

Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

VOLUME 2, NO. 4 • WWW.EMMITSBURG.NET • APRIL 2010

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Hagen to seek re-election

Frederick County Commissioner Kai Hagen, a northern county resident, kicked off his re-election campaign on March 24 at a rally attended by more than 200 supporters. Hagen says he originally ran for office in 2006 because the vision he shared for the county with his supporters wasn't being reflected in the decisions the board at the time.

"I've remained true to the vision I presented when I was elected then, we have made some significant progress toward that end, and I want to build on that foundation, rather than see it dismantled by the next board," Hagen says.

Some of the issues that he wants to build on include responsible growth, adequate public infrastructure, the preservation of rural landscape and communities, forwarding-looking land use and efficient fiscal management. He wants to be able to do this, particularly the last point, without raising taxes.

"By the completion of the FY2011 budget, county government will be \$50-60 million smaller than it was at the beginning of the FY2009 budget, and yet we haven't even considered raising taxes," Hagen says.

He added that the county's fiscal management policies have not only trimmed the size of county government, but have allowed the county's bond rating to be upgraded during a time when the many governments, including the federal government,

have had or are in danger of having their bond ratings reduced.

One thing Hagen would like to change that has happened during his tenure on the board is the pursuit of a county waste-to-energy facility. He said it will be nothing more than a regional incinerator located less than three miles from downtown Frederick, near residential communities and schools, along the state scenic Monocacy River, and looming over the Monocacy National Battlefield Park.

"Although four commissioners have supported and approved that project, the inescapable fact is that if three people are elected to the next board who are committed to reversing course, we will have the opportunity to do that...before bonds are issued and construction can begin," Hagen says.

Hagen realizes that some of his critics have characterized him as "no growth," but he says although we have reduced growth areas and worked to minimize sprawl, the new comprehensive plan is a responsible plan that accommodates enough growth (in the right places) to meet the state's 20-year population projection for the county."

Hagen is the only county commissioner from the northern region of Frederick County. He feels that his position as a commissioner is a benefit to residents in the northern region of the county. His knowledge of the issues that affect people in this region influences his de-



More than 200 people, representing communities across the county were in attendance as Kai announced his intention to seek reelection.

isions about all sorts of issues that affect local residents.

"People up here appreciate what we have now, and I'm committed to making sure we preserve what we love about this area, while planning well for a compatible and appropriate sort of growth and economic de-

velopment," he says. "Anyone who thinks that rapid or massive residential growth in the north county is the path to prosperity should vote for someone else!"

His new campaign web site at www.kaihagen.com should be up by the middle of April.

Casino plans move forward

James Rada

Though the official plans for a casino and resort at the current Eisenhower Inn site on Emmitsburg Road has not been submitted to the state yet, it has cleared a zoning obstacle in Cumberland Township.

The Cumberland Township Board of Supervisors voted 4-0 on March 18 to adopt a zoning change that would allow casinos in mixed-use commercial zones.

David LeVan who was unsuccessful in getting a casino in Straban Township in 2006 is now seeking to get the only remaining Category Three or casino resort license for a casino in Cumberland Township.

The new casino would be located along Emmitsburg Road at the Eisenhower Inn and All-Star Sports Complex. If LeVan and his partner Joseph Lashinger, a former Penn National executive, could get a li-

cense for 600 slot machines and 50 tables games, they would purchase the inn and redevelop it as a resort.

Once the state legalized gambling, all municipalities were required to allow gaming as a legal land use. The vote was Cumberland Township's way of complying with state law. Opponents to the casino project had wanted a conditional-use development that allowed for more restrictions to be placed on casino developers. Adams County Planning Office had recommended a conditional use, but the Cumberland Township supervisors felt the state regulation of gaming was restrictive enough.

In the days leading up to the meeting, Mason Dixon Resort and Casino released the results of a poll, conducted by Terry Madonna, which showed that nearly two-third of Adams County residents want a casino in the county.

The survey of 604 Adams

County residents was conducted from Feb. 21 to March 5. The margin of error is plus or minus 4 percent. The poll found:

- 66 percent indicated Mason-Dixon's ability to create jobs and prevent tax increases outweighed any perceived negatives
- 89 percent believe it will create jobs;
- 70 percent believe the project will not hurt other local businesses;
- 62 percent didn't think it will harm the historic character of Gettysburg National Park;
- 59 percent don't believe Mason-Dixon will increase crime.

"Our residents have spoken and they want to see change, they want to see job creation, they want to see economic development, they want to see a stronger tax base and they want to see a casino built here, in Adams County. This in an extremely strong and positive message that has been sent to Harrisburg and the PA Gaming Control Board," spokesmen for Pro Casino Adams County said when the poll results were released.

The deadline to submit an application for the license is April 7.

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NEWS

From the Editor

If you are a regular reader of the paper, by now you know I am quite fond of history. One of the most enjoyable parts of putting together each issue is heading over to the Emmitsburg library and going through 100 year old copies of the old Emmitsburg Chronicle.

The stories within those pages speak of a simpler pace of life: family get togethers, surprise birthday parties, musical performances, plays, &c, &c. You name it and 100 years ago Emmitsburg had it.

In pursing those old pages, I often come across advertisements for barber

shops offering men's shaves and find myself reflecting on how lucky men were back then. I doubt there are few men in Emmitsburg who would pass up an opportunity to sit down in a barber's chair and have a hot towel placed on their face. Once our faces are sufficiently warmed, who among us would hold up our hand to object to hot lather being placed on our stubbly whiskers and the smoothness of a sharp razor? Not I!

The only thing standing in the way is the lack of someone offering the service! Sure, with the economy the way it is, things are tight for

many, but somewhere, somehow we need to find ways to afford simple pleasures that can make these tough times more bearable. Being able to get a shave, even if only once a month, fits the bill for me!

There is a vast disparity in the services offered to women and men. Let's face it, women have a smorgasbord of services to choose from, men on the other hand, can only get their hair cut.

If you think I'm right, and it's high time for a man to once again get a shave in Emmitsburg, then head over to Kerry Shorb's "My Father's Footsteps" barber shop on North Seton Ave and tell him so! Have no doubt, if the demand is there, the service will follow!

Around the Town

The commissioner liaison and first member of the new Emmitsburg Citizen's Advisory Committee have been selected. The committee is a combination of the form water, streets and charter review committees. The three committees were combined because they typically had poor attendance and few issues to talk about into a single citizens' advisory committee.

The Emmitsburg Town Council hopes that the formation of this larger committee will make it easier to achieve a quorum of members, thus allowing the group to discuss issues about the town.

During the March 1 town meeting, the town council approved Don Briggs appointment to the Citizens

Advisory Committee. Commissioner Denise Etris was approved as the commissioners' liaison to the new committee and Commissioner Glenn Blanchard will take over Etris' duties as the liaison to the Parks and Recreation Committee.

The Citizens' Advisory Committee will have up to ten members who meet at least four times a year.

Little League season opens soon

The annual parade through town to celebrate the opening day of the Emmitsburg Little League will take place at 2 p.m. on Sunday, April 11. The league is now in its 55th year.


Commissioners approve human resources service provider

The Town of Emmitsburg will

now have its human resources services taken care of HR Solutions, LLC. The company will provide service a la carte, such as quarterly training. The commissioners approved the choice 4-0 during the March 1 town meeting.

Changes at the town pool

Because of continuing problems with leaking pipes running to and from the baby pool at the Emmitsburg Community Pool, the commissioners decided on March 15 to replace the pool with a splash park for toddlers. The town has already spent between \$10,000 and \$15,000 trying to fix the problem with no success. The baby pool sometimes leaks as much as 5,000 gallons a day, according to Town



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News, events, history, humor and culture for the Historic Toms Creek Hundred geographical area: Emmitsburg, Zora, Carroll Valley, Fairfield, Harney, and Rocky Ridge, Detour. The Emmitsburg News-Journal is published the first day of every month by Toms Creek Hundred LLC.

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Around the Borough

Fallout continues from the presentation Carroll Valley Borough Commission President John Van Volkenburgh made to the public safety committee questioning the cost the borough spends on the police department.

A.J. Aldrich, a member of the public service committee, told the council during its Mar. 9 meeting that there "tended to appear there maybe underlying causes for that presentation." He said that he had asked Mayor Ron Harris if complaints had been filed against the police department and the mayor told him "yes." When Aldrich asked who had filed the complaints and what they were about, Aldrich was told he would have to ask Van Volkenburgh.

Van Volkenburgh told him at the meeting that "a formal complaint has never been filed" by him or any member of his family.

Addressing the apparent differences between whether Van Volkenburgh or a family member made a complaint against the police department, Harris said, "I'm not calling him a liar and I'm sure my colleague whom I respect is not calling me a liar." He added that when someone says something to the mayor, even informally, that may represent a danger in the community, the mayor is obligated to perform his duty.

Neither Harris or Van Volkenburgh has chosen to elaborate fur-

ther on the difference of opinions.

EMT classes to begin at Fairfield High School

Fairfield High School will soon begin training future EMTs. Students will need to commit to 90 mornings of an 80-minute class. The class instructor will follow a

federally approved curriculum to train the students.

"It will be a tremendous thing for the fire department," said Carroll Valley Borough Councilman Neal Abrams.

The class would be expected to start when the next school year begins in September.

Snow plow truck purchase

The Carroll Valley Borough Council approved a new pick-up truck to push one of the borough's snow plow. The pick-up gave up during all of the work it was put through during the blizzards.

The new Ford F550 will come from Stuckey Ford cost just under the \$63,000 that the council budgeted for in its current budget.

Council seeking to sell its hay

The Carroll Valley Borough Council is hoping to create a small revenue stream through the selling of its hay. The borough owns property at the intersection of Route 116 and 16. The council voted to solicit bids to sell the rights to harvest the hay on the property.

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Willoughby on unsupervised walkie. Have you seen him?



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

DUI driver attempts to evade police

A Carroll Valley Police pursuit of a drunk driver went off road, causing damage to fields and fences on Mar. 13.

Patrolman Ryan Eiker saw a 1996 GMC Sierra pickup driving on the wrong side of North Miller Street in Fairfield Borough on Mar. 13 at 10:09 p.m. Eiker attempted to stop the vehicle, the driver, Herman Alvin Tucker, 51, of New Oxford, PA, refused to do so.

Tucker left the roadway at 223 Fairfield Station Road, driving through fields and crashing through fences causing property damage, according to police.

The police did not pursue Tucker off road. Instead, the police worked to contain the vehicle with the help of police units from Cumberland Township.

Patrolman Matt Trostel of Cumberland Township spotted a

small light coming from the cab of the truck hidden in a field and officers approached the running vehicle on foot. Tucker resisted arrest and had to be subdued.

Tucker was transported to Gettysburg Hospital where he refused a blood test, was treated and released. He has been charged with DUI, Driving under DUI Suspension, Felony Fleeing and Attempting to Elude, and Resisting Arrest. He will also face additional charges for the damage he caused.

"Tucker should never have been behind the wheel of a vehicle," said Carroll Valley Police Chief Richard Hileman, "and thankfully he was taken off the road before he could hurt anyone else."

Tucker was convicted in a fatal DUI crash in 1988 that took the life of a Fairfield native.

Building a love for science

It looks so innocent at first glance. A ruler holds some taped down magnets and steel balls. Then an innocent-faced third grader adds one more steel ball to the end of the ruler and a steel ball on the other end of the ruler shoots off slamming into a piece of wood.

Maya Hand, a third grader at Mother Seton School, built a simpler version of a magnetic rail gun for her science fair project. It won her the first place medal for fourth-grade students at the school.

"It had such a simple set up, but we walked away with our mouths on the floor," said Audrey Hillman, one of the judges of the science fair.

The science fair was held Mar. 3 at Mother Seton School. Middle school students are required to participate, but for elementary students like Maya, it is a volunteer project.

Hand built the experiment to explore kinetic energy and magnetism. Her experiment was a magnetic accelerator that creates a chain reaction. When Hand released the first steel ball on the ruler, it was attracted to the first magnet and accelerated toward it. When it struck the magnet, the kinetic energy from the impact was transferred through the magnet and the spacer. This started another steel ball on the other side of the spacer rolling and this ball accelerated as it was pulled toward the second magnet, beginning the process all over again until the final ball shoots off at a high rate of speed. The more stages the accelerator has, the faster the final steel ball will shoot off.

"I was interested in magnetism because we learned about in school," Maya said. "So I looked up experiments on the computer and found this one and thought it would be cool."

Hillman said when she first saw the experiment, she thought it was one in which a parent had helped a lot, but when Maya came in for the interview portion of the science fair judging, Hillman learned differently.

"She knew her project and explained it well," Hillman said. "She knew more about it than I did. There was no way to challenge her."

Hillman convinced her husband, Mike, to come look at the project. Mike Hillman has 35 years of nuclear engineering experience and he didn't fully understand the project. Nor did an-



Maya Hand's winning science project had judges and physicists scrambling for text books.

other spectator, an engineer, who watched Maya demonstrate her project.

"What we saw appeared to break the second law of thermodynamics, which basically says you can't create energy out of nothing - or in simpler term - you can't create a perpetual motion machine, but from what I saw, Maya had done exactly that!" Mike Hillman said.

It took Mike a couple days and a couple engineers to find one who could explain the experiment to him.

"It took over 100 years of engineering and physics education to explain what this little 9 year old's science project was about," Mike Hillman said.

Maya said that although the

project took her a couple weeks to put together, she didn't consider it work.

"I had a lot of fun," Maya said. "I like knowing about magnetism."

Sonya Hand, Maya's mother, said she was impressed with her daughter's dedication to completing the project.

"I'm pleased she did really well, but more importantly she learned a lot and had fun," Hand said. "In many ways she knows more about magnetism than me."

The other science fair winners were: Connor Gorman (1st place, grade 7), Madeline Cliber (1st place, grade 6), Mackenzie Kirby (1st place, grade 5) and Caroline Mullineaux (1st place, grade 3).

His Place car show coming to town

Mother Seton School will look like a fancy car lot on Saturday, May 15. The school is hosting the His Place Car Show sponsored by His Place, Inc.

"I've always wanted to do one," said Bill Kuhn, owner of His Place, Inc. "The problem was that with all the red tape involved every year it would come down to crunch time and I would be able to get things together."

This time, however, he decided to sponsor a car show with Mother Seton School and the Emmitsburg Osteopathic Primary Care Center as the beneficiaries. With Mother Seton School as one of the beneficiaries of the show, it made sense to hold the show on the school property. Finding a large enough location for the size show that Kuhn wanted had always been a problem in the past.

"Mother Seton School has the perfect location," Kuhn said and they are set up for everything."

With the school's assistance, there will be tents for food and bathroom facilities for visitors. Kuhn is also planning on having raffles, door prizes and live music.

"It will be a great time and if it's a nice day, we could have 500 cars,"

Kuhn said.

The show has no pre-registration so Kuhn is uncertain of how many cars will show up. The entry fee of \$10 will be paid as the cars show up. He wants the first show to do well because he is hoping to make this an annual event.

"It's something good for the town," Kuhn said. "It will bring money into the town and it benefits a good cause."

Trophies will be awarded to the best car, truck and hot rod. There will also be a best of show and people's choice award.

His Place, Inc. has been a family owned and operated automotive repair and restoration business for 40 years. Currently located at 20 Creamery Way in Emmitsburg, His Place, Inc. offers full-service service and restoration of vehicles using the latest high-tech equipment to make an accurate evaluation of your vehicle's problem. The mechanics are Master ASE certified and NAPA NAIT diesel technicians.

Kuhn is also looking for volunteers to help with the show. If you would like to help out or want more information about the show, contact Kuhn at 301-447-2800.

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NEWS

Emmitsburg.net celebrates 10 years of news, views, history and more

James Rada, Jr.

Though Emmitsburg had more than two centuries of history in 1997, you couldn't tell it if you looked on the Internet. Mike Hillman knows. He tried it.

"I was directed to web sites whose relationship to Emmitsburg left me scratching my head," Hillman said. "I was shown sites such as Paula's Passion Pit of Pain & Pleasure in Baltimore, out-of-state real estate firms, used car companies, and one-size-fits-all 'commercial' community portal sites that contained only links to the Hagerstown weather forecast."

The web sites that actually did pertain to Emmitsburg were out of date and poorly designed. The image of Emmitsburg as an old, dying town that was portrayed on the Internet disturbed Hillman.

With his interest in local history, Hillman saw this as a turning point of sorts for the town.

"In the 1880's, Emmitsburg was one of the largest cities in Western Maryland, the hub of a thriving farming community," Hillman said. "However, like other small cities, the decision not to route a major east-west railroad through the town marked the beginning of what would become a long, slow, painful decline."

He compared that to allowing the poor image of the town to remain on the Internet. Though Emmitsburg was in commuting distance of both Baltimore and Washington, anyone checking out the town on the Internet would avoid it. Emmitsburg had the potential to become a white-collar town, but only if the Internet image was changed so that it would attract people to the town.

"One hundred years ago we moved too slowly and, as a result, lost the railroad. We could ill afford to make the same mistake twice," Hillman said.

Hillman then began to bring together different elements of what would become Emmitsburg.net. It began with the Greater Emmitsburg Area Historical Society began digitizing its historical articles and genealogical information. They then agreed to host an on-line edition of the Emmitsburg Regional Dispatch to provide current information about the time on-line. At this point, both web sites had separate web addresses.

Then Hillman helped create a web site for the Emmitsburg Council of Churches to make its information on things to do in Emmitsburg, businesses, churches and civic groups available on the Internet.

"The council's material formed a natural bridge between the historical society's and Dispatch's web sites and opened the door for other groups," Hillman said.

Thus, Emmitsburg.net was born and other organizations quick-

ly joined. Today, Emmitsburg.net has 22 web sites with more than 8,700 web pages and draws more than 9,000 visitors a day.

"That's visitors, not hits," Hillman added.

The purpose of Emmitsburg.net is to provide Internet users an easy to remember one-stop site to access anything and everything they would ever want to know about Emmitsburg. To accomplish this, Emmitsburg.net seamlessly integrates information contained in all of its individual web sites. Hillman's basic concept is that the individual web sites will attract more attention if they work as an integrated unit.

This shows in the site statistics. In April 2000, Emmitsburg.net averaged 25 visitors a day. In the first two weeks of January 2010, Emmitsburg.net averaged 9,000 visitors a day. Of those 9,000 visitors, roughly a quarter came to read the gar-

dening articles, another quarter came to writings of our local priests and ministers, another quarter log in to read entries in the history and humor sections, and the remainder were looking for information on the town government or businesses and services in local area.

"Unlike many portals, which are simply web pages with links to external sites, Emmitsburg.net set out to create a site that will allow visitors to experience Emmitsburg as if they were being escorted by five knowledgeable town residents," Hillman said. "This virtual tour is accomplished by intensively interlinking articles and web pages with hyper links, thereby allowing users to follow any topic or path they choose."

Emmitsburg.net continues to add content regularly to keep the web site fresh.

Emmitsburg baseball kicks off April 11

Emmitsburg has had baseball leagues since 1879 and a Little League since 1955. Baseball is a part of life in Emmitsburg. It's a rite of spring, almost as if the young players marching through town on opening day bring the warmer temperatures with them.

The 55th season of the Emmitsburg Baseball and Softball League kicks off on April 11 with the annual opening day parade. The parade will begin at DePaul Street and proceed down Seton Avenue to Potomac Street ending at Memorial Park. After opening ceremonies and team introductions, the celebration will conclude with an exhibition game.

When the Lions Club-sponsored Little League came to Emmitsburg in 1955, there were 56 players on

four teams. Nowadays, the Emmitsburg Baseball and Softball League fields around 300 boys and girls ranging in age from 4 through 18 playing in 23 teams. They play tee-ball, minor league, major league, senior league, and girls' softball division games learning teamwork, fair play and self-discipline.

The Emmitsburg teams continue to play high-quality baseballs. In 1985, the Emmitsburg All-Stars won the District 2 Little League Championship. The girls' softball team celebrated winning the Maryland Junior League District 2 Championships in 1999. The major league boys won consecutive Mason-Dixon Pony League season/play-off championship titles. In the bronco division (youth 12 and under), the Dodg-

ers won in 2005 and the Red Sox won in 2006 and 2007. The Giants won the 2007 Mason-Dixon Pony League title for the mustang division (youth 10 and under).

The community support for the baseball league can be seen in the number of businesses willing to sponsor teams. The current sponsors include American Legion Post 121, Briggs Associates, Carleo's Italian Pizza, Carriage House Inn, Coleman Cadillac, Emmitsburg Canteen Club, Emmitsburg Caterer, Emmitsburg Glass Company, Friend of the Family, Harrington and Sons, Knights of Columbus, Middletown Sportsland, Ott House, Quality Tire Service, Reaver's Woodworking, Tim's Garage, Trout's Supreme Seafood, VFW Post 6658, W.S. Drywall Service and Warrior Roofing.



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March 1

Position of Haley's Comet

At present Haley's Comet is west of the sun and must be looked for in the Southeast nearly 3 hours before sunrise. It rises only half an hour earlier than the sun on April 1, but is drawing so rapidly out from the sun that by April 30 it will rise nearly 3 hours before sunrise. At this time it will doubtless be a bright and striking little object, easy to be visible to the naked eye. Throughout all this month and during the first weeks of May the Comet is very rapidly approaching us; it will not, however, attain its greatest brightness until it reenters the evening sun on May 19.

No doubt quite a few Emmitsburgians recall the appearance of Haley's comet 1835. Mr. Nathaniel Rowe well remembers seeing it at that time. He was then a boy of 14 years of age. He describes it as being very brilliant and large, traveling very rapidly and is having a tale of great length. The illumination of the heavens to considerable extent on a dark night.

Mr. Rowe also solved the much talked of "Shower of Meteors" visible in 1833. The meteors appear to fall like rain, in such numbers that they let up the sky very brilliantly. These falling meteors were visible from three o'clock in the morning to short time before sunrise.

March 8

Death of George Gelwicks

On Sunday Mr. George Gelwicks died at the home of his daughter Mrs. Scott McNair, after several days illness caused by drinking corrosive sublimate by mistake. He was 65 years of age.

Mr. Gelwicks was helping his son-in-law move when the fatal mistake was made. This was on Monday. His suffering was severe and on Sunday at about noon he died.

