in the woods on the next hill. These sounds were interrupted occasionally by a car coming up the road, shifting down into second gear as it came around the curve, then revving up to get enough speed to shift back to high. We could tell from the sound whose car



it was before it came into sight, and would wave as it passed. There were smells too, depending on which way the wind was coming; the odors of the barn were mellowed by distance and not unpleasant, and some flowers released their perfume at night to attract the moths. You could even smell rain coming. When the kids began to slow down, uncles and grandfathers were waiting to tell stories or point out stars and constellations in the sky, and sometimes even a shooting star would pass by. Growing up that way, every child was a potential ecologist.

How different, now. In mid-July I went out to the college one evening to a jazz concert. As I started toward the parking lot to come home I heard

the first katydid of the season, and it brought back memories of those nights when I was not yet in school but was already learning. All of the people around me were talking to cell phones or listening to music on earphones with the latest gadget; none of them heard the katydid. None of them looked toward the sky; even if they had, the stars would have been blocked from view by street lights. It's a shame they miss so much. They won't know what my grandmother told me, that the first katydid means Dog Days will pass, and frost will be here in six weeks, so seize the day and enjoy it. Carpe diem.

To read past editions of the *The (retired) Ecologist*, visit the Authors' section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net).

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## IN THE COUNTRY

# Dog Day afternoons

Lynne King Holt

As a product of the baby boomer generation, I remember the long hot days of August. Growing up in western Pennsylvania was somewhat like the climate here in northern Maryland. Many of the same florals grow in both localities, such as poison ivy and Sassafras Trees with their mitten like leaves and fragrant smell. What I did not see, just a few hours north, were the Dogwood, Tree of Heaven, Mimosa, Spice Shrub, Kentucky Coffee Tree, and Trumpet Vine. What a delight it is to live in Emmitsburg, Md. where the beatific and graceful Dogwood and Mimosa trees grow in the wild.

As a kid, I learned about nature from my dad and from constant exposure to it. I was always outside, seeking sun, shade, or just cooling off in the creek. I did not know then that these pastimes were shaping my life into a constant study of nature. My mother was always at the tub ready with a bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. This scrub down was the cure-all for poison ivy rash, ticks, or whatever our dirty

hands had touched. I think my most pleasant memory of summertime was the slap-slap sound of the screen door.

As the summer months head towards September and school starts up once again, the succulent plants and rapid early growth of spring are replaced by plants that can tolerate the lack of rain. I think these are called weeds. Lawns give up and go brown. Some people just do not realize that it happens, especially when they cannot seem to stop mowing every week during the drought. The Plantain will continue growth even if the lawn has given up. These 8 inches of stem with small cluster of flowers seem like the only survivors. Now the tall, weedy plants stand out in the fields: Goldenrod, Daisy Fleabane, Queen Anne's Lace, Chicory, Ragweed, and Wild Horseradish. These weeds must reseed themselves each year, and yet they do not serve us with beauty or nourishment. I battle all of the above, plus a few Burdocks thrown in.

Each of the summer months brings us berries. The Wineberry of early summer has come to fruition and the Blackberries will be

ripening soon. Even in this heat, it is still wise to wear long sleeves and jeans when berry picking. This protection will thwart the cloud of Mosquitoes, the Blackberries' own thorns, and Poison Ivy's itchy rash. When my son was a wee one, I taught him to select berries by color. Do not pick the green or white phase of any berry. Red Raspberries come out first, so he learned that red was ok. Well, until we come upon Black Raspberries or Blackberries, in which cases red precedes the ripened black, and it should not be picked at this red phase. It is complicated for the mind of a toddler, and a nasty method of learning colors.

Long after I enjoy the Mimosa Trees' frond-like leaves and delicate feathery bloom on the flatlands, I drive up the mountain and have Mimosas still in bloom. I learned of the Butterfly bush while in Virginia, but the attraction of the butterflies to a Mimosa is spell-binding. Those fragile creatures flutter from bloom to bloom and add to the glorious hues. I see two species of Lepidoptera that continue to hover over this tree of fern green and bright pink flow-

ers. The Mourning Cloak Butterfly adds black to this in-motion painting. Using binoculars for a closer look, rather than climbing the tree, you can see the wings edged with yellow and flecks of sky blue. The next butterfly is yellow with black edging and blue flecks. This is the Swallowtail Butterfly. Its color compliments the Mourning Cloak's and both complete the dazzling picture.

Have you noticed the disappearance of the Stink Bugs? I hope they are gone. Except for a few determined tiny ants, my house is not under siege. There is a stretch of road where the trees almost meet to form a cover. It is close to dusk when I ride down this way. There is a rather large horsefly here that really upsets the horses. Their scissor-like bite is quite painful. When I look up, I see them flying six feet overhead; like a squadron of bombers. I am ready to do battle as they swoop down for a meal.

When inside my house, escaping the heat, I glance outside often. One afternoon, twin fawns were romping through my yard. There is a lane that leads into the woods and circles back again. This circuit appeared to be their race track. I know that gamboling is verbiage used in the description of kid goats at play, but

that is what these two little deer were about!

One night, close to dark, there was finally a rain shower after all this heat. I was out for a late ride. The droplets were warm, it had been so hot. I rounded a bend in the road leaving the open behind and re-entering the woods. Once again the pounding of the horses' hooves alerted a snake in our path. A Copperhead was making haste to leave the open road for the rock pile. He must have been enjoying both the warmth of the rain and the heat still present in the macadam. The roadway is an ecosystem all of its own after dark. Not only did I see a snake by twilight, but both toads and frogs were crossing the road.

This summer is a hot one. June is the hottest on record. My reaction to the heat is the same as a reptile's to cold, I hibernate. The less I move, the less I eat, keeps me from feeling beat from the heat. The days stretch out longer through the month of August, so it's best to enjoy it now. The weather, the temperature, all that nature can provide will be replaced once the leaves start to fall.

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

# Land Conservancy of Adams County

The rural character of Adams County, Pennsylvania, has many committed and outspoken advocates – and one of the first among them is Gary Sterner.

"I was born and raised in Hanover," says Sterner. "After I graduated I went away to college and graduate school and went to work in western Pennsylvania. But when I was growing up I fell in love with Adams County. I always had a love for the nature here, and the

history. After I retired I thought that if I could find a quaint old stone house in Adams County, I'd come back. Luckily I was able to find a place on Hilltown Road."

That was in 1980. Sterner's love for the Adams County countryside inspired him to begin protecting any land he could. "I started to buy land every time a piece next to me became available," he says. "Finally I'd accumulated 114 acres along Hilltown Road. About that

time I started reaching out to different organizations to see what we could do to protect more land and became aware that there was a movement to establish a local land conservancy." When the Land Conservancy of Adams County (LCAC) became a reality in 1995, Sterner donated six easements on his 114 acres.

The LCAC is a member-supported non-profit land trust that seeks to preserve and protect Adams County's open spaces and rural character through outreach, advocacy, and conservation easements – permanent legal agreements that allow a landowner to limit future development on a property while maintaining ownership of the property. Today the LCAC protects 6,570 acres of Adams County farmland, historic land and open space.

In 2001, Sterner purchased another large parcel of land near his home, which enabled him to donate to the LCAC a conservation easement on another 500 acres of



land. Sterner and his wife, Susan, who serves on the LCAC board of directors, have set this land aside as a private nature preserve. "We have so much wildlife that lives on this land, and we wanted to foster that," he says. "There are some 89 species of birds here. Foxes, turkeys. Lots of deer. There's no hunting and the animals are safe here. This is their place." A diverse forest ecosystem flourishes on the property including a broad variety of trees like dogwood, walnut, mimosa, wild cherry, cedar, maple, oak, poplar, and more.

"If you accumulated investments in your lifetime and you saw your life coming to an end, you might go to a bank and ask them to oversee your assets for your heirs," says Sterner, who has donated easements on a total of 603 acres – more than any other landowner in the county. "That's what the Land Conservancy does for your land. It will look out for your wishes on your land forever."

Those considering donating a conservation easement to the LCAC would do well to talk with the Sterners about their experiences. "When people ask me what the process is like, I say, 'easy,'" says Sterner. "You just sit down with the coordinator and talk about what your dreams are for your land in the future. You do it because you're in love with your land and you don't want to see it changed."

For more information about the Land Conservancy of Adams County, call the LCAC office at (717) 334-2828 or visit [www.lcacnet.org](http://www.lcacnet.org).

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## THE MASTER GARDENER

# Trial Gardens: Echinaceas

Mary Ann Ryan, Penn State Cooperative Extension, Consumer Horticulture

If you haven't had an opportunity to visit the gardens at the Agricultural and Natural Resource Center in Gettysburg, you must put it on your to-do list this summer. The Penn State Master Gardeners of Adams County have been working hard for several years to demonstrate good gardening practices to the community while trialing plants for sustainability as well a beauty in our area.

By visiting the native plant garden, you will see native plants to our area used as foundation plantings. Information on each plant in the garden can be found in our informational box located conveniently in the garden.

The rain garden, which also includes native plants, is located in the parking islands. This garden is not only beautiful but functional as well. The rain garden allows water runoff from the parking lot to filtrate through the soil and restore the ground water supply as opposed to running into the streets or pipes underground and potentially polluting our creeks and streams.

The trial gardens are raised beds, each bed managed independently by individual Master Gardeners. Each bed has a purpose, whether it's testing hardiness of a perennial plant grouping, demonstrating ground covers or daylilies, or showing crop rotation vegetable gardening in a small space. My garden bed happens to be a trial of echinaceas.

There have been lots breeding done on this grouping of plants. Many new varieties have been introduced in the last several years and have taken "front stage" in many magazines and catalogs. As a whole, this genus is very easy to grow. They like well drained soils and full sun, although some cultivars can tolerate part shade as well as wetter soils. Depending on variety, heights of this plant group range from 18 inches to 2 1/2 feet.



Close-up of Echinacea tennesseensis 'Rocky Top'

*Echinacea tennesseensis*, Tennessee coneflower, is a native to Tennessee and is adapted well to Pennsylvania. It has slightly upturned, narrow petals. They have an orange to green center and the petals are a rose-pink. The leaves are linear, unlike many other echinaceas, and will reach 1 1/2 - 2 feet high and 1 foot wide. This is one that can

handle medium to wet soils, but will also tolerate dry soils. It will bloom from June through September, and grow in zones 5-8.

*Echinacea paradoxa*, yellow coneflower, is native to Missouri and Arkansas. As its name suggests, it is a yellow coneflower, unlike most other coneflowers. The prickly centers

are brown, and the yellow petals are drooping. It too has narrow foliage, much like the Tennessee coneflower, and has its best bloom time from June through mid July. It is hardy in zones 5-8. This is probably one of my favorite coneflowers because of its unusual yellow color.

*Echinacea purpurea*, purple coneflower, is the plant most

familiar to us. This species is native to eastern US, and is commonly grown in the industry. This is hardy in zones 3-8 and can be seen growing in our meadows. Like all other coneflowers, it is not picky for soil type. It will grow in dry to medium-wet soils. It does self sow easily, so be careful when weeding in spring that you don't

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# THE MASTER GARDENER

pull any seedlings! The flower petals are rose pink, droopy and broad. Depending on the cultivar, the petals may overlap, giving a showier flower. The flower centers are a coppery color, turning dark brown to black as it matures. The leaves are broad, dark green at the base of the plant.

There are many cultivars of the species *E. purpurea* that have been introduced. Commonly grown are Bravado, Magnus and White Swan. Bravado has been selected for its dark rose pink flower color and less drooping petals, Magnus for its up to 6 inch wide flowers and White Swan for its white flowers and green-orange prickly centers. All of these cultivars will reseed, and often the seedlings will revert back to its species.

A new series of Echinaceas that have been introduced are now readily available in local nurseries. This series is the 'Big Sky Series'. These echinaceas have been crossed with *E. paradoxa* and *E. purpurea*, with many years of

The double-flowering group has become common as well in our local garden centers. 'Coconut Lime' is a double flowering coneflower that has white pom-pom centers with pale green undertones. 'Coral Reef' has a coral colored flower, as the name suggests. Both grow to about 18'-24' tall and easy to grow.

All of these Echinaceas excluding the double flowering types, are not only easy to grow but attract birds and butterflies as well. If seed heads are left, you'll see an abundance of life in the garden even after the flower petals have long faded and blown away. They are low maintenance plants that have few insect and disease problems. They look great planted in a grouping in the perennial border.

"New", "different", "interesting", and "exciting" are all words associated with plants. As in most industries, "new" things are introduced all the time to keep things "interesting", and the plant

## "The Small Town Gardener"

The Humble Tomato  
MB Willburn

August is upon us and I find myself starting to grasp frantically at the last precious minutes of the summer garden. Suddenly, I am not as complacent about whether or not I weeded the vegetable beds this week. I am far more interested than I was last month in watering the flower border; just so something, anything, will stay green well into October. I have new found motivation to dig out the floating row covers and protect the new brassica crops from white fluttering moths. I immediately pull out the groundhog trap when the tell tale signs of varmint vulgargis greet me, lest he devour one beloved bean, one darling pepper. And sadly...perhaps most importantly...I am becoming aware of the fact that soon, too soon, there will not be a fresh, vine ripened tomato to be had north of Costa Rica.

A moment of silence please.

Perhaps you find this amusing. If you have planted and tended and watered and worried, then at this moment your vines are laden, your canning jars are at the ready, your recipe books are out. You have made tomato sauce, tomato casserole, tomato salad, and yes, even tomato pie. There is no end to the piles of red, juicy fruits that threaten to pervade each and every dinner whether raw or cooked, diced, chopped or fricasseed. Your hands are raw from processing endless pounds of fruit, your kitchen smells like a Heinz factory and if you have to run out to buy one more pack of jar lids or quart size freezer bags, you may just lie down and die. But please, put down the knife for a moment, stop peeling those Better Boys or Romas or Celebrities or Valencias – close your eyes and travel with me to the first week of February in the year ahead.

Life is pretty grim here. It's bitter cold. Perhaps we've had a warm spell, just to make the cold that much more unbearable. We can't remember what the trees look like with leaves anymore, it's been far too long. The fuel tank is almost empty and our spouse thinks that a house temperature of 68° is a luxury only fit for kings. The last time we came into contact with a fresh bowl of salsa was at the beach at the end of September, and we can almost taste the memory; chunky, richly flavored juices running down our chins and onto our tee-shirts. The recollection threatens to overwhelm us and in a wild moment of abandon we stop dicing the turnips for tonight's winter stew and run out to the market to buy some tomatoes and a jalapeno or two. Yet there, in the unforgiving florescent light, our hopes are dashed, our dreams cruelly destroyed. Front and center of the produce aisle, a tightly stacked pyramid of hard pink objects greets us, and we must look down at the sign to confirm

that they are indeed tomatoes and not a new variety of anemic pomegranate. We pick one up, grimace at the waxy texture and squeeze it reticently. It does not yield. Life and the process of ripening are extinguished in this sad little creature and probably have been for weeks. The label says "Chile" or "Argentina" or "New Zealand" or "Anywhere But Here"; and we put it down sorrowfully and head for the freezer section. Maybe a half gallon of Neopolitan will take away the pain.

Now, back to September. It's still warm. Evenings are luscious, only hinting at a chill in the air. The days are shorter and the mums are starting to line the garden center shelves. Winter squash is ripening, soon summer will be a far off memory. Now open your eyes. Look at your tomatoes. Embrace your tomatoes. Kiss your tomatoes. Roast your tomatoes and freeze your tomatoes and enjoy your tomatoes. No other fruit or vegetable is grown with such fervor in gardens all over the United States - and for good reason.

The tomato is the anchor of the summer garden – and there is always another variety to explore, another growing method to try. Red mulch, black mulch, covered, uncovered, staked, caged or sprawling – the possibilities are endless. This year a friend had wonderful success with pinching out lower foliage as it yellowed. His tomato plants now put mine to shame. They are tall and green and lovely and don't need to make excuses for their ragged underpinnings. I shall do the same next year and steadfastly maintain that it was my idea in the first place. Fortunately, I can still hold my head high right now; for in terms of fruit, my Romas have exceeded expectations, and the canner has been pulled out more times than my pruning shears. For ease of canning, you surely can't beat a tomato.

Yet the beauty of the tomato is that it is not just about overwhelming bounty, country kitchens and Normal Rockwell prints. One prized plant can domesticate the most hardened urbanite, impressing friends and inspiring impromptu dinner parties. Toss those city toms into a roasting pan, grind a little sea salt and drizzle a little olive oil – perhaps tear a basil leaf or two or smash a garlic clove if you are feeling adventurous. Whiz it all up in that high-priced stainless steel food processor and voilà, instant homemade sauce, no preservatives, trans fats, high fructose corn syrup nor any of those other things at which we must derisively sneer these days. Just basic garden goodness – even if your garden is a balcony on the 24th floor and your gardening gloves match your shoes.

So forgive me if I gush. Forgive me if I make light of the sixty-seven pounds of To Do List currently sitting on your countertop. But tomatoes are summer's gift to the gardener - and they're almost over. Enjoy them while you still can.



*Echinacea tennesseensis* 'Rocky Top' in trial garden

breeding work done by Richard Saul in Georgia. This series is fragrant and hardy to zone 5. This series includes 'Harvest Moon', 'Sundown', 'Sunrise', 'Sunset', and 'Twilight'.

'Harvest Moon' is a golden yellow with droopy flower petals. It will grow up to 30 inches tall. I have grown this variety in my garden with much success. It overwinters well and is tolerant of drier conditions, much like the straight species of echinaceas. 'Sundown' grows to 36 inches and has coral tipped petals with salmon edges for its flower color. The petals are less drooping, making it an unusual coneflower. 'Sunrise' is a very strong grower and will also reach 36 inches. It opens to a yellow color, fading to a lemon yellow. Its petals also are less drooping. 'Sunset' reached 30 inches and is bright coral while 'Twilight' is a red-purple color with a dark red center.

industry is no different. Fads certainly are prevalent and hybridizers are always working to keep things "exciting".

Keep in mind, though, that when hybridizing takes place, sometimes things are taken away from a plant that may be beneficial. For example, when breeding the coneflower to be double-petaled, the plant no longer becomes a favorite of the butterflies, as the butterfly needs the more flat surface of the flower center where the seeds are produced. Goldfinches will not be a frequent visitor either, as the seed production is greatly reduced. Sometimes fragrances are bred out of a plant as well in the hopes of a more floriferous hybrid. Therefore, if attracting wildlife is the purpose of a particular plant, be sure the hybrid that you may be planting will provide those needs.

When visiting the Trial Gardens, you will see *Echinacea paradoxa*,

*Echinacea p. 'White Swan'*, and *Echinacea tennesseensis*. These plants have been growing in this location for three years, with no added water or extra care. They have proven to be very hardy and tolerant of many conditions, including drought and wet conditions.

You can learn about other trials and demonstrations at the gardens at our monthly GARDEN CHATS. The next chat is on Wednesday, August 4 beginning at 6:00 in the garden. Meet some of our Master Gardeners and learn about good gardening practices, plants and sustainability by attending. There is no fee, by registration is suggested, so we can prepare for our visitors. Call 717-334-6271 or stop by Penn State Cooperative Extension at 670 Old Harrisburg Road, Suite 204, Gettysburg to register.

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## PETS LARGE AND SMALL

# The last of the first ones – Tony

Michael Hillman

Cat lovers have an old saying, “The laps cats always want to sit on are the laps of people who hate cats most.” Whether they do it out of desire to reform the cat hater or a sinister sense of humor, it is an accurate statement.

Audrey had no sooner invited me into her apartment for the first time, then Tony, made a beeline for my lap. I was horrified. I sat deathly still, anticipating the pain that I was sure would come from claws digging into my skin. It never came. Tony stared at me, wearing an expression easily translated into: “Well. Pet me already! I don’t have all day!”

Tony’s early years will be forever shrouded in mystery. He was a stray who found being a barn cat to his liking. He walked in a pacing fashion, which as he stiffened in later years, began to bear the resemblance of a ‘gabby walker machine’ from Star Wars. Cream colored and stoutly built, only his deep blue eyes hinted at any type of bloodline, in his case Siamese. While Tony found life as a barn cat good, life got even better when Willy and Audrey moved into the apartment next to his barn.

It didn’t take long for Tony to make the move from the barn to Audrey’s back step. In spite of Audrey’s best half-hearted efforts to discourage him, Tony found her doorstep quite satisfying and the friendship of Willy much to his liking. Eventually Audrey gave up the fight and with the permission of his ‘owners,’ Tony officially adopted Audrey and she him.

Tony quickly settled in and, while he continued his day job as a barn cat, his evenings were spent enjoying the constant companionship of Willie and the affection of Audrey.

The lessons Tony had learned as a barn cat would pay off handsomely throughout his life. A few months after ‘adopting’ Audrey, she moved out of the countryside and into an apartment in a center of a small town. Once again, Tony settled in quickly.

As luck would have it, the new apartment was located next to an old abandoned garbage dump, which in

the evenings attracted every cat in the neighbor. Skilled in the ruff and tumble ways of a barn, Tony quickly assumed a leadership role in the nightly gathers, and his yowl to the others filled the air throughout the night.

Tony took little interest in PJ when PJ and I joined the clan. Already well seasoned in the ways of a barn dog, Tony must have realized that a collaboration would yield nothing, and given that the two were on such different schedules: PJ at the barn during the day, Tony in the apartment; PJ inside at night and Tony outside; the two rarely if ever met.

The whole equation changed however with the move to our farm outside of Emmitsburg and the arrival of Emma, a German Sheppard Husky Mix.