He was a veteran of the Civil War having served in Cole's Calvary and a member of Arthur Post 43 G.A.R. The funeral services were held at his store's home and at the Lutheran Church. Mr. Gelwicks is survived by a widow, two daughters, Mrs. Scott McNair and Mrs. Herbert Ashbaugh, and one son, Harry Gelwicks.

Professor Palmer's Serious Accident

Last week Emmitsburg high school professor Lloyd Palmer met with a very serious accident. He was driving in his orchard near Lewistown when a sudden movement of the horse threw him from the stick wagon. He fell on his head and for some time was unconscious. His condition was extremely serious for some time but we are glad to say that he is now out of danger.

Liquor Licenses Raised

The bill passed by the Legislature concerning the sale of intoxicating liquors within the corporate limits of Emmitsburg provides that any person who may wish to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer within the corporate limits shall pay to the clerk of the circuit court for license, after complying with the existing laws, the sum of \$25 for the first year, \$50 the second year and \$75 the third year and each year thereafter, in addition to the price now fixed. This extra sum reverts to the Burgess and commissioners. This act shall take effect from and after May 1, 1910.

Noticed of Registration

By virtue of section 110 of the Public Local Laws of Maryland, as amended by the act's of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at the January session of 1910, the Burgess of Emmitsburg hereby gives notice that the Register created by said section to register the voters of said town, will sit at the Fireman's Hall on Tuesday, April 19 and on Tuesday, April 26 between the hours of 9 a.m. and 2 p.m. to register those entitled to vote in the elec-

tion to be held in said town on the first Monday of May.

Only male citizens of Emmitsburg above the age of 21 years, who have resided in Emmitsburg for 12 months are eligible to vote.

A Moving Party

On April 1, Mr. Mahlon Stoneseifer move from near Keysville to his farm about a mile and a half east of Emmitsburg, which he purchased from Mr. Samuel Waybright. The moving was largely attended, they're been about 125 friends and neighbors, who were all entertained a dinner at Mr. Stoneseifer's new home. The day was much enjoyed by all who were present.

March 15

Cigar Apprentices Wanted

To bright, intelligent and willing young man wanted as apprentices in local cigar factory. Trade thoroughly taught. Steady work when apprenticeship is finished. Apply to H. J. Orendorff, Emmitsburg.

Streets Not Public Playground

There is an ordinance directed against the playing of all on the streets of Emmitsburg which should be enforced. Many just complaints had been made against the habit of the younger boys are playing on their way to and from school. In one instance a child was badly hurt by being struck on the mouth by baseball.

Help Wanted

Girl for general housekeeping. New up to date house. Most of washing done outside. Person having experience and desiring a good home and permanent place is preferred. Wages from \$2-\$3 a week depending on ability.

March 22

Horse Escapes Injury

A horse belonging to Mr. Anthony Wivell on Tuesday became entangled in the strap which tied it



100 years ago a man could get a shave in any number of barber shops in Emmitsburg. If you think it's high time to bring that tradition back, drop by Kerry Shorb's My Father's Footsteps on North Seton Ave. And tell him so!

to the hitching post in front of the I. S. Annan store, and was thrown. Several men got it loose from the buggy before he had done either himself or the vehicle any damage.

Dramatic Club Again at Work

After three years retirement from public appearance, in which time it might be said that there are many demands for their reappearance, the public will be glad to learn that the Emmitsburg Dramatic Club is hard at work rehearsing a comedy which will be given in early May. "Mr. Bob" on which the club is working, gives the members of this popular organization, abundant opportunity to exhibit their ability, and citizens of this town have a rare treat in store for them next month.

42 Want Liquor Licenses

A period of anxiety to liquor dealers expired April 20 when the time elapsed for filing objections in court to applicants for licenses. 42 applications were registered to sell liquor in Emmitsburg. Under the law objections may be filed to issuing a license unless the law is strictly complied with. Last year the Anti-Saloon League filed objections in 16 cases, all of which were sustained by the court. The attorney for the league made a close examination of the new applicants and in all found the letter of the law complied with.

Neighbors Kindness Appreciated

Mr. Robert Wetzel, who through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Rose Eyerl and neighbors and townspeople, has received a wooden leg, very much appreciate the gift and desires to express his thanks to all who contributed towards his purchase.

Circus Animals Escape

Owing to an accident the circus performances conducted by Mr. Harry Bollinger had been discontinued for the present. The animals that escaped have all been recovered. The red-headed cat and Holstein groundhog and the Persian monkey were all caught in Huckle's Field. These animals are priceless in value.

March 29

Momma's Ford Bridge Approved The appeal of a number of residents of this district living near Mumma's Fording on the Monocacy has had its desire affect on the county commissioners. On Monday the Senate since in good number it appeared before the commissioners and asked that steps be taken towards the erection of a bridge across the Monocacy at that point.

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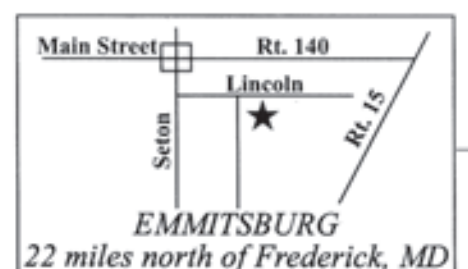


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GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the Desk of County Commissioner Moreno

Springtime is finally here, so I thought that I would take this opportunity to discuss the Adams County Commissioners attendance at our Spring County Commissioners Association of Pennsylvania (CCAP) Conference held from March 21st - March 23rd in Harrisburg, PA. Attending the conference is always a rewarding experience offering the opportunity to talk with Commissioners from other counties to see what is happening in their county and how they are handling a similar situation that we may have in Adams County.

CCAP gives Commissioners the opportunity to be a part of the association by participating in core committees such as Agriculture, Community and Economic Development, Courts and Corrections, Human Services, Assessment and Taxation, County Governance, Energy Environment and Land Use, and Military Affairs. Being a part of one or more of these committees gives those participants the ability to share their experiences with the group. CCAP advocates for favorable legislation, programs and policies on behalf of all 67 counties.

A hot topic we hear a lot about at conference is the Marcellus Shale exploration that is affecting the northern tier and western counties of Pennsylvania. Well, we are not experiencing Marcellus Shale exploration here in Adams County, but there is discussion of how directly and indirectly counties are affected by the changes occurring with the exploration of natural gas.

Adams County participates in the Southcentral Eight County Caucus which meets during the conference. This group consists of counties in close proximity of each other. Those that participate are Adams, Franklin, Perry, York, Cumberland, Dauphin, Lancaster and Lebanon counties. With eight counties working together we can easily tackle projects, preventing the duplication of work that can be done regionally.

Throughout the day we attend breakout sessions. These breakout sessions consist of various topics that pertain to county government in one way or another. Topics like:

- How to deal with the State Budget During Difficult Times
- Services offered through the



National Association of Counties Organization

- Court-related issues that Commissioners should be aware of
- GIS Services
- National Health Care Reform
- Updates to the American and Recovery Reinvestment Act (ARRA)
- The Right-to-Know law

- Services provided to Veterans and their families

We all share a special bond because in difficult times we become one voice to stand up for our counties to make sure that we do not fall victim to additional unfunded mandates. The leaders of the association are highly skilled offering services

that help us all become better Commissioners for our counties.

Additional education and trainings are offered throughout the year for all county employees to attend. I am truly grateful to have an organization that we can rely on. Thank you CCAP!!!

To learn more about Adams County government visit www.adamscounty.us.

From the Desk of Carroll Valley Mayor Ron Snow in the Valley

It's April, a month for spring cleaning, paying taxes (April 15th), and celebrating Earth Day (April 22nd). Locally, you may want to bring your children (10 year olds or younger) to the Carroll Valley Citizens Association (CVCA) Easter Egg Hunt on April 3rd in the Carroll Commons at 2:00 pm.

Also check the events being held at the Strawberry Hill Nature Preserve. They are holding an Eggs Extraordinary Treasure Hunt on April 4th, April 5th and April 6th from 8:00 am to 5:00 pm. On April 17th, CVCA is organizing a community clean-up for Earth Day. Vests, gloves, and trash bags can be picked up at Century21 Mountain View Realty before the walk or at the Carroll Valley Borough parking lot before 9:00 am.

On February 28th the Fairfield Cub Scout Pack 76 held their Blue & Gold Banquet. This banquet is held by many Cub Scout packs all over the country to celebrate the anniversary of Cub Scouting. The banquet gets its name from the Cub Scout colors, blue & gold. During Pack 76's Blue & Gold celebration, the Webelos II Den, the most senior den in Pack 76 made their crossover into Boys Scout Troop 76 of Fairfield to continue down the Scouting Path.

The six scouts in the Webelos II Den, Matthew Bollinger, Evan Hull, Joshua Long, Austin Mackey, Bradford Shughart and

Tommy Stratton all earned their Arrow of Light Badge, the highest award given in Cub Scouting and the only badge from Cub Scouting that may be worn on their new Boys Scout uniform.

Also on February 28th, the Fairfield Boy Scout Troop 76 held an Eagle Court of Honor to award Michael D. Greathouse, son of Mark and Carolyn Greathouse the rank of Eagle Scout. The Eagle Scout award is the highest honor a Boy Scout can achieve in Scouting. U.S. Representative Todd Platts presented Michael with a United States flag that had been flown over the U.S. Capitol, and Platts noted that he strives to attend Eagle Scout ceremonies in his district because of the importance of Eagle Scouts to our culture through their service and leadership. Pennsylvania Commonwealth Senator Rich Alloway, Representative Dan Moul, and myself also acknowledged Michael's achievements and the vital role of Eagle Scouts.

Have you completed the

United States Census 2010 ten question form and mailed it in by April 1st. If not, you can expect a visit from a census taker. The census taker will only ask questions that appear on the census form. The census taker will not ask you to reveal any of the following information: social security number, credit card numbers, bank account numbers, checking account numbers, pin numbers, salary or income and citizenship or immigration status.

Are you aware what happens when you are stopped in Pennsylvania for speeding? When you see police car lights flashing in your rear view mirror, you need to pull over to a safe area. Do not get out of the car. The officer will approach you and explain why you were stopped. Upon request, you should render to the officer your driver's license, registration and proof of insurance. Your driving record is checked for any outstanding warrants. The officer prepares the citation. The officer then explains the charge, the nature of the offense and your rights that are documented on the back

of the citation. The driver signs the citation.

In Pennsylvania, if you do not take action on the citation within 10 days, a warrant for your arrest is issued. You have two options when mailing in the citation. You could plead not guilty and request a trial or plead guilty. In either case, you must include an amount equal to the total due as specified on the traffic citation. Be aware, if you plead guilty or are found guilty, points may be assessed against your driver's record by PENNDOT. Naturally, you

can avoid receiving a citation by watching your speed when driving in Carroll Valley. Please slow down.

In reference to Lake May, the Borough Manager, Dave Hazlett, said that the Borough had anticipated the significant rainfall and proactively opened the valve in preparation of taking on the additional water. We are happy to report the water level remained at the state mandated level or just below.

If I can be of any help, contact me at mayor@carrollvalley.org or (717) 642-8269 Ext. 32.

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GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the Desk of County Commissioner Thompson

The War Between the States obviously settled the question of whether a state may unilaterally secede from the Union. However, the United States Constitution provides a mechanism for a geographic area within a state to apply to Congress for admission to the Union as a new state:

"New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the Jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the Junction of two or more States, or Parts of States, without the Consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned as well as of the Congress."

Prior to the 1960s the Maryland General Assembly, like many other state legislatures, was seriously malapportioned in favor of rural areas of the state. Just as the United States Senate (where each state has two senators, regardless of population) serves as a check against pure majoritarian rule of the national government, electing the General Assembly primarily by county rather than population served as a check against pure majoritarian rule in Maryland. Decisions of the United States Supreme Court in Baker

v. Carr and its progeny required apportionment of the membership of state legislatures to be on the basis of population, "not trees or acres."

With the advent of legislative apportionment based primarily on population, control of the General Assembly now rests in the urban areas of the state. Resolution of the malapportionment issue created another. While democracy is the preferred form of government, it does have its problems:

"A democracy is always temporary in nature; it simply cannot exist as a permanent form of government. A democracy will continue to exist up until the time that voters discover that they can vote themselves generous gifts from the public treasury. From that moment on, the majority always votes for the candidates who promise the most benefits from the public treasury, with the result that every democracy will finally collapse due to loose fiscal policy."

What happens when the urban areas of the state, constituting a numerical majority of the State's population, create a government that disproportionately benefits urban areas but is disproportionately paid for by rural areas? In other words,

what happens when other areas of the State pay substantially more taxes into the state's coffers than they get back?

I am also concerned that the State's inability to deal with its skyrocketing unfunded obligations for public employee retirement and health care benefit plans may result in Maryland following other states (California, Michigan, etc.) into a financial black hole. Now may be a good time to get out while the gettin' is good.

With the above in mind, I believe the BOCC should explore the financial and legal ramifications of seceding from Maryland and applying to Congress for admission to the Union as a new state. My reasons include:

Public Education

Maryland's long-standing policy regarding funding for public education calls for "wealthier" counties (which includes Frederick) to receive proportionally less state funding than "poorer" counties. Statehood will remove this anomaly.

The marginal cost of compliance with No Child Left Behind and other federal education programs in order to receive federal education funding may outweigh the marginal benefit of

the funding. As a separate state, Frederick County may be financially better off to decline the federal funding and the attached strings & conditions.

Tax Dollars Stay Here

As a separate state, Frederick County would keep the tax revenue generated here rather than having it shipped to Annapolis to be divvied up via the political process.

As an example, the General Assembly has reduced the County's share of the state highway user revenue ("SHUR") funding, a/k/a "gas tax" from just under \$14 million in FY 2008 to under \$500,000 in FY 2010.

State's Unfunded Pension & Retiree Health Care Obligations

The unfunded obligations of the State's pension and health care benefits for retired State employees are spiraling out of control. The combined unfunded liability for the State's retirement and pension systems was just under \$17.5 billion as of June 30, 2009, up from \$2.8 billion as of June 30, 2004.

The state's unfunded liability for retiree health care benefits was \$15.3 billion as of June 30, 2009. The General Assembly

has a fiduciary responsibility to modify the retiree pension and health care benefit programs to place them on a sound financial footing. It has done so in the past. However, the Legislature has yet to summon the will to do so.

Senator David Brinkley, one of Frederick County's two state senators, has attempted to deal with the State's unfunded liability for teacher's retirement & pension systems by saddling County governments with the problem, even though the Counties have no control over those systems. Had 2009 SB 648 been enacted into law, the estimated additional cost to Frederick County over FY 11 through FY 14 would be approximately \$47 million.

If 2010 SB 1004 becomes law, the estimated additional cost to Frederick County in FY 2011 will be approximately \$17 million. Ironically, in 2006 Senator Brinkley and all other members of the County's Delegation voted to add \$1.9 billion in liabilities to the State Teacher's retirement & pension systems.

My concerns are not directed at any political party or ideology. We simply cannot continue government as usual.

From the Desk of Town Council President Chris Staiger

Well there's nothing like a weekend of sunny seventy degree days to motivate you to swap out a snowblower for a lawnmower! April will be a good month to get underway with spring cleaning and yard recovery. The yard waste drop-off program begins on the first and third Saturdays of the month over at the Wastewater Treatment Plant off of Creamery road on the east side of US15. Also, bulk trash pick-up will be on April 15.

Check with the Town Office or on cable channel 99 for details. In general, two items will be picked up from the curbside at each home - subject to certain conditions. Meanwhile, the county's residential recycling program continues every other Friday. Please try to use this county program as much as possible since it greatly helps reduce the garbage disposal costs we all share.

If its spring, it must be time to talk about the Community Pool. The "baby pool" will again be out of operation this year - but accommodation is being made to use a section of the main pool as a substitute. I understand this causes some complications for parents with infants or toddlers. Most importantly, it will require continued, close supervision of youngsters by their chaperones. The lifeguards are your partners - not your replacement. Given the level

of repairs necessary to get the baby pool back in operation, some interesting options have presented themselves.

At the March 15 Board Meeting, the commissioners voted to pursue removal of the traditional baby pool and install a "splash garden" for the 2011 season. This will not only allow the youngest children to enjoy a safe and fun environment, it will provide a water recreation for others unable to access a traditional pool. Up to seventy five percent of the cost can be covered through the re-allocation of existing grant monies. The remaining cost should be around what it would have taken to get the old baby pool back up and running.

Additional discussion at the March 15th meeting addressed proposed zoning modifications throughout town meant to better focus commercial development. With the input of the Planning Commission, we continue to

build a package of recommended changes that should go to Public Hearing on May 17. For my own part, I continue to be sensitive to how we preserve the historic look and feel of our community.

We must require new uses in the Village Zone to conform to the current pattern of development while allowing for more "modern" building designs along the existing commercial corridor from Silo Hill Parkway down Creamery Road to US 15. We expect to have members of the Frederick County Planning Office and the Maryland Historical Trust at the April 19 Town Meeting to share information and recommendations on how best to proceed.

Finally, I believe elsewhere in this addition it is mentioned that our current town charter was approved 100 years ago. With generally minor, structural changes, this document continues to serve us today. The Burgess is now a Mayor, the number of commissioners has fluctuated, and

there is no longer a Chief of Police, but the basic pattern of a non-partisan town council with a rotating election schedule has survived. Day to day business is conducted with a focus on the community, not political party affiliation.

I feel we have a good mix of public sector and private sector experience on the current Board


that can make for interesting discussions! The truly amazing thing to me is that anyone can run for office and have a legitimate chance to win. As a resident of this small town, you really have an opportunity to have one fifth of a say in the direction of our community! Think about it! Have a great month!

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COMMENTARY

Words from Winterbilt

What are they really saying...?

Shannon Bohrer

As many of you are aware, there is humor in our political system and much of the humor is derived from the players. It always amazes me what some Congress-persons say - especially the difference in what they say and what they mean. I sometime wonder if they even know what they say and what it means. According to my wife, people say that about me sometimes too. I wonder what she means by that....

In communications it is said that everyone talks or writes in two columns; the right and left. I know that some of you are saying that the right and left represent each political party. No, that is a different right and left. And why do they call them parties? In communications what we say or write is in the left hand column, and what we mean is in the right hand column, and often they are completely different. The more polite you are, the closer to the left and the more direct, the closer to the right. Of course this is also dependent upon your meaning of being polite.

A few examples: In the left column "What a precious child," and in the right column "The child is a brat." In the left column, "My, what a unique looking baby" and in the right column "That poor child was hit with an ugly stick."

Added to this communication confusion is gender-speak. When a woman asks "How do I look in this dress?" and the man responds "Just fine," we have two problems. The first is that the female is requesting confirmation and in her vocabulary, "just fine" is two steps below neutral and is in the category of not acceptable. Of course the responding male believes his response is more than adequate. He did not just grunt; he used two words. The second problem is that from his perspective he was multi-tasking, he was listening, he responded appropriately, and verbalized his response. The male's judgment is often based on comparing his response to the lowest common denominator.

However, just having an understanding that we have a right and left column and that we sometimes have gender differenc-

es does not always explain what politicians say! I have come to believe that there is a left and right column, gender difference, and political speak. Additionally, I in no way am implying that this is the complete explanation of understanding what politicians say. Explaining what a politician says often requires extensive knowledge in the metaphysical sciences and sometimes in the world of the black arts. The following example is based on a true story that was documented in a book several years ago.

A governor in a southern state was running for re-election. This was before vehicle air conditioning was standard fare and when many roads were dirt and gravel. The governor, his driver, one adviser, and a reporter were traveling in one vehicle to a remote town on a summer day. The windows of the vehicle were down; it was hot, and the ride was long and dusty.

When the vehicle reached the small town the governor gave a speech in front of the post office: the same speech he gave at every event. However, the crowd, which was rather small, did not seem impressed. As the

governor was ending his speech, he added "Just one more thing, the next time I travel the road from the capital to your town, that road will be paved." With this final statement the unimpressed mood of the crowd seemed to change in favor of the governor.

The governor entered his vehicle, and the four individuals started the long ride back to the capital. After a few minutes, as the vehicle as was traveling down the road, the governor's adviser said "Governor, I don't think you should have promised to pave that road." To which the governor responded "I did not promise to pave that road. I said the next time I travelled that road it would be paved, and I don't ever intend to travel that road again."

This is a fine example of why it is difficult to not understand what many Congress-persons speak and say and why we may need a third column for interpretation for the rest of us. I propose that column right, or column 1, is what they say. Column left, or column 2, is what they mean, and column 3 is what it means to us.

When a person running for Congress promises you tax cuts, what are they saying? The left col-

umn is saying that as a tax payer you should not pay high taxes. The government wastes your money, and since it is your money you should have some of it back.

The right column is saying you will benefit if I am elected. In these tough economic times I am the person you should elect because I look out for the working class persons.

The third column, the meaning of what is being said, should be the most important to us.

In this example, when we receive tax breaks, the government just borrows the money from someone else, usually another country. They have to borrow it because they spent everything else. It would be more honest if a politician said you can have more of your money now, and we will just put the bill on your government credit card. Of course the several hundred dollars will cost you several thousand dollars because we have borrowed so much that the government is just paying the minimum on your bill.

When you think about it column 1 and 2 have some relationship that most of us can understand. However column 3 is not even on the same page. Then again - most of us know that.

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

Pondering the Puzzlement

Jack Deatherage

With the economy still tanking and no sign of a recovery in the private sector, I've begun contemplating what to do when the leather factory closes. A career as a criminal has a certain appeal to me. Not the dishonorable type of criminal that would seek elected office and pass laws to steal from friends and neighbors. Nor the type a bit more honest, but subject to possible violence while waving a gun under a victim's nose and demanding a cash drawer be emptied. And certainly not a white-collar criminal embezzling some organization that placed too much trust and faith in one deserving of neither.

No, I'd rather be a drug dealer or a bootlegger of alcohol. Probably a bootlegger. There isn't much art to dealing drugs and too much competition. Bootlegging however is a time honored tradition of free thinking men and women who have had the courage to flip the bird to totalitarian governments throughout all times and places. Now that definitely appeals to me!