Instinct must have told Tony that if he didn’t get his licks in while Emma was a puppy, he would never get them in when she was an adult. So the first chance he got, he cornered her, grabbed her snout and began to wail away on her. Emma screamed like a stuck pig. Tony’s strategy worked, and for the rest of her life, Emma always gave Tony a wide berth.

In spite of the fact that he now had to share his day with dogs, Tony approved of his new residence. The fields were full of mice and moles to catch. The bird feeder, which Audrey always keeps fully stocked, proved an easy afternoon of pickings. But best of all, the quiet road in front of our house provided a warm spot to rest bones weary from a day’s hunting.

It was not unusual to find Tony sitting on the yellow line, basking in the sunlight as if he owned the whole road. How he never got hit always amazed us, and in spite of our constant protests, he returned over and over again to the road.

Much to our relief, the range of his territory shrank in exponential proportion to his age, and soon it was confined to the yard and garden. By this time, I’m sure Tony was ready to pack it in and become an inside cat where he would always be assured a warm sunny spot on a bed, but the arrival of the ‘Binars,’ a brother and sister pair of Manx kittens, threw

any thought of retirement out the window.

Being tailless, Miles, the male kitten, was fascinated with Tony’s tail. Tony’s frequent twitching of his tail was often too much for Miles, who gathered great pleasure in sneaking up on Tony and grabbing it. Poor Tony couldn’t eat without worry of Miles grabbing his tail, and even his sleep was often disturbed.

In spite of all Miles’ playful torment, Miles and Tony became fast friends. It was almost as if Tony was mentoring Miles. As if respectful of Tony’s advancing age, Miles ceased his attacks on Tony’s tail and the two would often be found nestled together, sunning themselves.

All his life Tony was a heat seeker and as age began to catch up on him, it became an ever-increasing driving force in his life. Soon sleep took precedence even over hunting. The installation of a wood burning stove in the house was all that was needed to convince Tony that there was nothing worth doing outside. Tony’s life soon consisted of daylong naps in the study, basking in the heat of the stove with only the occasional movement to reposition himself back within the sun rays that pierced the room.

But in spite of his advancing age, Tony not only still enjoyed a good scratch, but also saw it as his right. One only had to sit down to watch TV or to read a book, and then Tony would appear. Hopping up next to you, he would stretch out his left paw and gently place it on your arm, where it would remain until you acknowledged him.

In our later years, as we reminisce about Tony, there will be at least two stories that will always be shared, the first involving our First Christmas on the farm. Up until that time, Audrey, an environmentalist, had always celebrated Christmas with a fake tree. Having come from a ‘traditional family’ I wanted a real tree. So we got one. An avid climber, Tony thought he had died and gone to heaven! We had no sooner set the tree up and gone to bed then we heard it crash to the ground. At 1 am, the last thing I wanted to do was clean up broken bulbs. By 2:30



we were back in bed, only to be re-awakened at 3 by the sound of the tree falling again.

Up until the second time, we had assumed that the first fall was a result poor support. But a track of wet Kitty paws leading away from the tree clued us in that this was not the case. We had no sooner righted the tree, then Tony re-appeared and in full view of us, launched himself from the coffee table into the tree, upsetting it a third time.

To make a long story short, after being quickly ‘re-introduced’ to the tree over and over again, Tony gave it wide birth hence forth. And for years after, the introduction of a Christmas tree stuck fear in Tony’s persona. It wasn’t until Miles, Tony’s apprentice came along, that the Christmas tree resumed its rightful place as an inside jungle-gym. But by that time, we had returned to artificial trees, and had gotten better at securing it against falls.

We’ll also remember the ‘forgetful’ Tony. As he advanced in age, he seemed more and more to forget what he had intended to do. He would march through a room as if bound for some important objective, only to stop quickly, and sit and stare at nothing for periods sometime up to an hour. Then as if he suddenly remembered, he would resume his march. While humorous, his unpredictable stops were often ill-timed. Like the time Audrey had called the dog for dinner. They were running pell-mell down the back walk way, upon which Tony was also marching. They were just about

to overtake him when he forgot why he was walking and sat down. Unable to stop, the dogs all leaped in the same direction in order to avoid him, all landing in the same spot. Un-phased, Tony looked at the canine heap next to him, got up, and proceeded on his way. The dogs just sat and tried not to look too embarrassed.

The last two years of his life was not helpful to our posture, for it was unsafe not to walk around the house looking down for fear of stepping on Tony.

The older he got, the more content Tony appeared to simply sleep away his days. Like a kitten freshly fed from a loving mother, Tony would purr for hours without any apparent rhyme or reason, other than he was simply content with his lot in life.

Tony slipped into a coma one cold winter day while he lay in his favorite spot. For three day we kept a death vigil, all the while keeping the wood burning stove stoked for maximum heat. During the watch, we built him a beautiful cedar coffin, and when he finally breathed his last, we placed him in it and buried him next to Willy, his life long friend.

“Farewell, Master, Yet not farewell  
Where I go, ye too shall dwell  
I am gone, before your face,  
A moment’s time, a little space.  
When ye come where I have  
stepped  
Ye will wonder why ye wept.”

Have a story about a pet you would like to share? If so, send it to us at [Editor@emmitsburg.net](mailto:Editor@emmitsburg.net)

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## PETS LARGE AND SMALL

# Seeing Eye Puppy update

Becca Golian

With the summer winding down I'd have to say that I've enjoyed the past couple months, mostly due to my loyal companion, Ogden. My schedule gets fairly hectic in the summertime, driving from barn to barn, riding one horse after another, and teaching over ten students a week! I have been so fortunate to have had such a great partner along for the ride. Ogden, my Seeing Eye puppy in-training, has accompanied me all summer and has been a trooper about every adventure. By the time he goes back to The Seeing Eye for further training, he will be ready for anything!

Ogden learned quickly as a puppy to travel well in the car. Since he was nine weeks old he was in the car traveling from horse farm to horse farm. He now loves to look out the windows and explore new sites, sounds, and smells. He never seems to be bothered arriving at new plac-

es and I never worry about him because he is so well behaved, he listens, and he likes to stay close to his mother! He has learned to stay away from the horses, get along well with strange dogs, and lay quietly in the shade while I ride and teach. All in all, he is the best partner I could have had for my hectic summer schedule.

Not only has Ogden accompanied me to my usual horse facilities, he has also come along to help me coach at local competitions. A horse trial is no walk in the park for a pup! He has to behave well on the leash while seeing, hearing, and smelling thousands of people with their dogs and horses. He has to be able to take everything in his stride. He remained calm around large groups of people and as each horse and rider galloped past us on the cross country course (one phase of the horse trial). It never gets old to receive compliments about your dog's behavior. I always receive tons of compliments about Ogden's good be-

havior and his impeccable breeding. I love bringing him with me to the horse trials. He is truly a certified event dog!

Fortunately our summer wasn't all work. Ogden and I took a road trip to the Outer Banks in North Carolina. Every year my family gets together for a week or two and rents out a house in Nags Head. Ogden was great about the drive, which took us over five hours thanks to Fourth of July traffic. I made a couple stops to let him use the bathroom and he seemed to have no trouble taking in the new environment. When I arrived at the beach Ogden was quick to find his buddy Dylan (my mother's Doberman Pinscher). We took the dogs down to the beach and let them run until they dropped! Ogden had never seen the ocean before and he was quiet curious. We tried to encourage him into the water but he just wasn't too sure about those waves. By the end of the week he learned that the waves

weren't too bad and had tons of fun splashing about on the beach.

One of the biggest challenges that Ogden will face will be keeping his mother cool calm and collected for a national examination in mid-August. I have been a member of the United States Pony Clubs (USPC) since I was five years old. This organization promotes horsemanship and all English riding sports. This summer I am taking a riding and training exam to become an 'A' level pony clubber. The 'A' rating level is the highest level in the USPC and less than 2% of all the members world-wide attain that level. It is an intense test that is held over three days. This year I will be trying to attain my 'A' rating and I



know Ogden will be there right by my side. He keeps me smiling and always has a positive attitude about everything. I know that having him there at my rating will help calm my nerves. My students will watch him for me while I'm riding, but I know when I look up and see my puppy keenly watching my every move, it will bring a smile to my face. I look forward to sharing another great adventure with Ogden.

# Diet food

Dr. Kim Brokaw, DVM

It had only been a few months since I had seen Mr. Redwood and "Puppy" for routine vaccinations. Puppy was several pounds overweight and we discussed how losing some excess pounds would be beneficial to his health. Mr. Redwood chuckled and asked "what was it about doctors always saying to lose weight and quit smoking?" While Mr. Redwood assured me that Puppy didn't smoke, excessive table food was going to be an even harder habit to kick. Mr. Redwood informed me that he had already promised Puppy a Big Mac from McDonalds so the diet could not possibly start until tomorrow.

We discussed in length how Puppy could still have human food, but that fresh vegetables would be a better choice than French fries. Not only do high fat foods cause weight gain in dogs, but they can also cause pancreatitis. Dogs with pancreatitis vomit repeatedly and suffer from severe abdominal pain, and can die. While I could have gone on about the merits of diet and exercise, judging by Mr. Redwood's figure and his own confessions, it would have been tactless to dwell on the topic. The dog and his owner were similar not just in physique but also in temperament. Both were good natured and attentive, but honest about the fact that diet and exercise didn't sound that pleasant, and that

"everyone dies in the end so may as well die happy."

Today Mr. Redwood had brought Puppy into the clinic to check his eye, which was irritating Puppy. His right eye was closed with a greenish discharge. As I opened his eyelids to get a better look he winced as the light hit his eye. I could see a small punctate opacity on his cornea. I applied some stain and the opacity took up the green color confirming the presence of a small ulcer. Any number of things, such as a bit of dirt or a scratch from a toenail, could have been the initial cause of the ulcer. It looked small, and I was hopeful that after a few days of treatment, Puppy would be back to normal.

Corneal eye ulcers often clear rapidly if owners are meticulous about giving the eye medicine

frequently and as directed. Treatment is time consuming, and many owners are unwilling or unable to administer eye medicine every few hours for several days. If the ulcer is not adequately treated, it can destroy the eye. I gave Mr. Redwood an antibiotic eye ointment and a few pain pills to give to Puppy. I knew that Mr. Redwood would give the eye medicine as directed and would keep Puppy comfortable by giving the pain medicine. The pain pills were beef flavored and I explained that Puppy should like the taste of them.

Puppy came back for a recheck a week later. As he walked into the clinic, I could not help but notice Puppy's shiny, well brushed coat, his wagging tail, and the way he looked at his owner with clear adoration. The eye looked great. I asked Mr. Redwood if he had any difficulty with the medication. "None at all.

He sat patiently for the eye ointment and I just put the pill in a hot dog and tossed it to him. That is how he takes his heartworm pill too."

As they were getting ready to leave the exam room, Mr. Redwood turned to me. "I thought you should know that Puppy and I have started on a diet. Today he will get a Fish Filet rather than a Big Mac for being good at the vet." While I could not argue with him that Puppy was in fact very good, I doubted there was that much of a calorie difference between the fast food items. I silently said to myself, "Please, no French fries."

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

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## VETERAN'S PROFILE

# World War II Honor Roll

**Thomas Joseph Frailey**

Date of Induction-September 27, 1917.

Branch of service-Army, Company L, 313th Infantry

Trained at Camp Gordon, Georgia; Fort Meade, Maryland; Camp Peary, Ohio

Discharged December 31, 1918

Entered Officers Reserve Corps 1919

Promoted through successive grades to Lieutenant-Colonel 1938

Ordered to active duty with the Army General Staff, Operations and Training Division Later promoted to rank of Colonel

Also served in World War II as General Counsel of National Office Civilian Defense Stationed in Washington, D.C. during

entire service

Discharged November 2, 1945 Appointed Colonel (Reserves) by President, January 19, 1946

Parents-Oscar D. and Clara Hoke Frailey

Wife-Carolyn Smith Frailey

If you knew this individual, and would like to see them remembered in the next History of Emmitsburg, Please send us any stories or anecdotes about them to us at: history@emmitsburg.net



# Private First Class Vicki Lynn Frailey

A new citizen of Frederick County Maryland was born on July 23, 1967 at Annie M. Warner Hospital in Gettysburg,



from school. The recruiter came to pick her up and see she left for boot camp. Her mother cried because her baby, her only child,

Fort McClellan in Alabama. She was then sent to Fort Sam Houston in Texas for training and was placed in 91 Alpha Medic Unit. Germany was where she was stationed her entire tour. Vicki was discharged in 1988 and resided in Washington state for one year.

Vicki then moved to Illinois where she started driving semi and traveled over the road for the next five years and occasionally came home for a visit. She then worked in health care and became an instructor in first aid. She became homesick more and more as time went by, and after fifteen years away she finally moved back home. She is living with her mother right outside of Emmitsburg, Maryland. Vicki and her mother have a made pact that as long as her mother never dies, she will never leave home again.

Vicki is a regular member of American Legion Post 121 Emmitsburg, Maryland and also a

member of the Auxiliary Unit. She participates in activities that benefit the entire community that are sponsored by The American Legion, Sons of the American Legion and The Auxiliary Unit of Post 121.

Vicki now works at Kenny's Market in Gettysburg, Pa, where she started as a cashier, worked in the front office, then trained cashiers. She now works in the seafood department and has an opportunity to become the seafood manager. Vicki plans to advance as far as she can at her new career and I am sure she will. She

has never been married but came very close, and she never had any children.

Vicki is the daughter of Post 121's fantastic hard working bartender Judy Snively, who is very proud of her. Vicki has a great singing voice and will sing at the drop of a hat at any karaoke session. She also plays pool and darts and is reported to be very good at both. She is a hard working, determined, single, musical, pool shooting dart-thrower who likes a beer now and then. Tell me now, what more could you ask for in a woman?

Pennsylvania. Her mother decided to name her Vicki Lynn. Vicki had a childhood filled with love from her family and played normal games a child played at that era of time. Her mother liked to camp, hunt and fish and took Vicki along with her whenever she could. Vicki enjoyed their little camping, hunting and fishing trips.

Vicki was very interested in music from an early age and in school she joined the band and could play any instrument except piano and trombone. She was in the jazz band while attending Catocin High School. Vicki also belonged to the group known as the Catocinairs for four years where she played drums, and won the directors award for her outstanding performances. Her first car was a 1970 baby blue Duster with a leaky window that baptized anyone who was riding with Vicki whenever it rained. Vicki still loved the car, regardless of the problems. While in school (June 1984) Vicki joined the delayed entry program for the U. S. Army and was to report in August 1985. She graduated Catocin High School in June of 1985.

Vicki was all prepared to leave after about a two month break

was never far from her before. Vicki did her basic training at

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# The Road to Smithsburg

## Part One

John A. Miller  
Emmitsburg Historical Society  
Civil War Historian

On the morning of July 5th, 1863, General JEB Stuart made his way from the horrors of the fields of Gettysburg to Emmitsburg. General Stuart marched a brigade and a half of cavalry to the town of Emmitsburg during the dawn hours with the 34th Virginia Cavalry under Lt. Colonel Vincent Witcher leading the advance into Emmitsburg. There was a sharp skirmish fought near the old Farmer's Inn or what is known today as the Emmit House. Seventy Union men were taken prisoner along with some much needed supplies such as medical items that would be used for the wounded Confederate soldiers who fought at Gettysburg.

Among the prisoners was a photographer from Mathew Brady's Photography Firm. Three photographers, Alexander Gardner, Timothy O'Sullivan, and James Gibson all were traveling to Gettysburg when they came to Emmitsburg on the night of July 4th. Gardner himself stayed at the (Hoffman) Farmers Inn and Motel at Emmitsburg. Which one of the three photographers that Stuart captured is not known however, evidence may suggest it could have been Gardner himself. Gardner's fifteen year old son Lawrence was attending a boarding school just outside of Emmitsburg and his father may have been assuring his son's safety while he was held in captivity.

Stuart's men also captured Emmitsburg resident Samuel McNair who was resting after the fight at Gettysburg. He was a member of Company "C" of Cole's Cavalry. Major Oliver Horner, an officer in Cole's Cavalry wrote "After rendering General Burford valuable service during the battle, McNair and some of his companions on Saturday night, July 4th found their way back into Emmitsburg. Stuart's Cavalry dashing into the place on Sunday morning captured them with others at Hoffman's hotel. McNair and Gwinn were taken over the mountain but during the first night, when about Boonsboro, they made their escape and came back to Emmitsburg finding their horses had been saved to them by Harry Hoffman."

Also among the Union prisoners were those in the Signal Corps. In this report to General Slocum, it tells of the small ordeal: "During the late movements of the army, 3 signal officers and 6 flagmen were captured by the enemy. The only reported injuries were those of 2 flagmen slightly wounded at the battle of Gettysburg. Captain C. S. Kendall and Lieutenant L. R. Fortescue, acting signal officers, were taken at Emmitsburg, where they had been on station, by Stuart's

Cavalry upon their retreat from Gettysburg."

As Stuarts horsemen walked the streets of Emmitsburg they visited the stores that were untouched by the fire on June 15th. They had no way of paying for the personal supplies that they received from the town due to the fact that Confederate money did not hold the value of green backs, and Confederate money was no good in this northern region. Emmitsburg store owners were unable to recoup the money for what the Confederates took.

Farms in the Emmitsburg area were also being raided for their horses. On one occasion, Confederate soldiers halted by a local mill and were in the process of taking the mill horses when the miller became aware of what was happening and ran outside and yelled "You can't take my horses, I need them for my work." The soldiers told the miller that they needed them badly to get back home, and if they could use them to get to Hagerstown and across the Potomac River that the miller could have them back. So the miller went with the troopers and brought the horses safely back to his mill several days later.

General JEB Stuart learned that the battle of Monterey Pass happened only a few hours prior to his arrival in Emmitsburg and that the route he wanted to take to rejoin Lee's Army had been occupied by General Judson's Kilpatrick Third Cavalry Division. Kilpatrick's Cavalry rode out of Emmitsburg during the afternoon of July 4th to attack a Confederate wagon train on top of South Mountain and another detour was needed. General Stuart studied maps of the area to determine which roads he could use to cross the mountains. While Stuart interviewed prisoners that he had detained at the Emmit House, orders were being carried out by his cavalymen to feed and water their horses.

While watering their horses, Emmitsburg residents, curious of the outcome of the battle of Gettysburg asked Jenkins' troopers who won the battle of Gettysburg; their reply was that they had won. The troopers became suspicious of some of Emmitsburg's residents. On one occasion the Rebels detected two gentlemen watching their every move, when suddenly the Rebels raised their pistols. They thought that the gentlemen were Union spies or were part of the Signal

Corp. Once the two gentlemen explained that they were villagers of the town and were curious as to what all the bedlam was about, the Rebels placed their guns back into their holsters realizing that it was a false alarm.

Soon orders were given and Stuart's Cavalry rode out of Emmitsburg during the mid morning hours. While Stuart's Cavalrymen trotted along, Stuart came in contact with Reverend John McCloskey, a staunch supporter of the Union, riding his horse. Dr. Thomas C. Moore of Mount Saint Mary's Seminary recalled seeing General Stuart's Cavalry during the second raid on the college grounds during the Civil War. Dr. Moore wrote: "The Vice-President, Rev. John McCloskey, an excellent horseman and a notable figure on horseback, rode for quite a distance alongside the commander, General J. E. B. Stuart. Father McCloskey related frequently, as an incident of the interview he had with the commander, that whilst they were conversing, as they rode along leisurely, an orderly rode up asking for instructions; taking off his soft felt hat the commander looked attentively for a few moments at the interior and held it so that Father John could see it, and at once gave directions as to the road and paths to be taken to make their escape through the mountains into the Cumberland valley, and so to the crossing of the Potomac. Father John says every road and mountain path was carefully marked in the hat-covered map."

After leaving Emmitsburg, Stuart's Cavalry traveled toward Creagerstown on the direct road to Frederick or what is known as Old Frederick Road. At around noon, an hour and a half after departing Emmitsburg, Stuart came to an intersection. The roads of this intersection led to Rocky Ridge, Creagerstown and Graceham. Stuart sent a detachment to follow the road to Graceham, while Stuart and the main body went to Creagerstown passing through Loy's Station. Colonel Robert L.T. Beale of the 9th Virginia Cavalry recalled: "We left the main pike leading from Emmitsburg before noon, and, filing off to the right." This road would have taken them into the town of Graceham.

Mr. William Cramer, a resident of Graceham did not have time to hide his horses and the black



Photo of Mt. St. Marys taken about the time of the Battle of Gettysburg

powder that he kept in his store as the Confederate cavalry entered Graceham. Outside of his store Confederate troopers and their mounts were thirsty. Cramer's daughter, Belva Anne Elizabeth Cramer, pumped the water for the horses and men. Tears started to roll down her face as she pumped. Thinking that the little girl was frightened of the ragged appearance of the soldiers, a trooper told her "Don't cry little girl. We're dirty and ragged, but we are all gentlemen and we will not hurt you." The trooper did not know that Belva had a bad tooth and that pumping the water from the well had made the pain worse.


As General Stuart entered Creagerstown or Cooperstown as he called it, he ordered his men to rest their horses before taking a northwestern road to Graceham to meet up with the detachment that he had sent there. After leaving Creagerstown, Stuart took

Graceham Road to avoid the town of Thurmont, known as Mechanicstown during the Civil War.

The main objective for General Stuart was to get across the Catoctin Mountain and South Mountain and rejoin General Lee's Army as it retreated from Gettysburg. At Graceham, Stuart learned of the impasse at Harman's Gap near Foxville due to General Wesley Merritt's U.S. Cavalry guarding the road that led from Thurmont to Cavetown. This was discouraging to Stuart as that road would have been a good route for the Confederate cavalry to take. After learning of the impasse at Harman's Pass, General Stuart traveled Old Emmitsburg Road passing through Franklinville, located near modern day Thurmont.