Too many Americans have become dependant on the nanny state utopians currently running our government, we are now less a people reliant upon ourselves, and

more whiners demanding someone else pay for our wants. Perhaps a bottle of fermented drink, that can't be found in a state controlled liquor store, would stiffen some spines?

I've sampled commercial mead and will never again waste a dollar on it. For the \$15 I did spend on one 750ml bottle, I can make a gallon (3,785ml) of honey wine that actually has a fragrance and flavor, as well as a kick. Plus, I can alter or enhance the flavor with herbs, spices and fruit, and still not spend \$15 on the ingredients! (The reusable equipment is a bit more expensive, but being reusable, it quickly pays for itself.)

A potential partner in a bootlegging operation suggested the honey wine, as good as it is, wouldn't be worth the risk I'd face for the cash such a product would fetch. It's been suggested I talk to current bootleggers about distilling spirits. One such fellow has a "shine" recipe he'd like to see back in production as he claims it produced as fine a shine as ever was cooked in this area. He went into some detail as to how he managed to make shine in his home and not get caught in all the years he made it.

I've been meeting a growing number of Europeans who were raised under Communist governments. Forced to avoid nanny state

laws, they found low-tech methods of producing whatever they needed. Distilling brandy seems to have been one of those needs. I've spoken to a former Communist Block bootlegger who would love to pass his plum brandy recipe, and distillery plans, on to an American.

Having tasted a smuggled sip of that brandy I'll stick to sipping my honey wine, the brandy was much too dry and potent for my tastes! I'm sure there are people who would pay for the brandy though and I have access to the information on how to make it.

There are two phone numbers I'm to call if I ever get good at wine making. The people who answer at either of those numbers will buy every drop of wine I could hope to make. I was advised that the wine buyers are also interested in quality shine because it is fetching premium prices liquor stores only dream of charging.


I'm not comfortable with making shine. I don't drink hard liquor so what would I do with the stuff I made while getting the recipe and techniques right? Besides, if my illegal wine operation were discovered I could argue the wine was for my own use, which is legal. A distillery is harder to explain and would have to be hidden.

The money such a contrap-

tion could generate would also attract people I'd sooner not deal with. No, I'm not greedy. Mead and wine bootlegging, on a small scale, is all I'd need. If I couldn't find enough customers willing to pay premium prices, I'd always be content with drinking what I couldn't sell.

Having publicly stated what's been on my mind, I suppose I'll try selling mead kits and recipes before I try bootlegging. I'll also move out of this area before taking a dime for what I ferment. I might be foolish, but I'm not crazy!

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



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From The Owners & Staff At The Palms!

Pure Onsense

Scott Zuke

In 1848 Elizabeth Cady Stanton wrote that “The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her.” Her leadership laid the foundation for the Women’s Rights Movement, which unfolded slowly over the next 160 years but managed to propel or run parallel to every major social movement our country experienced since. Looking back at Stanton’s writings today is a stunning revelation of how much progress has been made in the US, yet the work remains unfinished.

March was National Women’s History Month, and it proved to be an eventful one. In India the nation’s upper house of parliament approved a bill that would reserve one third of the seats in parliament and state legislative assemblies for women. The BBC’s Soutik Biswas called the passage of the bill “A crowning achievement for India’s women,” adding that, “The way India sometimes treats its women is a national shame.”

In another commentary, Mallika Sarabhai, an Indian woman who had previously run for political office, wrote, “[The men in power] plundered our bodies and souls,

and dishonoured us, made us afraid of further sanctions. For the women are too often the loot - our bodies, our minds, our thoughts, our wombs.” One cannot help but hear the echo of Stanton’s declaration from long ago in our nation’s history.

The decision had its share of criticism for many of the same reasons that affirmative action is controversial in the US, although India had the benefit of political precedent; A similar policy was introduced there in 1932 to ensure the political inclusion of lower caste citizens, referred to as the “Depressed Classes.” While there is room for discussion as to the fairness of affirmative action, especially in cultures where meritocracy is ingrained in the national identity, democracy sometimes needs a push. It’s a feeling likely to be picked up by a westerner when walking through India’s bustling city streets, where the scarcity of women in the public sphere is conspicuous and sometimes uncomfortable.

Would a policy of reserving Congressional seats for women work in the US? It’s worth taking time to consider the numbers. There are currently 18 women in the Senate and 78 in the House of Representatives, meaning that women account for about 18% of our Congressional representation. That’s

only about half the representation that India is seeking to reserve for women.

Consider how these statistics might have impacted March’s top political story: the passage of comprehensive health care reform. In the last weeks of debate, it was a small band of Democrats who brought the process to halt and threatened to derail the whole reform bill. The wedge issue was whether language in the bill was sufficiently clear in upholding old laws barring federal funding for abortion.

As tradition has held, however, any debate on laws relating to abortion invariably becomes a referendum on abortion itself, and this was not a debate President Obama or Rep. Nancy Pelosi wanted to get dragged into. Every effort was taken to assure Rep. Bart Stupak, the sudden leader of pro-life Democrats, that the status quo would be upheld, but a precious opportunity to challenge the validity of that status quo was dropped.

Abortion, after all, is a legal medical procedure. Why should it be singled out from all other procedures that are granted federal support for those who need it? Some may say that citizens who are morally opposed to abortion should not be forced to support the procedure with their taxes, but there are certainly tax payers morally opposed to the Iraq War, for example, who nevertheless are powerless to keep their money from supporting its continued operations.

What is the difference between these two issues? Perhaps it is a matter of representation and leadership. There is a significant lack of feminists--not just women--but supporters of feminism in general in our legislative branch who are willing to publicly stand up in favor of expanding abortion coverage and focusing on other women’s issues. Nancy Pelosi is, by all rights, one of the most powerful women in our nation’s history, but she seems to be playing by the “boys’ rules” and playing down her potential status as a role model to women and a defender of their rights.

One of the best lines in the health care debate in the House came from Rep. Lynn Woolsey [D-CA], who said, “I wonder how many of my colleagues realize that essentially, ‘being a woman’ IS a pre-existing condition.” One of several issues she was referring to was the fact that in a handful of states, victims of domestic abuse can be denied coverage on the grounds that having or having had an abusive husband in the past is a pre-existing condition. This is shameful.

However, this line of argument was never an important part of the health care reform discussion. Amid the lofty rhetoric of government coming to the rescue of the “Depressed Classes” in our own nation, the rights of women were largely overlooked except in those places where they might be restricted to antiquated norms. Stupak

and his followers in the House, as well as Ben Nelson in the Senate, were, notably, men. How can it be just for a group comprised almost solely of men to single out and restrict access to a medical procedure that only affects women? How can such action be considered anything else but sexist? Where are our women and feminist leaders, and how has India, where patriarchy still dominates the culture, suddenly shot ahead of us in ensuring more equitable representation of its female population?

It is possible that some progress is being made in America through the tireless efforts of women struggling for recognition in areas that have traditionally been male-dominated. Kathryn Bigelow, for example, became the first female ever to win an Academy Award for Best Director, with her film *The Hurt Locker*. This was a “giant leap” for Bigelow, but being for a war movie with hardly any female cast members, maybe only a “small step” for woman-kind. Perhaps the primary value of paying attention to Women’s History Month each year is to take time to step back, observe the playing field, and decide for the year to come whether we are content to allow our representative democracy to continue developing slowly, or whether it may be time to give it another push.

To read other articles by Scott Zuke, visit the Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net

Down Under!

A workable freedom

Submitted by Lindsay!
Melbourne Australia

One of the greatest promises ever made to anyone at any time is in the American Constitution. Everyone, it says has the unalienable right to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

The ‘right to life’ has gone through some incredible twists and turns over the years, but as I understand the original intention, it was simply to affirm that because life was God’s gift to humanity, it was therefore his to take away. The writers also knew that happiness was not something anyone can promise to supply, because it is a very subjective feeling, but they declared that every falling under this charter could pursue it without hinderance.

But Liberty? That most prized of conditions is fragile. No society can function without restrictions on its citizenry – anarchy, or the absence of government, is the opposite to democracy; it does not allow for happiness or peace, and as history shows, makes life tenuous for the majority. Citizens everywhere prosper under stability, order, and certainty, and they

cannot pursue happiness without at least some of each. Laws are vital, and no one really argues with this, even when it means that the lives of certain individuals must be restricted. My question this month is, however, ‘How much liberty can we have?’

The answer will depend on where you sit, both literally and metaphorically. To the millions of dispossessed throughout the world, the answer is ‘very little’. To the growing number of plutocrats, it’s ‘as much as we want’. To the rest of us it is a big variable. Most people in modern society learn to live with what they are given, and this is the nub of the argument, for many have come to experience their liberty as what they *believe* they have. Liberty is therefore subjective and relative, and the purpose of many western governments, Australia and The United States among them, is to make liberty seem to be a boon of their policies. And more than that, it must fit within their framework, not to do what you want, but to do what they want, yet still believe that it is the ideal liberty for you, your country, and your times.

As Juvenal said around 100 AD, ‘Only two things does he, the modern citizen, anxiously wish for – bread and circuses.’ And that is exactly what we have. If we dare to suggest that most of the liberty we have is illusory, or even that the circuses have lost their appeal, we are either ignored or, if we have a bit of clout, slapped back into our little box with the threat of loss of more liberty. Most of us capitulate, can’t be bothered, and ignore the insidious creep of boundaries inward. The old cry ‘if you do not behave the way we say you should are a communist’ still reverberates.

The political parties of democracies can be brought to heel, however, and there are increasing signs that the rumblings of disaffection are going to produce more than heat and smoke sometime soon. Not just ‘oh well, we’ll vote for the other side this time, they can’t be worse than the others’, but things like the recent resolution by the county commissioners for Frederick County, Maryland, ‘to explore the financial and legal ramifications of seceding from the state of Maryland and applying to the congress of The United States for admission to the union as a new state,’ mean that dissatisfaction, even outright disgust by an elected body of citizens at the way the current legislature has been handling things is a sign of such an earthquake. Of course, this could

only happen in a democracy, but the appearance of such a proposal is a shock in itself. Are such sentiments confined to Maryland? Not likely.

Or, from the opinion pages of the Frederick News Post (March 6, 2010), ‘... the check (that) voters provide with each election year... is no longer adequate. The system is broken and stacked against voters...’ ‘Approval ratings for congress, never high to begin with, are at an all time low.’

It doesn’t matter which party is in power, the smell is rank and disaffection remains. When enough citizens get so thoroughly fed up with the system they are forced to live under, they, like the roots of a tree, are likely to break the pavement and cause upheaval. No country is immune. It’s beginning in China, the most despotic of all countries. Scandinavia seems least affected, while Britain is suffering like you and us from the spin and plutocratic handshakes of many decades. History is full of rebellious example, because when self-serving and self promoting trough-snouts begin to have the light shine on them, it shows them up for what they are even as they scream and shout their innocence.

There are so many examples it is not possible to quote even one – we all know many from our own backyard - and although the civil liberties groups are as active as they can be, they too have their

powers circumscribed by newly introduced law, for that is how it is done.

Richard Holloway, former Bishop of Edinburgh, wrote in his book ‘Between the Monster and the Saint’ ‘The kind of society we have evolved in northern Europe, flawed though it is, has three redeeming characteristics, the first of which is a healthy mistrust of power and those that wield it.’ People who break no law or try as best they can to remain upright citizens, but suffer because of their art, their beliefs, their capacity to understand, or to simply deal with the broken promises that burden them, should never be excluded from the guarantee of liberty.

So, beware of the constraints that, like a triffid, come from outside and take away your hard won choice. Freedom is not just being able to select which movie you will see, or which band to hear, or what food to eat. It’s the ability to walk with your head up, even if you belong to a different race, creed, or religion. Liberty is not being told you must hate, distrust or kill anyone who wishes you no harm. And it is not agreeing with the presiding powers who promote such values. Freedom and liberty have to be worked at. Let’s applaud everyone who does just that, then join the ranks.

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

FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

Our Restless Hearts

Dr. Peter Keith
Pastor, Emmitsburg
Presbyterian Church

There is an old Hindu story of the young man who visited a Holy Man while he sat under a tree meditating. The young man said to him, "I want to see God. Show me how I may experience God."

The old Holy Man said nothing and continued with his meditation. The young man returned the next day with the same request, and the next and the next, yet still he received no reply.

On the day of what was going to be his last attempt, the young man found the Holy Man standing. He said, "You seem to be a genuine seeker after God. This afternoon I will go down to the river for my bath. Meet me there."

When the two of them were in the water, the Holy Man grabbed the young man's head firmly, pushed it under the water and held it. The young man struggled greatly to come to the surface. As the seconds passed the young man continued to thrash about. When he was finally released, he stood gasping for air. The Holy Man waited and then calmly said, "Come tomorrow and meet me by the tree."

The next day it was the Holy Man who spoke first. "Tell me, why did you struggle so while I held your head below the water?"

"Because," said the man. "I was unable to breathe! Without air I would have died."

The Holy Man smiled and said, "The day you desire God as desperately as you desired air, you will surely find him."

.....

The point of this tale isn't too hard to understand. There is a certain amount of pain in true spiritual desire. The interesting thought, though, raised by the story is not the question of how much one has to desire God, or truth, or spiritual enlightenment, or whatever else you want to name it in order to find it. It is the question of what has happened to our own simple longing, our own deep-seated wish to find some meaning amidst all the meaninglessness of life?

It's the basic human question where we ask the reason for our living. What has happened to our de-

sire to meet this most human of needs: to know the answer in the face of this great mystery? What's happened to it? Where has it gone? St. Augustine told us of the great restlessness of the human heart. It's the kind of restlessness that will drive young men to seek truth and wisdom. In other words, why aren't we walking down to visit the old meditating man?

The Jesuit priest Anthony DeMello wrote that if we do not experience this pain of longing, then it is because we kill the pain with a host of other desires and pleasures. We even let problems occupy our minds to suppress the pain and "restlessness" of not yet knowing God.

So for many people, the problem is not how much they desire God (or truth or enlightenment, or whatever else you want to call it), but whether or not they desire at all. Where has it gone? Has it been hidden? Most all know this certain restlessness of the heart. But the longing has been smothered with other longings, goals, priorities, and distractions. We do anything we can to quiet that nagging of the soul that desires something more, something greater, something eternal, something just better than the ways things are. Yes. That's it. You have felt it. You feel it now. It is your own desire for God.

.....

There's a great story about the British writer Oscar Wilde. When he was once told by a friend that someone disliked him immensely, he said, "I don't know why the man dislikes me so, because I've never done anything for him." It was a brilliant insight. We are sometimes most prone to resent the very person who has acted toward us in goodness; the person who has done something for us.

It defines our fundamental problem with being on the receiving end of another's benevolence. If we don't like being on the receiving end of a gift, it may not be that we are particularly humble, but that we don't want to be beholding to the one doing something for us. Wilde's reaction rings true.

We most often dislike, or turn away from the ones who give without asking. Why? Because the person who receives may be reminded

of how unable they are to reciprocate. We don't want the gift because we don't want the obligation that goes along with it. So we close ourselves, and turn from the receiving of anything. Especially if it's something we can't repay.

Could our own desire for God be covered over by this reluctance to receive? Has the desire been blown out, extinguished for the feeling that to actually accept the grace of God in our own lives may obligate us in such a way that we simply do not want to be? I believe it is.

We also truly fear to know God because we suspect that in doing so we may be asked to change. And that is not something most of us are eager to do - change. What if in trusting that movement in our spirit, in answering that restlessness we felt a call to do something we didn't want to do?

What if in more frequent and honest openness to that inner prompting we were to discover a gentle word calling us to face up to a problem, or relinquish some damaging pleasure, or to love what we think we cannot love? Along with DeMello's observation that we try to bury the restlessness with all manner of things, we also simply turn from it because we fear a call to change. Our restless hearts.

.....

I wonder if you have ever had the experience of someone you love not believing that you love him or her. It's worse than an unrequited love. This kind when what you want most is not what the person can give you, or do for you, but that they simply believe and know that you love them. They just won't accept it.

Perhaps the Spirit quickening your heart to answer knows that same feeling. You are someone who is loved with a deep abiding care and you wonder and may even occasionally ask, "do you love me?"

It's so hard for us to believe that God would not ask us to repay, but only to accept. It's so difficult for us to accept that God would be waiting to bring a "peace beyond understanding" to our restless hearts. No obligation. No strings attached.

When did you last go like the young man to find an answer? When did you last let speak that voice deep in your soul reminding you that there is depth,

and beauty, and holiness to this great and wonderful mystery called life? You see, your desire for God, your restlessness of heart, is nothing less than grace reaching for you.

So clear are the words of Christ, that there is no obligation to meet, no gift to repay. You need only ask. You need only search. You need only knock. And when you do, you will begin to breathe again.



Dr. Keith and the members of the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church in-

vite you to join then each Sunday at 11 am as they celebrate their Christian fellowship.

Presbyterian 101: A general guide to facts about the Presbyterian Church

Presbyterians trace their history to the 16th century and the Protestant Reformation. Our heritage, and much of what we believe, began with the French lawyer John Calvin (1509-1564), whose writings crystallized much of the Reformed thinking that came before him.

Calvin did much of his writing from Geneva, Switzerland. From there, the Reformed movement spread to other parts of Europe and the British Isles. Many of the early Presbyterians in America came from England, Scotland and Ireland. The first American Presbytery was organized at Philadelphia in 1706. The first General Assembly was held in the same city in 1789. The first Assembly was convened by the Rev. John Witherspoon, the only minister to sign the Declaration of Independence.

What is distinctive about Presbyterian Church?

Presbyterians are distinctive in two major ways: they adhere to a pattern of religious thought known as Reformed theology and a form of government that stresses the active, representational leadership of both ministers and church members.

A little Presbyterian history

Portions of the Presbyterian church in the United States have separated from the main body, and some parts have reunited, several times. The greatest division occurred in 1861 during the American Civil War. The two branches created by that division were reunited in 1983 to form the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.), currently the largest Presbyterian group in this country.

Presbyterian theological beliefs:


Some of the principles articulated by John Calvin remain at the core of Presbyterian beliefs. Among these are the sovereignty of God, the authority of the scripture, justification by grace through faith and the priesthood of all believers. What they mean is that God is the supreme authority throughout the universe. Our knowledge of God and God's purpose for humanity comes from the Bible, particularly what is revealed in the New Testament through the life of Jesus Christ.

Our salvation (justification) through Jesus is God's generous gift to us and not the result of our own accomplishments. It is everyone's job - ministers and lay people alike - to share this Good News with the whole world. That is also why the Presbyterian church is governed at all levels by a combination of clergy and laity, men and women alike. [Learn more]

Our position on social issues:

Neither the Church as the body of Christ, nor Christians as individuals, can be neutral or indifferent toward evil in the world; churches have a responsibility to speak on social and moral issues for the encouragement and instruction of the Church and its members, seeking earnestly both to know the mind of Christ and to speak always in humility and love; churches not only encourage and train their members in daily obedience to God's will, but corporately to reveal God's grace in places of suffering and need, to resist the forces that tyrannize, and to support the forces that restore the dignity of all men as the children of God, for only so is the gospel most fully proclaimed.

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The Book of Days

The history of April Fools' day



Robert Chambers

The 1st of April, of all days in the year, enjoys a character of its own, in as far as it, and it alone, is consecrated to practical joking. On this day it becomes the business of a vast number of people, especially the younger sort, to practise innocent impostures upon their unsuspecting neighbours, by way of making them what in France are called *poissons d'Avril*, and with us April fools.

Thus a knowing boy will despatch a younger brother to see a public statue descend from its pedestal at a particular appointed hour. A crew of giggling servant-maids will get hold of some simple swain, and send him to a bookseller's shop for the History of Eve's Grandmother, or to a chemist's for a pennyworth of pigeon's milk, or to a cobbler's for a little strap oil, in which last case the messenger secures a hearty application of the strap to his shoulders, and is sent home in a state of bewilderment as to what the affair means.

The urchins in the kennel make a sport of calling to some passing beau to look to his coat-skirts; when he either finds them with a piece of paper pinned to them or not; in either of which cases he is saluted as an April fool. A waggish young lady, aware that her dearest friend has a rather empty-headed youth dangling, after her with little encouragement, will send him a note, appointing him to call upon his true love at a particular hour. When instead of a welcome, he finds himself treated as an intruder, and by and by discovers that he has not advanced his reputation for sagacity or the general prospects of his suit.

The great object is to catch some person off his guard, to pass off upon him, as a simple fact, something barely possible, and which has no truth in it; to impose upon him, so as to induce him to go into positions of absur-

dity, in the eye of a laughing circle of bystanders.

Of course, for successful April fooling, it is necessary to have some considerable degree of coolness and face; as also some tact whereby to know in what direction the victim is most ready to be imposed upon by his own tendencies of belief. It may be remarked, that a large proportion of the business is effected before and about the time of breakfast, while as yet few have had occasion to remember what day of the year it is, and before a single victimization has warned people of their danger.

What compound is to simple addition, so is Scotch to English April fooling. In the northern part of the island, they are not content to make a neighbour believe some single piece of absurdity. There, the object being, we shall say, to befool simple lad:

Wag No. 1 sends him away with a letter to a friend two miles off, professedly asking for some useful information, or requesting a loan of some article, but in reality containing only the words:

This is the first day of April, 'Hunt the gowk another mile.'

Wag No. 2, catching up the idea of his correspondent, tells the lad with a grave face that it is not in his power, &c.; but if he will go with another note to such a person, he will get what is wanted.

Off the lads trudges with this second note to Wag No. 3, who treats him in the same manner; and so on he goes, till some one of the series, taking pity on him, hints the trick that has been practised upon him.

A successful affair of this kind will keep rustic society in merriment for a week, during which the honest lad hardly can shew his face.

The Scotch employ the term *gowk* (which is properly a cuckoo) to express a fool in general, but more especially an April fool, and

among them the practice above described is called hunting the gowk.

Sometimes the opportunity is taken by ultra-jocular persons to carry out some extensive hoax upon society.

For example, in March 1860, a vast multitude of people received through the post a card having the following inscription, with a seal marked by an inverted sixpence at one of the angles, thus having to superficial observation an official appearance:

'Tower of London.—Admit the Bearer and Friend to view the Annual Ceremony of Washing the White Lions, on Sunday, April 1st, 1860. Admitted only at the White Gate. It is particularly requested that no gratuities be given to the Wardens or their Assistants.'