To learn more about the Civil War History of the area, visit the Historical Society section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net).

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## HISTORY

# At the End of the Emmitsburg Road

## Part 5

William E. Hays, et. al.

### Picnics

Amusements in Emmitsburg were mostly homemade, with one of the favorites being a picnic. It didn't take much planning to organize one. The word got around that Virginia Eyster, for example, was if getting up one for next Thursday, or some other day. Pretty much the same ones went every time the favorite place being a swimming hole called "The Willows" about a mile out of town. Picnics were, of course, only in the summertime, and everyone was expected to bring food of some kind. The person who was "getting up" the affair was supposed to bring a tablecloth, to be spread out on the ground. At the time designated, all would gather at the home of the arranger, and from there we would walk to the picnic location. When we arrived it was games and swimming and most importantly, the eats. Usually there was a chaperone.

If we were at The Willows', there was an opportunity to be daring, for stretched across the narrow stream, about thirty feet, there was a swinging foot bridge. Which always seemed to be on the point of collapse. It consisted of two strands of heavy wire, fastened to trees on each side of the water. From these wires were hung cables, made of thin wire, which carried a wooden flooring, about twelve inches wide. As you walked across, the whole thing would sway up and down and back and forth, seeming about to come apart. It must have seemed risky to us, because of our age, but the picture of it and the shaky feeling it gave, remain with me very clearly. The big idea, naturally, was to do something that seemingly was dangerous, so as to impress the girls. What fun!

### Schools

The Emmitsburg school system, all grades through High School, consisted of one building. It was a two story structure, located on the street leading from the Square to the railroad station as you entered the building, on your left was a room for the lower grades, and on your right a room for all other grades up to High School level. Directly

ahead, as you entered the front door, was a stairway leading to trouble, otherwise called trigonometry. For up there was the High School, and as I would hear the older ones use those big words, Geometry, Algebra and Trigonometry, I would wonder how I could ever manage them. Somehow, of course, I did.

For the whole school, it would be my guess that there were no more than four teachers and a principal. One teacher to a room. With several grades in each room, one class would move to the front for some subject, then move back so that others might take their places. I remember a Miss Bidwell, a French teacher. Others teachers were Miss Hoover, Miss Clara Rowe, Miss Elizabeth Horner and Prof. Biddle. School began at nine and went until twelve; then home for lunch and back at one, and then on until four. There was a recess both morning and afternoon. By running both ways and hurrying through lunch, these was time for games in the schoolyard.

Its strange the things you remember, or rather, the things that made an impression. There was a jeweler in town by the name of Hal Eyster, who had a large wooden clock suspended above the sidewalk in front of his store. It was just high enough not to strike a passerby. Well, we kids would never fail to get a good running start, in the hope that with a mighty leap, we might reach it. I don't think I ever did.

The school had no gymnasium, no laboratory and no athletic program of any kind. The curriculum was pretty basic; Geography, Latin, Math, History and Spelling. I am not sure about it, but my memory is that every Friday afternoon there would be a program of sorts.

But as limited as was the school, and unprogressive, for me it was a wonderful place. I liked to read and write, and to dream about the future and what I would do when I had grown up. Perhaps I might even go to college. For her help and encouragement, I owe much to this very fine teacher.

In my senior year we tried debating, with our only engagement being with the High School at Brunswick, about thirty miles away.



Family get-togethers often included the launching of paper mache balloons. The balloons would be carried aloft from the hot air created from a candle suspend in a basket under the balloons. When aloft, the balloons could be seen drifting for miles. Unfortunately, if the balloon should crash before the candle was extinguished, the paper mache would catch on fire, causing fires at the crash site. It was a paper mache balloon like the one in the photo that crashed into the old St. Mary's Church (located near the present day Grotto of Lourdes) resulting in a fire that burned the church to the ground.

The Minister of the local Reformed Church, Rev. Lewis Higbee, was our coach. The subject was the League of Nations, whether good or bad. Two things I remember. One is my opening statement, the other that we lost. And since Brunswick was a much larger school, I must tell that ours was very small. My graduating class consisted of myself and four girls, Edna Miller, Helen Ohler, Annie Houck and Larue Adelsberger.

We did have a baseball team, but just barely. We had only eight able-bodied and able-minded players. Our ninth was able-bodied, period. Frank was assigned to right field, where he would have little to do, but as for hitting, that was another story. If Frank did get on base, it was either that he was hit by a pitched ball, or that he got a "base on balls." And this is where the trouble came, in the event Frank was advanced

around third base and was about to score a run. He couldn't see the need of first touching Home Base and then going to our bench. He simply took the shortest route to the bench and sat down, no matter if we lost the run.

I was the pitcher on this fabulous team, and I must say that my e.r.a. was not very low. However, I did manage to get a few strikeouts per game, which you might think would have helped our cause. But there was a problem. Our catcher could stop the ball, if the batter struck out, but he never seemed able to hold that third strike. So down to first would go the batter, and often made it to second base, when out catcher threw the ball into right field.

I am ready to report that our record was not so good, but not before telling about our uniforms, and how Charles (Bush) Bushman split his trousers. The High School had no athletic budget, so if we were to have uniforms, it behooved us to get busy. So, the mother of one of our players made a beautiful chocolate cake for which we sold chances, thereby raising the \$7.50 needed for nine uniforms which we had ordered from some mail order store.

The uniforms came and looked great. Our shortstop Bush, tall and lanky, looked especially impressive when we played our first game. Well, Bush's uniform became dirty, so his mother put it in the family "ash, with disastrous results. It shrank. And when Bush reported

for our next game, he was a strange sight. His shirt was far too small and the pants were terribly tight. Everyone could see the problem. But Bush, undaunted, stood his ground. If only he could have stood for the entire game. But alas! When Bush bent over to stop a ground ball, the result was inevitable. He split his pants, right there in public view. Did he stop for repairs? Not on your life. He played the whole game, the split notwithstanding. Who won the chocolate cake? Dr. Brawner, down on East Main St.

### Mother the Fun Maker

Elsewhere I have described Papa. Now let me talk about Mama. 'Her's was a full life. She kept a diary in which there is a note about her childhood. It describes her perfectly. She had gone off to a boarding school, but could not stay. This is what she wrote: "I would have graduated if Mother had not become ill. I had to stay home so much, but Rev. (the name is not distinguishable) helped me in the evening, and I took my music lesson from Mrs. Wolferburger from Chambersburg and Mother let me practice and my music was so nice and my dress was made by a lady and it was snow white with white and pink silk stockings and slippers and pink sash and I was so proud." One of her favorite bits of advice was: "If you listen to me, you will wear diamonds." Mother loved to have parties and to have things "nice" as she put it. And

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how she worked! She was a superb cook. Every Saturday morning she baked five or more loaves of bread, several pies and dozens of rolls. It seemed as if she was always making sugar cakes, really cookies. When we were small, she did the milking and of course she churned the butter.

In the summer she would preserve bushels of peaches which Papa had bought from some farmer who had come to town with an open wagon, filled from his orchard. She canned, or put in jars, quantities of cherries from Thornbrook cherry trees. We grew our own sweet corn, much of which was dried for use in the winter. Papa made driers at the shop, consisting of a pan, about two feet square, with a funnel in one corner, so that the pan (which was covered) might be filled with water. The pan would be put on the stove, with corn which had been cut from the cob, spread out on top. There it would stay until thoroughly dry, after which it would be put into cloth bags and stored for later use. Mother did the family wash, scrubbing over a washboard. She made most of our clothes, as her diary attests. We had a big vegetable garden, and since Papa was busy at the shop, Mother saw to it that the garden was weeded. She had a flock of chickens which required attention.

In addition to all this, she played the church organ for over twenty years, with choir practice taking up one night a week. Mother assigned various jobs to each of us, which didn't hurt too badly, for we knew that when the weeds had been pulled, or whatever done that she had assigned, there would be a tasty reward.

Mother took care of our social life, seeing to it that we were supplied with the small amount of cash we needed. She sold cream, butter, eggs and chickens, but seldom used the proceeds for herself.

A rather gifted pianist, she loved to play duets with a neighbor. Luella

Annan and, as already related, with our other neighbor, Ruth Shuff. I still can see those ETUDE books on the piano.

There were many parties at Thornbrook, Mother's old home. She would play the piano and Grandfather Fox would play his fiddle for the waltzes and the square dances. If Mother saw a man standing alone - perhaps shy - that was too much for her. So up she would jump from the piano, grab the guy and away she went. Soon he had lost his shyness and she was back at the piano. Her common expression was "Come on, kick up your heels."

Everybody called her Miss Minnie" and never Mrs. . She had a big welcome for all. If I happened to take a college friend along home for a visit, you would think he was one of her own. On entering the front door, he soon found himself in her arms, getting a big squeeze, which he never forgot. If we were going to some social gathering, at a church member's home, she was sure to tell us: "Now do something funny, make them laugh." Speaking of laughs, her's was strong, hearty and infectious.

There was a musician, Larry Diehlman, who taught music at Mt. St. Mary's College, as his father had done before him. Larry lived near Thornbrook, Mother's old home, in a small dwelling, the front room of which served as what today would be called a convenience store, though it would be stretching things a lot to call it a store. Rather, it was a place for Larry to practice his violin or his flute. His demeanor was somewhat frightening, as a result of which, he had difficulty finding an accompanist, so now enters the young Fox girl, Minnie by name, From her home it was only a short walk to his store, so Larry asked her to play for him. Mother told us some strange stories.

For one thing, Larry would crack her knuckles when she made any slight mistake. But the weirdest had

to do with his wife's funeral. When the funeral cortege was passing the store, Larry sat on a barrel, playing his flute. I found this hard to believe, but Mother said it was true. For years, on Christmas Eve, it was Larry's practice to go to his father's grave at a mountain cemetery nearby, and at midnight play Adeste Fideles on his flute. This became a well known event and, as years passed, people from miles around came to hear him pay this unusual tribute to his father.

Finally, as to Mother, she loved to have guests, to entertain, to play, to make her home attractive and to help her children get ahead. There were two piano pieces we never tired of hearing, Chariot Race and Diehlman's Waltz.

Mother enjoyed life to the full. During her last illness, while at Gettysburg Hospital and confined to bed, she would play on an imaginary keyboard and, upon one occasion, she went by wheelchair to a room with a piano, there to play as best she could. To borrow a phrase from the theater: "Miss Minnie" was a real trouper.

#### My Newspaper Route

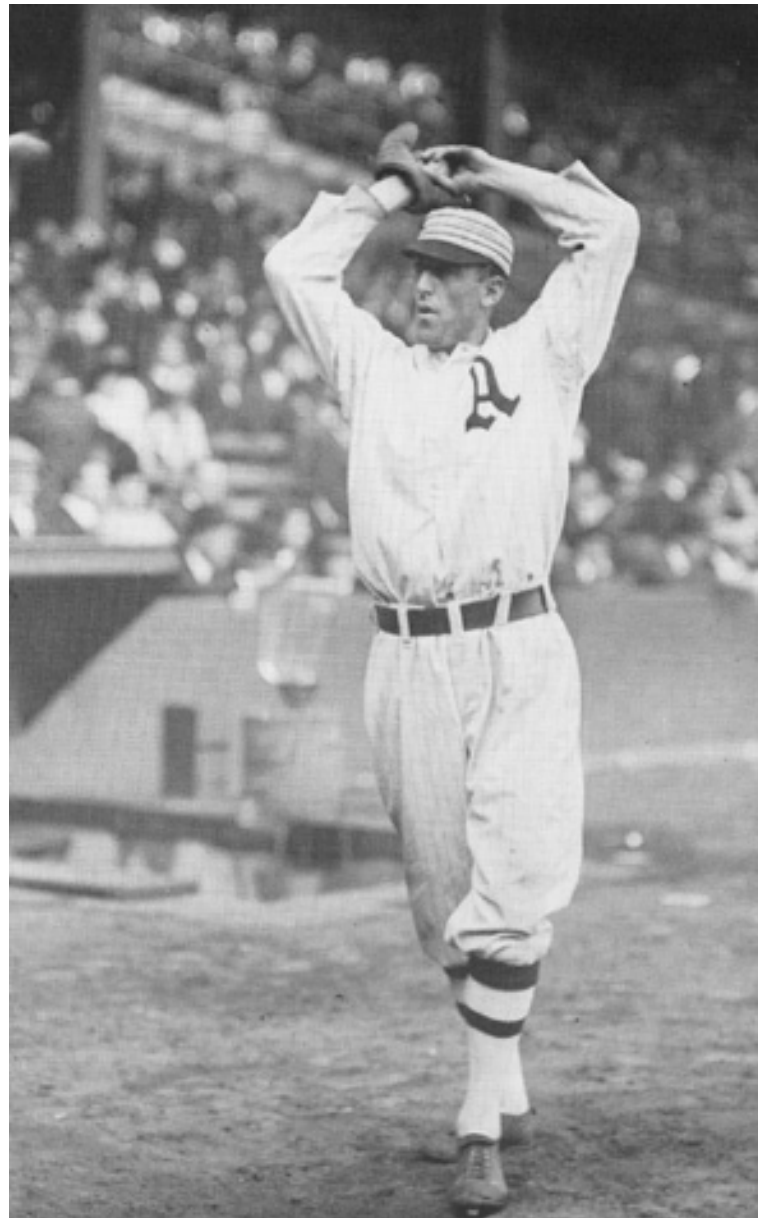
I am not certain as to when I began delivering Baltimore news papers, but I think it must have been about 1914 or earlier, for I remember taking a paper into Frank Rowe's shoe store, and telling those gathered that the War had begun.

Prior to my taking on the job, the route belonged to one Harry Ashbaugh, who offered to sell it to me for seven dollars. Papa staked me for the price and I was off running. The papers sold for two cents, with my profit being three quarters of a cent, There were three different papers, Baltimore News Star and Sun. (The Sun was both morning and evening.) The Western Maryland Railroad brought them as far as Rocky Ridge, where they were put on the Emmitsburg Railroad for the final 5 mile trip. I had fifty or more customers, scattered over all parts of the town.

During the war it was the practice of the Baltimore papers to publish casualty lists, so, before starting on my route, I would go over those lists, to make sure no local names were included. Knowing all the families who bought papers, I would often stop to chat about the latest war news. There was one customer, in particular with whom I enjoyed talking, for she remembered hearing the roar of the cannons at the time of the Battle of Gettysburg. What she must have heard was the cannonade prior to Pickett's Charge. This dear lady's name was Mrs. Kugler. She was especially dear to me, for she never failed to have a sugar cookie on hand.

The three different papers came tied together with wire, so in getting them untied and sorted, I would be able to read the front page headlines. For example, the news of Teddy Roosevelt's death and the "Black Sox" baseball scandal.

A small incident will finish my story of delivering papers. Among my customers was the local hotel,



Eddie Plank

the Emmit House, where a salesman (then called a "drummer") might be a guest, who of course would want the latest news. My problem was this: I had only a few extras, that is, provided my full order had come. And if a "drummer" bought a paper, I could expect much more than the two cent price. Once I was given as much as fifty cents.

So on this particular night, I sold a paper to this hotel guest, and ended up without one for my last regular customer, a very grouchy fellow, who lived at the very end of Gettysburg Street, a good half mile from home. When I returned Papa said that Mr. Grouch was very upset, he had called to say he had no paper. Papa asked what had happened, so I explained, and he solved the problem by giving up his treasured Baltimore News, which I then delivered as quickly as possible. It was a cold night and I wasn't too happy, but it was a good lesson.

#### Cousin Eddie

One person who used to visit at Thornbrook was Cousin Edith Plank, from somewhere near Fairfield, Penna. Now her visits would not find their way into this story, were it not for the fact that she had a brother, one Eddie Plank. So far as I know, Eddie never visited Grandfather Fox, either alone or with his sister, and if he had, he would not have been looked upon with much approval. Eddie had not amounted to much. You see, he was a professional ball player, and that was enough. Imagine, an able bodied man, playing a game for money. We didn't know at the time, that Cousin Edith's brother Eddie was off playing baseball at

Gettysburg College, and later at Philadelphia with Connie Mack's famous Athletics.

At this point I should add that so far as I know, Edith Plank was just a friend, but, as was the custom, she was called "Cousin" to show that she was more than a casual acquaintance. Years passed and I had three sons who seemed to enjoy my stories and yarns about Emmitsburg. But one son in particular, David, when quite young, listened with great eagerness to my story of his Cousin Eddie. Dave loved the game, went to as many games at Fenway Park as possible, collected baseball cards, and played pick-up games, in Vermont in the summer, with his cousin Jim Pratt, I think they both had their doubts.

So what about this famous relative, Eddie Plank? I explained that I actually 'Knew a Cousin Edith, and if she was thus related, then her brother must also be one of the family. To prove my case, I had a picture of Cousin Edith, sitting on the limb of a big cherry trade, out at Grandfather Fox's farm.

Well, I haven't given up, not yet. Here is "Cousin Eddie" in the baseball Hall of Fame, and celebrated as one of the few major league pitchers to have won three hundred or more games. I think I have satisfied the burden of proof.

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**Part 5 Next month.**



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## MOUNT CREATIVE WRITERS

## Prepare the Way for Saturday Renters

Jackie Quillen

*Brrring... Brrring...* “Thank you for calling Corolla Classic Vacations,” says a cheerful and energetic beach realtor. “This is Polly speaking. How may I help you today?”

“Hi, Polly, my name is Deborah Down and I will be arriving to Corolla tomorrow, Saturday, around noon. Will I be able to check-in to the beach house at that time since I paid for early check-in?”

In the back of her mind Polly thinks, “Oh dear, not another early-check-in group.” She forces a smile and tells the flustered woman on the other end, “Yes, ma’am. We look forward to seeing you tomorrow, Mrs. Down.”

The two women hang up their phones. Polly turns to her friend working at the desk next to hers and says, “Get ready darlin’.”

“Why is that?”

“The Downs arrive tomorrow. We just have to make sure everything goes smoothly and according to plan to limit the number of phone calls we will inevitably get from them during the week.” Polly looks at the clock and sees it is time to head home. She dreads having to come to work tomorrow, when Saturdays are usually her days off. It is the busiest time of the season, the beginning of July, so Polly has to work more to accommodate all the vacationers heading to the Outer Banks.

At the Down residence in northern Delaware, Deborah and her three children run around the house doing last-minute preparations while Mr. Down packs the car. Packing the car is a major ordeal that no one wants to be a part of, and, in fact, no one is allowed to be a part of except Mr. Down.

First he hoses down all of the beach gear – chairs, umbrellas, toys, games – even though none of it has been used since it was hosed down and stored away after last summer’s vacation. After everything is rinsed, it sits out to dry before Mr. Down packs it in the exterior cargo bag. Mr. Down requires all luggage to be on the porch by 5 p.m. Friday evening. This way he can visualize the amount of luggage and the size and “squishability” of each bag before packing the car. Any person without a bag on the porch by 5 the night before departure can forget about going on vacation.

At precisely 5 p.m. Mr. Down approaches the Chevy Trailblazer, all doors open, with a plan. No one in their right mind would so much as think of interrupting “the master-packer” during this time – not even to tell him about the hot plate of supper waiting for him on the kitchen table.

First, he eyes down the vehicle for all potential luggage areas – trunk, window curvatures, and unnecessary foot space. With-

in ten minutes Mr. Down has the larger luggage strategically placed in the vehicle with enough open spaces for the smaller and oddly shaped objects. Somehow all the luggage for five people fits perfectly in the car, filling the trunk from top to bottom so that the rear-view mirror serves no purpose on the trip. Miraculously, there is still enough space for the passengers to sit and stretch.

At 5:23 Mr. Down calls Caroline outside to help him load the beach gear into the exterior cargo container and then hoist and secure it onto the top of the car.

By 6:00 p.m. Friday evening the car is packed tight and ready for take-off. By this time Mr. Down is in vacation-mode, singing his favorite tunes loud enough for all the neighbors to know that it is beach time for the Downs.

On Saturday morning the Downs file into the car and wave goodbye to Delaware. At the same time only 400 miles south beach realtors wake up for another day of work. Vacationers look forward to their week of paradise – no work, nice weather, and first-class treatment. Beach realtors have to deal with hundreds of vacationers per day, who all think they are the most important people on earth because they are on vacation.

At 11:50 a.m. the Downs pull into the Corolla Classic Vacations parking lot to check-in and get the keys from the realtor. Polly looks out the window and sees the black Chevy parked out front and Mrs. Down getting out of the car. She yells to the others, “THEY’RE HERE! Man your station!” The realtors rummage around trying to stay sane for the day of Saturday Renters, beginning with the Downs. It is not even noon – they have ten hours to go until a peaceful night’s sleep, and then another round of renters the next day. Luckily Sunday renters are not as bad. Mrs. Down goes into the building while the others anxiously wait in the car.

Two minutes later she returns with no keys. Mr. Down sees his wife exiting the building with a frustrated look on her face. “What’s the problem, dear?”

“We’re too early,” she responds in a high-pitched tone trying to hide her sneering attitude towards the realtor. “This is just incredible! We paid extra for early check-in, but they are *still* cleaning so we have to wait. I want my money back.”

As she makes her way back to the car, Caroline and the others prepare for her entrance trying to pretend that nothing is wrong. Mrs. Down jumps back into the car. Everyone is silent. Mr. Down pulls out of the parking lot and suggests driving by the house to check it out. Shouts of approval come from the peanut gallery in the backseat. Everyone is still in good spirits and looking forward to a week in the sun, completely unaware of what surprises lie ahead.