The trick is said to have been highly successful. Cabs were rattling about Tower Hill all that Sunday morning, vainly endeavouring to discover the White Gate.

It is the more remarkable that any such trick should have succeeded, when we reflect how identified the 1st of April has become with the idea of imposture and unreality. So much is this the case, that if one were about to be married, or to launch some new and speculative proposition or enterprise, one would hesitate to select April 1st for the purpose. On the other hand, if one had to issue a mock document of any kind with the desire of its being accepted in its proper character, he could not better insure the joke being seen than by dating it the 1st of April.

The literature of the last century, from the Spectator downwards, has many allusions to April fooling; no references to it in our earlier literature have as yet been pointed out. English antiquaries appear unable to trace the origin of the custom, or to say how long it has existed among us. In the Catholic Church, there was the Feast of the Ass on Twelfth Day, and various mummings about Christmas; but April fooling stands apart from these dates.

There is but one plausible-looking suggestion from Mr. Pegge, to the effect that, the 25th of March being, in one respect, New Year's Day, the 1st of April was its octave, and the termination of its celebrations; but this idea is not very satisfactory.

There is much more importance in the fact, that the Hindus have, in their Huli, which terminates with the 31st of March, a precisely similar festival, during which the great aim is to send persons away with messages to ideal individuals, or individuals sure to be from home, and enjoy a laugh at their disappointment. To find

the practice so widely prevalent over the earth, and with so near a coincidence of day, seems to indicate that it has had a very early origin amongst mankind.

The Humorous and political writer Jonathan Swift, in his Journal to Stella, enters under March 31, 1713, that 'he, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Lady Masham had been amusing themselves that evening by contriving 'a lie for tomorrow.'

A person named Noble had been hanged a few days before. The lie which these three laid their heads together to concoct, was, that Noble had come to life again in the hands of his friends, but was once more laid hold of by the sheriff, and now lay at the Black Swan in Holborn, in the custody of a messenger.

'We are all,' says Swift, 'to send to our friends, to know whether they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread.' Next day, the learned Dean duly sent his servant to several houses to inquire among the footmen, not letting his own man into the secret. But nothing could be heard of the resuscitation of Mr. Noble; whence he concluded that 'his colleagues did not contribute' as they ought to have done.

April fooling is a very noted practice in France, and we get traces of its prevalence there at an earlier period than is the case in England. For instance, it is related that Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and his wife, being in captivity at Nant-

es, effected their escape in consequence of the attempt being made on the 1st of April.

Disguised as peasants, the one bearing a hod on his shoulder, the other carrying a basket of rubbish at her back, they both at an early hour of the day passed through the gates of the city. A woman, having a knowledge of their persons, ran to the guard to give notice to the sentry. 'April fool!' cried the soldier; and all the guard, to a man, shouted out, 'April fool!' beginning with the sergeant in charge of the post.

The governor, to whom the story was told as a jest, conceived some suspicion, and ordered the fact to be proved; but it was too late, for in the meantime the duke and his wife were well on their way. The 1st of April saved them.'

It is told that a French lady having stolen a watch from a friend's house on the 1st of April, endeavoured, after detection, to pass off the affair as unpoisson d'Avril, an April joke. On denying that the watch was in her possession, a messenger was sent to her apartments, where it was found upon a chimney-piece. 'Yes,' said the adroit thief, 'I think I have made the messenger a fine poisson d'Avril!' Then the magistrate said she must be imprisoned till the 1st of April in the ensuing year, comme un poisson d'Avril.

To read other selections from Robert Chambers 1864 *The Book of Days* visit Emmitsburg.net.

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THE (retired) ECOLOGIST

Lo, the winter is (finally) past

Bill Meredith

“For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.” The Song of Songs.

It is the Ides of March as I write this, but because of the time required to edit, assemble, print and distribute a newspaper, it will be April when you read it. I cannot foretell what the rest of March will be like; it may go out like a lion or continue its present ovine course, and we have seen snow in Emmitsburg in April before, too. But the U. S. Naval Observatory assures us that whether we have snow, rain or sunshine, the equinox will arrive at 1:32 pm on March 20. Finally, the winter will pass and spring will come.

You can see the signs. The time of the singing of birds has come; go outside and you will hear them trying to remember the lyrics of their territorial and mating songs, and the goldfinches at my feeder started molting into their yellow summer plumage last week. The crocuses and pussy willows have appeared on the earth, and tulips and daffodils are on their way. Walking to the post office this morning, I heard the first spring peepers... not turtles, but they'll do. (My wife just told me the turtles in the Bible were doves, anyhow.) Every year these sights and sounds challenge my memory to recite that verse from the Song of Songs. It was not among the verses I had to memorize as a child... Sunday-School teachers tended to avoid that part of the Bible in those days... but at this time of life it always comes back more easily than most of the ones I did have to learn. It has become one of my traditions for welcoming spring.

At the time and place where the Bible was written there were just two seasons, rainy and dry, so while the verse has poetic beauty it doesn't apply very well to Emmitsburg. The rains are not over and gone here; April is traditionally thought of as the month of showers. This year they got started early; we had three days of steady rain in mid-March. In mid-summer that kind of rain would have been soaked up happily by the roots of growing vegetation, but this isn't mid-summer. The ground was still frozen below the top few inches, and nothing is growing yet, so the rain couldn't sink in. It melted the snow that was left on the north side of the mountain and in scattered places where it had drifted, such as my back yard; and then it flowed merrily off to join Toms Creek, which was already in an expansive and exuberant mood. Along with all the other local streams, it overflowed its banks, blocking local roads in numerous places and reminding us how flood-plain ecosystems got their name. All of those nice, flat fields and woodlots that developers would love to build on and sell to gullible buyers if we didn't have zoning regulations were under water.

It was a tough winter for a lot of feathered and furry creatures. On the day in February when we got our biggest snowfall a young squirrel decided it would be easier to raid my sunflower seeds than to look for his stashed supply of acorns. The snow was coming down soft and fluffy, already over a foot deep, and apparently he had never experienced anything like it before. When he jumped from a tree trunk to what he thought was the ground, he sank out of sight. He came to the surface with a look of bewildered panic on his face and started swimming through the snow toward the pole with the bird feeder on it, looking exactly like that TV commercial where Michael Phelps was swimming through a wheatfield in Kansas. My wife felt sorry for him, but I knew he wasn't in trouble. Squirrels have an easier time of it in snow than rabbits or deer, which have to stay on the ground all the time and whose food supply may be completely drifted over for days. Likewise, owls and foxes have a hard time making a living when deep snow gets crusted over, as it did here.

About the only animals that really welcome deep snow are the voles, commonly known as field mice. Under the snow, they are shielded from the wind, and since they eat grass and roots, their food supply is abundantly available to them. When snow stays on the ground a long time they will chew their way through the grass, creating a network of tunnels more

complex than any urban subway system. The snow insulates them from the worst shifts in weather and hides them from predators. To be sure, some enemies can get at them when the snow is still soft; both foxes and owls can hear them under the snow, and will dive in head-first to catch them, but this becomes much more difficult when the snow has crusted over. Voles are related to lemmings, and reproduce with the same unbounded enthusiasm; secure under the snow, a female vole will produce a litter of six or more every four or five weeks.

When the snow finally melted, Mike Hillman found the field where his horses live had been turned into a jig-saw puzzle by vole tunnels. I suppose everyone has seen them. To me, they look like a network of roads as seen from an airplane, and they give you the idea that the world is about to be taken over by voles. But nature's laws for balancing populations are swinging into action, and the voles are no longer secure. Those owls I saw last fall are hatching their broods about now, and owlets come into the world hungry. The foxes will fill their place in the puzzle too; their litters will arrive before long, and the food chain's demand for voles will go up again. On top of all that, the rain that melted the snow also filled up all of the vole tunnels and nests, leaving them shivering



A jig-saw puzzle created by Voles

as the spring peepers sing around them, and the new grass they need to eat is just getting started. So, as my ecology professor told me 55 years ago, weather, food, other organisms and a place in which to live are all converging on the voles to keep their population in check.

It fascinates me that while every year is different, the pattern stays the same. Lo, the winter will pass. On St. Patrick's Day the garden will be too wet to dig in, but I will plant at least

one potato anyway in memory of my grandfather. April will come, the Icky Tree will bloom, and the Orioles will open the season with high hopes. It will be too wet, too dry, too hot, too cold... or, maybe, just right, as it always is. The Orioles could even win. We will wait and see. That's what makes life interesting.

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THE MASTER GARDENERS

Spring has sprung!

Mary Ann Ryan, Consumer Horticulture Educator - Adams County

Finally, after a long, white winter, spring peepers are singing and the crocuses are blooming. Many January and February weekends were spent looking at seed catalogs while dreaming of the perfect vegetable garden, admiring and desiring the new cultivars of perennials for the garden and watching the shrubs and trees being weighed down by snow, aching to prune and bring them back to life. Now that the weather is springing, we can make some of those dreams a reality.

Direct Sowing Seeds:

One of my great pleasures of spring is touching and feeling the soil. Direct sowing seed is a great first chore that satisfies this pleasure in the garden. April is a good month to direct sow lettuce and other salad green seeds. Work up the garden, digging in compost, and level the soil. Create small furrows for the seed to be dropped and cover with a thin layer of soil. Peas, radishes, and beets benefit from sowing now as well. Potato sets should also be planted at this time and cold hardy vegetables like brussel sprouts and cabbage should go in the ground. Note: Depth of seed planting is important information located on the back of seed packs. This information will come in handy when determining how deep to make furrows and how much soil to cover the seed.

Pruning trees and shrubs

April is also the time of year to examine the condition of your shrubs and trees. After the snowy winter, you may find branches that are broken and evergreens with branches that went from green to brown. Winter damage can be an easy fix if you have the patience and muscles to prune. Any broken branches should be cut. Cut back to just outside the branch collar for best plant recovery. This is for all shrubs and trees, whether evergreen or deciduous. Do not cover the cut with paint, tar, or any plant wound dressing. This only inhibits the callusing needed at the cut area for good recovery.

You may find after inspection of a shrub that it will need replaced or cut to the ground for rejuvenation. Look at this as an opportunity, not a loss. There are many new cultivars of plants that can replace your damaged or dead shrub

which may be a better choice. Remember to select the right plant for the right place. Know the sun, soil moisture, and optimum size of the plant before purchasing. Be sure it matches the site needs of the location it is to be planted.

If plant rejuvenation is your preferred choice, check with your local extension office to be sure the plant species you are cutting to the ground will respond to a hard pruning. Rejuvenation is a way to describe the act of pruning a shrub by cutting it all the way to the ground. Plants like common lilacs, forsythias, bayberry, spiraea, and rhododendron all react well to this treatment. Just know that patience is necessary, as the plants are, in essence, starting over; but the results are typically worth it. The plants re-

spond with fresh growth and all the old, dead wood is gone, so it really is like starting new.

year if they have cold storage; Conservation District offices often have tree seedling sales this time of year; or you can order these from specialty catalogs. After receiving your bare root plants, get them in the ground as soon as you can. If you need to hold them for a short time (no longer than one week) keep the roots covered and moist while placing the plants in a cool, dark area.



When pruning cut back to just outside the branch collar.

Purchase Bare-Root Shrubs and Trees:

April is a good time to purchase trees and shrubs bare-root. This simply means that the plants have roots with no soil and are in the dormant stage. Some retail nurseries have bare-root plants as an option this time of

times we see plants die due to improper planting, like piling soil too high around the base of a tree. After proper planting, water well.

Perennials:

Moving on to the perennial beds brings us to another favorite task of mine. Evaluating the garden, while reviewing notes that may have been taken last season, will help determine if anything new may need to



When planing bare rooted trees and shrubs, make you the hole wide and deep enough to handle all the roots.

be planted or if division is necessary. However, before running to the local garden centers and purchasing new plants, you may have determined while evaluating that some of your plants may need to be divided.

Clumps too big for their spot, dying out on the inside (a typical happening with Shasta daisies), or just the need to increase the amount of a particular plant to put in other locations, could be a good reason to divide. Generally, if plants bloom in the summer or fall, spring is a good time to divide those particular plants. Division is simply done by digging up the plant and pulling it apart into smaller pieces. Be sure that part of the crown and roots of the plant are present. Sometimes two pitchforks pulling in different directions is the way to go; other times you may need to take a knife or machete to cut the clump apart. Shovels will also serve as a cutting tool.

After the perennials are divided, re-plant them as soon as you can to avoid roots drying out. Backfill with the soil you took out of the hole and water well. This is a great time to share your love for gardening with neighbors and friends.

If purchasing new perennials, do a little research in advance. Know what kind of conditions you have and choose appropriately. Shade plants really do not do well in sun; and sun plants are not for the shade.

Avoid disappointment in the longevity, health, and blooming of plant by selecting the perennial that fits the site.

Annuals:

It's still a bit too early for annual planting in the beds, but container gardening is a great way to get that annual color at focal areas. Such annuals as pansies are a wonderful spring welcome as visitors enter your home or garden. Mixing pansies with other cold hardy annuals like snapdragons and pots of bulbs make a great show. Often times you'll find perennials available with colored leaves like foam flower and coral bells (which have pretty spring flowers to boot!) that will add additional texture and color to a spring planter. Use your imagination!

As my garden chore list grows longer, I look forward to every free evening and weekend that I can spend outside in the garden. Unkempt as my gardens may be now and as the season progresses, nothing can take away from the joy and satisfaction I receive from gardening.

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

Raising a Seeing Eye puppy

Becca Golan

Being a part of the oldest and most prestigious guide dog school in the nation as enhanced my life in so many ways. The Seeing Eye just celebrated their 80th anniversary as a top guide dog school, and I am fortunate to be able to play a role in educating these special dogs. I was introduced to The Seeing Eye as an undergraduate student at the University of Delaware. I raised my first dog named Norwood, a male German Shepherd, in 2007.

Norwood was delivered by an area coordinator from The Seeing Eye at just eight weeks old. My life turned upside down as I was now fully in charge of the initial training and development of this Seeing Eye puppy. Training this young puppy came naturally to me since I have been around dogs and horses my entire life. I have been riding since I was five years old and began training horses as a teenager.

Much of my success with Norwood was due to my experience with horses. Although working with a twelve-hundred pound animal is a bit different than an eighty pound animal, I found myself using the same types of tactics for training. Dogs and horses both respond to positive and negative reinforcement training.

If I am schooling a young horse and it does a specific movement correctly, or jumps quite well, I praise him. If Norwood responded to a command correctly or displayed a type of behavior I liked, I would praise him. I have also been told that I naturally have a dominant and assertive personality, which comes in handy when dealing with unruly creatures!

My horses and dogs respond to my requests because they know that it is best for them in the long run! Most horses and dogs aim to please, and with correct use of body language and clear, consistent training, both become easier to work with.

As a puppy raiser, I was in charge of basic obedience training, socialization, and tender loving care of my puppy Norwood. For over a year he joined me in family vacations, classes at the University of Delaware, sports games, movie outings, dining at restaurants, and local puppy meetings.

One of the most rewarding experiences raising a Seeing Eye puppy is the ability to raise awareness about The Seeing Eye and service dogs in general. When Norwood was young, he was quite the charmer! He seemed to draw attention from all angles. Most people find puppies irresistible and although I wanted to share Norwood with everyone, I had to remember that because he was in training to become a future guide dog, it was my job to prevent people from walking up and trying to pet him on a constant basis.

The Seeing Eye asks puppy raisers to place the dogs in a sit before people are allowed to greet them. When the dogs eventually work in a harness guiding a blind person, they shouldn't be used to greeting everyone that passes them on the street! The puppies wear a bandana with The Seeing Eye logo until about six months of age and then they wear a Seeing Eye logo vest until they return to The Seeing Eye for training.

Every time I took Norwood out in public, he wore his bandana or vest. Puppy raisers are also given ID cards for the dogs that signify a service dog in training. I was fortunate not to have many issues with access while raising Norwood. Most places I took him accepted him quite nicely and were happy to accommodate me. No matter where I went, there was always someone asking about him and the organization, and I was always pleased to educate them!

What I found most interesting was the assumption that Norwood was in training for some police work. German Shepherd dogs are very commonly used in police work and The Seeing Eye is the only guide dog organization that uses German Shepherds today.

Norwood was a well behaved dog and would always lay quietly under a table or beside my desk almost to seem invisible. Puppy raisers are required to teach the puppies proper behavior when out in public areas. We do not allow whining, barking, jumping, or nipping in any circumstance. The puppies in training must understand the different between playing at home and working in public. It is a big responsibility to raise a puppy for The Seeing Eye, but it is one of the most rewarding experiences in my life.

When Norwood went back to The Seeing Eye for training, I was in the process of transferring to the University of Maryland. After I was settled in from the move, I applied to raise another dog for The Seeing Eye. After several months of communication with the Puppy Development Program at The Seeing Eye, I was able to raise another male German Shepherd named Ogden.

Ogden was delivered to my apartment in January of 2010 by an area coordinator for The Seeing Eye. I waited patiently for that special van with The Seeing Eye logo and before I knew it, I was handed another bundle of joy!

Ogden was such a fast learner. He was housebroken within two weeks, knew the sit, down and rest command within the first month and still impresses me to this day! He is so laid back about everything; which is uncommon for most German Shepherd dogs. He was visited by mother and her dog, my friends and their pets, and has even been introduced to some of the horses I train at the barn!

He just soaks everything in and is always willing to try something new. He understood the concept of stairs quite quickly, which took Norwood much longer. Ogden attends classes with my twice a week at the University of Maryland. He is so popular on campus, and is quite a sight for most students.

I have had tons of students approach me asking my how I was allowed to bring a dog on cam-



pus with me. I have to explain that Ogden is in training and that he is not a pet, but a service dog in the making! I think that hardest thing for Ogden is not being able to greet everyone he sees! There are thousands of students on campus and Ogden would love to meet every single one of them if he could.

He has been very well behaved in the classrooms as well. I usually try to put him underneath my chair or on the left side of me on the floor. He usually sleeps through my classes, but sometimes he pays close attention to my professors' lectures!

Every puppy raiser would love to see their puppy graduate from The Seeing Eye and go on to bring independence and freedom to a blind individual. Unfortunately not every puppy passes. If a puppy does not pass to be a guide dog, The Seeing Eye works very hard to ensure that the puppy go to a safe and loving home.

Puppy raisers are given first priority on adopting their puppy that doesn't pass. If the puppy raiser does not adopt the puppy, other service organization may use the dog in their programs. Finally, if the dog still does not have a permanent home, they are placed up for adoption through The Seeing Eye.

The Seeing Eye is very strict on adoption and the process to adopt a dog that failed, or a retired Seeing Eye dog is quite lengthy, but well worth it!

Norwood did not pass to become a guide dog at The Seeing Eye but was picked up by the local Morris County Police Department and is now serving as a narcotics dog in New Jersey. I was disappointed when I found out he didn't pass, but it was because he was a bit too protective to be a guide dog. When I found out he would be working as a police dog, I couldn't have been more thrilled!

Wherever the dogs end up, The Seeing Eye ensures that they are being taken care of and are always open to readopt the dogs if they aren't working out for the person or organization.

Even in the short time I have had Ogden, I can already tell that he has the personality and disposition that The Seeing Eye looks for in their guide dogs. I am very excited to spend the next year educating this little puppy, and I look forward to raising awareness about the process of raising and training a service dog for The Seeing Eye.

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

Cher Ami

Dr. Kim Brokaw, DVM

Dealing with unwanted pets is an unfortunate part of veterinary medicine. Vets frequently counsel owners on how to either help mold the pet into a wanted family member or how to find a new home where the pet will be loved. Occasionally, when a more suitable home can't be found, the vet ends up convincing the owner to surrender the animal to the clinic.

Then, the veterinary staff tries to find a suitable home for the pet. Until the new home is found, a member of the veterinary staff keeps the animal as a personal pet. I, like most veterinarians, am a sucker. I keep acquiring additional, unadoptable, pets when their old owners can no longer take care of them or no longer want them. During the two years I have been in Walkersville, I have acquired a duck and four cats.

The first thing I do when I acquire a new pet is to vaccinate, deworm, neuter or spay and re-name my pet. I like to give them unusual names such as Cally Moon Love Shadow and Pnancy (as in pneumonia, the "p" is silent). Cher Ami is a French duck whose parents abandoned him. He was brought into the clinic and I took custody of him. I hoped we would immediately find him a good home, but almost a year has gone by and he is still with me.

His namesake, a famous French World War 1 messenger pigeon, was awarded the Croix de Guerre Medal for delivering a message that helped save the lives of 194 servicemen despite being shot through the breast, leg, and blinded in one eye. I know my duck, who can barely fly, will never do anything that noble, but I like the name, and he is French.

While my pets may have to put up with having strange and unusual names, at least they receive very good care. Truthfully they tend to be spoiled. My own horse (who is not adopted), hears the noise of plastic candy wrappers and comes running. He knows that the sound of candy wrappers means peppermints for him.

Ducks are not supposed to be indoor pets, however, Cher Ami lives inside the house, and during most of the year, swim outside in the pool. In the winter, when the pool is closed, he is relegated to the bathroom, for swims in the bathtub. In the interest of preventing infectious disease, no humans take baths in that bathtub.

Aside from being messy, as he cannot be housebroken and he refuses to wear duck diapers, Cher Ami fits in well with the family. He gets along wonderfully with the dog. They go swimming together, sleep together, watch me eating and beg for handouts together. Aside from "the cheese incident" they get along well.

"The cheese incident" occurred when my sister came up to visit. I made a strawberry baked brie for the occasion. We weren't able to finish it so I decided to put the leftovers on the floor for the duck and dog to finish. While they started off sharing the plate, Cher Ami decided that the cheese in the dog's mouth would be tastier than the cheese on the plate. He inserted his duck bill into the dog's mouth in pursuit of the piece of cheese. Luckily the dog spat him out but not before the duck punctured his bill on one of her teeth. His bill is very vascular and started bleeding. As the duck ran about the kitchen shaking his head, he sent blood flying all over the place. By the time I caught Cher Ami, the kitchen looked like a scene out of some chainsaw slasher movie.

My sister can't handle the site of blood so while screaming about how the duck was dying she retreated out of the room to vomit or faint. She didn't vomit or faint, and the duck stopped bleeding in a few minutes. After some cleaning of the beak and a dose of oral antibiotics, the wound didn't look bad. Cher Ami was back to his usual pushy duck self by morning. In light of re-



cent events, new dinner time rules have been established. These rules forbid dogs and the duck from sharing the same plate.

About once a month I go home to visit my parents and take all of my pets with me. The horses are very good about getting in the trailer. The dog rides in the back seat of my truck and the duck rides shotgun. Cher Ami sits in a laundry basket in the front passenger seat. I usually leave the laundry basket uncovered so he can look around as I drive down the road.

He is usually very good and just sits in the laundry basket for the entire drive down to VA. Once, he was frightened as a large semi truck drove by, and he jumped out of the basket and into my lap. I managed to get him back into his basket without even swerving out of my lane. A cat carrier should probably be on my list of future travel related purchases.

Living with an assortment of pets who I didn't choose keeps my life interesting. I never would have bought a pet duck. If I could have found a good home for the duck, he would not be a member of my household. However, I have thoroughly enjoyed his company.

This does not mean that I want

any additional ducks, cats or other un-adoptable pets. My house is full. I do not want to become like a crazy cat collector lady who has 100 half starved cats because she cannot bear to see unwanted animals euthanized. However, my life has been enriched by my adoptees.

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

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

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IN MY OWN WORDS

With compliments to Emily Dickinson

Katherine Au
MSM Class of 1998

"A light exists in spring
Not present on the year
At any other period.
When March is scarcely here

A color stands abroad
On solitary hills
That science cannot overtake,
But human nature feels.

It waits upon the lawn;
It shows the furthest tree
Upon the furthest slope we know;
It almost speaks to me.

Then, as horizons step,
Or noons report away,
Without the formula of sound,
It passes, and we stay:

A quality of loss
Affecting our content,
As trade had suddenly encroached
Upon a sacrament."

—Emily Dickinson, #812 "A Light
Exists in Spring"

Spring—the season when life seems to begin anew after so long being asleep and hibernating during the cold and bleak days. After such a long winter, after so much snow, after so many days of cold and nights that were even colder, the first glimpses of spring are a welcome experience. It is a season, as Dickinson expresses it, with "a light . . . Not present on the year / At any other period."

Plants emerge again, animals give birth to new young, people begin to emerge and congregate outside. It is the season of love—love in many forms. It may be love toward a partner; it may be love toward life itself. It is what "human nature feels" whether science can understand it or not.

This spring the renewal of life is especially lovely to see. After being cooped up for so long and surrounded by so much snow, it is lovely to see



the renewal of spring approach. "It waits upon the lawn." Today, as I walk around I still see a few patches of the remainders of snow piles, but I also see flowers starting to come up and bloom. I know that shortly all the snow patches will disappear completely and the grass that sleeps below will grow green and lush.

It is a spring that "speaks to me." This last fall I planted five pansy plants. The winter left them buried under mounds of snow in their pots, but just in the past couple of days the flowers have peaked out and shown their colors of yellow, purple, and white. Spring speaks to us all. It is not only the flowers that are coming out. As I go around town now I see more people out and about. The once empty chairs on the patios at the local restaurants are now occupied again. As soon as the days became somewhat warmer people started sitting outside again, even if it meant still wearing a light jacket while doing so. It is as though people just start coming out of the woodwork. Where the sidewalks used to be barren save for the person scurrying to wherever they needed to go as quickly as possible, now the sidewalks have people stopping to chat. Even the paces have changed. Where someone once would walk at a fast pace, they now meander and slow down.

All of us, I suspect, love spring, perhaps like no other season of the year. We love the new birth we see all around us and the possibility it brings which allows us to start over, to slow down and be more observant of the life around us, to connect with people

and the world around us, to be like the pansies which survive the snow to bloom in the spring.

But is it that easy? Look again at the Dickinson poem. Dickinson speaks to the passing of spring which brings with it "a quality of loss." What does she mean? She concludes the poem by suggesting that ". . . trade had suddenly encroached / Upon a sacrament." We stay, Dickinson suggests, too often bound in our lives without fully appreciating the "sacrament" that the rebirth of life offers us.

Dickinson is talking about a number of complicated ideas, but to understand what she is saying is to come to increased enrichment in our lives. She talks about "sacrament." We most often think of sacrament in religious terminology, and certainly the concept is a religious one—but not necessarily a doctrinal one. A sacrament, in its traditional sense, is an "outward sign of an inward and spiritual grace." In other words, the outward sign must be internalized if the outward experience is to become sacramental. Moments of grace often abound all around us, but we have to consciously see those moments and internalize them if they are to have more than simply passing awareness for us. One of the factors that help us to see is to be aware of contrasts. It is contrast that often calls

us to awareness in the spring. We come into spring after experiencing the winter. Without the winter, we would have less appreciation, less awareness of the beauty of spring. It is the contrast, the flowers that bloom just as the snow disappears, that give us that special moment of awareness. The first daffodils that bloom, the first robins that appear on the lawn, the first green shoots that appear on the trees (a green so intense that it almost hurts our eyes)—these are the special moments of "outward signs," and they hold special meaning for us because they come after nature's hibernation over the winter.

Spring is not, however, just a season of the year that follows winter (though, of course, it is that as well). If we would truly experience it, we need to appreciate it as a sacrament—a sacred return to life. All too often we find that our lives encroach upon that sacrament. Our lives are busy. We have jobs, we have families, we have obligations that require our time and our energy. Those are the items of "trade" present in all of our lives. We have moments when we catch a glimpse of something more, of something that, again in Dickinson's words, "almost [emphasis mine] speaks to me." We experience moments when we catch a glimpse of the sacred. It is the moment when we see the first pansy peek out from

the snow; it is the moment when we vow to look more closely, feel more clearly, appreciate more deeply all that surrounds us, the life and people and events that make up the substance of our lives. But the moment passes before we can internalize it. We see it, but then we let it go. Our lives and our obligations intrude. "It [that moment] passes, and we stay." The moment passes and we stay tied to the ground, tied to our obligations, tied to the realities of our lives.

"Nothing gold can stay," says Robert Frost. Emily Dickinson would agree. But I suspect that both poets would invite us to prolong those moments when we glimpse the sacred. The reality is that, while we can never live permanently in those special moments of the sacred, we can be more aware of them when they occur and we can value them for the joy they can and do bring to our lives.

As Dickinson affirms, "a light exists in spring / Not present on the year / At any other period." That light, that brief time, can be a sacrament if we hold on to it and internalize it in our lives. Now that spring is upon us, may we really look, see what is all around us, and internalize it for the enrichment it brings us.

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



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LIFE'S REFLECTIONS

This teacher acted like she liked us

Ruth Richards

It was 1977 in my 60th birthday was coming. I had spent many hours substitute teaching but except for my first year out of college I had not held a full time teaching job. In 1961 I signed a contract to teach English at Thurmont High School. I promised myself that when I got to be 60 I would retire.

Classes for the final marking period had been assigned and when I went to my final class Monday morning I was greeted by about 25 students all of whom were classified as "reluctant learners." Immediately the students began questioning me. "Are we going to have to do any writing?" "Are we going to have to read any books?" (God forbid reading and writing in English class!)

What do you do in a class if you don't read and write?

One girl said, "My sister had you for teacher and she said you are nice."

"I am," I said. Not one eager student this spring. Why hadn't this group, like other 16-year-olds, dropped out of school? They were old enough. One thing they did know and had learned was that

they had to have "that" diploma, and regardless of how it was attained they were going to stay long enough to walk across the stage to get it.

I had four weeks to go and no plans - I was already tired of the school year. "What am I going to do with these kids?" Frederick County, as usual, was in short supply of teaching materials and at this time I was in short supply of ideas. Four weeks with a bunch of reluctant learners that need to be kept interested.

I finally decided I did have some choices. I would tell them about my teen years and encourage them to ask questions. I would read stories that had been written for teenagers and we would discuss them. I would let the students decide topics that they were interested in. As the time wore on the students got more and more interested and questions began to fly.

I began my stories with my high school years - a large high school in the heart of a shopping district in a small city. No school buses. No lunch program. No place to park student - which wasn't a problem as students didn't have cars. All athletic activities in venues miles from

the school. Imagine the questions that information provided. And the students were interested the topic lasted for a day or two.

One class I took in a newspaper picture of myself fallen down in a local stream. I had all the required pieces of the outfit of a trout fisherman - hat with flies - limber rod and line - waders. It was all a staged picture. A Washington newspaper man had come to the stream wanting a picture of a women fishing and had chosen me as the subject even though I pretested I wasn't fishing. I became the story and the students were fascinated. Lesson for the day: Don't believe everything you read in newspapers.

The class loved the story of my going one snowy, cold night to a golf club to sled. Rather than going down a hill, we unknowingly went down a ski jump. When we, my sled partner and I landed, the sled broke into splinters and so did my rear end. My partner was in front of me and I smashed my face on his back.

I told them of my first date which was to a roller skating rink and the return home when my date kissed me.

Probably their favorite story was of my washing the outside of a very large window. I was wearing shorts and when the water spilled down the window onto a nest of yellow jackets, the yellow jackets swarmed and some of them went up the legs of my shorts. That story was a winner. The student's may have liked that story best. Imagine what went through their minds.

Then one lucky day Ron come to me asking me to tell him how he could be elected the President of the senior class for the next school year. We talked about campaigns. Voting and all things political, especially convincing his classmates to vote for him. My promise to the class was that if Ron was elected president I would buy them all ice creams!

Well, Ron was elected and we had our ice cream party.

As the four weeks were drawing to an end, I was asked: "Are we going to have a final?" "Of course." "How can you study for it?" "Just wait and see," as if they would study.

Test day came and we had the "test". "Takeout a paper and pen and in as many words as you can,

tell me what you have learned in these four week." They wrote busily and laboriously for 40 minutes. I collected the papers and took them home to read. I cried as I read them. I cry as I write about them now.

I quote a few of the remarks: "We finally had a teacher who didn't yell at us."

"The teacher never got mad at us."

"This teacher acted like she liked us."

"This teacher told us about her life and it was interesting."

"This teacher didn't have pets."

They all loved the class.

And finally - "I haven't learnt how teachers can make class so fun and interesting such as Mrs. Richards has with us. None of my English classes has ever been so fun and interesting as this one." "You're a hell of a good teacher, Mrs. Richards."

They left the classroom for the summer. I left the classroom forever.

I loved those kids.

To read other selections from Ruth Richards visit the Authors' section at Emmitsburg.net.

In the Country

Lynn Holt

When the time changed on 14 March 2010, we not only sprung an hour ahead, but spring leaped forward too. Gone is all that snow with the help of wind, rain, and fog.

Each evening, I ride my horses down the road and back. The Great Horned Owls hooted to each other as I rode by. Since my rides were a nightly occurrence, the animals got accustomed to hearing the horse's hooves strike the macadam. These owls are easily recognized by their 'hoo hoo hoo.....hoo...hoo.' They begin their mating rituals with this call. Listen carefully, because you will hear another owl answer or join in.

As soon as we get a warm evening, the spring peepers emerge from their winter dormancy in the mud. This is a tree frog that starts the cycle of life in a wet area. These tiny frogs, of about an inch in length, have an "X" on their back. The spring peepers come out at dusk and set up quite a chorus of shrill peeps. They too are looking for that special someone.

Marshes and ponds are their most popular habitats. They require the still water to breed, lay their eggs, and transform into tadpoles; then they move back to the trees. Have you ever taken a walk at twilight and heard the peepers going full blast? Then, as you draw nearer, the less bold

ones become silent. Your presence can silence the entire chorus, until you move along, and they begin all over again.

Another early sign of spring is the woodcock. This bird is similar to the snipe in appearance. Yes, there really is a snipe. Do you remember a night at camp where you were taken snipe hunting? Perhaps you watched "Spin and Marty" on the Mickey Mouse Club. You would be given a sack and told to go out into the dark woods to catch a snipe.

The woodcock starts his ritual, looking for the female, at dusk. They prefer a marshy area with shrubs. Cover is needed for them to feel confident to reveal themselves enough to find the female. Again, you must be quiet, and this time you are listening for a soft 'beep.....beep.....beep.' This call is spaced out. It is almost makes a buzz sound.

At this point the male woodcock is on the ground sending out his call to a prospective female. As you listen, be prepared for his sudden erratic flight and the wild, whirling sound of his wings. If you rush forward to where you heard the beep, you can look up into the sky and see him. He is flying about making loop-the-loops trying to impress a female. Abruptly, the male woodcock plummets from the sky, to start the beeps again.

When the temperatures become mild, the leopard frogs will

soon be heard with their guttural chucking sounds. These are green frogs with black spots. Not that you will have much opportunity to see them in the evenings, but they can be heard at the same locations as the peepers.

I used to worry about the robin appearing too early when I lived in the frozen north. When you think of a bird that eats worms, they have to be adaptable to survive the snow and frozen temperatures. Here in Maryland, bluebirds may be seen all winter! At times, like so much of the wild-

life, they may retire to the recesses of the woods for a better supply of food. I have seen bluebirds already. They always surprise me, as I think of them as a smaller bird, when they are the size of a robin.

I suppose everyone has their methods of recognizing spring. I obviously follow the cycle of wildlife through the seasons. Or, maybe it feels like spring because you can wear a jacket instead of a coat. The windshield of your vehicle no longer needs scraping in the mornings. Soon, people will be out in the yards

repairing the damage of winter storms, washing their cars, and planting.

I would prefer not to live where there is not a change of seasons. Just when winter seems it has stayed too long, you will see a crocus emerging in your flower bed. When the rain and mud cease, and the temperatures rise; then summer will make its entrance. How could we appreciate spring without winter?

To read other articles by Lynn Holt, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net



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VETERAN'S PROFILE

Tom Hoke - Hometown Veteran

James Houck

Thomas E. Hoke son of Joseph R. Hoke and Effie Eyer Hoke was born November 19, 1923 at his home in Emmitsburg, Md. Tom, as he is called by his family and friends, had one brother (John) and three sisters (Elizabeth, Ann and Rebecca) that are now deceased. Tom had a typical life of a kid raised in the 1920's and 1930's and really enjoyed being outside.

He had fun in the winter sledding and ice skating and in the summer playing ball and swimming. He likes to reminisce about his childhood and the one thing that sticks in his mind is about "The Willows" a swimming hole in Toms Creek where he and his friends and classmates spent many a summers day swimming.

He remembers vividly the day he was swinging over the creek on a rope the kids had tied on the branch of one of the trees leaning over the creek and the rope broke and he hit his head and almost drowned and was saved by one of his friends, but, that would not stop a tough boy

like Tom and he was soon back at it again. Tom and 26 of his classmates graduated from Emmitsburg High School in 1940.

The second world war started shortly after Tom graduated and being of age on February 12, 1943 he was drafted into the U. S. Army. Tom went through training to become an army medic and served in the European Theater of War and participated in The Battle of The Bulge.

Tom made many buddies while serving his country and still keeps in touch with them by attending Armed Service reunions all over the U.S. Tom was discharged January 9, 1946 with the rank of Staff Sergeant. Tom is one of the few remaining charter members of the Emmitsburg Veterans of Foreign Wars and also a member of the Emmitsburg America Legion Post 121 where his name is, as all Emmitsburg Veterans, on the Wall of Veterans displayed in front of the Post.

Tom's first job after coming home was with Charles Harner a local businessman who owned a grocery store and poultry house.

Tom worked at both business locations. Stocking shelves and bagging groceries were among his many responsibilities at the grocery store. Tom jobs at the poultry house were killing, plucking and dressing chickens and turkeys to have them ready for delivery in Baltimore and Washington D C.

He also worked for the Troxell Brothers Feed Store delivering coal to families in and around Emmitsburg. Tom said that was a hard, dirty and tedious job. He crawled around many cellars in town. Tom had a few more jobs around the Emmitsburg area over the years and really liked most of them, but found his career as a heavy equipment operator for Potomac Edison Electric Co. working out of the Frederick Md. Plant and retired from there in 1985 at 62 years of age.

Tom met Ethel Grace long and married her August 23, 1947. Tom and Ethel had a son John Thomas (everyone knows as Jack) and a daughter Rebecca Ann (known as Becky). The Hoke families first home was on Federal Ave. also know as (Bun-

ker Hill) located at the north end of Emmitsburg. Tom had a house built on the Harney Rd. where he now resides.

Jack and Becky got married and moved away and Tom and Ethel lived there alone together. They had a wonderful life together until Ethel passed away on May 27, 2003 and Tom has been living there alone. He says the house is getting too big for him. He is the sole housekeeper and in my opinion a good one. Tom has always loved gardening and being outdoors. He takes care of a large garden and a huge yard which he maintains beautifully and also has some nice fruit producing trees. He says it is getting hard for him to keep up but as always he will have a great garden and a well kept yard and when the garden is producing he will give the majority of the produce away to friends and neighbors absolutely free as a gift because Tom is and has always been a very generous man.

Tom told me and he will tell you too that he is not a very interesting man and no one would want to read about him. I told him and I will tell you I consid-



er anyone who fought for my freedom and survived the rigors of war then came home and made a life for themselves and their family to be very interesting and worth reading about. Tom is truly, in my opinion, is a man of valor, honor and interest and a person I am proud to know.

James Houck Jr. is the resident historian for the SAL American Legion Post 121 Emmitsburg Md.

National Archives opens groundbreaking

Civil War exhibit

On April 30, 2010, the National Archives will peel back 150 years of accumulated analysis, interpretation, and opinion to reveal a Civil War that is little-known and even more rarely displayed in a new exhibition in the Lawrence F. O'Brien Gallery of the National Archives Building in Washington, DC. The Discovering the Civil War exhibition will present the most extensive display ever assembled from the incomparable Civil War holdings of the National Archives, and will take a fresh look at the Civil War through little-known stories, seldom-seen documents, and unusual perspectives. Civil War buffs can "follow" a Twitter feed on the upcoming exhibit at: <http://twitter.com/discovercivwar>.

Discovering the Civil War offers visitors the chance to join researchers in unlocking secrets, solving mysteries, and uncovering unexpected events in Civil War records of the National Archives. The exhibition features letters, diaries, photos, maps, petitions, receipts, patents, amendments, and proclamations.

This exhibition is unconventional in every way. It combines these great treasures with engaging touchscreen interactives incorporating social media tools in a physical environment inspired by 21st Century research rooms. Rather than trying to recreate 1860, these interac-

tives let visitors see the war through the lens of 2010 technology. Passing over the traditional chronological approach, the exhibition is arranged by such themes as, "Spies and Conspiracies," "Prisoners and Casualties," "Emancipation," "Global War," and "Raising Armies."

Discovering the Civil War marks the sesquicentennial of the Civil War. The exhibition, which is free and open to the public, will be shown in two parts in the Lawrence F. O'Brien Gallery of the National Archives Building in Washington, DC. Part I: "Beginnings" opens April 30, 2010 and runs through September 6, 2010. Part II: "Consequences" opens November 10, 2010 and runs through April 17, 2011.

Related free public programs will feature a Civil War film series, author lectures, family days, and expert panel discussions. The Spring 2010 issue of Prologue Magazine, the quarterly magazine of the National Archives, will focus on the Civil War and will feature an article from America's preeminent Civil War historian James McPherson. A special exhibition catalogue will be published in Fall 2010.

The original Emancipation Proclamation, which is rarely shown, will be showcased in a special three-day display during Part II of the exhibition, November 10-12, 2010.

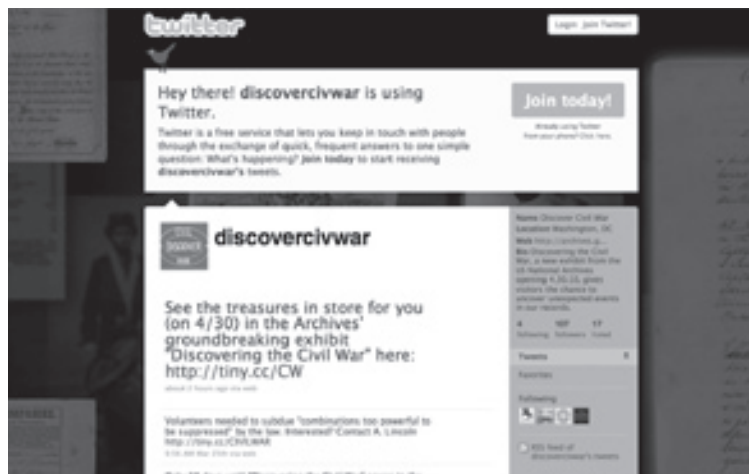
In Part I, "Beginnings," visitors

will discover:

- The original Virginia ordinance of secession;
- The "substitute book" listing names and information on men who were paid \$300 to replace draftees;
- Abraham Lincoln's "substitute" in the Union Army;
- How Lincoln stopped the execution of a Confederate major;
- Messages from southern governors rejecting Lincoln's call for troops;
- The Chinese connection to the Civil War;
- Similarities of the Constitution of the Confederacy and the U.S. Constitution;
- Original pension records from a woman who served in the Union Army as Frank Thompson.

In Part II, "Consequences," visitors will discover:

- How social media networking will connect visitors to realtime live chats with "virtual docents" across the country, or allow them to share information on the Civil War with friends;
- That two 13th Amendments to the U.S. Constitution were proposed by Congress;
- How a congressional investigation into war profiteering transformed the meaning of the word "shoddy;"
- Firsthand accounts of the Battle of Gettysburg at the veter-



an's 75th reunion filmed by the Army Signal Corps;

- Original Freedmen's Bureau records documenting murders and outrages committed against African Americans;
- Innovative wartime patents including a multipurpose device that could serve as a tent, knapsack or blanket.

The National Archives is located on the National Mall on Constitution Avenue at 9th Street, NW. Winter Exhibit Hall hours are 10 A.M. - 7 PM (through Labor

Day); Winter hours are 10 A.M. - 5:30 P.M. daily, except Thanksgiving and December 25 (Labor Day through March 14).

Following its Washington, DC display, Discovering the Civil War will travel throughout the country to venues including: The Henry Ford, Dearborn, MI (Summer 2011); The Houston Museum of Natural Science, Houston, TX (Fall 2011 through Winter 2012); The Durham Museum, Omaha, Nebraska (Fall 2013).