As they pull up to the bright



blue, three-story house that rests just a few blocks from the beach everyone gets ready to jump out of the car to go exploring. They don’t have keys to unlock the house, but the cleaning crew lets them in without hesitation.

Mrs. Down steps onto the upper deck to catch a glimpse of the ocean. She breathes in the fresh air thinking how utterly perfect this view is – clear blue sky, glistening ocean, a hot tub below, next to a – wait a second – is that pool... *GREEN?* “DAVE!” Mrs. Down shouts to her husband inside. “Can you come out here? I think there is something wrong with the pool.”

The Downs always prefer to have a beach house with a pool so the little kids can escape from the hot sun on the beach. Mr. Down comes rushing to his wife on the deck and asks what’s wrong. He glances down and sees the discolored pool. He looks around at the other houses on the block and notices the bright blue pools. “I’ll call the realtor,” he says and rushes back inside.

“Well this is just great. Of all things to go wrong, we have a *GREEN* pool,” says Mrs. Down as she turns away in disgust and roams the rest of the house in search of more problems.

A few moments later a pool maintenance man arrives to check out the pool. He tests the water, makes a few phone calls to his supervisor, and then tells the unsatisfied vacationers that they will have to wait another day to use the pool. Before the Downs arrived, the island experienced some storm damage, which mixed up the chemicals in the pool. After adding the right amount of chemicals to the green, algae-filled

pool the maintenance man quickly packs up his tools and heads to the next problem house.

Inside Mrs. Down unpacks the groceries in the kitchen. When she moves the toaster out of the way for more counter-top space, she notices little black specks moving. She gets closer to the counter and sees dozens of ants crawling all over the counter-top. “DAAAAAVE! We have ants!!”

*Brrring...* “Thank you for calling Corolla Classic Vacations. This is Polly –”

“Yeah, hi Polly this is Dave Down,” he rudely interrupts her. “We have ants.”

Polly sighs, wondering why this specific house had to be the problem house for the week – any other house with any other family would not have been as bad as this house with the Down family. She responds in a concerned voice, “I am so sorry Mr. Down. I promise I will send someone out immediately.”

The week flies by. Every day the little ones ask their parents if they can go swimming in the pool. Every day the parents reply, “No, it’s still green.” Mr. and Mrs. Down take turns calling the realtor every day to inquire about the status of the pool and to suggest ways in which they should compensate for the algae. When the phones ring at Corolla Classic, everyone quickly finds something else to do. The beach realtors count down the days, hours, even minutes until the Downs vacate the island.

On the fourth day of vacation Mr. Down heads down to the beach early in the morning with his coffee. He crosses the dunes to find that the tent, which he set up the day they arrived, is gone. All the other tents around him are

still in place. Mr. Down wonders why his tent is the only one missing. He decides to go searching for the tent, hoping to find it before anyone else finds out. He wonders what his wife will say when she hears the tent was stolen.

After walking five miles to the left of their site and five miles to the right, Mr. Down returns to find his family sitting on the beach where the tent used to be. Panting like a dog, he manages to speak, “I couldn’t find it.”

“Dad, what happened to you?” His children ask in shock. “You’re bright red and soaking wet.”

Mr. Down forgot to apply sunscreen before embarking on the tent hunt so his skin was fried to the max. For the rest of the week he wears a long-sleeved shirt, long pants, socks, and a hat to the beach every day. The week goes on like this, and good spirits begin to dwindle. A green pool, ants, a stolen tent, sunburn, what next?

On Friday afternoon Polly hangs up the phone and drops her head to her desk after a 45 minute long conversation with Deborah Down. Poor Polly...she didn’t color a pool green, or steal a tent, or set ants free at that house. Only twenty hours to go until this batch of Saturday renters are gone. Hopefully next week the storms will pass normally without changing the color of any pools. And hopefully, next week people will put up tents with extra weight attached to the poles to make them more secure. And hopefully next week the Downs will be long gone. Only twenty more hours until next week.

To read other articles by Jackie Quillen visit the Authors’ section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net)

## MOUNT SPORTS

# Mount tennis year in review

Ananda Rochita

The end of the school year has already passed and the start of the school year is only a few weeks away for the students at Mount St. Mary's University. Athletics are one of the main enjoyments for students because of the large amount of athletes on campus as well as the people interested in watching sports events. Not only are athletes at the Mount dedicated to their studies and also their sports but a large majority of them continue their schooling on a graduate level or even turn professional in their sports. Most recently former Mount St. Mary's baseball standouts Ivor Hodgson and Dustin Pease are both playing professional baseball. Hodgson is on his first season with the Wilmington Blue Rocks which is an affiliate of the Kansas City Royals while Pease is in his first season with the Wichita Wingnuts which is a member of the American Association of Independent Professional Baseball. Another baseball player that graduated this May is pitcher Costa Kapothanasis who is a member of the Greek National team and traveled to Germany on July 23 to participate in the European Championships.

There have been many surprises this year including the search for the replacement of Coach Milan Brown for the men's basketball team and also some wins such as the men's lacrosse team for the MACC title. However every year there will always be some more incoming students who will help their team to more wins and become a valuable asset.

The men and women's tennis team are coached by Phil Hammond and have just announced their new recruits for the upcoming year. Both teams are losing valuable assets including Senior Thad Mostowtt who moved up into a tie for the seventh place on the Mount's all time singles wins list. He also holds a 44-44 in his career at the Mount which puts him in a tie for sixth all-time at the Mount in doubles play and also is in a tie for the fourth on the school's all-time individual doubles wins list. Senior Chelsea Johnson was a consistent player for the team who will not be returning in the fall. During their match against Robert Morris, Johnson became the third player in Mount history to reach over 70 career single wins in the match. She has been consistent playing at number one or two during her four years at the Mount. This year playing at number 1 singles, she finished the season 15-11 in singles play and finished her season with a 15-11 in singles play and 11-7 in doubles play to have a 72-35 record in singles play with a second all-time at the Mount in

career singles wins. She currently holds the Mount's all time record for singles dual match wins with a career mark of 64-27 and in doubles play as the third all-time overall. Senior Emily Grugan will also be missed for her athletic abilities in the fall. She was 12-6 in singles play and 14-10 in doubles action. She also played at number 6 posting a 7-6 record and finished her career with 38 career doubles wins and 32 career singles victories.

There are two incoming recruits on the men's team who have shown incredible stats from their time in high school. Coach Phil Hammond announced the signings on June 21 of Justin Olexa of Illinois and Mike Zabetakis of Maryland. Olexa helped his high school, Adlai E. Stevenson, to a second-place finish in the state in each of the past three seasons. He also won the conference title in his region in singles as a sophomore and in doubles this past year. Zabetakis is ranked fourth in Maryland and 55<sup>th</sup> in the Mid-Atlantic in the USTA rankings. While at Calvert Hall High School, he earned the school's tennis athlete of the year award in 2008 and he was a semifinalist in the MIAA High School Tournament in 2010.

As for the women's team Coach Phil Hammond announced the signings of three incoming freshman for the 2010-11 year. Samantha Pinchoff of Michigan, Liz Rossi of New York, and Madeleine Stross of Pennsylvania. Pinchoff was named honorable mention all-state in both 2006 and 2008 during her high school campaign. Rossi earned most valuable player for her high school years and helped her team to League titles in 2005, 2007,



and 2009. She was also ranked number one in the USTA Girls 16's in the Long Island Region in 2009. Stross was named the team's most valuable player in 2009 and earned a gold in the SOL Continental League in doubles and a bronze in the singles.

The men's team had 11 wins this season, which is the most by the Mountaineers since the 2005-06 season. The team is also seeing some more promising athletes come back including freshman Mike Salomon. Salomon won the NEC's Rookie of the Week Award in each of the two weeks, which won him a total of three. He played at No.2 singles and won six matches in a row to 16-7 for the season.

On the women's side another freshman has been stealing the show during her rookie year. Renee Deane was named Second Team All-Northeast Conference at the number 5 singles position and is the first to earn All-Conference honors since 2006. During this

season she finished 16-7 in singles matches including 10-3 at the number 5 singles position. Like Salomon, she also won NEC Rookie of the Week honors the first week of the season and was 14-5 in dual matches this season in singles.

This year's men's team also broke the school's single-season record for doubles team victories. Thad Mostowtt and Taylor Place was 17-5 this season breaking the mark of 13 wins back in 2004-05 by Drew Arbeiter and Phil Holliday.

The women also went to the quarterfinals of the northeast conference championships against number 4 season Sacred Heart. However they closed the season with wins. The women's team posted a 4-0 win over Robert Morris in the consolation match and the Mount took the doubles points with wins by the number 1 team of Emily Bolchoz and Renee Deane and also the number 3 team of Emma Haley and Carly Landini. During these matches,

Bolchoz won in straight sets at number 2 singles with Landini in straight sets at number 4 singles and Emily Grugan in straight sets at number 6 singles while the remaining other three matches were not finished.

On the men's side for the close of the season, they played against Robert Morris to end with a 12-9 record. The Mount also won two doubles matches for a 1-0 lead. Andrew Marinucci and Mike Salomon won the number 2 doubles while Thad Mostowtt and Taylor Place won the number 3 doubles. On the singles side, Salomon won straight sets at number 2 singles and Matthew Blake at number 6 singles. Junior Andrew Marinucci won 7-6, 6-7, and 10-8 match at number 4 singles.

Even though the year has already passed for this team, their new recruits and their workout regiments for the summer may make them a new enemy among the rest of the other NEC teams this year.

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## FOUR YEARS AT THE MOUNT

# Senior Year

## A semester in Florence

Katelyn Phelan

My past semester was one full of adventure and excitement, and was not spent at the Mount at all. I spent the spring of my junior year studying abroad in Florence, Italy. It's next to impossible to do a 90 day European trip justice in one article, so I focused just on some stories and adventures about Florence in this article.

Since I lived in Florence I learned more about it than other cities and also spent most of my time there. Florence is a city full of history, art, and beauty. To the Italians it is known as Firenze, and it is located in Tuscany about 140 miles north of Rome. It is hard to find a city more linked to a certain time than Florence, namely the Middle Ages and early Renaissance. It is actually known as the birthplace of the Renaissance.

The city has contributed its share of famous men to the world. Some of these men were born in the city while others called it home later. These include: Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, da Vinci, Michelangelo, Donatello, Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, Machiavelli, and Galileo.

Some of these men are buried in

Florence, like Michelangelo and Galileo, while others were unable to rest there, like Dante. Dante was exiled during disputes between the two factions of Florence. He was never allowed to return to his birthplace, and wandered from city to city seeking refuge. While in exile he wrote his famous Divine Comedy which has earned him lasting fame. His body is in Ravenna, another Tuscan city.

Florence is more than just home to famous men. It is also home to many pieces of art. The Uffizi Gallery is one of the most renowned art museums in the world. The word "uffizi" is Italian for "offices," and comes from the fact that the building once housed the offices of the Medici family. The family began as poor bankers, but quickly earned money, fame and power. They turned to politics and ruled Florence "de facto," or by fact not necessarily by law. They also contributed two men to the Catholic Church, both of whom rose to the papacy at different times. One, Leo X, was responsible for enacting the sale of indulgences on a wide scale to build St. Peter's Basilica. The family did contribute many good things to the world, and is partially responsible for beginning

the Renaissance through their patronage of the arts.

Medici patriarchs, including Cosimo the Elder and Lorenzo the Magnificent, sponsored many artists of the time, like Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo. Michelangelo was actually indebted to the Medici for more than just a job. The young artist lived as a member of the family when Lorenzo realized his great potential. His once positive connection with the Medici turned when Lorenzo died, however, and Leo X commanded that he paint the Sistine Chapel and design St. Peter's cupola.

Many artworks of these famous artists reside in Florence. Here, one can see Michelangelo's David, Botticelli's Birth of Venus, and countless other famous sculptures and paintings.

Additionally, Florence is home to one of the largest cathedrals in the world, Santa Maria del Fiore, known as Florence's Duomo. This church also happens to be an architectural marvel. The original architect envisioned a magnificent church and created an ambitious project including plans for the largest dome in the world. Though no one was quite sure how this would be achieved, construction on the cathedral began. When it came time to complete the cupola, construction stopped. The dome remained unfinished for decades until the Renaissance genius Filippo Brunelleschi devised countless innovations in his work on

the dome. The project took 18 years and 4 million bricks. The completed structure stands at 375 feet and dominates the skyline of the city. It is possible to climb the 463 steps to the top for a magnificent view of Florence.

It is also possible to fall in love with Florence without knowing the ins and outs of its history. The city is beautiful. It sits on the river Arno and is filled with beige, light pink, pastel orange, and mustard yellow buildings. The streets are narrow and in many places not conducive to two-lane traffic. This is okay, though, because the historic center of the city is small. It can be crossed from one end to the other in just a half an hour. In fact, I rarely used a taxi or any other mode of transportation within Florence. Nearly everyone walks or else uses a bicycle. These people do not stay on the sidewalks; rather everyone travels in the streets. Given the amount of tourists that flood the city during peak season I do not envy taxi drivers having to weave through all the pedestrians!

So what did I do in this historic, art-filled, beautiful city? Well, the primary purpose of spending a semester in Florence was to learn. I took four courses: Italian language, Italian culture, Art of the Renaissance, and Italian literature. I did not spend as much time learning in the classroom, but spent a lot of time in the city learning.

For example, one of my most informative and comprehensive projects dealt with Dante Alighieri's Divine Comedy. This poem follows Dante, the primary character, in a journey through the three realms of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Dante places real sinners and saints in his book. These vary from famous figures of literature and history, like Vergil, Aeneas, and Abraham, to men he knew in his own life. Dante places many Florentines in his poem. It is possible to still see the homes of many of these families as well as places where certain events occurred. The city of Florence has also commemorated Dante by placing plaques with quotes from the Divine Comedy throughout the city. So one of the things I did was search them out. I spent many hours traipsing through the city looking for Dante landmarks, noting their location, and photographing them. Then I compiled all the photos into a booklet in which I wrote about their significance in the Divine Comedy as well as to Florence.

I did other things like attend cooking classes, wine tastings, the opera, tours of museums and palaces. I also shopped and traveled. Spending time in Florence was one of the most interesting and exciting things I have ever done. I've learned so much by spending time in another country surrounded by another culture and would seriously recommend to anyone to study abroad while in college and to visit Florence!

# Sophomore Year

## Here it comes again...

Samantha Strub

Every summer students prepare to go back to school, from little girls and boys beginning Kindergarten, to middle school kids entering the high school world, to those going to college for the first time, to those beginning their final year. Every student has a story. Some are excited to begin a new journey in life; some are sick of constantly listening to teachers and want to make it for themselves in the world.

As you go through the different grades, your perspective changes. People don't always see this change as it takes place, but once people point it out to you it's important to see if it's for the better or not. I noticed that I had changed after I came home from my first year at college. For one thing, I was now very independent, and it was incredibly hard to move from my "go, go, go" college world to one where not as much was going on and I was governed by rules. I was so used to scheduling just me: making sure that I got to class, work, and field hockey practice; making sure I rode and took care of my horse; making sure I wrote my articles on time, attended freshmen ambassador events and meetings, did my homework, and squeezed some socializing into each day. I was constantly running from one thing to the other. Some days I didn't even get

back to my dorm room until 9 pm, after being gone from 10 that morning.

A lot of people would hate to have this schedule, the kind where you pass out when you finally get to bed because you are so tired from running all day. I'm the type of person, however, who thrives on this kind of schedule. I put myself wholeheartedly into everything that I do. I know it's my duty to go to class, do my job, and complete my homework; these are things that are expected from a college kid. Most people are okay with just doing this, but in all honesty I wouldn't be able to do the minimum. I need places to unwind and exercise such as the barn and hockey field. I need to help out the community by being a freshmen ambassador and to pursue my dream of writing. All of these extra activities enable me to do my regular duties to the best of my ability.

What is the point of saying all this? Well, this is my story. I'm not one of the students that just wants to do what's expected and graduate. I really want to learn and work toward my dreams. I enjoy what is going on right now, but I am always thinking about the future, wondering what will happen and where I will be years from now, working on things that will help me out later in life. I guess you could say that I'm a nerd for getting this much out of the college ex-

perience. But maybe it's because I'm a writer, and I look at every opportunity for a way to make an impact on others.

As the days for going back to school come closer, I'm getting more and more excited. A lot of people may not want those endless summer nights to end. In a way I'm bittersweet about them. Sure, they are enjoyable, relaxing and memorable, but I'm ready to get back to my life at school—from the social aspects, to sports and even some days to the schoolwork. I find it scary and exciting to be in all new classes, meeting new people all over again, moving back into the dorms with my roommates, and walking across campus to get food.

As the school year rolls closer, it's time for all students to start thinking about the things they'll need. It's a little different for every grade level: some need crayons and markers; some need new clothes and notebooks, while college students need everything except the kitchen sink on top of a \$600 book bill. You can measure the intensity just by looking at the list of things that you need for the year. Every person will have their own list that can include anything, from clothes, to new sheets, to containers. My roommate has an interesting item on her list, as she believes that a lamp is very important to have so we can have some decoration and light in our room. This semester my shopping list isn't as extensive. It's more the things that I wished I had my first year. For me that list means a couple of practical items like containers, plates, and silverware so when


I order food that I'm craving while being far away from home, I have something to eat it with. An impractical item that I have become obsessed with this summer is a frappuccino machine with ice trays so I can make my favorite drink in my room, which will be a blessing on those hot days. Such things may seem unimportant, yet they become the only things you think about when you are away from home.

It's time to start thinking about all the little details in order to go back to school and be ready to hit the books and early morning classes. Let's pray

to God I'm going to be able to get up on time. All you can do in order to let your story unfold is prepare the best you can. For some, it's getting on the bus for the first or hundredth time or driving a car to school. For me, it's driving to the Mount for move-in day (or a few days before), unpacking the stuffed car and then letting my story unravel in unbelievable ways.

*Samantha is a sophomore majoring in English at the Mount. To read other articles by Samantha, visit the Authors' section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net).*

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## A MOUNTAIN PERSPECTIVE

## Off to work

Chelsea Baranoski

**B**uzzzzz! The alarm clock on my phone goes off at 5:20 AM. Time to eat a doughnut, get a shower, get dressed, brush my teeth, comb and straighten my hair, and put on my makeup. I'm a grown-up now and it's time for me to face the real world: the world of work. I started working full-time two days after my graduation from Mount St. Mary's University. Now, my days are filled with work from 8 AM to 4:30 PM at the Anne Arundel County Board of Elections. It's a good thing that I had an 8:00 class this semester to prepare me for the early mornings that lie ahead!

My first day in the working world was anything but normal. When I got to work, all of the lights were out due to a power outage. Nonetheless, I rode the elevator upstairs to the election office. The only person in the office was a man who offered me a chocolate cupcake. And me, being the sweet-tooth that I am, graciously accepted. Soon, my boss came in and gave me my ID. I traded my Mount ID for a Board of Elections ID that day. My work ID functions like my Mount ID, for it grants me access to the building and displays my headshot. Unfortunately, there is no meal plan on my new ID like there was on my Mount ID. That's right, I still miss my Mount food! After receiving my ID, my boss told me that everyone was downstairs, since there was a little more light down there. So, my first hour in the work force was spent sitting in a cramped circle with my co-workers as my boss handed out awards for those who were employed at the Board for a long time. After an hour of sitting through this makeshift meeting and getting to know the names of my co-workers, the power finally came back on. Now my work day could officially begin.

Edit, read, edit, read some more. This sums up my job at the Anne Arundel County Board of Elections. I believe my official job title is temporary election clerk, but my primary responsibility is editing. I just finished helping two other workers edit the *Election Judges' Manual*, a huge document that details all of the responsibilities, set-up, and closing instructions for the Election Judges who were hired to work the upcoming gubernatorial election. I had to compare the 2010 version of the *Election Judges' Manual* with the 2008 version and make any changes that I saw fit, such as fixing capitalization errors, correcting punctuation errors, and adding any important information. Before working at the Anne Arundel County Board of Elections, I never knew

Election Judges existed. Now, I know that there are many types of Election Judges, including Chief Judges, Voting Unit Judges, Provisional Judges, and Check-in Judges. I also never knew how much work went into preparing for Election Day. Some workers are in charge of absentee voters, while others are in charge of calling election workers and signing them up for training sessions and site locations.

Currently, my task at the Board of Elections includes revising the PowerPoint presentations that the trainers use for the Election Judges, as well as reading a lot of instructors' guides and step-by-step guides for the trainers. I had to write the "specs" for the *Election Judges' Manual* so that the printer knew how many color, 1-sided, and 2-sided pages were needed to make the book. Since my primary skill is editing, I have also been called upon to edit a letter from the Director of the Anne Arundel County Board of Elections.

My job at the Anne Arundel County Board of Elections makes me grateful that I was an English major at Mount St. Mary's University. Thanks to numerous English classes, I learned the skills necessary for editing. I am especially thankful that one of my English professors decided to include grammar in his lessons, since a lot of the editing that I do includes grammatical errors. Without my Mount education, I might not know that punctuation should always be inside of quotations (a common error in documents). In some ways, I still feel like I am in school for I am still reading a lot. All of the reading assignments from my English classes have prepared me for the hundreds of pages of reading I



have already plowed through for the Anne Arundel County Board of Elections.