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CIVIL WAR DIARY

Into the Valley

John Miller
Emmitsburg Historical Society
Civil War Historian

The great aspect of the American Civil War for a historian is the fact that many soldiers wrote diaries or sent letters home to loved ones, describing their experiences during the War Between the States. It is in their words, that I want you, the reader, to understand what they went through. Their words are all that we have left of their exploits during the Civil War. Albert Hunter was commissioned as Second Lieutenant during the early winter months of 1861 and he had experienced his first baptism of fire at Hancock, Maryland in early January of 1862. Now, Lieutenant Hunter will tell us, in his own words, what he experienced in the Shenandoah Valley during their first battle against General Stonewall Jackson.

"In the spring, notes warlike, began to fill the air and camps, and we were detached to Virginia in the Shenandoah Valley for our first blood in battle. In March we were ordered to Winchester, Virginia as part of General Bank's Division. We had been there a month, perhaps, and all seemed quiet. General Banks with the troops, but a couple of regiments of Infantry and about 200 hundred cavalry left the place in command of General Ben S. Shields. In twenty four hours after they had gone General Thomas Jackson attacked the place."

"Just about sunset our pickets were driven in, and in less time than it takes me to tell about it, a half a dozen six pound solid shot came ricocheting into the suburbs of the town, and if they would have taken the town, for our troops were all on the other side a half mile out. But in a very short time all we had confronting Stonewall's advance, General Shields as his habit must go to the front, to see for himself. He had not been there for more than fifteen minutes when a shell busted over his head and a piece of shell fragment struck him in the arm and broke the small bone in his forearm. General Banks refused to be taken back, but went into a small house to have his arm bandaged up, he stayed up all night until the close of the battle, then turned over the command of the field to Colonel Kinball."

"During the night we got all available forces into position and at day light the 'mill' began. Colonel Kinball handled a small force, he had well. General Shields had the highest house in town for headquarters and could see much of the maneuvering. Orderlies reported to him every few minutes and together they managed to drive Jackson back, and when night came we had men three miles

from town. The cavalry did not do much fighting, but watched the flanks and reported the position of the enemy. When night came we were preparing to camp on the line of battle, when Colonel Kinball rode along the line, and I can hear him just as he passed each organization, saying in stentorian tone that the rebels certainly heard "Boys our mission here today was to lick them and damn them we did it." We had no rations along, and we concluded to make the best of it for our whole company to go picket a mile or two out on the road to the west. This compelled us to do without rations or forage until morning."

"Early in the morning we heard wagons and artillery moving, but no firing. We did not know what this meant. We were not relieved, and stayed at our post until the sun was nearly two hours high. We were hungry, and our horses need fed. We finally agreed to leave our post and go to the battlefield and see what was up. When we arrived there the army was gone. We learned that before daylight Jackson commenced retreat up the Valley toward Strasburg and Colonel Kinball was in hot pursuit. We hurried back into camp, supplied our own and our horses demands and started in hot pursuit of the army, which we over took at Middletown some 16 miles up the Valley from Winchester, and also found General Banks with part of the men he had taken away. We reached Cedar Creek, appearances indicated that a wagon train belonging to Jackson's force was standing among the bushes at the ford, and we could see a battery on the hill beyond apparently guarding what ever might be there."

"A squadron of the Ringold Cavalry and our company were ordered to charge down the hill to the creek and capture whatever was there. At the word of command away we went at full gallop. 1st Lieut. W. B. Morrision

and myself in command, Capt. John Rener delayed at Middletown for some purpose. We had not gone a hundred yards before a six pounder went screaming just over our heads, and I shall never forget the simultaneous obeisance the whole column made. If a rod had been fastened to each head and pressed at a given signal and all obeyed at the same instant it could not have been more perfectly performed."

"One shot after another followed in rapid succession knocking the dirt out of the stone fences on the side of the road and covering us with dirt and dust. When we got to the creek, we did not find anything to capture, but saw a company of infantry dodge behind a bank expecting to give us a raking cross fire as we passed, but after finding the stream, we called a halt. The shells fell thick in the water. I shall never forget the shower of water thrown over me by a solid shot falling close beside me. We returned up the hill through a field, and as soon as our elevation brought us in sight of the battery, they hurried us by plowing the ground around us very liberally, with shells."

"Job Mority of our company, came to me after the affray was over and said "I never was scared so bad in all my life, I got as weak as a dish rag, I don't care for bullets but I can't stand dinner pots."

"In our hurry leaving Winchester, and thoughtlessly, we did not take any rations or forage along, and forward evening we found we were to camp on the banks of the creek, but company "C" had an innate propensity for taking care of themselves. It did not take many minutes to discover a flock of sheep in a neighboring field, and not much longer to convert one into mutton, which with a few "hard tack" made a fine supper, and the corn cribs and haystacks of the farmers around supplied our horses. Sometime during the night, the quarter master arrived with provisions, before daylight we were supplied with hardtack and ba-

con which many of us ate raw, started after Jackson. He made a stand on Fisher's Hill but not very stubborn, and we followed nearly to New Market, where we were ordered to return."

"On the morning after the first days fight, when we came in from picket riding over the battlefield of the day previous, we saw our first dead men lying over the field. It made quite a different impression from what I had expected. It just seemed as if it was, and ought to be the natural and the right thing to be, and I did not have that peculiar dread, or awe when looking at the dead."

"We lost about 10, the rebels about 125, and two or three hundred wounded. I recollect one dead man lying in the woods that seemed to have been struck on the shoulder by a descending cannon ball, which almost literally annihilated him, what was left looked as if it would go in a pick basket."

"Our company had no casualties, I went into that battle expecting to do big business. I buckled on my saber, one or two revolvers and carbine strapped over my shoulder, but it was the last time I carried a carbine. Officers are expected to see that others do the most of the fighting and direct how it is to be done, rather watch opportunities and only defend themselves, except in a charge when everyone is expected to bow his own rod in carnage to glory."



Captain Albert Hunter

"The female portions of the citizens of Winchester were generally very vindictive rebels, some spit out of the windows on Union soldiers, severely threats were made against them, but none carried in effect. A few, a very few were loyal there at the core and it took bravery to be loyal there at the time. I have visited some of them, but have forgotten their names. The lady that gave General Sheridan information, and to whom the General gave a gold watch gave me several meals when I was a prisoner, sometime afterwards, in the town. We remained in Winchester for some time doing scout duty, and occasionally exchanging shots with the enemy."

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

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HISTORY

At the End of the Emmitsburg Road

William E. Hays, et al.

Forward

At the End of the Emmitsburg Road is an unpublished local history, written in 1990 by William E. Hays, a city councilman for Wathen Massachusetts, state representative, state senator, and judge of probate court for the state of Massachusetts. The history centers on Hays family (Jim, Billy, John, Sam, Harry, and Margaret) and their plumbing business. It details many of the town people, work done at Mount St. Mary's College, work done in and around town, stories of the Emmitsburg Railroad, and of the Water Co.

Chapters include stories about the Hays family, life in town, Christmas, Shuff's store, entertainment, telephones, Patterson's horse sales, Fourth of July, picnics, school, Mother the fun maker, Thornbrook, cousin Eddie, town characters, flittings, newspaper route, street scenes, gypsies, working, model T Ford, leaving home, afterthoughts, reflections, and Fraley's foundry. The history also includes additional remembrances by Margaret H. Warner.

—Louis O'Donoghue, Emmitsburg Historical Society

Introduction

Most of us feel that we grew up in a period unlike any other, and in a broad sense, that is true. The period before the Civil War, for example, was not at all like the one that followed it.

Likewise, each individual's life is unique, or so it seems. In any event, it will be a pleasant journey, in retrospect, to go back to Emmitsburg, and recall the interesting and sometimes amusing events, and the friends and acquaintances who moved into and out of my life, and thereby provide for my children, my grandchildren and great-grandchildren, the kind of family history that I wish my parents had set down for me. What I also hope to do is to give some idea of what life was like in a small town in Western Maryland, in the period just prior to and directly after World War One.

This is being written in 1990, which means that some 75 years

have elapsed since most of the events, which will be written about, took place. Yet the years have only slightly dimmed my memory, although I cannot claim to rely entirely upon it. For, over the years, I made notes of things about which I intended, someday, to write.

It all began for me on November 28, 1903, in the town of Emmitsburg, the town always mentioned in any account of the battle of Gettysburg, for it was across the Emmitsburg Road that Pickett's Charge was made, on the final day of that famous battle. We lived at the end of that Emmitsburg Road.

To me, as a youngster, the famous battlefield did not make a big impression. Yet I do recall that in July of 1913, my father hired a big car, with a driver, (I think the car was a Packard) in which our whole family, Mother, Papa and the six of us, set off for Gettysburg, to see the 50th reunion of all Union and Confederate veterans of the battle. The battlefield was a sea of white tents, with one or more veterans sitting in front of each tent. A story told many times at home was that, as we drove by, an old vet, seeing this car with six eager-eyed kids in it, called out "Hey, did you leave any kids at home?"

My parents were Thomas C. Hays, called "Papa" by the six of us and Tom by everyone else, and Minnie E. Hays, called Mama by us and "Miss Minnie" by all others. Across the street lived my grandfather, James T. Hays and grandmother, Sarah Elizabeth Hays. Not far away, in Greencastle, Pennsylvania, a distance of perhaps 15 miles, lived my Aunt Betty and Uncle Ed Snively. This was the Hays family as I knew it in my early years.

Grandmother Hays must have had a more formal education than most young women had at that time, or so it would seem from reading a letter she wrote to Grandfather Hays, whom she was soon to marry. Not only is her letter well written; it also indicates that she was strong willed and certainly not shy.

I have only the faintest recol-



The Five Hays brothers: James T, William Edward (the author), John Ross, Samuel Calvert, and Harry Withrow (Photo taken in front to Emmit Hotel)

lection of her and only a slightly stronger one of Grandfather Hays. By the townspeople he was considered "tight," which means that he spent little or nothing for anything other than necessities. In those days, a youngster could buy quite a lot of candy with a penny, so feeling a desire for some, I sought his help. His answer, after taking off his derby hat and looking carefully in it, was: "There's not a penny in it." That was the end of it. I never tried again.

This brief account of my paternal grandparents allows me to recall an incident that our neighbors, the Shuffs, liked to recount. Our house was directly across the street from the Presbyterian Church, the house being the one in which we were raised. But we were also raised in the Church, although "raised" is hardly the right word. We practically grew up in it. Whenever anything happened at Church, we were there.

On Sundays, it was Sunday School, both morning and night worship service, with a young people's meeting thrown in. At times there would be a fifth meeting, for children, called Mission Band. And in one way or other, we were all involved. Mother played the organ, and one of my brothers or I would ring the church bell.

We were responsible for stoking the coal furnace on Saturday. When the offering was taken, we passed the plates. And of course we went to the regular Wednesday night Prayer Meeting, and

to the monthly social gathering at the home of a member. Thus, when my grandfather Hays' funeral was held, in 1912, I felt it was business as usual, and began passing out hymn books, as this was always done when strangers were present. This apparently was not the thing to do, for a neighbor pulled me aside, telling me to sit down and be still.

On the maternal side of the family were, grandfather and grandmother Fox, who lived on a farm about two miles south of Emmitsburg. This is where my mother grew up. Her stories of her childhood at the farm, called: 'Thornbrook' made us look upon a visit there as the most wonderful and exciting thing we could do.

It was a great large house, to which "boarders" came in the summer, not just for a weekend, but usually for the whole summer season. These boarders were not really treated as paying guests, they were rather treated as members of the family. They might come from Philadelphia or Washington, but more likely from Baltimore. Of course there was not very much for one to do, other than to play croquet, go for a ride

in the one horse carriage, or sit in a rocking chair on the porch.

The big attraction for the Hays kids was making ice cream. The ice came from the cream from "Foxy. Granpa's" cows, and what was best of all, we could lick the paddle. There were cherry and apple trees for climbing, and a big barn in which to play. Grandmother Fox was born August 7, 1848 and died February 13, 1911. In 1913, Mother's sister Margaret and her husband, John Franklin, moved from Baltimore to 'Thornbrook', where they continued to take boarders for the summer. I know very little about the Fox ancestors, other than that Grandfather Fox was one of 14 children. Emmanuel and Elizabeth Forney were the parents of Grandmother Fox.

What a contrast! The Hays' believed 100 percent-in work, in saving your money and going to church. The Fox family, especially Grandfather Fox, believed in the value of laughter, eating well and having fun along with work. Here I might tell of Grandfather Fox and his alleged Indian ancestry. When he reached the age of 90 he was interviewed by a reporter from a Frederick newspaper. On being asked to



Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church taken from Hays foundry lot

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what he attributed his long life and good health, he is reported to have answered that it was largely due to his Indian ancestry. This, of course, has been of great interest to my children and grandchildren, who have never been completely sold on the idea, and to tell the truth, neither have I. But there it is, and perhaps it has some Truth.

For one thing, there is a portrait of great-grandfather Fox, in the front hall at Thornbrook, his face showing strong Indian features. To this can be added another "Foxy Grampa" story. If one of us happened to be burned, perhaps from touching the hot kitchen stove, Mother would immediately send for him to come and "pow-wow", or, as she sometimes said, to draw the heat. And sure enough, when he came and said some mumbo-jumbo over the burned spot, we forgot the pain and felt much better. So much for the Indian ancestry.

Recollections of Early Days

One of my earliest recollections is of a simple little thing we did at home. Exactly how old I was when we first

sun was very high, trying to make things cool and clean. When we were quite small, Mother would let us take part in this daily routine. My Aunt Weema, across the street, was as sure to be out as the sun was sure to come up.

The third in my list has to do with the evenings of those hot summer days. Although the sun had gone down, homes stayed hot inside, so the older folks, after supper, would move to the sidewalks, or to a front porch, of which there were very few. Chairs and benches were brought out, blankets were spread on the front step, and here the family, joined by relatives and friends who lived nearby, spent the evening.

There was much talk and visiting and eyeing those who might stroll by on either side of the street. In some cases the family group was so large as to fill the sidewalk, forcing a passerby to detour by way of the street. While this was going on, we kids would work off our energy by playing games of some sort. Mother sometimes sent one of us down with an open dish to Matthews' ice cream store, for a spe-

Almost directly across the street from our shop was a small, one story, wooden structure, which housed a part of the town fire fighting equipment, a reel of hose. The reel had two high wheels, with a long shaft in front, so that a number of men could take part in pulling the thing to a fire. Except for a 'hand-pulled ladder wagon, this was the total equipment. No pump, no engine; nothing more. No pump was needed, since town water came from a reservoir, located at a point in the nearby mountain, high enough to create the needed pressure. As children, we used to go over to this "fire station" and pretend we were firemen.

It seems strange that even before we had a car, and when we relied completely upon horse and wagon, that an airplane landed in town. It had come down in a field in the western end of town, along the road leading to Hartman's farm and the reservoir. I was the proud owner of a \$1.00 box camera, so of course I ran right out and took a picture. It was a single engine machine, with an open



Great-grandfather Fox

heavy door that creaked when it was opened. There were two very small windows. On a hot summer day, the temperature inside must have been something awful. I cannot say that I ever saw it occupied, and I believe that when it was abandoned, Papa bought it and used the iron sides and top for some other purpose.

I do recall the jail which took the place of the lock-up. It was a room at street level, at the rear of the hotel, down at the Square. Inside the room were two cells, both of which we could look in on as we daily passed on our way, to and from school. We usually knew the occupants, so would stop at the window for a friendly little chat. In almost every case, the offense was being drunk.

There were two brothers, by the names of Pete and Bern, who saw to it that the cells were not vacant for very long. Bern wasn't very talkative. Pete, on the other hand, exuded friendship. All my brothers, from Harry the youngest, to Jim the oldest, had the unique experience of stopping by that jail window, and hearing Pete ask: "you're my fren, ain't you, you are my fren."

Life Generally in Town

I would like to give a picture of what it was like in Emmitsburg from, let us say, 1908 to 1920. Houses were next to one another, and fronting directly on the sidewalk. Almost all were brick. We (meaning my sister, my four broth-

ers and myself.) Knew just about everyone, and especially our neighbors. On one side lived the Shuff family, consisting of two girls, Ruth and Helen, two boys, Frank and Clay, and their parents. Their home and shop seemed like an extension of our own, and later in this narrative I will have more to say about the happy and pleasant relationship we enjoyed.

On the other side were Mrs. Andrew Annan and her daughter, Luella. The husband and father, Andrew Annan, died in, 1915, I should say that what endeared these two families to us Hays kids was the fact that in both families there were wonderful cooks.

The Shuff kitchen window was right next to our yard, with the happy result that we would share in whatever was being baked. They just handed the cake and cookies out the window. And our good fortune carried over to the other side of our house, for it was often our job to drive the horse and wagon down a very narrow alley, which brought us within arm's length of the Annan kitchen window, for equally tasty handouts. How could youngsters, always hungry, have it any better? ... 'Let me, however, add a word of explanation, in case you might think that we were underfed at home. Far from it. Mother was a marvelous cook. There was no one better. It is just that we were very active and always hungry.

Part 2 Next month.



Thornbrook

did this, I am not certain. Our stairway to the second floor had a bottom landing, with a three-step entrance to the dining room, and as I recall it, two or three of us young ones would sit on the landing, our feet on the step below, then all of us in unison saying or singing: "BACK BACK BACK TO BAL--TI--MORE" followed by our falling back in unison, with our feet up in the air. This would be repeated over and over again. I don't know whether in our imagination we thought that we were really going to Maryland's largest city, or whether the repetition of the letter "B" amused us, but whatever it was, we had great Laugh.

Another early recollection is of a practice which was common throughout the town in the hot summer months. With few exceptions, houses had no front yards. Many had a small front step, extending out into the sidewalk. At the outer edge of the sidewalk, the unpaved street began, which meant that horse drawn wagons and carriages would create a cloud of dust.

So, faced with the heat and dust, every housewife was out with a broom and hose before the

cial treat of strawberry or chocolate, to which Mother added some of her own cream chocolate cake.

There are a few more recollections that I should record. Sundays were a problem for active youngsters. We went to Sunday School in the morning and then to Church, but what to do in the afternoon was the question. One thing we did was to go across the street to Aunt Weema's house and do some bowling in her parlor, but not with ordinary bowling balls. Instead, we used some Civil War cannon balls that had been picked up at Gettysburg, after the battle. It was good fun on a quiet Sunday afternoon.

The story was that some days after the battle, my grandfather Hays drove by horse and wagon to Gettysburg, and came home with several muskets, with bayonets attached, and the cannon balls. For some years, the muskets were kept in what we called the "stove room," on the second floor of the shop. I still cannot figure out how my God-fearing Aunt could bring herself to allow such a horrid thing as a cannon ball in her home.

cockpit, but beyond that, I can remember very little. I think I was ten or eleven years old.

One more institution comes to mind, the town jail, better known as the lock-up. It was an iron plated, gazebo-like thing, about seven feet high, that stood over near Patterson's horse barn. It had a

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MOUNT CREATIVE WRITERS

Caught Red-Handed

Brittany Morris

I woke up, and my hands were red. Not the kind of red when you are really nervous around a hot girl and your palms are sweating. Not the kind when you have clapped too hard at a rock concert. And not the kind after you jokingly slapped one of your buddies on the butt before he runs out onto the football field. This was the kind of red like Bobby's new candy apple red Corvette his dad had bought him as a present for getting his license-after failing the test the first three times.

I turned my hands over and back again; just my palms were red. I rolled up my sleeves; no red on my arms-just my palms. Interesting.

Finally, I sat up-not in my own bed-and tried to figure out where I was. I was lying on a lumpy green couch in a basement. My buddies Greg, John, Justin, Andrew, and Bobby were scattered on another matching couch and in sleeping bags on the floor. Then I finally remembered: we had all spent the night at Bobby's last night. But as I looked around and took in my surroundings a little more, everything seemed to make sense at the same time; littered all around the room-in the corners, up against the TV and walls, and even between the sleeping bags-were red spray paint cans.

I had no idea what time it was-the clock in Bobby's basement had stopped working last summer when a baseball accidentally went astray and knocked it off the mantle. But since I was the first one up, I decided to try to see if I could get rid of some of the evidence of what we had done last night. I quietly stepped over and between my sleeping friends and headed for the bathroom in the corner of the basement. I got my hands really soapy three separate times and scrubbed until it felt like the skin was flaking off my hands. Only then did I have the courage to look at the damage done. My hands were still red! Oh, this is just perfect!

Breathe, Jake, I told myself. It will come off eventually. And besides, you didn't do any harm to anything. Just had some stupid fun with the guys.

I weaved my way back through the maze of sleeping bodies until I reached the safe-haven of my couch. I decided to go back to sleep until the rest of the guys were awake.

I couldn't fall asleep, though; my mind was racing with possibilities of what we could have done last night. We could have graffitied and egged Bobby's cat-lady neighbor's house. She smells funny and always hands out apples for Halloween and yells if we even come close to her lawn with our skateboards. We could have spray painted the pool deck of Francis Foster's house.

We all hate that snobby know-it-

all spoiled valedictorian SGA president of our junior class. We could have spray painted all of our names on the wall of fame. The wall of fame is the wall at the skate park where your name gets painted if you win the half-pipe contest every summer. It is an honor. Bobby and I have come in second and third place consecutively every summer after Avery Jones. We could have spray painted Avery's new black Mustang as revenge...

I didn't have time to come up with anymore ideas because I heard groaning coming from the other couch: Bobby was up. I closed my eyes, hoping he might disclose some helpful information.

"Man, what a night," he said as he yawned. "We have to do that again! Yo, Justin!" I heard a thump and a moan; I opened my eyes slightly to see Bobby's pillow lying square on Justin's face. Justin groaned again, sat up in his sleeping bag, and threw the pillow back at Bobby. His aim was just slightly off, though, because the pillow came up short and landed on Greg who was sleeping in front of the couch.

"Dude, what gives?" yelled Greg, slightly muffled from under the pillow.

Before I knew it, the pillow had been thrown at everyone else, including me, and we were discussing what we had done last night.

"Man, you were so out of it last night!" Andrew told me. "I'm surprised you were able to walk home on your own!"

"Was I really? No wonder I can't remember anything we did."

"Dude, you don't remember anything?" John exclaimed.

I shrugged my shoulders and saw the nonchalant fist bump between Bobby and Greg that I'm sure I wasn't supposed to see.