There is one thing that I can say about life after the Mount: I will probably never say those two words: "I'm bored," ever again. Working full time five days a week leaves me so tired that I often come home, eat dinner, relax and watch a movie, and then go to sleep, only to do the same thing the next day. In addition to busying myself at the Anne Arundel County Board of Elections, I have also accepted freelance writing positions with the *Pasadena Voice* and the *Severna Park Voice*. My primary focus is the *Pasadena Voice*, since this is my local newspaper. I currently have two articles that I need to crank out, one on the valedictorian and the salutatorian of my alma mater, Northeast High School, and one on an elementary school's performance of *Beauty and the Beast*. Furthermore, I have recently completed a copywriting assignment for Kathy Davis Greeting Cards. And to add to my growing list of jobs, I still work my sales associate/

cashier job at Aeropostale. All my life people have asked me, "What are you going to do with an English major? Do you want to be a teacher?" Now, I feel that I am proof that English majors can get jobs completely unrelated to teaching. In fact, my editing and writing background, such as my work with *Lighted Corners*, the Mount's literary magazine, helped me to obtain my job at the Board of Elections. Though my job at the Board of Elections might only last through elections, I am confident that it will open the door for future editing

opportunities.

To all those people who get the question "What are you going to do with that major?" don't be discouraged. One day, you will find the job that will make you happy and bring your many gifts and talents to light. Just work hard, network with friends, family, and alumni, and apply to multiple jobs. Everyone, no matter what their major, will have their chance to make their mark in the working world.

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

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## STAGES OF LIFE

# I'm a Dad Again

### Away we go

Brian Barth

Friday evening and everyone in the house is frantically trying to finalize their bags for a week's vacation except for the baby.

My wife is packing her customary 15 bags, and the kids continue to replace their clothes for toys. This is turning into a complete disaster and the way it usually is when we go away. Nice to see some things never change.

"Looks like rain." I decided to go out on the deck to take in all the cushions on the outdoor furniture. I hurried gathering all the items and ran inside right before the rain began. As I race through the door I turn to lock the door and as only my luck would have it the dead bolt completely spun around. Great. The lock is broken.

Trying to keep my temper under control, and knowing it will take a solid hour to bring down all our provisions, I walked upstairs to see if I can start bringing down any bags. My wife asked "what were you doing outside?" I told her the story of what happened and she started laughing. I obviously didn't think it was funny and not wanting to start an argument, I decided to go to the bathroom. As I pressed on the handle to flush the toilet it breaks off in my hand. That was the straw that broke the camels back.

I went into a bit of a tirade. My wife asked me to please go downstairs and not worry about the bags, she was going to take care of everything. Sure I thought to myself.

Six a.m. Saturday morning. This is the day we are to leave for a weeks vacation and I now have to run out to Lowe's to buy a new

dead bolt lock for the back door and a handle for the toilet.

As quickly as I could drive to Lowe's and back I tore through the bags with great efficiency and began disassembling the old lock and re-assembling the new one. Well, at least I thought I was quick. It really took 2 hours. My temper slowly rising and dripping in sweat it was now time to pack-up the van.

This is the part of the vacation that I really don't like. I find that we end up taking way too much stuff that we don't use.

In the garage I found the car top carrier. By this time the kids continued to ask when were leaving for vacation? Clearly not in the mood, I said "as soon as I can pack-up all the items in the house." They looked at me with a puzzled expression on their faces.

Now the real fun began. We could have a uhaul truck and my wife would still not have enough room for everything. I said, "why don't we just leave the house open while we are away?"

she said, "don't start." Not satisfied she understands my frustration, I continued, even if someone wanted to break-in they wouldn't find anything. Clearly she didn't find me funny but I got a chuckle out of it.

Trying to squeeze everything in, the van pieces were starting to fit like a puzzle. The only problem is when you open any of the doors all the bags are going to fall on top of me.

Finally satisfied that all our provisions were neatly stacked and ready, I walked in-side to find there were another 5 bags of groceries. I looked at my wife and simply said, "you've got to be kidding me?"

Unfortunately for my daughter who was sitting in the back, she was slowly running out of space to sit. What was going to be a very comfortable ride for her was now going to be one where she had to sit on or around bags.

I quickly sped through a shower and begin the process of shutting down the house. I turned off all the water and adjusted the thermostat. I

even had time to vacuum the family room and office. My wife said, "why are you vacuuming?" Keeping with my one liners, I said, "well now that our house is empty I can run the vacuum without any obstacles." She picked up her purse and only said, "I will be in the van waiting."

Finally, let vacation begin.

With a van packed and kids eager to get to the beach the questions started to begin. When are we getting there, how long is this ride going to take, can we go to the beach right away? And on and on it went.

We started down the road on 270 and slowly approached a truck weigh-in station. I crept to the right lane and headed for the ramp to the station. My wife said, "enough, you are not funny, and would appreciate you not making any more comments about the amount of luggage."

Laughing to the point of tears I moved back onto the highway then leaned in for a kiss. My wife not seeing the humor buried her nose in her book.

# Mom's Time Out

Abigail Shiyer

It is with mixed emotions for me that the summer is winding down. I love summertime, but my favorite season of all is the fall. This year, however, I will be entering the fall season kicking and screaming. This year is a mile marker for me. My oldest child is going to Kindergarten. I can't believe my time home with her was here and gone already. Yes - I know - she will still come home to me everyday, but things will be different. She will be changed forever by outside influences. She will be forced to grow up a little quicker than I am ready for. She will become less attached to me.

As a Mom, I want to protect her every moment of every day. In just a few weeks, I will be walking her down the driveway and putting her on a school bus with strangers. I will wave goodbye and not know exactly what she is doing for the next 8 hours. This is really going to be difficult. I am going to be a mess. I want to be there to comfort her if she feels scared. I want to be there to get her a tissue if her nose is running. I want to be that security she needs if she is uncomfortable in a strange place. I want to be there whispering in her ear that I love her and that I am proud

of her. If she gets tired, I want her to have a shoulder to rest on. If she feels lonely, I want her to have a hand to hold. If she wants to come home, I want to be there at that very second.

Thankfully, I have had the pleasure of meeting several of the staff at Emmitsburg Elementary School and they are wonderful people. They went out of their way to make my baby girl feel special and important. And, as an overprotective Mom - I really appreciate that!

I know that kids need to grow up. I know that going to school - whether it is public or private - is all part of the process. But - that doesn't make it any easier for the parents. My daughter on the other hand is ready to go. She can't wait to ride the bus. She is looking forward to getting a new back pack. She thinks it is really cool that she will get to eat lunch at school. She will make new friends. She is very smart and loves to learn. I know she will have a great time. I am just going to miss her.

Moms and Dads and anyone else who may be reading this article. Please put the word out to be extra special nice to the Kindergarten class at Emmitsburg Elementary School this year. If your child is going to kindergarten this year - let's form an alliance. Let's send our kids

to school with great plans to be nice to everyone in the class. Let's educate them about how to treat other kids with kindness. Let's make sure they all know to play with everyone. Let's remind them that every one has feelings and they need to be mindful of other kids. Let's tell them all to smile at every kid they see. Let's band together and arm them with the tools they need to make it through the day without Mom. Just think about how much easier it would be to send your little one off to school if you knew that no one was going to be mean to him/her. If you knew that he/she were going to be greeted with a friendly smile. If you knew that they

were going to have friends to play with and you could rest assured that his/her feelings won't get hurt. This may not be preparing them for the "real" world - but, what's the hurry? Why not take baby steps. They will grow up fast enough.

My daughter will actually be in school for a week before she even turns 5. It just seems so young to be there all day. I can only imagine what you are all thinking. And - you are right. I am the one who is going to suffer. My daughter will be fine. Maybe I should be asking everyone to band together and set up a support group for me - LOL. I guess this is my baby step preparing me

for the first time she gets her feelings hurt by a clique of girls, or the first time a boy breaks her heart, or the first time she gets cut from an athletic team or the day she fails her drivers test or ... worse yet - the day she goes to college. Oh my goodness - I should just start therapy now.

Parents - love your children. Love them every chance you get. Let them know how special they are. Give them the confidence to go out in the real world feeling loved. That should be enough - right? This parenting thing is the hardest thing I have ever done. I am so grateful for the opportunity to be a Mom - I am so lucky to feel this pain.

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## STAGES OF LIFE

# Lizzy Bizzy

## Getting ready for the fair

Lizzy Ryan

My favorite time of the year is the fair season. The South Mountain fair, the Apple Harvest, the Pippenfest, the Carroll County fair are all festivals that I look forward to and enjoy going to each year. Funnel cakes, hanging out with friends, tasty food and playing games are all of the fun activities that I really enjoy.

Every year since I was about nine or ten years old, I've entered many projects in the fair. Everything from sunflowers to arts and crafts that I made, have been a part of the many numerous items that I have entered in the South Mountain fair.

Every year I always enter my legendary sunflowers in the flower department of the fair hoping to win yet another prize. I call my flowers legendary because a few years ago they won the Thomas Piper Award, which is almost like grand champion. The year after that my sunflowers got first place and then last year they got second place. The funny thing about my sunflowers is that I personally didn't even plant them. The sunflowers grow wild on the ground around our bird feeder because of the seeds that are dropped by the birds. Then at fair time, I choose the best sunflowers of the lot.

My sister and I help with the adult division of judging in the flower department by carrying the flowers to their correct tables and stapling winning ribbons on the cards of the people whom have placed in their category. So I will just have to see how my sunflowers do this year; hopefully I will get first place!

I will be entering a lot of craft items this year. One of the items that I am entering is a craft picture of a landscape. It is very unique because it is made out of an unusual material. I am taking the circles from a hole puncher to make a picture of a landscape out of the different colored hole-punched circles. Another item that I am entering is called



a scherenschnitte. It is like a shadow picture. You can't see very much detail. It is a blue bird with a light green background. I made a picture like this in one of my classes in school.

I will also be entering other crafts including a sculpture, a piece of pottery, a needle felting project, and maybe even a photograph of one of my pets or flowers in the photography division.

The last thing that I am entering in the fair is my rabbit named Nutmeg. There will be two divisions, the showmanship division and the normal division. Nutmeg will be entered in the showmanship division or the pet division because her breed is known as the lionhead breed. Lionhead rabbits are rabbits that have all of their long hair on their head and shorter hair on the rest of the body, giving them the appearance of a lion. Unfortunately this breed is not a registered breed. (ARBA stands for the American Rabbit Breeders Association.) This means that she can't be entered in the normal division.

Right now I am working on my 4-H project book which I have to complete in order to show her. It consists of different questions about my rabbit and an essay about what I had learned during my project.

So, even though the weather is hot and muggy, the fairs will go on! Lots of fun for all!

To read other article by Liz Ryan visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.

# Simply Maya

## Dog years

Maya Hand

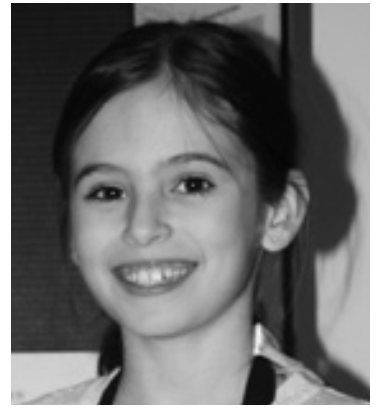
We have two golden retrievers, Shelby and Abby. Abby has been on this earth for about 13 years, but according to dog age, she's really 89. In dog years Shelby's about 35. In this article, I would like to write about Abby. Abby was born just after my mom and dad got married. They got her 6 months after they got married. They were visiting my grandma in Virginia Beach. They took a little trip to the pet store. They weren't going to buy anything. It was just to look around... But, there was one...that...well...wouldn't stop wagging its tail!!! So mom and dad got to play with her and soon fell in love with the puppy. It was a little unusual for mom and dad to buy a pet, because the rest of our pets have been strays and adoptions.

At the time they lived in an apartment and the apartment manager said, "No dogs allowed." But since mommy and daddy were attached to the puppy and planning to get a house soon, they took a chance and bought the golden retriever they named Abby. They brought her into the apartment. Abby kept putting her paw up on mommy's lap and mommy kept saying, "No paw," a command that I have heard over the past 10 years. Mommy and daddy thought they could keep Abby a secret for a few weeks while they shopped for a house, but this was not the case... The first night home, mommy and daddy put her in the bathroom. She had everything she needed: food, water, newspaper and a bed. A few minutes after turning off the lights, Abby started crying. Mom and dad went to check on her. They would open the door and she would stop crying. They would close the door and she would start crying again. It was now obvious to the neighbors

and management that they had a dog. A few days later, Abby tried to dig a hole through the floor... that did not work out so well, for Abby or the rug. Daddy cut a piece of carpet from the closet and tried to fix the hole. But a brand new piece of carpet right in the middle of a walkway is pretty obvious. A few weeks later, they left both their apartment and their security deposit behind... In their new house, carpets were not a problem and Abby had a yard to run and play in. Abby was mom and dad's first baby, sort of like a practice child.

A couple of years later, Abby and my parents welcomed me into the world. Abby was good to me. Before I could walk or sit, she would lay next to me. When I could sit, she would sit next to me...and look at me. When I could crawl and later walk, she would follow me and look out for me. Even though I don't remember her from that time, she was a good friend. After moving into our current house, she became a constant companion for me and my sister, and much, much later, my little brother. In recent years, Abby was there for me when I was stressed or just had a long day. I could sit with her and pet her and she could make me feel better because I knew she loved me. She was a very good dog.

In recent years Abby was a very light color and her face was framed with white fur. She had one milky eye that she could not see very well through. Her fur coat was rough. Sometimes when I would start petting her, she would spring up from lying down and rub up against me, wagging her tail and smiling (most of her life she smiled). Sometimes she had trouble getting down the stairs and we needed to help her. Since she had one bad eye, I would open the back door a little wider so she could see better to walk outside. Sometimes she needed more time to get to her



food, so I would look for her and find her to take her to the food. Sometimes I even needed to call Shelby someplace else for a second so Abby could get to her own food. We found a stray cat one day and we discovered she was pregnant. When she had her kittens, Abby would look at them like they were the cutest things in the world (and she would smile). We kept one of the kittens and named it Sarek. Daddy picked that name from Star Trek. As Sarek grew, he would rub up against Abby's face and Abby would wag her tail (and she would smile). Abby is the most loving dog I've ever met. My grandmother said that Abby's only fault is that she loves us all so much.

I know you're probably wondering why I wrote this whole article about her. I did it to honor her. Abby passed away on Monday, July 19<sup>th</sup>. Our relationships in the world shape who we are and what we become. Abby taught me how to have compassion for elders and others with challenges different than my own. I will miss her excited tail wagging whenever I came in the door and her calm nature when I would sit with her. In our lives, we will have many wonderful experiences and adventures to share with special animals, family and friends, but someday they'll have to go. Now Abby's in a better place. I'm sure she's smiling down on all of us. My dance teacher Miss Kim, always says, "dance, as if it's the last time you'll ever dance." This is not only true with dancing but it's a life lesson too – love things as if it's the last time.

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## A TEEN'S VIEW

## Organic eating

Olivia Sietlaff

My family and I are not like Mother families in many respects. But there is one thing about us that people usually find interesting and almost alarming. Are you ready? We eat organic food. I know what you're thinking. "You must be deprived of all the delectable snack foods and Chinese food and other thousand-calorie, artificial treats!" or "Isn't it insanely expensive?" or "Do you eat out at all?" Well, to answer your questions: no, kind of, and yes. However, these are beside the point at the moment. What really matters is *what* exactly makes organic food different and *why* we have an organic diet.

First it's helpful to know what I mean when I say 'organic'. The definition of 'organic' is food that is produced or is without chemical fertilizers, pesticides, or other artificial ingredients; nor is it genetically modified. In short – it's real. I'm not saying that all the other food that isn't labeled 'organic' is fake, but most of the time there are more artificial ingredients in a product than there are real ingredients. Also, the term 'organic' is not to be confused with 'all natural'. Sometimes food companies trick their buyers into believing they're eating something wholesome if they put 'all natural' on the label. However, this just means the ingredients are from nature and not organically grown, which is quite ambiguous. But before I pull you any further into all of the slight nuances of the subject, I should stop.

One of the main questions we're always asked is "Why did you decide to eat organic food?" The answer goes back at least ten years ago. When my little brother, Ben, was

about three or four we realized that he would get super hyper when he ate food with artificial dyes or high fructose corn syrup. Moreover, he and my mom were affected health-wise from all the unnatural ingredients in regular food. So my mom decided it was best to make the switch to organic food. Of course that meant we *all* had to eat it.

At first, everything my mom bought at the organic grocery store was disgusting to me. I wasn't used to eating real food without preservatives. It all tasted so different and...healthy. Any six-year-old doesn't want to be eating healthy food at the time of her life when she can be eating all the junk food and candy in the world (especially from her grandparents)! I craved my fake food. And frankly, organic fruit loops just weren't the same as the regular kind.

Another question we're always asked is "Does *everything* you eat have to be organic?" Thankfully, the answer is 'no'. My mom wasn't so strict as to say we couldn't have any non-organic food for the rest of our lives, because for us that was almost impossible and very impractical. Plus, this means we can eat at restaurants once in a while. For the most part, all of our food is organic except a few snacks and drinks. Even our toothpaste is organic!

All of my friends know I eat organic food, too. Sometimes they jest about how healthy I am and how they shouldn't offer me a certain food because it's not organic. I take that as a compliment. Also, at school during lunch if I happen to have crackers or something that isn't organic, my friends usually ask me the rhetorical question "I thought you only ate organic food?!" I just



sigh and roll my eyes.

Whenever I meet new people, and they find out I eat organic food, they always get wide-eyed and wonder how that is possible as if it were some strange punishment my parents enforce on us kids. But my favorite part is when I tell them we don't have a microwave. Yes, it's true. The most popular response they give while staring at me through bulging eyes is "How do you survive?" I suppose it's a fair question. How can any teenager with a ravenous appetite call himself or herself a teenager without a microwavable meal at least once a week? Well, I'm still alive, so it is possible. After they get over the initial shock the next question usually is "How do you make popcorn?" Simple – we make it on the stove in a pot. Anyway, not having a microwave isn't necessarily an organic thing, because there are organic frozen meals; it's just a family preference.

Lastly, people always comment on how expensive organic food is. They're right. Most everyone would probably be eating organic food if it weren't for the high prices. However, if you just buy the essentials, like meats, veggies, and fruits, then you're off to a good start. For our family, the price of organic food overrules our health. Knowing that we are taking care of ourselves helps us to get over the sticker shock... usually.

In the end, I'm actually glad that we eat organic food. Even though I crave a fast-food burger or a fruit-roll-up sometimes, I know that I'm taking care of myself by not eating those artificial foods that could fry my brain. And even if we don't eat out a lot or have a microwave, I'm fine with that. Nothing beats an organic, home-cooked meal any day.

## Limited

Kat Dart

Yesterday, a friend of mine asked me a question: "What bothers you?" I easily thought of a million different answers, like when I get a low grade on a test when I thought I did well, when my sisters barge into my room after unlocking the door with a skeleton key, teachers that have no respect for their students...

But she was looking for something a little more, and then she said people bothered her, especially the people who try and control her life. For example: Her mother, who feels that her daughter is not happy with the way she is. Her teachers, who constantly try and teach her that she needs to be better than what she is. The guidance councilors, who want her attitude to change.

She told me that they are all trying to impose limits on her, limits that she doesn't want. She told me she thought it would be better to live in a world where we can be whoever we want to be, and no one can try to change us or stop us. We all should live by our own rules, that way we have no limits to what we want to be and do.

My reply? *'Everyone needs limits. That way, we can prove that we can exceed said limits.'*

Now, on a much lighter, not-so-deep-and-meaningful note, I'm going to tell you a story. At 2:00 on August 21, the world experienced a miracle. Kat Dart was born. Fourteen years later, she got in contact with the editor at the local News-Journal and secured herself a job.

And, one year after that, she is freaking out over the fact that at 15, she's going to go job-hunting, and start to convince her parents that she is responsible enough to get a driver's permit as soon as legally allowed.

Fun times, right?

Okay, so maybe my coming into this world wasn't such a miracle (to most people at least). And the contact with the editor at the Emmitsburg News-Journal? That was my Dad's fault (But hey, thanks Dad! No complaining here). And it's entirely possible my Mom won't let me get a license as soon as legally allowed ("that'll only promote your idea of getting a *motorcycle* license"). Still, there's job hunting to look forward to, along with school re-opening for the 2010-2011 year. Luckily, I have been told sophomore year is the easiest year after senior year, so I am not too worried – junior year is the 'make it – break – it' year.

It is so hard to believe that on August 23, I will have been in Emmitsburg for a full year! While most days felt like they were dragging at the time, I look back and everything seemed to have moved so fast. I remember



freaking out because when we moved in, it was the day before school started. I was on a mattress for months, at least until we found my actual bed in storage.

I know I was nervous day one of school, but I quickly made a new friend named Courtney. Honestly, we both kind of ignored each other for the first few weeks until we were locked out of the classroom at 7 AM. Then we went to the library and recommended books for each other to read. The rest of the year continued with me making good friends with Courtney, Michaela, and Kris. My sisters all loved the schools and made many new friends. I know my younger sisters love Ramblewood Drive, most of their friends are one to three houses down. My older sister, I believe, quickly became popular among the juniors. My mom got used to living next door to one of her best friends, who convinced us to move here. Because of all this, during our first year here, I have heard nothing but positives about Emmitsburg from my family.

Speaking of family, have you ever been to one of those crazy family reunions where no one really seems to have a definite plan of who's coming and there's only a slight plan as to where everyone meets up at, but it all still works out? Yup – you got to love our family. Hasty plans were made that were also changed, sleeping arrangements were (eventually) planned out, and car-pooling had to be planned – my mom and I picked up my only male cousin and his girlfriend on the way down to my grandmother's.

Following our crazy family reunion, is the final beach trip of the summer to North Carolina with one of my uncles – the one thing I've really been talking about since May. Unfortunately, since we're going at the end of August, it means that we go just in time for jellyfish season! Have you ever gotten stung by a jellyfish before? Let me tell you: not pleasant.

I'm going to wrap this up here with a quick note to all Catoctin High Schoolers: Did you know we were on the news the other week? There was an article on some online news paper about the Honor Role students at Catoctin. I hope you saw it – your name was in there if you were on Honor Role.

Here's to hoping we can all be as successful again this coming year!



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# A TEEN'S VIEW

## Summer stresses

Daniele Ryan

Can you believe summer is almost over already? Normally summer is the one time of the year where kids have complete and total freedom from school; nothing to worry about; no schoolwork to complete. We can sleep in everyday, watch TV, relax, and enjoy this time to ourselves. Summer is great. Unfortunately, though, when we got to high school we realized that we would not have as much freedom as we had in our previous years. Now, I don't mean to say that we spend all summer slaving away at schoolwork or jobs, but there are some "road blocks" in our summertime plans and activities.

Earlier this summer I was asked about what was on my mind during the summer. At the time I very easily answered



ply of 'not much actually.' For the most part, every summer, before this summer, I could answer that question with the same response. Like I said, summer is three months worth of free time where kids can clear their minds and think about themselves. After I answered that question I really thought about my response and decided that I had a lot more to think about. My mind could not be blank like I wished it could have been.

At 17 years of age I have too

much to think about. I have huge decisions to make this year, and on top of that I have pressure from family and friends to start making these important decisions. Luckily, I'm not the only person who has all of these decisions to make. Every 16, 17, and 18 year old across America has the same things to think about. We have to pick a major/future career, and we have to pick a

college to attend. We have to figure out whether or not we want to go away to college, or if we want to stay home and commute. If we do want to go away to college, how far do we want to go? Do we want to stay close to home or do we want to get as far away from our hometown as possible? The even bigger question that lingers in our minds is how do we pay for our college education?

This question brings me to another new summer experience: finding a summer job. When we start thinking about college and how we are going to pay for it, getting a job immediately comes to mind. The problem with searching for a job is that being hired by anyone is extremely difficult in today's economy. It was hard enough finding a job as a young adult when the economy was not so bad and the competition for jobs was minimal. Now the job market, no matter what industry, is highly competitive. I know that many of my friends started looking for summer jobs way back in February and March.

They applied for many jobs hoping to be hired for any one of them. Unfortunately, most of them were not able to find a job. It seems like the jobs just are not there, especially for kids who are only looking to work during summer hours. Those who are lucky enough to find a job during the summer hope to make a little bit of money to put towards their college education, as well as have a little pocket change to spend as they please.

Another thing that comes along with being in high school is the summer schoolwork. Surprisingly enough there are actually schools out there that give homework during the summer. I know, hard to believe isn't it! I know that I am not alone when I say that I like to have as much free summer time as possible to myself without having homework to worry about. With that said, I can say with complete honesty that a majority of high school students don't even start their summer homework until a week or two before school actually starts.

I bet that is just as hard to believe! We have books to read, projects to complete, papers to write, packets to finish, chapters in our textbooks to read, and even on-line tests to take. It almost sounds like summer school! My parents often tell me that they never had to do homework during the summer. Just one more thing that has changed over the years I suppose, for the worse in our case.

As you can see there are many summer stresses that teens have to deal with. There are important decisions to make, homework to do, and even summer jobs to find. All of these tasks need to be done while also trying to keep somewhat of a life. We can't be thought of as workaholics, not yet at least, we are too young. I suppose getting older isn't always fun. We just have to enjoy what we have left of our free summer while it lasts.

To read other article by Daniele Ryan visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.

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## COLD WAR WARRIORS

## Postcards from the Cold War Homefront

Judy Butterfield

I am a product of the “duck and cover” generation of elementary grade students. In the 1950s, our national leaders assured us that by leaping under our desks and covering our heads, we would be spared the horrors of a nuclear blast that was inevitable because the war-mongering Russians wanted nothing more than to subjugate us and turn us into mind-controlled Commie robots. By 1953, we took solace in President Eisenhower’s threatening foreign policy. The 1954 Doolittle Report provided an early justification for any action against communists by stating that no rules applied when faced with “an implacable enemy set upon world domination by whatever means and whatever cost”. To Eisenhower, every raw material and skill that served the military did so at the expense of the domestic economy. To meet the needs of a steadily growing population, he sought to devote as few resources as possible to the military. This cost cutting led him to emphasize nuclear weapons because they offered more bang for the buck, in both literal and psychological terms. We found comfort in the braggadocios “Our bomb is bigger than your bomb” stand-off.

In 1955, when I was a freshman in high school, not much had changed when it came to US/USSR relations. By now, my mother had married a handsome “fly-boy” and we became an Air Force family stationed on Long Island, New York. We were still ducking and covering, but with less of a sense of urgency than in the years immediately following WWII. One day, my stepfather came home to announce that he was being reassigned and had been offered the choice of three assignments. “They are opening a new school in Colorado Springs to be called the Air Force Academy and I would teach Military Transportation there”, he reported. I swooned at the thought of being a faculty daughter in a sea of cadets! “But I turned that

down”, he continued. “What?!? You don’t care if I never find a husband!” I wailed and huffed off with much slamming of doors and drama worthy of Vivien Leigh. He turned to my mother and said, “The second choice was to Homestead AFB in Miami, Florida”. My mother’s family resided in Florida and she beamed at the prospect of being near them. “But I turned that down, too”. She glared at him and emulated my door slamming minus the wailing about future husbands. He called in the direction of the closed doors, “So we are going to a SAC base in Mountain Home, Idaho. I’m sure we will all be very happy there.” There followed a frosty two-week snubbing of the man who endured cold suppers and additional door slamming.

Mountain Home was headquarters of a huge Strategic Air Command bomber fleet poised to rain retaliatory nuclear revenge on any real or perceived belligerent behavior from the Russians. Under the command of General Curtis LeMay, SAC had become the linchpin of President Eisenhower’s military/diplomatic philosophy of massive nuclear retaliation. Security at the base was so extreme, it was easy to imagine the Russians marching out of the desert and down Airbase Blvd. Mountain Home was not near any urban area, but the mindset was that we must be prepared for an attack and evacuating the base held high priority. My mother had to keep a bag containing clothing and provisions for the entire family packed and stored near the front door. Teens attended the local civilian high school, and periodically we would have a drill to test the evacuation plan. Military kids would not be taken to an assigned corner where we would wait for the caravan of cars from the base. There was no searching for your family allowed, but you had to jump in whatever car stopped and said they had room. We would journey out into the desert until it was determined that we had the plan down pat, then we would circle back

and return to town to face the jealousy of our fellow students envious that we got to miss math class.

In 1960, our opinion of the dangerous and unstable nature of the Russian psyche was confirmed by an erratic performance by Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev at the 902nd Plenary Meeting of the UN General Assembly. The leader of the Soviet Union, infuriated by a statement from the Philippine delegation concerning colonialism, pounded his shoe on his delegate-desk. Mr. Khrushchev came to the rostrum, being recognized on a Point of Order. There he demonstratively, in a theatrical manner, brushed the Philippine speaker aside, with an upward motion of his right arm — without physically touching him — and proceeded to demand that the Assembly President call “this toady of American Imperialism” to order”. Khrushchev pounded his fists on the table during the continued speeches and even picked up his shoe and banged the desk with it. The Philippine Delegate was interrupted time and again. The chaotic scene finally ended when the Assembly President pounded the gavel (which shattered and bounced off), adjourning the meeting. Aha! (we said knowingly) A bunch of crazy commies who deserve to have our nuclear weapons aimed their way.

In 1968, Gen. LeMay was harshly criticized for his call to bomb North Vietnam “back into the Stone Age,” made while campaigning as vice president on the ticket with segregationist governor George C. Wallace. This was typical of “nuke ‘em” Cold War rhetoric. Years later, in 1983, President Reagan called the USSR the “focus of evil in the modern world”. The next day, the official Soviet news agency TASS said Reagan was full of “bellicose lunatic anti-communism.” In that same year, Reagan said in a televised address that all the ills of the world are to be blamed on the Soviets, and later, was caught on a live mike joking that he’s ordered the U.S.S.R. bombed. “My fellow



Americans, I am pleased to tell you today that I’ve signed legislation that will outlaw Russia forever. We begin bombing in five minutes.” The public reaction to the gaff signaled that Americans were still uncomfortable with Ronald Reagan’s Soviet hardline. That did not, however, keep Reagan from beating Mondale handily in the next election.

1962 found me newly wed to a dashing Air Force officer. We were at pilot training in Lubbock, Texas, when, in October of that year, there developed a confrontation between the Soviet Union, Cuba, and the United States. In September 1962, the Cuban and Soviet governments began to surreptitiously build bases in Cuba for a number of medium- and intermediate-range nuclear missiles with the ability to strike most of the continental United States. With patriotic fervor, we were certain that the call would come for our brave husbands to jump into their T-39 trainers, and attack those sneaky Soviets in Cuba. It never happened, and somehow President Kennedy arranged for a peaceful end to the Missile Crisis without the help of Pilot Training Class 62-D.

In 1969, my husband’s unit, the 39th Tactical Airlift Squadron, had a three-month rotation mission to Rhein-Main Air Base outside of Frankfurt, Germany. I flew over to join him and he took a few days leave for a short trip into Berlin. West Berlin was completely surrounded by the Communist-controlled country of East Germany, a closed society through which Amer-

icans were not allowed to travel. The city itself was split by a barrier built in response to the flight of about 2.5 million East Germans to West Germany in the years 1949–61. First erected on the night of Aug. 12–13, 1961, it developed into a system of concrete walls topped with barbed wire and guarded with watchtowers, gun emplacements, and mines. There were many rules involved in tourists traveling to West Berlin. My husband was required to wear his Class A uniform, and we traveled on a non-stop train through countryside blocked from view by blackened windows. West Berlin was a prosperous city of broad boulevards and expensive stores, many automobiles and bright lights. It was no wonder that so many attempts were made to breach the Wall, leave the grey poverty of the German Democratic Republic, and find freedom in the West.

We were determined to see “Check-point Charley”, through which a trickle of commerce passed, and I got my wish to wave merrily to the East German guards on the other side. They did not return my greeting. When West German protesters breached the wall on 9 November 1989, it provided the Cold War’s symbolic end. It also lessened my lifelong concerns about the designs on our way of life held by the Soviets. How ironic that the threats we face today are not from one easily identifiable nation, but from philosophical radicalism with no specific national roots. Kind of makes one nostalgic for the cut and dried Cold War.



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## IN MY OWN WORDS

# A recipe for August grilling

Katherine Au

August is the month that I think of as the end of summer, the dog days of summer, the days of barbeques and cookouts. This past July has surpassed heat records that I remember from most Augusts, and so I worry about how hot this August could be. Since it's near the end of July now as I write this, I can only say hindsight is better than foresight. But, this piece isn't about the heat of the summer, although for this summer maybe that topic does fit well; rather this piece is about the end of summer – cookouts, barbeques, having fun with friends and families.

August is the month when folks seem to pack as much in as possible before the start of fall. More specifically, they seem to pack more in before students go back to school. I remember the summer sales and back to school sales that always started at the beginning of August for returning to school. But, this year I'm not returning to school, nor are most of my friends, so for this purpose I think it's better served to not talk about sales for school supplies but rather recipes for a fantastic barbeque or cookout.

The first ingredient for a great cookout is a guest list. Invite whom you wish to spend an afternoon/evening with and whom you know you will enjoy spending the time with. Even if the menu doesn't come up to par, the company can make up for that. Then, of course, picking a date is a good thing. But, beyond the company and the date is having a wonderful setting. I have a friend who has speakers on the outside of the house – it's wonderful. You can be sitting outside and enjoying the quiet solitude of the breeze and buzzing of the bees and yet

wanting to feel motivated to work and cultivate the garden or unload the moving truck and, with a push of a button, music that motivates begins to play. But, beyond the company, the location, the setting, there is something much more important...the menu.

The menu is, of course, the solid structure to any gathering where food is served. Everyone has heard at some point of his or her life that food is the way to another's stomach. There certainly is a literal meaning to that, which I think is self explanatory, but there is also another meaning to that. I know from my own experience that if I enjoy the food at wherever I am, I seem to enjoy the experience much more.

So, to celebrate August and the coming to the end of this summer, I'll share with you some recipes or hints of cooking that I've been exposed to that do make a difference for my taste buds.

One of my cousins makes the best hamburgers on the grill I've ever tasted. It isn't about the meat, although organic tastes better than not organic in my mind, but his secret is Worcestershire sauce mixed into the patties before they are put on the grill. I don't know what it is, but they have always been spectacular.

To go with grilled burgers in August, I would pair grilled corn. Boiled corn is wonderful, but when it is on the grill, it just has a flavor to it that can't be beat in my mind. To top off the grill possibilities, think about grilled vegetables. Squash, peppers, zucchini, onions, and any other vegetables wanted for a cookout are wonderful grilled in a grill basket. But, that is only on the grill.

For other recipes that I love... there is a potato recipe that I

always go to whenever a potato recipe is needed. My friend Audrey gave me this recipe. I can't give you exact measurements as it's not an exact recipe, but it is one that is simple and wonderful at the same time. Potatoes are the main ingredient, of course, with the right combination (to your own taste) of mayonnaise, red onions, and dill...it's as simple as that and I at least think it's one of the most wonderful potato salads out there.

Beyond hamburgers, potato salad, fruits, and vegetables is a recipe that has always been a staple for my family. Taco Salad. The recipe is easy, and it can be prepared for a few people or made in great "vats" to feed many people at a time. The recipe below will serve 4-6 people, but it's not "rocket science." Add more of the ingredients you like the most, use less of those you don't care for. If you think you may have "picky" eaters, serve the onions and the olives separately alongside so folks can either add them or not, depending on their preferences. You can also prepare a vegetarian version by simply eliminating the meat--or fix one meat version and one vegetarian version (then you please everyone!).

Here's the basic recipe: the meat version which serves 4-6. Brown and then drain off any fat from a pound of hamburger meat. Add a can (or two) of drained red kidney beans, a package of taco seasoning mix, and 3/4 cup of water. Simmer for 20-30 minutes until the liquid is absorbed. While the meat mixture is simmering, tear about half a head of iceberg lettuce (other forms of lettuce work fine as well) in a large bowl, add a tomato cut into wedges, about two cups of grated cheese (cheddar, four-part Mexican--whatever you like), and a large



avocado. You can also add a chopped bunch of spring onions and 1/2 cup of sliced black olives to this mixture or serve both on the side. When the meat/bean mixture has finished simmering, add it to the mix. Crush about half a bag of taco chips (whichever kind you prefer) and add them, reserving the remainder of the bag of chips to serve alongside. Pour about half to three-quarters of a bottle of Catalina dressing (either regular, reduced fat, or fat-free) over the mixture and toss well. In addition to the chips, sour cream and guacamole can also be served alongside. To prepare the vegetarian version, simply simmer the kidney beans with the seasoning mix and water until the

liquid is absorbed, leaving out the meat.

No matter what one's choice is for an end of summer cookout/barbeque, it always can be a great time. The first and most important ingredient is the company and then the menu comes into play. No matter how your summer is ending, I hope it ends with a bang (not a whimper--to reference T.S. Eliot!) and a lovely experience with friends and family.

Stay cool--and if you can't stay cool, enjoy the heat with good friends and good food. Winter will be here soon enough!

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

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## ARTIST OF THE MONTH

## Brent Progecene

Angela Craig

Brent Progecene is pretty much everything you expect a real, honest, artist to be.

He has no outstanding, affected or conceived stories about music and grand spiritual encounters; in fact, he has had a pretty simple musical history.

Progecene began playing when he was 13, inspired by the typical music of the time: KISS, Rush, and Aerosmith. While he's dabbled in the saxophone and piano, the guitar is his primary instrument, and his life is surrounded by it. He's played in country, bluegrass, and rock bands, and he teaches guitar in the Thurmont and Frederick areas, and also works in a music store in Frederick. He speaks highly of the artists he's taken lessons from and collaborated with.

What makes Progecene really special, though, is his evidently sincere and genuine approach to music and life. He doesn't doctor up his interests or music; he doesn't pretend to like obscure and abstract

art, and chooses to appreciate things that are much more accessible. In fact, he says, "I usually admire [musicians] when they're just sort of real. I'm not 13 anymore, hype is kind of annoying. I like to see somebody who's sort of a real artist, who doesn't have a lot of phoniness, whether they're just singing a song and strumming some chords, or expressing themselves in something that's much more complex. I think all those things are valid."

Progecene respects musicians ranging anywhere from jazz guitarist Pat Martino to Grateful Dead member Jerry Garcia.

"I think Pat Martino is very cool because...at one point, after he had become a famous player, he experienced some sort of brain hemorrhage, and as a consequence he sort of lost all his memories, and had to rebuild all those memories and also relearn to play... It sort of gives an interesting insight into living in the now, and I have to say, I'm not real good at all that."

Family and studying other fields take up his time when he's not

playing or teaching. When asked what his life would be like without music, his response is not dramatic, especially for someone whose life and livelihood revolve around it, but simple and realistic. "There are so many things to be interested in, and maybe I should have gone in those areas instead. There's so much to learn and so much to experience that, I guess if I was daft for something, there's still a lot to do. There are lots of books to read, science is cool, physics is endlessly fascinating, philosophy, religion..."

But whatever path he could have taken, Progecene ended up a musician. And maybe that's just where he needed to be, so that he could give us uncomplicated assessment of music today. "We've come to an era where they sort of sign people by how they look and it's really sort of packaged. I like musicians who came up playing in bars and had actual on-the-road-experiences and going out there and performing and slugging it out."

If you're interested in taking



lessons from Brent, he teaches from his home in Thurmont or from Boe's Strings on South Market Street in Frederick. You can email him at [brent@brentguitar.com](mailto:brent@brentguitar.com) or call 240-586-1128.

Angela Craig is senior at the Mount majoring in Fine Arts and will be covering the local Fine Arts scene for the News-Journal.

## Simple Servings

Sharon Racine

## The Inspiration

I was first introduced to grilled tomato melts a few weeks ago at a friend's Fourth of July barbecue - as a huge fan of tomatoes, I fell in love with their juicy, seared tomatoey-ness highlighted by the slight spark of Pepper Jack cheese. Topped off with a sprinkling of green peppers and sliced almonds, these tomato melts taste just like summer and are one of the best grilled vegetables I've had the pleasure of consuming.

## The Recipe

Needless to say, when I returned from the barbecue, I immediately summoned Google in an attempt to find the recipe for this delicious creation. Since I have no outdoor grill at my apartment, I was grateful to find the following recipe from Better Homes and Gardens, which also includes instructions for conventional oven baking.

## You will need:

3 large tomatoes or a variety of smaller tomatoes (equaling about 1½ lbs.)  
1½ cups shredded Pepper Jack cheese (highly recommended) or Monterey Jack cheese  
1 small sweet pepper, any color, finely chopped

(about ½ cup)  
¼ cup toasted sliced almonds  
Pinch of salt (optional)

## Directions:

Conventional oven: Preheat oven to 350° F. Cut each tomato into 4 slices, each about ½ inch thick. If you are using smaller tomatoes, cut each tomato in half. Arrange tomato slices on a foil-lined cookie sheet, overlapping if necessary, and sprinkle lightly with salt, if desired. Add shredded cheese, chopped pepper, and

toasted almond slices. Place cookie sheet in oven and bake for approximately 15 minutes, or until cheese is melted and bubbly. To serve, lift tomato slices from the cookie sheet using a metal spatula.

Outdoor grill: prepare ingredients in a shallow foil pan. Place pan at center of the grill on medium heat for 12 to 15 minutes, or until the cheese is bubbly.

## Serving tips

This versatile grilled treat can be served in a number of ways.

Serve as an appetizer or side dish with your favorite grilled course with a Mexican flair. One serving = 3 tomato melt slices.

Quick tip: For a healthier option, sprinkle less cheese on each tomato slice.

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Answers: 1-b; 2-c; 3-d; 4-a; 5-e; 6-f

Auth. Elect Ellis Burruss, Jim Racheff, treas.



## ARTISTS OF THE MONTH

# Mount St. Mary's "Wednesdays at the Fountain" Summer Jazz Series

Dr. Tim Wolfe  
Mount St. Mary's University

Jazz is America's classical music and one of our nation's greatest artistic contributions to the world. Mount St. Mary's University is honoring and promoting live jazz this summer on Wednesday nights from 8:30 to 10:30 p.m. Details can be found at the university's website ([www.msmary.edu/summerjazz](http://www.msmary.edu/summerjazz)). All performances, held rain or shine, are free and open to the public.

Dr. Tim Wolfe, associate professor and chair of the Department of Sociology and Criminal Justice and a great lover of jazz, is organizing and hosting the summer concert series. Some of the region's finest jazz musicians, many of them jazz educators as well as performing and recording artists, are featured in the summer concert series.

One of the key goals in organizing the jazz series was to show off the wonderful talent that exists in and around Maryland. While serious jazz fans know how rich the jazz talent is in and around the state, too few area residents are aware of this fact. When thinking of a thriving jazz scene, many of us likely think of such places as New Orleans and New York City. While the Big Easy and Big Apple are clearly home to some of the finest jazz musicians in the world, the greater Baltimore-Washington region has more than its share of fantastic jazz artists (past and present).