"So is anyone gonna tell me what we did?"

"Dude!" That was Justin. "We spray painted the highschool!"

"We WHAT?"

"Yeah, dude. We broke in last night and left some fun messages for Principal Falon."

"You guys are lying," I said. "There is no way we did that! Besides if we did, I'm a dead man."

"Man, you were there! You wrote Principle Fail on his office door! Besides, the whole plan was your idea!" Greg said this with pride in his voice.

I couldn't believe it! I would never do that! And why could I not remember? I definitely stay away from drinking and drugs. "No! No! I'm dead I'm dead I'm dead!" I went to cover my face with my hands until I remembered they were red and shoved my face into the previously flying pillow instead.

"Dude! Don't be such a girl!" cried Bobby. "You won't get caught, so what's the problem?"

"Principal Falon is writing my recommendation letter to go to College Park and get into their specialized Engineering program as a freshman. If he finds out I did this, I have no shot!"

"Once again, you won't get caught! So just give up the dramatics before I sign you up to play Juliet in the school play!" That was Justin chiming in with his usual sensitivity, and throwing another pillow at me.

"You're right," I conceded, chucking it back at him, "Except for THIS!" I showed them my hands.

"It washes off!" said Justin, as if I had questioned that two and two makes four.

"I've already washed my hands three times this morning."

"DUDE!" chorused all my friends. After glancing around at the clean hands of everyone else, I looked specifically at Bobby and Greg out of the corner of my eye and saw them trying to wipe Jokeresque grins off their faces.

"We can't let you take the heat for all of us," said John. "Maybe we should go back and clean the school by tomorrow."

"Dude, you are stupid!" retorted Andrew. "Our work is epic! We can't just go get rid of it!"

"But what about Jake?" John was my favorite out of all of them right now.

"Guess you have to wear gloves to school tomorrow, dude."

"Oh, brilliant, Bobby! That's not a dead giveaway." I swear my best friend is such an idiot at times.

"But why are only your hands red, Jake?" Justin was just now on the same page as the rest of us.

"I don't know, man. It's not like I tried to make my hands red or anything." I looked right at Bobby as I said this. "But, listen, I gotta go. I promised Mom I would be home early to cut the lawn, and I have to find some way to clean my hands."

"Dude, that's weak! You really are a girl!"

"Thanks, Justin. Love you too, man. Later guys!"

* * *

I arrived at school the next day-expecting to see our artwork adorning lockers, walls, and classroom doors-wearing my attempted cover-up, which I would call shoddy at best. My sister had lent me her boyfriend's huge black skateboarder sweatshirt that was about two sizes too big for me, and for added disguise it had the sleeves with the thumb holes, so the sweatshirt would cover at least the palm of my hand.

Not only was I going to lose my recommendation letter, I thought to myself, I was going to be in detention until I was forty!

But I saw nothing.

The hallways were spotless; the lockers were clean. Even the doorway to my homeroom classroom was sparkling-literally. What was going on?

I walked into my homeroom and didn't see my teacher at his desk like usual; I saw all my buddies crowded around the desk and Principal Falon sitting in the desk chair. Crap; I was done for!



"APRIL FOOL'S JAKE!" they all shouted, even the principal.

I was speechless; I didn't get the joke.

They must have seen my stunned faces because Bobby decided to fill me in. "Listen Jake," he walked over and put his hand on my shoulder. "We knew how much this recommendation letter meant to you, so we talked Principal Falon into letting us into the school this weekend to clean it so he would write you the letter."

"Yeah, we told him the cleaning project was your idea but that you had to be at home helping your mom and couldn't actually be there to help us," John continued.

"We knew you would never actually spray paint the school, but we thought it would be funny to make you think you did," Greg told me.

"I even got in on the April Fool's fun and made it seem like I wouldn't write the letter for you even if the guys did clean the school. I made them really beg and plead your case, even though I was going to write you the letter all along. Your friends really love you!"

"That was cruel, dudes!" I finally said. "But the coolest April Fool's joke ever!"

"Dude, high five?" Bobby asked. "Dude!" I replied. "You're an idiot." But I high-fived him with my red hand anyway.

Brittany is a Senior at the Mount majoring in English.

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MOUNT SPORTS

Women's Softball

Ananda Rochita

The Mount Softball team has had a good start this season winning 12 of their 10 games thus far. The team consists of 22 players mostly from the New Jersey and Maryland area.

Mount Softball has had one of their best seasons yet. They are currently in the lead in the conference and talent is just one of the things that makes this team succeed. Each softball player follows a strict regiment that consists of 6AM practices and also afternoon ones as well.

One of the natives around the area is Junior Jenna Zimmerman. Zimmerman is a Maryland native from Walkersville, started playing the sport at the age of six and advanced to playing baseball with the boys until the age of 11. "I played 12 and under with the Maryland Flames, then played with the Maryland Stars for a few years, then the Walkersville Gators, and this past summer I played with the Maryland Stars 20 and over team," stated Zimmerman. "I love the game of softball and dedicate a lot of my time to this sport."

While in high school, Zimmerman nabbed numerous honors. She was named Walkersville High School Rookie of the Year, earned Frederick News Post All-County first team honors only as a sophomore in high school, and was also selected as one of the top 32 senior players in Maryland to play in the Old Line Classic All-Star game.

While at the Mount as a shortstop, she made 42 starts alone as a sophomore.

Zimmerman chose the Mount because it was close to home. She was also interested in playing softball in college and heard that the Mount had a growing softball program. Zimmerman also had a star athlete that played for the Mount as

well. "My cousin Bret Fouche went to the Mount and was on the Mount baseball team," stated Zimmerman, "He was a pitcher and graduated in 2003"

Zimmerman plans on playing softball for all four years at the Mount and play in a league over the summer. "It would be hard for me to give up the game of softball totally because I have a lot of love and passion for the sport," stated Zimmerman. "In the future, I hope one day my kids want to play softball because I want to be able to coach them from the start!"

Two other seniors will not be seen next coming year that have made drastic strides in improving the team. Seniors Allie Vadas and Lisa Curreri are two star Mount athletes.

Senior Allie Vadas is from Red Bank N.J. and was born to be an athlete. Her oldest brother was recruited to play basketball in college and her younger brother was just named conference player of the year. "The Vadas siblings are always either playing sports, watching sports, or competing over something," stated Vadas.

Vadas was attracted to softball as just another sport she could participate in the spring. Little did she know at the time, it would effect her decision to enter college. Her father coached her older brothers' baseball teams so she was always around the field and the game. When she was around the age of eight, she started playing softball, and the rest became history.

Surprisingly, Vadas heard about the Mount from a family she babysat back in New Jersey. "Ever since I started babysitting for me they would tell me the great times they had at the Mount," stated Vadas.

When she entered junior year looking at potential colleges, she

came to the Mount and loved it. During her visit, she was able to explore what the softball team had to offer her, including an excellent mentor and coach. "The Mount was one of the three schools I got accepted to and I chose this one because it was the best fit for me," stated Vadas.

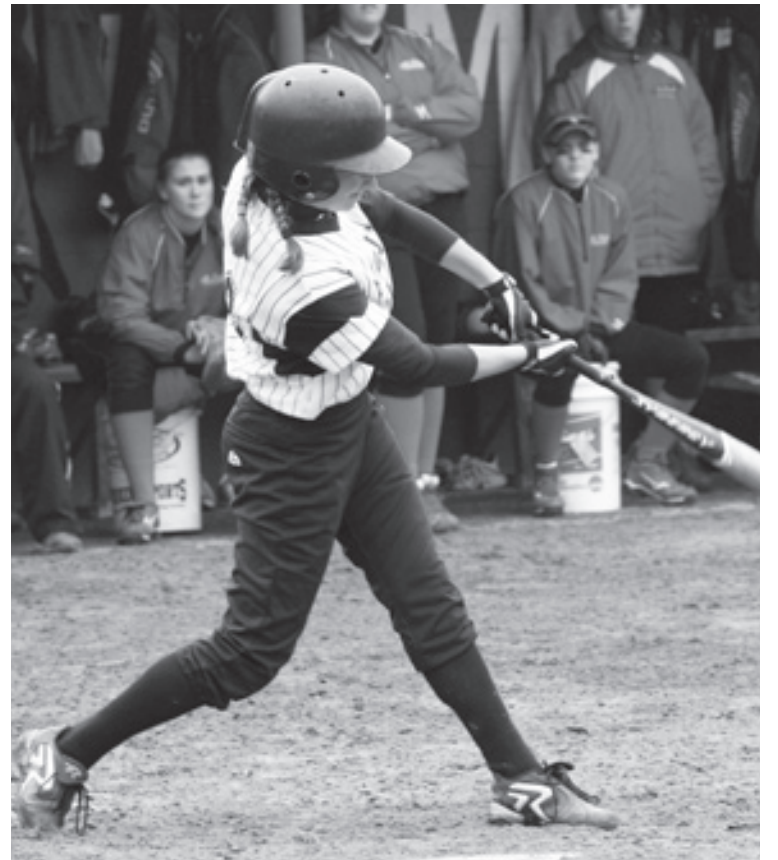
Not only has the Mount become her home away from New Jersey, but Emmitsburg as well. "The people are very friendly and always offer a 'hello' in passing. They are also genuinely concerned with the success of the Mount teams and supporting them," stated Vadas. However her favorite part of the Emmitsburg community are the girls who come out to their clinic in January. "We spend the day with the girls playing softball and it is really fun to see how excited they get when something good happens!"

While in college, Vadas was named Most Valuable Player just in her freshman campaign and she has also been on the Northeast Conference All-Academic Team for the past four years.

Even though Vadas is completely devoted to her schoolwork and also her athletics, she still knows how to have fun together with the team. "We have a good group of girls that get along really well," stated Vadas. "My favorite moment this year is when we win the NEC tournament and celebrate!"

Senior Lisa Curreri is also another player with outstanding records to her name. She already broke records in runs, hits, and doubles in the team's history. Curreri is from Clinton N.J. and started playing tee ball with her older brother in kindergarten. "As I got older my parents realized that there was no competitive girls softball league in the area," stated Curreri. "So my parents and some of their friends decided to start a girls softball league." From the age of six or eight was when she first started playing the sport.

Curreri realized she wanted to play collegiate softball in the eighth grade and knew that it would allow



her to learn about the sport and also play at a high competitive level. At first she was only looking at colleges around New Jersey, but she changed her mind due to the Mount's reputation. "I chose the Mount because of their great academics," stated Curreri. "I loved the campus and the fact that it was a small school, it wasn't too far from my home, and I really loved the softball team."

As for Curreri's future, she will be still in the sport field helping others. "I will be attending graduate school for sport psychology at Seton Hall University in the fall," stated Curreri. "After I get my Masters, I would like to work with athletes, at the high school, college, or maybe even professional level, on the mental aspect of their game."

While Curreri's time playing softball and also the four years on the softball team, she has learned a lot and believed it could help others. "I have realized the importance of a positive attitude and being mentally ready," stated Curreri. "I would also love to coach in the future."

Since this is Curreri's last year being on the time there have been many moments that she will hold most dear. One of the moments was a game against Long Island University in the previous season in which they were very close in beating. "The past few years Long Island has always beat up on us and we always seem kind of afraid of them," stated Curreri. "But we played to win and we came out on top."

Not only is Curreri modest in her successes, but she also thanks her family and her previous softball coaches for her achievements. "So much of their time, effort, and money was put to helping me become the best player I could," stated Curreri. "My brother was also always there supporting me and helping me out when I was struggling."



The Mount Softball season is gearing to close and make sure to catch one of their games during the spring. Their schedule is posted on mountathletics.com.

Ananda Rochita is senior at the Mount majoring in Communications.

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FOUR YEARS AT THE MOUNT

Senior Year

Two years experience

Jackie Quillen

In my job-searching over the past month I have discovered a recurring message: the job market will not be your friend unless you have two years of experience. Sending a killer resume is not enough in today's economy. College grads need all the resources we can get to help us move forward. We have to rely on family, friends, professors, career counselors, acquaintances, and even strangers to help us in any way possible. The more networking connections support a resume, the better chance it has of making it to the top of the pile.

It seems like the best job opportunities result from internships because candidates with experience are obviously more qualified for a position than candidates looking to start fresh somewhere. Hiring an experienced candidate also means that companies don't have to train a new employee.

A fellow classmate and good friend recently landed a job with a company where he had served as an intern. He couldn't resist sharing his excitement. He entered my apartment with a held-back smile and said, "I have an announcement...I got a job!" When

he spoke these words, he immediately broke into a victory dance and sang, "with benefits, oh yeah!" His audience cheered and applauded his performance and joined him in celebrating the exciting news.

While some seniors are getting accepted for jobs, grad school, or volunteer programs, others are still stressing with a million applications. Whether we are experiencing acceptances or rejections the great thing is that we are all together, as a class, supporting each other as we seek our goals.

I started March on an uphill, rocky road in the realm of post-graduation. The first week I was home for spring break when I had planned to cross out each and every task on a two-page to-do list. Instead I crossed out about a quarter of the tasks, if that. By the end of spring break I was mentally, emotionally, and physically exhausted. When my mother approached me the morning after a restless, three-hour nap instead of a good night's sleep, she asked, "Are you freaking out about life?" It didn't take long for the waterworks to start, but once in a while a minor break-down is just what we need to move forward with integrity.

When I returned to school the next week, I received my first rejection e-mail (only the acceptances are sent in letter-form). I had applied to an education-through-service program, called Alliance for Catholic Education. In this program individuals dedicate two years of teaching to an under-resourced Catholic school and work towards a master's degree in education during the summers at the University of Notre Dame in Indiana. The cost of graduate school is free for participants in exchange for the two years of service.

Let's be honest - no one likes a rejection e-mail - but I knew that my life was not going to end that very day. I allowed myself an hour of grief and then moved on, reminding myself to stay positive. I just wish I knew what sent my application to the rejection pile. Though it may be uncomfortable and awkward to be honest with a complete stranger, Admissions Counsels should tell a rejected applicant what stood in the way of their acceptance. The applicant should take the constructive criticism responsibly and make improvements effectively.

For the time-being I plan to move back home to Wilmington, Delaware, after graduation because it is financially impossible for me to support myself right now. I've been searching the College Central Network and other career-development websites for job-openings for teaching and writing opportunities that are

close to home. Most job positions require a minimum of two-years experience, especially for teaching.

My B.A. in English qualifies me for writing positions, but tends to rule out many of the teaching positions available. My limited experience in the classroom also makes me less qualified for teaching than graduates with an education degree. However, the Catholic Diocese of Wilmington does not automatically reject applicants who do not have a B.S. in Education or teacher certification prior to employment. So I am applying for available positions with the Diocese, hoping to return to one of my hometown Catholic schools.

If the stars align right I could end up at my beloved Alma Mater, Ursuline Academy, where my younger sister will attend seventh grade this coming fall. If I am offered employment with the Diocese I am required to complete my teacher certification within three years. I still want to pursue graduate school whether I have my teacher certification or not in order to receive training to become a reading or learning specialist.

I am nervous to leave the Mount where I can easily find guidance at any time by taking a two-minute walk to the Career Center or any one of my professors' offices. Thankfully, I can always count on the Mount as a support system for me even after I graduate. I'm also very lucky to have a large support system of family and

friends who are willing to help whenever they can.

Though I have never been a huge fan of Delaware, I'm happy that all of my parents' talk about moving to Pennsylvania never turned into action. Mr. Peddrick, who used to let me ride my bike up and down his driveway, lives a few houses up the street from mine. He has always taken an interest in my academic and career goals, supporting and guiding me as a mentor.

Now that I am working towards the next step in life and Mr. Peddrick has retired, he has taken me under his wing to help me in whatever ways he can. As former Vice President of Human Resources at Comcast, Mr. Peddrick has great networking resources to help me look in the right direction for employment opportunities. Having a mentor like Mr. Peddrick is very helpful and comforting in stressful situations like job-searching.

I still have a number of things posted on my to-do list in addition to finishing up my last semester of undergraduate school with strong grades. This time is exciting and nerve-racking, but definitely passing by way too fast. The days feel so long, but the weeks seem too short. With this in mind I try to take advantage of what every day has to offer.

Jackie is a Senior at the Mount majoring in English

Freshman Year

Joy of cars

Samantha Strub

All teenagers cannot wait for the day when they are finally old enough to get the keys, yet little do they know all the downfalls of having a car, also called "maintenance." I never thought of it; it was something that my dad always had taken care of. When I came to college with a car I didn't expect there to be any problems. Boy, did I get a wakeup call.

I was reminded of this when I had car trouble for the second time right before we left for our spring break. My car had figured that the day before I needed to drive to Pittsburgh, cursing on Hwy 15 on my way to the barn was the perfect time to get a flat tire. So what, you say? A flat tire is no big deal; just put the spare on and you're good to go. That would normally work but not if you're going to be driving long distances. Though even if I wasn't driving a long distance the next day, I still would have been in trouble because my car's tire split open. I panicked! There was no way I was going anywhere, and I had no clue how to change a tire.

Not happy at all, I called my dad, wondering what I was supposed to do. My dad called the auto shop and told them where I was, and they said they were going to come get me, and put me back on the road in no time. That put my mind at ease, but unfortunately not for long. After 45 minutes of waiting, nothing happened so I got

the shop's number from my dad and called them asking what was taking so long. They told me they couldn't find me-seriously! I was becoming increasingly angry-this was similar to what happened last time-I took a deep breath and calmly told the auto shop that I was actually in Pennsylvania instead of Maryland; somehow this was not made clear to them.

Waiting, waiting, waiting. Gosh this was annoying; I had things to do and no time to wait. Finally the tow truck arrived, picked up my car and brought it and me to the shop. Thankfully they were able to fix my car right away, and about another half-hour and \$190 later I was ready to roll. I had lost my afternoon and all my time at the barn, but at least my car was fixed, and I could get home the next day. What a great way to start out the break.

This wonderful wakeup call brought back memories of my first break down. I didn't expect there to be any problems at all because we had my car completely checked out before I drove out to start my freshman year. Little did I know that I would have about the worst luck with vehicles. This first incident was even worse than my latest one. Some friends and I were going to go down to Ocean City a couple weeks into school.

I had never been there, and everyone wanted to show me around, telling me it was so much fun. We were excited walking over to the ARCC to get to the cars. I thought mine was

fine but didn't realize that my clutch had burnt out! I found out after trying to speed up on Highway 15! I was able to drive slowly in the parking lot with a burnt-out clutch but not at high speeds. It was the scariest thing in the world to be pushing on the gas pedal and going slower instead of faster!

I pulled over to the side and into the Catocin Orchard parking lot. I tried to move my car from there and realized I wasn't going anywhere; my car wouldn't move! Panic was increasing inside me. Luckily, my friends were there to calm me down because my parents weren't picking up the phone. One of my friends googled "auto shops" into her phone and found one close by. We called the place, but on a Sunday they were already closed. They said they would pick the car up first thing Monday morning. Our plans were ruined for the night, but I was more worried about how much it was going to cost, and what my parents would say when I finally got a hold of them.

I had a mini heart attack when I was awakened at 9 am the next morning by a phone call from Public Safety, asking why my car was parked in the Catocin Orchard parking lot. The tow truck hadn't been there yet, though they had promised to get there first thing in the morning, and the owners of the Orchard had called when they saw that wonderful Mount parking sticker. This was turning into even more of a disaster. I had to do damage control, but I also had classes to go to. Problems! I told Public Safety about the situation, and then called the auto shop to tell them to pick up my car like they

were supposed to in the first place. I also apologized to the owners of the Orchard; what a day and it was only around 10 am.

I didn't have my car for the whole week; that wasn't fun but I lived with it. The next weekend was parents' weekend, and my parents went to pick up my car and see what the damage was going to be. It was definitely a big one-almost \$1,000! Ouch! My parents were kind enough to split the bill with me, knowing that the clutch burning out was something that couldn't be avoided. Boy, I was lucky!

After these two incidents I have

realized that cars aren't all that they are cracked up to be. Yes, they are amazing inventions that have changed the way we travel, and I wouldn't have it any other way, but they can also be a major hassle, especially when you don't know anything about maintenance. It's about time I learned some of these important skills, and I better put the auto shop's number on speed dial in my phone.

Samantha is an English major at the Mount. To read other articles by Samantha visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net



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A MOUNTAIN PERSPECTIVE

The final countdown

Chelsea Baranoski

Senior formal dress, check. Two senior formal tickets, check. Cap and gown ordered, check. Job...blank. It's the final countdown. Only two months left until my graduation from Mount St. Mary's University. Only two months until I pack up all of the pictures, clothes, books, and knickknacks in my apartment and leave my second home, my mountain home. It scares me that I have no idea where I will be or what type of work I will be doing this time next year.

I usually know exactly what I am doing at the end of each school year: working at Aeropostale during the summer and then packing my mom's green van in August to head back to the Mount. I see course selection packets for Fall 2010 scattered everywhere on campus and I have to remind myself that I don't need to register for courses next year. Weird.

The second semester of my senior year is soaring by me like a Blue Angel airplane. Now, more than ever, I can identify with Keith Urban's lyrics, "And days go by.../ I can feel 'em flyin' / Like a hand out the window in the wind." When I returned to the Mount after spring break, I had a check for my cap and gown in hand.

Ordering my cap and gown reminded me of high school graduation. It seems so long ago, but I remember being so excited to get out of high school and meet new people in college. Now, graduation seems like the end of the road. Even though I am about to embark on a new adventure, "the real world," I am less than thrilled.

I have grown quite attached to the Mount. I will miss my friends, my job working behind the circulation desk in the library, the chicken tenders and fries in Patriot Hall, the buffalo chicken in the Mount Café, the Christmas dances, the Homecoming dances, people holding doors open for me, and the overall community atmosphere that makes the Mount "the place where everyone knows your name."

I tried not to think about everything I will miss about the Mount when I ordered my cap and gown. I joke with my roommates that we cannot talk about graduation until graduation day. I am usually not an emotional person, but I know that my graduation from the Mount will surely unleash a million pent-up tears.

I know that I am approaching "the final countdown" because I recently purchased my dress and tickets for the senior formal. I believe that senior formal is the more sophisticated version of a high school prom. The senior class gets together to celebrate its last big event before walking across the stage during graduation. This year, senior formal is being held at the Hyatt Regency in Baltimore. I have looked

forward to senior formal for four years because I love dancing and dressing up. It's not everyday that you can walk around in a floor-length dress!