Altogether, the summer concert series presents ten nights of live jazz. The first performance was held on Wednesday, June 2 and featured Third Stream, a versatile and high energy jazz quartet from Central Pennsylvania. Third Stream has been performing since the early 1970s and is regarded as one of the finest jazz groups on the east coast.

The second night, June 9, featured the Jack Wolfe Quintet, an ensemble comprised of seasoned musicians from the greater Baltimore-Washington area. The group's leader, Jack Wolfe, is a retired Montgomery County, MD music teacher and one of the most respected woodwind players in the D.C. area. He is also Tim Wolfe's father.

The third concert on June 16 featured Jeff Antoniuk and the Jazz Update. Jeff Antoniuk is a professor of jazz studies at Towson University. His quartet features some of the hottest jazz musicians you will find anyway. The group's newest CD, Brotherhood, is already moving up quickly on the jazz charts.

On June 23 the Eric Byrd Trio, a local group from Westminster, performed. Eric Byrd is a well known pianist, vocalist and music educator who currently teaches

at nearby McDaniel College. Eric's group plays not only throughout the region but also around the world. Their brand of jazz is accessible and quickly wins fans.

The final June concert (June 30) featured the WCW Trio which is made up of three young musicians from the area: Matt Wolfe, Tom Cossentino, and Ariel Wickham. Matt Wolfe (son of Tim Wolfe) is a jazz performance major at Shenandoah University in Winchester, Virginia. Tom Cossentino is a jazz performance major at Towson University, while vocalist Ariel Wickham is a music major at Susquehanna University in Pennsylvania. Though very young, these three musicians are already professional jazz artists who are making names for themselves.

The July line-up includes the Darryl Brenzel Quartet (July 7), the Jason Newman Quartet (July 14), the Howard Burns Quartet (July 21), and the Tom Lagana Quartet (July 28). The Darryl Brenzel Quartet features local saxophonist, composer, arranger, and educator, Darryl Brenzel. Brenzel is recently retired from the U.S. Army's Jazz Ambassadors, one of the country's premier jazz groups. He is a prolific composer and arranger. He teaches jazz at Towson University.

The Jason Newman Quartet features a young and up and coming pianist and composer. Jason Newman is a highly sought after player in the central Pennsylvania area. He is joined by three other young and very talented players from Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Howard Burns, a local musician and educator, brings his hard swinging quartet to the Mount on July 21. His group will play jazz standards, blues, Latin tunes, and original compositions. Howard's



quartet is well known in the region both for their exciting performances and their recordings.

Tom Lagana, guitarist and a member of the faculty at Towson University, and his group will bring their talents to Mount St. Mary's on July 28. Tom is a guitar virtuoso who has performed with some of the biggest names in jazz. His recordings have been critically acclaimed in the jazz press.

The series finale (Wednesday, August 4) will be a jam session open to area musicians at all levels of experience. The house band for the evening will be Jeff Antoniuk and the Jazz Update. The jam session will be fun, supportive and sure to entertain.

The jazz series has been a big hit this year, and it is hoped that it will be repeated next summer and beyond. The region is

full of accomplished jazz musicians who deserve opportunities to showcase their talent. Jazz, as quintessentially American at it gets, needs to be heard live in order to be fully appreciated. Mount St. Mary's is thrilled to

be able to support and promote this great art form.

If you have any questions about the concert series or jam session, contact Tim Wolfe via email at [wolfe@msmary.edu](mailto:wolfe@msmary.edu) or by phone at 443-765-0236.

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	<b>Introduction to Interior Design</b> Tuesdays, 9/21, 28, 10/12, and 19, 6:30-8:30 p.m. NOTE: No class October 5.		<b>Gardens to Go: Fall Splendor through Spring Surprise</b> Saturday, 10/9, 2-3:30 p.m. \$18 (\$20 nonmembers), plus \$25 materials fee NOTE: Meets at instructor's home in Gettysburg.
	<b>Introduction to Digital Photography</b> Mondays, 9/27-10/18, 6-8 p.m.		<b>Metal Clay Basics Plus</b> Saturday, 10/23, 1-6 p.m. \$60 (\$65 nonmembers), plus \$32 materials fee
	<b>Introduction to Watercolor Painting</b> Wednesdays, 10/6-27, 9:30-11:30 a.m.		<b>Beginning Fused Glass Jewelry</b> Monday, 11/8 & 15, 6-8 p.m. \$48 (\$53 nonmembers), plus \$35 materials fee
	<b>Painting the Figure from Life</b> Thursdays, 10/7-28, 6:30-8:30 p.m.		<b>Miniature Boxwood Tree or Wreath</b> Saturday, 12/4, 10 a.m.-3 p.m. \$48 (\$53 nonmembers), plus \$38 materials fee NOTE: Meets at instructor's farm near Fairfield.
	<b>Digital Photography: A Step Further</b> Tuesdays, 10/26-11/16, 6:30-8:30 p.m.		<b>Fused Glass Holiday Ornaments</b> Tuesday, 12/7 & 14, 6-8 p.m. \$48 (\$53 nonmembers), plus \$30 materials fee
	<b>Pastels ... You're Gonna Love 'Em!</b> Tuesdays, 11/2-23, 1-3 p.m.		See full course descriptions and register at <a href="http://www.acac.org">www.acac.org</a> .
	<b>Open Studio in Oils</b> Wednesdays, 11/3-24, 6-8 p.m.		<b>IMAGINATION STATION</b> 18 CAROLINE STREET, GETTYSBURG, PA
	<b>Digital Photography: Introduction to Photoshop Elements</b> Mondays, 11/22-12/13, 6:30-8:30 p.m.		<b>FOR KIDS</b> <b>Comic Creations</b> Wednesdays, 10/6-27, 6-8 p.m.

UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED, TUITION IS \$95 FOR ACAC MEMBERS, \$105 FOR NONMEMBERS. MATERIALS FEES ARE PAYABLE AT FIRST CLASS MEETING. CLASSES MEET AT THE ACAC IMAGINATION STATION, 18 CAROLINE STREET, GETTYSBURG, UNLESS NOTED. REGISTER BY PHONE AT (717) 334-5026.

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## COMPLEMENTARY CORNER—WELL BEING

# Acupuncture and the Five Elements

## The Earth Element, Part 1

Renee Lehman

In January, I began a series of articles on the Five Elements, the cyclical pattern of expression in nature, as observed by the ancient Chinese. These Elements or energies are felt to be the prime energetic building blocks from which everything in the material world is composed, and were never seen as five “distinct things”. So, every living thing and every person is a unique embodiment and combination of these Five Elements. The Five Elements are Water, Wood, Fire, Earth, and Metal (see the figure below). Together, they 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.

To explore the details of the “essence” of the Earth Element, let’s first look at the season that the Earth Element corresponds to: Late Summer. By examining the season of Late Summer, you will see how the Earth Element expresses itself in nature and in your own life.

### Season of Late Summer

Late Summer is the period of transition from Summer to Fall, and is thought of as “Indian Summer.” Think about how nature is changing during August and September. The grass is beginning to lose its lush green brightness. The afternoon air feels sticky and clammy, as the sun’s rays are not as intense as Summer. There is a feeling of heaviness in the air and even in our bodies. There can be alternating warm and cool days. There is an energetic change as we move from growth (Spring) and activity (Summer) to an inward focus (Fall and Winter). Fruits and vegetables are fully ripened and flowers are abundant. We are reaping the harvests of the earth (peaches, apples, squash, potatoes, etc.). How many of you will be canning, freezing, and storing vegetables and fruit for use over the winter?

Finally, the gifts of Late Summer include nourishment, harvest, abundance, thoughtfulness, and centeredness/grounding. It is from “Mother Earth” that we receive physical nourishment that helps us to replenish and invigorate the energy (Qi) that we are born with. “Mother Earth” also gives us mental and spiritual nourishment: thus giving us a feeling of centeredness, groundedness, and stability that creates a solid foundation for us to build our life upon.

Along with the season of Late Summer, the Earth Element is also defined as having other associations. For example, some of the associations are a Yin and Yang

Organ (the Spleen and Stomach, respectively), a body tissue (Muscles/Flesh), an external manifestation (Lips), a sound in the voice (Singing), an emotion (Sympathy), a color (Yellow), a direction (Center), a climate (Humidity), and a taste (Sweet).

### Organ Correspondences

The organs that correspond with the Earth element are the Stomach and Spleen. In Chinese medicine, the Stomach and Spleen have many functions on a body, mind, and spirit level. Their functions are very closely related, almost like a “functional yoke.” They are responsible for digesting and transforming the “nourishment” that we take into our bodies and then transport it to every cell in our body.

### Stomach

The Stomach is considered to be the “Official of Rotting and Ripening.” It is considered to be a granary or storehouse that receives liquids and solids from the food that we eat. It breaks them down (transforms them) into a “soupy mix” from which nutrients are absorbed into our blood stream.

On a physical level, the Stomach is responsible for a good appetite, the receiving of nourishment that we give ourselves, and for proper digestion of this nourishment. The Stomach can only work with what we put into our mouth, so quality food and water will allow the Stomach to work most efficiently. When the Stomach is in balance one will have an appropriate appetite, the ability to “taste” food, good digestion, and have no issues with acid reflux, burping, or eating disorders.

On an emotional and mental level, the Stomach is responsible for digesting and assimilating

thoughts and ideas. How often have you used any of the following phrases: “I am digesting this information; That was tasteless; I need to chew this over; I’m having a hard time swallowing this; I have an insatiable appetite for \_\_\_\_; or I can’t stomach this anymore?” These phrases demonstrate how the Stomach gives us the ability to savor our thoughts, experiences, and family life. When the Stomach is in balance one can digest ideas and experiences, then assimilate them into your “being”.

On a spirit level, the Stomach is responsible for a sense of groundedness/centeredness and satisfaction with one’s life. When the Stomach is in balance one has a solid sense of self, can ask for assistance when needed, be considerate of self and others, and be altruistic.

### Spleen

The Spleen is responsible for transporting nourishment, energy (Qi), blood (other forms of nourishment), urine, lymph, and other fluids. It is also responsible for supporting and holding things in place.

On a physical level the Spleen is likened to a fleet of delivery trucks carrying extremely important packages to customers 24/7, 365 days a year. Just imagine how important it is for a distribution center and its delivery trucks to deliver produce to your grocery store! No transportation can occur if the bridges along the roadways are not supported properly to keep them from collapsing, even if the delivery trucks are full and ready for delivery. If the Spleen is weak, then it can act like a delivery truck driver who is tired and wants to go home to sleep so he ignores the stops near the end of his route, or like a bridge that has

collapsed so deliveries cannot be made. This can show up as weak, or cold hands/feet (nourishment not making it to the ends extremities), general weakness and lethargy, sinus congestion, accumulation of fluids in the extremities, or prolapses of organs and or vessels.

On an emotional and mental level, the Spleen is responsible for the ability to move “information” where it needs to go and then “hold this information”. In other words, the Spleen is responsible for the capacity to think, memorize, and concentrate.

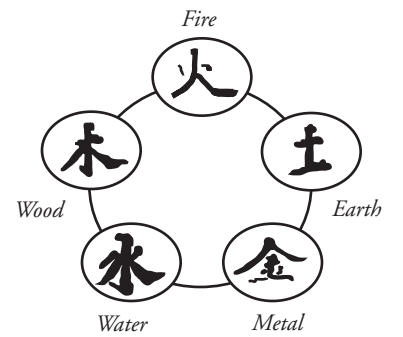
On a spirit level, the Spleen gives us the ability to “deliver” an abundance of love, nurturing, compassion to oneself and to others. A Spleen that is in balance will show up as one being grounded, being appropriately thoughtful, having a generous spirit, and having a good connection to Heaven and Earth.

How does this relate to you today?

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. Are there any answers that surprise you? See if you are able to accept yourself fully while processing your answers. Is there anything that you would like to compassionately change about yourself so that the answer would be different in the future? To do this, you may need a professional to work with you (a physician, nutritionist, acupuncturist, personal trainer, massage therapist, counselor, spiritual director, and other wellness professionals).

How would you describe your appetite for food and life?

Have you ever dealt with an eat-



ing disorder?

How close are you to your ideal weight?

Do you have any problems with heartburn, burping, etc?

How often does worrying interrupt your sleep pattern?

How grounded or centered do you feel?

How would you describe your ability to concentrate?

Have you ever had hemorrhoids, or other organ prolapses?

In the next article, I will discuss more correspondences/associations of the Earth Element. Until then, keep observing your movement through Late Summer, and how your Stomach and Spleen are functioning on a body, mind, spirit level. And remember: It is tempting to say that the ‘Earth is this or that’, or declare ‘I am only Earth, but this is NOT how the Elements are meant to be described. There are aspects of the Earth Element that resonate for each individual, and it should! The Earth Element is an integral piece of describing the ONENESS 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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# HISTORY OF THE SOUTH MOUNTAIN FAIR

The two Arendtsville churches are, probably more than any other organizations, the "fathers" of the South Mountain Fair. For a half century or more prior to 1920, the Sunday Schools of Trinity Lutheran Church and Zion United Church of Christ in Arendtsville had gotten together each summer for a picnic in Heiges' Grove, along the Conewago Creek a mile north of town.

About 1920 it became known that Heiges' Grove was for sale and a group of Arendtsville men, members of the Sunday School and churches, decided to band together to buy the grove. This grove was purchased and named "The Arendtsville Union Park".

The claim was made in 1922 that the South Mountain Fair was an outgrowth of the Farmer's Day, which once was one of the most popular annual events in Gettysburg. One of the prime movers in the origin of the Fair upon his return to the upper end of the county from a Farmer's Day in Gettysburg remarked: "Why can't we have a show in our end of the county?" An affirmative answer was quickly forthcoming. The committee who helped organize the Farmer's Day proceeded with a plan to organize the South Mountain Fair.

With the land now owned by the Sunday Schools, it became in a sense the property of the community and when a group of men in the upper end of the county got together to establish the Fair, the "Arendtsville

Union Park" seemed the obvious site.

The Gettysburg Times on September 27, 1922, printed the report of the first South Mountain Fair under the heading "County Fair Was Big Success". The account follows:

"What the annual Fairs are to York and Hanover, what Farmers' Day is to Gettysburg, the South Mountain Fair is destined to become to residents of the upper half of Adams County, if indications of the first gala event held Tuesday, can be used as a measure.

The success of the first annual exhibition at Arendtsville Union Park was unquestioned by those in charge of arrangements. From start to finish, the fair was all and more than the officials of the South Mountain Fair Association could wish."

Tuesday was proclaimed a holiday for everybody in the townships of Butler, Menallen and Franklin and judging from the crowd assembled on the park grounds, residents there took advantage of the proclamation. The crowd during the afternoon of the first day was estimated at 2,000.

The fairground was divided into two sections by the baseball diamond. To the north of the diamond were tents which housed the exhibits of fruits, vegetables, bread and cakes, preserves, home canned goods, art and needlework. To the south of the

baseball field were pens of hogs, the horses and cows, chickens and other livestock exhibits.

The speech of Mr. Fred Rasmussen, State Secretary of Agriculture, during the afternoon attracted a large number of listeners. He praised Adams County for its great strides in apple production and urged standardization of crops to secure the greatest yield from the greatest number of acres.

The baseball game during the afternoon drew scores of persons who lined themselves around the field to watch Arendtsville defeat Bendersville, 4 to 3. Shoap and Snyder were the battery for Arendtsville, while Bream and Stahle officiated on the mound and behind the bat for Bendersville.

Music during the afternoon was furnished by the Loysville Orphan's Home Band. During the evening this band was augmented by the Mt. Joy Community Band when both rendered selections. Moving pictures were also a feature of the evening.

Displays of farm and orchard machinery, labor saving devices for use by the farm-wife, and automobiles, occupied a portion of the fairgrounds.

There was no money for premiums for the first year, but ribbons were given for the best displays. The only cash prizes given were for the awards for school youngsters. All grade schools in Butler, Franklin and

Menallen Twps. and the boroughs of Arendtsville, Biglerville, and Bendersville, were asked to enter exhibits. Each school was asked to collect farm, orchard and garden products and exhibit them as a unit. First prize, \$15 cash, second \$10, third \$5, fourth \$2.50. Gettysburg National Bank contributed the prize money for this department.

It was not until midnight that the last light on the Arendtsville Union Park was extinguished and the first exhibition of the South Mountain Fair came to a close.

## Mr. M.E. Knouse and Mr. Frederick E. Griest

Mr. M.E. Knouse was one of the driving forces behind the fair. Mr. Knouse in 1922, had been a storekeeper at Brysonia for 15 years when the first fair took roots. Mr. Frederick E. Griest was another who spurred the fair into existence. At that time, Mr. Griest was manager of 418 acres of orchards owned by his father, A.W. Griest, also a charter member of the Fair Association.

These men were quoted at the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Fair Association in 1972, as saying, "the fair was put together on the spur of the moment because we felt it would be good for the community." Mr. Knouse was president of the fair for about 40 years. The officers of the first fair were: M.E. Knouse, President; Roy Raffensperger, Vice

President; Charles Hershey, Vice President; Edwin A. Rice, Secretary and general manager; Frederick E. Griest, Asst. Secretary; E. Dale Heiges, Treasurer.

Board of Directors were: Charles Hartman, Arthur Roberts, W.W. Boyer, H.J. Oyler, C.A. Griest, John W. Miller, P.S. Orner, Isaac Bucher, Harvey Knouse, and G.W. Koser.

Because the association was using the tents borrowed from the state, it was left without housing when Pennsylvania sold off its tents in 1924. So there were no fairs in 1924 and 1925. By 1926 the association had gotten together 100 guarantors who each signed notes of \$100, and with the \$10,000 thus raised, constructed the first permanent buildings which housed the fair for the first time in 1926.

The Fair once provided guides for school children. In 1926 it was reported: "Because of the educational value of the fair as a whole, Adams County's small army of nearly 10,000 school children has been invited to attend the fair on Wednesday afternoon as guests of the fair association. Children going to the fair in groups will find guides in attendance to conduct them through the various buildings, explaining the educational features and in other ways trying to make their visit pleasant." School children have been admitted free to the fair ever since that day.

## South Mountain Fair Information

### 88th Annual Fair August 17-21, 2010

Admission: Adults - \$4.00 - Children 12 & under - Free  
Gates Open: T, W, Th, F - 4:00 p.m.; Saturday - 10:00 a.m.  
Located along Rte 234, Arendtsville, PA  
Phone 717.677.9663

Web site: [www.southmountainfair.com](http://www.southmountainfair.com)

### DAILY ACTIVITIES:

#### Tuesday, August 17, 2010 - \*\*4-H Day\*\*

4:00 p.m. Fair Open  
4:00 p.m. Exhibit Buildings Open  
4:00 p.m. 4-H/FFA Market Sheep Judging, Show Arena  
5:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m. Ride Night Special - \$18  
5:30 p.m. Open Sheep Judging, Show Arena  
7:00 p.m. Food Auction in the Auditorium to benefit the Adams County  
8:00 p.m. 4-H/FFA Market Swine Judging, Show Arena  
9:00 p.m. Youth Dance - DJ in the auditorium - Free  
10:00 p.m. Exhibit Buildings Close

#### Friday, August 20, 2010

4:00 p.m. Fair Open  
4:00 p.m. Exhibit Buildings Open  
5:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m. Rides Open, NO SPECIAL  
5:00 p.m. Dairy Showmanship Judging, Show Arena  
6:00 p.m. Holstein Dairy Cattle Judging, Show Arena  
7:30 p.m. **Smokey Mountain Sunshine** - Auditorium - Free  
10:00 p.m. Exhibit Buildings Close

#### Saturday, August 21, 2010

9:00 a.m. Open Draft and Light Horse Show, Rear Arena, Free with gate admission  
10:00 a.m. Fair Open  
11:00 a.m. Exhibit Buildings Open  
1:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. Ride Special - \$18  
4:00 p.m. 4-H/FFA Livestock Sale (Steer/Dairy Beef/Goat/Sheep/Swine)  
4:30 p.m. Parade of Antique Farm Equipment  
6:30 p.m. **Colgate Country Showdown** - Auditorium - Free  
10:00 p.m. Exhibit Buildings Close,  
**Only Livestock may be removed**

#### Sunday, August 22, 2010

2:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m. Fairgrounds open to remove entries for all remaining departments



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## ASTRONOMY

# The night sky of August

Professor Wayne Wooton

For August 2010, the Last quarter Moon will be on August 3rd, rising about midnight, and the New Moon will be on August 10th, ideal for observing the Perseid meteor show in the next week's morning hours. The morning of August 12th is the peak for the Perseid Meteor Shower, our best annual celestial fireworks show.

The Moon will be a thin crescent, setting in early evening, so it will not be a factor when the radiant rises in the NE after midnight. If you have a dark sky site, you will see about a meteor every 2-3 minutes from midnight until dawn. They will seem to come out of the constellation Perseus, hence the name. The waxing crescent moon passes 2 degrees south of Mercury low in the SE on August 12, then below the striking triangle of bright Venus and fainter reddish Mars and Saturn on August 13th. The first two weeks find the moon a crescent in the morning sky and evening skies, making the darker skies idea for observing the Milky Way. The first quarter moon is on August 16th, and the Full Moon, the Green Corn Moon in Native American Lore, is on August 24th.

Mercury will be visible in the evening sky in early August, reaching a greatest elongation of 27 degrees east of the sun on August 7th, but it retrogrades in the next week and will be lost in sun's glare by midmonth. Venus dominates the western sky for the rest of the year, and moves below Saturn on August 8th, then passes below Mars on August 19th. Mars too lies in the evening sky, very distant from earth and not the bright object you may have described in the recycled e-mails revived every August since its close approach to earth in 2003. These are urban legends that will not die, alas. Both Mars and Sat-

urn are setting earlier each evening, and will be lost in the sun's glare by September. But in the east, Jupiter rises in Pisces about 10 PM at the start of August, and about 8:30 PM by month's end. It is at opposition on September 21st, rising in the east at sunset and up all night.

Those who are used to seeing Jupiter will be surprised by the lack of its southern "racing stripe", the usually very prominent south equatorial belt, which vanished this spring and has not grown back to date.

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

Taking the arc in the Dipper's handle, we "arc" SE to bright orange Arcturus, the brightest star of Spring. Cooler than our yellow 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.

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.

Hercules is overhead, with the nice globular cluster M-13 marked on your sky map and visible in binocs. Several other good globular clusters are also shown



The Milky Way's closest globular cluster, Omega Centauri

and listed on the best binoc objects on the map back page.

The brightest star of the northern hemisphere, Vega dominates the NE sky. Binoculars reveal the small star just to the NE of Vega, epsilon Lyrae, as a nice double. Larger telescopes at 150X reveal each of this pair is another close double, hence its nickname, the "double double"...a fine sight under steady sky conditions.

Below Vega are the two bright stars of the Summer Triangle; Deneb is at the top of the Northern Cross, known as Cygnus the Swan to the Romans. It is one of the most luminous stars in our Galaxy, about 50,000 times brighter than our Sun. To the south is Altair, the brightest star of Aquila the Eagle. About midway between sits the planetary nebula M-27, visible in binoculars. This fine stellar tombstone is our astrophoto highlight of the month. The "dumbbell" nebula was photographed by with a 18" scope and a MalinCam video camera, and is one of the most colorful and photogenic deep sky objects to observe with small scopes. It

can in fact be seen with good binoculars.

can in fact be seen with good binoculars. To the south, Antares rises about the same time in Scorpius. It appears reddish (its Greek name means rival of Ares or Mars to the

Latins) because it is half as hot as our yellow Sun; it is bright because it is a bloated red supergiant, big enough to swallow up our solar system all the way out to Saturn's orbit!

East of the Scorpion's tail is the teapot shape of Sagittarius, which marks the heart of our Milky Way galaxy. Looking like a cloud of steam coming out of the teapot's spout is the fine Lagoon Nebula, M-8, easily visible with the naked eye. This stellar nursery is ablaze with new stars and steamers of gas and dust blown about in their energetic births. In the same binocular field just north of the Lagoon is M-20, the Trifid Nebula.

Just a little NE of Sagittarius, and much brighter, giant Jupiter dominates the SE sky in Capricornus. Any small scope will reveal what Galileo marveled at in 1609; four large moons, all bigger or similar to ours in size, orbit it in a line along Jupiter's equator. So get out the old scope, and focus on Jupiter for a constantly changing dance of the moons around the giant world.

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## Farmers' Almanac

Weather watch: fair and hot (1,2,3) with storms (4,5). Hazy, hot, and humid (6,7,8,9,10) with heavy rain and more storms (11,12,13). Hazy, hot, and humid again (14,15) with the possibility of a tropical storm (16,17). Fair and less hot (18,19) turning hazy, hot, and humid (20,21,22). Storms, much cooler (23,24) changing to fair and very warm temperatures (25,26). Storms (27,28) with fair and warm weather (29,30). The month ends with a tropical storm (31).

Full Moon: August's Full Moon rises on August 24th at 12:05PM EDT. It has often been referred to as the Full Ripe Moon or Fruit Moon because of the many

summer vegetables and fruits that come ripe at this time. It is also known as the Dog Moon for The Dog Days of Summer, which end on the 11th.

Holidays: Prepare for a safe Labor Day holiday by giving the backyard grill one last bit of attention by cleaning off excess grease to avoid a smoky taste in foods and potential fires. Remember to always include safety, common sense, and a good sunscreen (SPF 15 or higher) in your plans.

The Garden: August is the peak of the hot and dry season and your plants will need water more than anything during this time. If watering is limited or restricted in your area, concentrate on getting the most to newly planted trees

and shrubs. If you use thick mulch, water will be retained much better. To ensure a happy harvest, pick vegetables in the morning hours when the sugar content is highest. Never harvest or do any other garden work when plants are wet or you're likely to spread disease. Use clippers or a sharp knife to harvest tough- or brittle-stemmed crops such as broccoli, cabbage, eggplant, peppers, and squash. They can be damaged if pulled or torn from their stems. Prune summer flowering shrubs as the flowers fade. Plant trees, shrubs and perennials now, so they can take root, and keep them well watered. Get your fall-blooming crocus and colchicum planted so they'll bloom on time.

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COMPUTER Q&A

# Computer buying guide

Ayse Jester

So you want a new computer? Well what kind of computer? Do you know if you want a laptop or a desktop or what operating system? Read on to learn more about the options you have when buying a computer and what to be aware of.

Desktop or Laptop? If you don't need the portability of a laptop you should stick with a desktop. One reason why desktops are a good choice is because they are less expensive to repair and much easier and cheaper to upgrade. Laptops tend to get hot and can overheat more easily than a desktop. You also run the risk of having costly repairs associated with broken or damaged screens and broken power jacks. Full size desktop computers have standard parts and usually have a better video card.

Pre-built or Custom built? If you have specific needs or just want something designed around you then a custom computer. While a custom pc may be more costly, would be a good investment instead of making changes to the computer down the road. Many companies offer pre-built and custom-built models. The downside to getting a custom built computer is if you are ordering it through a big business such as Dell, Toshiba or HP your computer could take weeks to be built and shipped.

Small town computer shop or big brand name? There can be downsides and upsides to purchasing your computer through a small computer store or a big brand name business. If you are considering purchasing through a computer shop it may save you money especially on custom built systems (we recently built a \$4,500 gaming computer that would have cost over \$8,000 from Dell). You will want to ensure that you are purchasing your computer from a credible computer store that will not be using counterfeit software. Ask questions like, "you will be putting a new copy of windows on the computer, right?" You should also make sure that you receive disks for any software installed on the computer. If they can't produce a disk it's probably not legitimate.

When going with a big name company you have the advantage of customer support 24/7 but that support will probably be in the form over overseas customer service which many people complain they cannot understand. You will most like-

ly be asked to ship your product away which could take several weeks of downtime. The big name companies will not take your personal data into consideration. If you have anything you want to save you will have to make those arrangements on your own. Many of the big name brand companies sell their products at lower prices than small shops. Consider the quality of parts the big companies are putting into your computer versus what a small business will put in. You may save money with a big name brand but if the quality isn't there you will be worse off in the end.

Additional software you may need. Don't assume that everything that was on your old computer when you bought it will come with the new computer. Things like Microsoft Office and Microsoft Works do NOT usually come with a computer.

Ensure that you have the means to re-install any software that's on the old computer before purchasing your new computer. Remember-programs can NOT be transferred to another computer they must be re-installed. New computers generally come with some sort of trial antivirus. If you're not fond of the software that comes with the computer we recommend installing your antivirus right away. You definitely do not want to go without antivirus so consider that an extra expense within at least 30 days.

Accessories or additional hardware. Make sure that any devices that you already own are going to be compatible with your computer. If you're using an old printer with a serial port connectors don't expect your new computer to have that connection. Check online to find out if your devices will work with the operating system to ensure that drivers for your devices will be available. You should always have some kind of power protection, either a surge protector or a battery backup device. If any of your data on the new computer will be important to you, you should get



a back-up drive or plan on burning your data to CD or DVD to avoid unexpected data loss. Buying a new computer can be stressful with so many options available and so many sales representatives trying to push you for a sale. Make sure you do your research and consider buying from a smaller company that has the ability to pro-

vide you with answers to any questions you may have without pushing sales. Do your research, and find a product that will not only fit your needs but give you room for future productivity. For professional, friendly computer help contact Jesters Computer Services at (717) 642-6611 or on the web at [www.jesterscomputers.com](http://www.jesterscomputers.com)

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## LIBRARY NOTES &amp; SENIOR NEWS

# Danger among the stacks

Caroline Rock

I am so grateful the summer is almost over! And this is strange for me since summer is my favorite season. I love it when the temperature soars into the nineties. I love the excessive greenness of trees in July, and the tenacity of a summer lawn. I love the sounds of sprinklers and cardinals and skateboards and cicadas. I love watching a baseball game on tv in the evenings with the windows open and a glass of iced tea in my hand, knowing the sun will barely be set when the game ends, just in time for fireworks.

But it was fireworks that brought about my impatience for the end of summer. More precisely, it was the July Fourth holiday that made me eager for a safer time of year.

The week before Independence Day was when it all began, or rather, when it began to sink in. Summer is not a safe time to be alive. Every day the newspapers, radio and tv stations ran stories about the dangers of summer, warning us to take caution, to prepare for the worst, to plan as if every summer activity were a battle for our very lives.

People die riding bicycles. People die in swimming pools. People die eating fireworks. Yes, you read that right. A newspaper article this summer actually printed the sentence, "Even unlit, ingesting fireworks can be dangerous, if not lethal."

Fireworks are just the beginning of holiday hazards.

So what about a picnic? Certainly, you would think, there can't be a less menacing summer activity than going on a picnic. You would be wrong. First, there is the grill. Fire—bad! And what reporter won't

play on your emotions by reminding you of your children. Do not allow children to play with a hot grill unsupervised. Then there is the danger that you will not cook your meat thoroughly, or that you will cross-contaminate, or that your hands will just not be clean enough for cooking purposes. And of course, perishable food left in the summer sun can lead to food-borne illness. Food left unattended can attract aggressive animals or animals that might carry diseases like rabies. And did you know that the picnic table on which you are eating is pressure treated with chemicals to fend off decay, insects, and vermin. You might ask, what chemical is used to treat that wood? The terrifying answer: arsenic!

Forget the picnic. Let's just take a nice summer walk. Well, before you go hiking off into some carefree fantasyland, keep in mind the dangers. You aren't wearing those shoes, are you? Those flip flops and open-toe sandals are right up there with fireworks and grills for summer danger. The open-toe design presents and easy tripping hazard, which raises the risk of metatarsal and phalanges fractures. The lack of support can cause long-term foot damage, not to mention neck and spine injury. When those shoes get wet, your foot is likely to slip off, causing ankle fractures or falls. Flip flops and sandals can also harbor more than 18,000 deadly bacteria like staph and E. coli. And that's just the shoes! Walking at the wrong time of day, when the sun is up and the heat index is high, can bring about dehydration or even heat stroke.

And the new danger—texting while walking.

So maybe you should just find something to do inside. Perhaps a movie? Hold on there, Rambo! Do you know how dangerous it is to see a movie? The noise from the surround-sound can cause permanent, irreversible hearing loss. Stadium seating and dim lights are the perfect storm for taking a tumble. Theater food could contain trans-fats, unpopped kernels, or ingredients you didn't know you were allergic to. You never know when someone in the theater will yell, "Fire!" And whatever you do, stay away from those 3-D glasses. One reporter found that they contain as much bacteria as a well-worn flip flop.

The mall? The mall seems like it would be a safe place to spend a hot summer day. It would SEEM that way until you consider the number of people who get mugged in mall parking lots, the number of people who slip and fall on ice cream cones dropped onto the floor, and the number of people who are run down by mall walkers. There are also large objects on high shelves that could fall on you, crowds of people that could jostle you and make you stumble, and, oh, the escalator dangers are an article all to themselves. Never EVER ride an escalator unless you are totally naked with steel-toed boots on your feet, a hardhat on your head and nothing in your hands. Keep your arms tightly at your sides, your eyes on your feet, and your will up to date.

By this time, you have concluded that the safest place in the summer is your own home. But have you had your air quality checked? Air conditioning does not clean the air. It does not remove mold spores or radon. Do you use a portable gen-

erator when the power goes out? If you do, beware: carbon monoxide is not just a winter hazard.

Heaven help me, I haven't even hit on dangers like lightning, sharks, deer ticks, sunburn, gabeon vipers, jellyfish, Tom Cruise movies, On-bashira matsuri, or medical vacations. So to relieve myself of any liability, I will just advise you to avoid ALL of these things.

I wonder how we get to autumn each year without losing half the population of the world.

A common sentence found in many newspaper and television danger stories is this: "Even approved (you fill in the blanks with fireworks, grills, flotation devices, spicy brown mustard) can be dangerous if not used properly." But some things are dangerous if not used at all. Don't you agree?

So after reaching the end of summer and heaving sigh of relief that I made it through alive, I will assess my summer on the following criteria:

Did I take any risks at all? Did I learn something new, try a new food or a new style or a new author? Did I go someplace or see something I have never seen before? Did I appreciate the things only summer can bring, like watermelon and hummingbirds and, yes, fireworks and swimming and picnics?

No, I am not really grateful summer is over. School will start up soon and temperatures will drop. The leaves will change and fall, and everyone will begin to pull in, to pull in to their safe homes and their safe, heavy clothes and their old, safe routines. Then you will begin to hear people sigh and murmur wistfully, "Man, I can't wait for summer," as they sit up all night shivering to make sure the Christmas tree doesn't burn the house down.

## SENIOR NEWS

### EMMITSBURG

This summer has been so hot already that the "dog days" of August may seem like an anticlimax. Thank goodness for the pool, and the lovely trees that shade Main Street. School begins late in the month, so let's all take note of buses and their flashing red lights, and crosswalk courtesy, to keep our community's students safe. Stay safe, and stay cool!

### Special Programs:

It's Party Time with Music on Tuesday, Aug. 24 @ 12:30 p.m.

An Evening '500' Card Party is scheduled for the 25th @ 7 p.m.

Wii bowling Fridays at 9:00 a.m.

### Regular Activities

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

Strength Training & Conditioning: Tuesday and Thursday, 10 a.m. Dress comfortably, wear athletic

shoes. Participants will use small weights. Free.

Bingo: August 11 & 25.

Cards, 500, and Bridge Group: August 4 & 18.

Men's Pool: Wednesdays at 1:00 p.m.

Pinochle & 13: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

Canasta: Fridays at 12:30 p.m.

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# UPCOMING EVENTS

**August 1 - 6**  
Emmitsburg Council of Churches annual Vacation Bible School from 6:30 pm-8:30 pm at the Elias Lutheran Church. All are invited to join us for a week of fun, friends and faith! For more information call 301-524-3644 or email emmitsburgvbs@hotmail.com

**August 8**  
Hollabaugh Bros Annual Peach Festival. Come for a day of special music, wagon rides, peach sundaes, peach samples, peach products, and peaches galore! 545 Carlisle Rd. Biglerville PA 17307. For more information call 717-677-9494 or visit their website at www.hollabaughbros.com. Proceeds benefit the Land Conservancy of Adams County. Free parking, no admission.

Second Sunday at Strawberry Hill Nature Preserve's. The Sounds of Summer. Who's making all that racket and why? Our sense of hearing will help us to learn about the many creatures active this time of year. Members \$5, Non-members \$8. For more information call 717-642-5840.

Meet & greet with County Commissioner Kai Hagen. 4 - 6 pm, Memorial Park ( behind the Post Office). Burgers & Sodas! For more information call 301-447-2690.

**August 11**  
St. John's Lutheran Church's Family and Friends Night in the Parish House, 6 PM. For more information call 301-514-8473

**August 12**  
Strawberry Hill Nature Preserve's Adult Naturalist Class - Tracks & Traces. Learn the basics of identifying the animals that are present in an environment by the signs they leave behind. Pre-registration by August 11 required. Members \$5, Non-members \$8. For more information call 717-642-5840

**August 14**  
Mt. Tabor Park Annual Big Picnic. Schedule of events: Soup & Sandwich Stand - 11 AM - 9 PM, Cruise in Car Show - Noon to 4 PM, Baby Show - 1 PM, Buffet - Fried Chicken & Ham (2 - 7 PM), Entertainment - JR Country (7 - 9 PM). Mt. Tabor Park, Rocky Ridge, MD

**August 15**  
St Anthony Shrines Church Flea Market. For more information call 301-447-2367

**August 16 - 21**  
Annual Rocky Ridge Vol. Fire Co. carnival at at the Mt. Tabor Park in Rocky Ridge

88th Annual South Mountain Fair - A small country fair featuring rides for the kids, barns filled with farm animals, many homemade needlework exhibits, photography, home canned fruits and vegetables, fresh produce and fruits, and beautiful flowers, all on display. South Mountain Fairgrounds, Route 234, Arendtsville, Pa. For more information see page 35.

**August 19**  
Strawberry Hill Nature Preserve's: Screech Owl Serenade Hike. It's the time of year that the screech owls become very active. We'll listen for their weird calls and try

to locate them as they flit through the forest. For more information call 717-642-5840

**August 21**  
16th Annual Civil War Music Muster - Civil War brass bands, fife and drum and parlor music are presented in concert at the Gettysburg National Military Park Museum and Visitor Center, followed by a concert at the Pennsylvania Memorial and the Eternal Light Peace Memorial in the early evening. Gettysburg National Military Park and Visitors Center. For more Information call 877-874-2478

Fr. O'Malley Farewell Celebration - so please save the dates. The festivities begin after the 4:30pm Mass. There

will be a short presentation followed by dinner at 6:30pm, followed by dancing. For more information call 301-447- 2326

**August 23**  
Regular Monthly meeting of the Emmitsburg Historical Society. For more information visit the Historical Society Section of Emmitsburg.net or call 310-471-3306.

**August 28**  
Mother Seton School - Kids Helping Kids BINGO. Mother Seton School invites kids and adults to come to our opening bingo- "Kids Helping Kids Bingo." 4pm at Mother Seton School. Doors open at 3pm. Prizes. All proceeds benefit the Mother Seton School Scholarship Fund. For more information call 301-447-3161.

**Seton Center Thrift Shop**

**\$5 BAG SALE**

Fri., Aug. 6th - 10 am to 4 pm  
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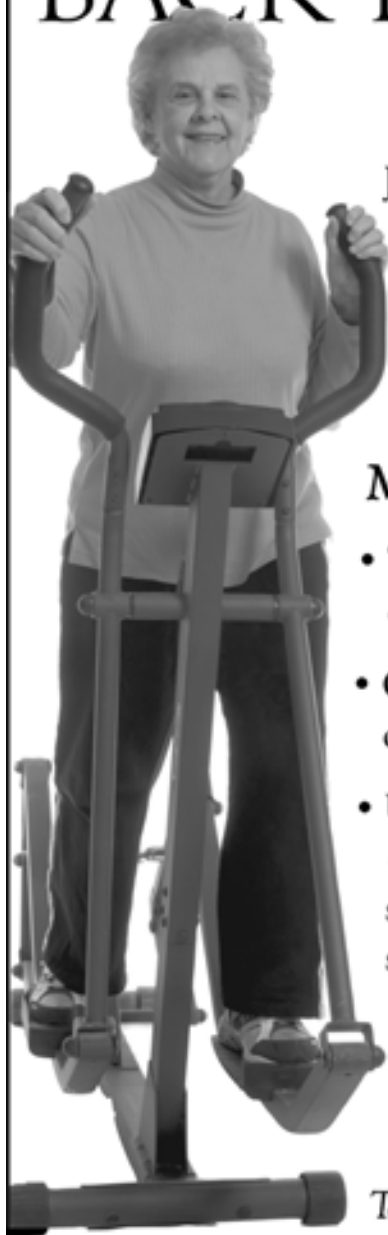
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- The new area will be a **bi-level space** using 3 of the 4 existing racquetball courts.
- **One racquetball court** will remain as a racquetball court/multi-functional area.
- Upper level will include **21 new cardio pieces** (Octane and Matrix – brand names) and a designated stretching area, including a few bosu balls, various sized stability balls and stretching bands.
- Lower level will include **free weights, selectorized machines (Hoist . . . the Roc-It line) and a fixed barbell area.**

To learn more about an ARCC membership visit [www.msmary.edu/arcc](http://www.msmary.edu/arcc) or call 301-447-5290.



### FALL SWIM LESSONS

MONDAY/WEDNESDAY EVENINGS ON THE FOLLOWING DATES:

**Sept 13, 15, 20, 22, 27, 29, Oct 4, 6**

TUESDAY/THURSDAY EVENINGS ON THE FOLLOWING DATES:

**Sept 14, 16, 21, 23, 28, 30, Oct 5, 7**

#### REGISTRATION:

Thurs, Sept. 2, 2010

ARCC Hospitality Room

6:00 p.m. ARCC members

6:30 p.m. Non-members

#### MORE INFO?

Visit [www.msmary.edu/aquatics](http://www.msmary.edu/aquatics) or call the Aquatics Office (301-447-7429) or Recreational Services Office (301-447-5290)



### FITNESS CLASSES

Other classes are always on-going at the ARCC

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Please visit [www.msmary.edu/fitness](http://www.msmary.edu/fitness) for days, times and class descriptions.

## MASS AT THE GROTTTO, SEPTEMBER 25

At the celebration of this Mass, the **SACRAMENT OF ANOINTING OF THE SICK** will be administered to those whose health is seriously impaired by sickness or old age. Others who are ill and elderly will be remembered in prayer for healing and wholeness.

- 2:30 p.m.      Rosary in Chapel of St. Mary on the Hill
- 3 p.m.        Procession to Grotto
- 3:45 p.m.     Talk on Our Lady of Lourdes
- 4 p.m.        Mass at Grotto cave  
(attendance fulfills Sunday obligation)

In attendance: Sovereign Military Hospitaller Order of St. John of Jerusalem of Rhodes and of Malta, Federal Association and Our Lady of Lourdes Hospitality North American Volunteers



Visit [www.GrottoOfLourdesEmmitsburg.com](http://www.GrottoOfLourdesEmmitsburg.com) or call 301-447-5318 for more information.