I am especially excited that the senior formal is being held in Baltimore because it is near my hometown, Pasadena. I love Baltimore's inner harbor, steamed crabs, the aquarium, the use of the word, "hon," and the cute shops. I cannot wait for my roommate to get a bigger taste of Baltimore; she has only seen the aquarium and harbor place. I hope the DJ plays a variety of music at senior formal; if not, I will definitely request "Don't Stop Believin'." I'm sure I am not the only one who would like to end her



four years at the Mount with a Journey song.

Even though I can cross my cap and gown order and my senior formal tickets off my endless to-do list, there is one major thing that I still need to figure out: a job. I have no idea where the time has gone. I looked up some

jobs over Christmas break, but the jobs were either too far away, were not what I was looking for, or required 3-5 years work experience. I have searched online for a job sporadically since then, but still no success.

I am currently crossing my fingers regarding potential freelance work in the greeting card industry. I sent some writing samples, but most of my creative writing is funny and crazy, so I hope I did not scare away a potential employer! I really hope that something can come of this potential job; I love creativity and I used to make cards for my family all of the time. My mom still keeps a lot of my construction-paper masterpieces. My plan was to graduate and immediately enter the

work force after graduation. Unfortunately, this plan probably will not come to fruition. Sometimes I wonder why I plan at all! It is so hard to look for a job while being a full-time college student.

During the week, schoolwork is my top priority and by the time it



is the weekend, I am ready to relax and spend time with the people who mean the most to me. I am starting to believe that my remaining Fridays are going to be dedicated to the job hunt. I am looking for a job in the writing, editing, or publishing field - not exactly the easiest job market. I think I will need to attend the Mount's job fair and cram in some last-minute help sessions at the career center before I graduate!

This point in my college career seems surreal to me. I am starting to feel like an adult. I know that this technically happened the day I turned 18, but I did not start feeling like an adult until this semester.

Maybe it is because I finally made it to the Ott House. Maybe it is because some of my classmates are either engaged or married. Maybe it is because I know that my time in the classroom is almost over. I am starting to realize that I must find a full-time job as soon as possible so I can save money for the future.

Before long, I will be "old" and I will need money for an apartment away from Pasadena. I don't know if I am ready to enter the adult world, but I have no choice: this is the final countdown!

Chelsea Baranoski is a English major at Mt. St. Marys



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STAGES OF LIFE

I'm a dad again Bribery gone bad

Brian Barth

A rainy Sunday afternoon and the kids were restless. The two older kids kept asking to go outside. Every time I told them they can't; it is raining, and it's too cold. Naturally their response was, "I'm bored."

"With all the toys, books, and board games you have there is no way you are bored."

"Dad, we already played with all that stuff."

I decided to lead by example. I pulled out a book from my work bag, turned off the cartoons, and put on some soothing jazz music.

I wish I had a camera because the moment I turned on music the kids stared at me as if I stole their bike and doll and in unison said, "What are you doing?"

I said, "Reading a book."
"I enjoy reading," I said. "It relaxes me and is a nice way to escape every day routines."

I asked them, "Don't you have a book you like to read?"

My daughter started running for her room to get the princess book she likes to read before bed every night.

I told my son I wasn't being funny. I asked him to go find a book in his room.

He said, "Dad, I don't want to do homework on Sunday."

I said "it's not homework; it's time to relax."

"Well," he said, "I don't relax when I read, and you make me read a lot during the week."

My daughter came racing down the stairs, book in hand, and sat next to me in the chair.

I looked back at my son and asked, "What will it take for you to go get a book and join your sister and me reading for a while?"

Without hesitation he said, "I want McDonald's for dinner."

Thinking it could be worse I said, "Okay, but you have to drink milk and not soda." For some strange reason I thought I won that fight, but in reality I didn't. All they had to do was read for a while, and then I get to pay for food when we have a refrigerator full, and they don't have to eat vegeta-

bles. Yeah, but the milk will offset the McDonald's, right?

We all cozied into our comfortable spots and began reading. My daughter whizzed through her book and said, "I'm done."

About 40 minutes into our quiet time they both had fallen asleep. I was nearing the end of the last chapter when the kids woke up.

He said, "Dad, don't you have somewhere you need to go?"

Puzzled, I said, "No."

He quickly reminded me of our deal.

Not wanting to eat greasy food, I picked up a foot long sub for my wife and me at Carleo's then motored over to McDonald's.

Pulling up to the drive-thru speaker box, I started to place my order. "I'd like a 10 piece chicken nugget meal."

Before I could order anything else the voice through the speaker said,

"Sorry sir, we are out of nuggets."

"Out of nuggets? You can't be."

"Sorry, sir, but we are."

I pull up to the house, and walked in with a Carleo's bag and drinks.

My son said, "Where's my bag?" I looked at him and said, "They are out of nuggets." He said, "Come on, Dad, you're not funny."

"Honestly, they were out of nuggets." He then said, "Well isn't there a McDonald's in Thurmont?"

"Yeah, but I'm not driving to Thurmont to get McDonald's."

He said, "You made a deal with us, and this isn't fair."

I said, "You're right. How about we get Dairy Queen on the way home from your sister's Gymnastics practice tomorrow?"

He said, "Okay, but only if I can get M&M's on top."

So much for reading books together.

Mom's Time Out

Abigail Shiyer

There is a light at the end of the tunnel. I don't know about you, but this past month really seemed long to me. It was plagued with stress and some "not so fun" times. On the heels of several feet of snow, my Dad had a stroke just about the same time that my mom had a scheduled hip replacement and I was her "coach" - they were unable to care for each other for a little while so "tag" - I was it. At this point my kids wanted to be anywhere but stuck inside again and I just wanted to scream.

I feel so fortunate to have been able to chip in when my parents needed me, but - let me tell you - it was exhausting. I promised myself that when things "settled" I would do something for me. So - I decided that once the weather broke, I would hire a babysitter and spend a couple hours a day just enjoying my horses. Before I was a Mom, I would spend a whole day taking great pleasure grooming and riding my horses, cleaning the barn, cleaning tack - just kicking back and relaxing outside with my horses. Yes - that is what I will do...

So - the first thing I needed to do was find someone to watch my kids while I carried out this most desperate of plans. I sat down to write down a description for the babysitter. Maybe I was going a little overboard, but these kids are my most prized possession - so it is very important to me that I get someone good - and just as important that they know what they are agreeing to...

I was going to place an ad in the paper. The more I thought about it, the better this idea seemed. I was really full of myself I think. I was imagining my kids being in daycare all day while I did whatever I wanted. I was really thinking that what I deserved was a life of luxury after all of this stress that I had been through. That I had performed some herculean task and needed to be rewarded for my efforts. Oh my goodness - sometimes I really wonder about myself... Don't worry it

didn't last long. Just as I was getting ready to get serious about my ad, my cousin sent me an email about being a Parent. It was as if God had reached down, added my email address to her distribution and hit the SEND button for her. The email went something like this:

Job Description:

Long term, team players needed, for challenging permanent work in an often chaotic environment. Candidates must possess excellent communication and organizational skills and be willing to work variable hours, which will include evenings and weekends and frequent 24 hour shifts on call. Some overnight travel required, including trips to the hospital, emergency room, walk in clinics, primitive camping sites on rainy weekends and endless sports tournaments in far away cities! PTA meetings, school reports card days, open house things of that nature. Travel expenses not reimbursed. Extensive courier duties also required.

Responsibilities:

The rest of your life. Must be willing to be hated, at least temporarily, until someone needs \$5. Must be willing to bite tongue repeatedly. Also, must possess the physical stamina of a pack mule and be able to go from zero to 60 mph in three seconds flat in case, this time, the screams from the backyard are not someone just crying wolf. Must be willing to face stimulating technical challenges such as small gadget repair, mysteriously sluggish toilets, baking, constant cleaning and stuck zippers. Must screen phone calls, maintain calendars and coordinate production of multiple homework projects. Must have ability to plan and organize social gatherings for clients of all ages and mental outlooks. Must be willing to be indispensable one minute, an embarrassment the next. Must handle assembly and product safety testing of a half million cheap, plastic toys, and battery operated devices. Must always hope for the best but be prepared for the worst. Must assume final, complete accountability for the

quality of the end product. Responsibilities also include floor maintenance and janitorial work throughout the facility.

Possibility for Advancement & Promotion:

None. Your job is to remain in the same position for years, without complaining, constantly retraining and updating your skills, so that those in your charge can ultimately surpass you.

Previous Experience:

None required unfortunately. On-the-job training offered on a continually exhausting basis.

Wages and Compensation:

Get this! You pay them! Offering fre-

quent raises and bonuses. A balloon payment is due when they turn 18 because of the assumption that college will help them become financially independent. When you die, you give them whatever is left. The oddest thing about this reverse-salary scheme is that you actually enjoy it and wish you could only do more.

Benefits:

While no health or dental insurance, no pension, no tuition reimbursement, no paid holidays and no stock options are offered; this job supplies limitless opportunities for personal growth, unconditional love, and free hugs and kisses for life if you play your cards right.

This pushed my guilt button in a

couple different ways. For one, I am a "parent" to these 2 wonderful little beings for EVER. Not just when it suits me. And Two... after my parents have faithfully stuck to the job description above, I feel that I deserve a "break" because I ran myself ragged for 3 weeks. No no - I need to take a Time Out and get over myself. Thank you God for my Mom and Dad who are still alive and kicking and who still take such great care of ME. And - Thank you God for my two wonderful children who I am committed to serving for the rest of my life. - Maybe I could ride my horse on the weekends? - just for an hour or two? Maybe...

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

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STAGES OF LIFE

Lizzy Bizzy Spring

Lizzy Ryan

I love spring. It is my second favorite season next to winter, two totally different seasons. Every year at our house you know that it is spring when you hear the spring peepers (my favorite sound). All of the animals and plants begin to come alive.

Some of the down sides to spring are that you have to break out the lawn mowers, which is not the most pleasant job in the world. And then there is daylight savings, my least favorite part because you have to wake up early in the mornings and almost always fall asleep during class; but then again, you do have more daylight, hence the name "daylight savings time." So I can have more time to play outside, after I finish homework -yuck!

Since the heavy rains in March, our woods have flooded. Plus, the beavers have been making everything flood with their dams. This makes it even more fun to play and walk in the woods because I like playing in the water on the flooded trails. Most people think that is weird.

During my walks and my spring explorations in the woods, I have been seeing the animals starting to come out of hibernation, like the squirrels. We have daffodils and snowdrops planted along the sides of the trails too, and I like to watch them grow and bloom. As a matter of fact, just this week my mom and I picked some.

Spring also means Easter. I am excited and looking forward to Easter. In our family we have a tradition where we have egg painting on Good Friday and an egg hunt on Easter Sunday at my grandmother's and grandfather's house after Mass. Then we have Easter dinner. It's lots of fun,



even though many of my cousins are getting older.

They have lost some interest in the egg hunt, I think, but my grandmother (MeMe) still hides eggs each year for all of us to find. The other great thing about Easter is Easter break, although this year we only have off Good Friday and Easter Monday because of the snow days.

Spring also means baby animals. Just recently we ordered twenty-five exotic chicks, like the ones with the feather feet and exotic colors. They will be coming in May. I have a pet bunny that we got this winter and her name is Nutmeg. Since it is warm she is able to go outside under my watchful eye, finally, and play. I built her a cardboard house, and she has a small playpen outside. One time I took her out of the pen, and she started hopping away, so I know not to do that again.

Every spring my dad and I have a friendly competition to find the first purple martin (a very pretty purple bird). Unfortunately for me he found it first this year. While I was doing something in my room he started shouting to me saying "Lizzy, Lizzy! I've found it! I saw the first purple martin!"

Isn't spring great?

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

Simply Maya Can't steal joy

Maya Hand

Hi. My name is Maya. I am 9 years old and I go to Mother Seton School and dance at the Taneytown Dance Center. My talents and hobbies are dancing, singing, drama, art, L.A., writing poetry, and last but not least, science.

Right now I'd like to tell you a story about when I met an angel. I was in Virginia, and I was at Fuddrucker's, a hamburger restaurant. I was on vacation staying at my grandma's house. As I was sitting there, at the restaurant with my family, I was thinking to myself, "everyone working here seems so happy." The radio was on in the room.

There was a friendly woman mopping the floors and humming to herself. She seemed so nice and caring. She seemed so joyful. She seemed like such a wonderful person. I wanted to talk to her, and know her, and be her friend.

When she came over to our table to see if we needed anything, I joked with her and said that I wanted to be a worker there because everyone seemed so happy. She told me that I could work there whenever I wanted. She explained to me that I should always try to make the best of whatever I am doing and to follow my heart. That no one could steal my joy.

Her words inspired me and made me smile. She told me that no matter what happened, no matter what people said to me, they could never, ever, steal my joy. After that long talk, we left the restaurant. And I left the restaurant with a big, bright smile on my face.

That talk made a big impact on my life. I think it was meant to. I think it was really meant to help me with my life, with struggles I might have. I think I will really need it. A few minutes ago I felt really emotional thinking about that experience

and its impact. Not because I was sad, but because the talk I had with her, the way it makes me feel, is so touching, so beautiful, so inspiring, so wonderful, so amazing, that it will always be in my heart.

This morning, when I was talking to my mom, I was worried about who would be reading this. I was worried about what to write. But she told me to just be myself, be creative and write what I think and feel about things. So that's what I'm doing right now.

I am in chorus this year. This past winter, in chorus at school, we were having our Christmas pageant. Before I left for school, I was feeling sick to my stomach. I was feeling better by the time I arrived at school. As I was singing A Hot Cup Of Cocoa, I started feeling really bad. Like really, really bad. "Now!"

I thought to myself, "I need to get off the stage and I need to get off now!" I could tell a teacher when I got backstage, after the song. "Just after this song," I thought to myself. "Just after this song!" But then, I started to wobble very slowly. Round and round, round and round I went. Everything started getting blurry. What was I going to do?! I needed to get off the stage! Now! But then, COBLAM!!!! I had fainted smack on the chin!

I woke up when some people were carrying me off the stage. I threw up backstage twice. They took me to the Faculty Lounge. My legs were shaking and shivering, and it wasn't because I was cold. I didn't like how it felt at all. I asked my mom to hold my legs down. Whenever she let go of them I would ask her to hold them again.

Lots of good people were helping me, and two men walked into the room and asked me questions. Mommy came with me as I was rolled out to the ambulance. When I found



out that my chin was split open, I was really nervous and scared. I didn't want to go to the hospital. "At least I don't have to get stitches," I thought. I was getting skin glue. But once I got to the hospital, I discovered that I WAS getting stitches because it would work better than glue. I really didn't want to. I was starting to wish I hadn't gone to perform at the Christmas pageant at all.

I had a CT scan first. Then, I got my stitches. When I got my stitches they put special medicine on so it didn't hurt. It didn't even tug. The doctor did a wonderful job. She made nice tight stitches and didn't hurt me at all. Once she was finished, I didn't want to look at my stitches so she put a band aid on top. I was wondering what my friends would think when I came back to school. I was wondering who had been watching the pageant.

We stayed at the hospital until about midnight. Once I got home, I was exhausted. I took a shower and went to bed. I stayed home for one day. The next morning I was excited to see my friends at school. I was excited for the Christmas parties and celebrations. My experience on stage and at the hospital, what I had been through, did not steal my joy. I returned to school with a smile on my face and a good attitude, looking forward to all the holiday fun ahead.

Maybe you can use this expression if you ever need it and remember, no matter what happens to you, be strong and nothing can steal your joy.

Maya will be joining Lizzy in keeping us old farts abreast on what's on the minds of those in the 'In-between Generation!'



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STAGES OF LIFE

A teen's view

Kat Dart

Music: The art of arranging sounds in time so as to produce a continuous, unified, and evocative composition, as through melody, harmony, rhythm, and timbre.

One of the most constant things in a teenager's life is music. It is the one thing that almost all of us will turn to when we are angry, or sad, or even really happy. It is how we deal with problems, how we can express ourselves, and it is the reason why we love our ipods or mp3 devices so much.

Music can stir up emotions in anyone. The lyrics can make you really think about life, kind of like this lyric: And all the poetry, in the world, finally makes sense to me. (Cadence by Nightwish, Dark Passion Play). It can influence your emotions and make you cry, or feel happy, or calm and content.

Just the other day, my cousin jokingly suggested that we go play a prank on our parents, and my response? Well it was something along the lines of, 'if we did that, it wouldn't be my phone my mom takes away; it would be my mp3 player. And my computer's speaker system. And possibly my CD cases. Not a pleasant punishment at all.'

Music is how we are inspired to be creative and imaginative. We listen to it while writing papers and while sketching something out. Different bands influence how a person will write a song or play an instrument.



Music also brings us teens closer together. My best friend and I realized we both listened to a little known band. Our favorite song from that band was the same, too. It stunned us both, and we quickly went through each other's music playlists to comment on all the songs in them.

I will listen to any type of music. It can be rap, punk, metal, classical, acapella, or even orchestral music, as I am learning to play it this year with my high school's orchestra.

I am currently preparing to go to an adjudication, an event where all Frederick schools' orchestras come to play at a host school (this year the host is Catocin, my high school!) The Catocin symphony orchestra will be playing the Brandenburg Sinfonia (from Cantata No. 174, by J. S. Bach), the Reformation (Fourth Movement, by Felix Mendelssohn), or the Procession (from Caucasian Sketches, by Mikhail Mikhailovich Ippolitov-Ivanov).

We actually played these songs in mid-March during the Catocin Music Festival. There was the choir,

and you could tell they had been practicing for weeks. Then there was the percussionists. Their parts sounded amazing! The drums were loud, and it echoed through the auditorium. Finally, there was the symphonic orchestra (I play on my violin with the orchestra).

For the adjudication, weeks of practice at all participating schools have prepared all instrument players for this event. All orchestras will be judged based on their playing and receive feedback and constructive criticism. Also, it is a great time to compare your schools with one another.

Also with school, we are now beginning to make up all those missed snow days, which kind of stinks because now we have almost five days that were originally off as make-up days. Naturally, no one is very happy about this, but sometimes you just have to suck it up, drag your behind to the bus stop at six thirty every morning and deal with it.

At least I will get an early start. And we don't have to worry about taking all of June for make-up days. (Of course, that may be a bit of an exaggeration...)

In other news, has anyone seen those snow piles that the tractors put together? They are so huge, and still frozen even with all the sun! There are a bunch of piles in the road behind our house, and I have had fun climbing on them with my sisters!

Since it is April, I am now looking forward to rainy days - my favorite type of days! The rain makes everything look fresh and smell really nice. Of course, thunderstorms are even better, but I get the feeling that those won't come until summer, because it's not hot enough yet (could have fooled me with the beautiful weather we've been having!). And since it's been so warm and sunny, I have had a chance to go riding with my dad on his motorcycle! That has been loads of fun; we've gone to Gettysburg to ride around the town and outside the battle fields.

And finally, since it is getting warmer, that means beach time is coming up! Who knows, next month we have spring vacation, maybe I'll be able to write from the beach!

To read past editions of Kat's column visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.

A teen's view

A blast into the past

Danielle Ryan



I thought that for this month's article I would share a story of an experience that I had many years ago when I was a very foolish child. This may jog some of your own memories of silly things you did when you were younger.

One memory that really stands out is the last day of school when I finished the third grade.

I remember this day very clearly. It was the day that we got out of school, my last day of third grade. When I was younger, my whole family (aunts, uncles, cousins, and grandparents) all got together for a picnic on the last day of school. I was very excited because this meant that I was going to hang out with my cousins.

Being the kids that we were, my cousins Alex, Chris, and I decided to go out to the backyard and play around. We went over the swing set and fooled around, pushing and shoving each other, the normal kid stuff, until we got bored of the silly little game we were playing.

Then someone (I don't remember who) had the brilliant idea to go over to the neighboring yard, which was Chris's house, and use his swing set, which just happened to have a sliding board that was obviously way more fun than the boring swings. With much exploring, we found out that sliding boards are very versatile. Not only can you slide down them, but you can also run up them and even jump off the sides.

The three of us decided that it would be a great idea to make a game out of running up the sliding board and then jumping off the side while attempting to do tricks. We planned that each time you jump off the slide you have to do one spin, then two, then three, and so on. Of course, I, being the youngest of the three, had a disadvantage in that I was not as experienced at jumping off the sliding board. In fact, I was used to sliding down them.

Each of us was able to jump and spin one time and even two times.

When it came to jumping off the slide and spinning three times, both of my older cousins were successful. I, however, was not. I successfully made it up the slide and spun two times but I clearly didn't jump high enough. This negligence resulted

in not having enough time to spin three whole turns in the air.

Try as I might, I could not spin three times, but instead fell to the ground beneath me. As much as I wish I could say I landed on the ground gracefully, I didn't. Oh no. In fact, I landed in the most ungraceful way a kid could possibly land; I landed right on top of my left arm. All of my weight landed on my arm alone (you see where this is going). I heard the infamous snap, crackle, pop of my arm beneath me.

As I stood up I honestly didn't feel anything until I looked down at my poor crippled arm. What I saw in front of me made me scream bloody murder. My arm was contorted into a sort of S shape as the bones beneath my skin had broken out of place and almost did a flip flop with each other.

Obviously, I ran screaming to my mom, who, by the way, didn't even believe me when I screamed that my arm was broken. When I held out my arm she looked at me with a shocked, horrified face and immediately yelled for my aunt as she guided me to the car.

From this point of horror, I remember a very long car ride, a hysterical fear and recognition of the fact that I would have to get a shot, (in fact I got two! One was an IV), and a very long wait in the hospital.

Coming out of the anesthesia, I realized that I had made a very stupid mistake, because, remember, this was the day I had gotten out of school for the summer break. For several days afterwards, I had to stay inside with my arm iced and propped on many levels of pillows. I now knew that I had to spend an entire summer in a very hot and itchy cast and that my whole summer could be a drag.

Who would have thought that one stupid mistake would lead to an entire summer spent in a cast? To this day my family still talks about the day I broke my arm and how I yelled "I broke my arm! I broke my arm!"

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

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STAGES OF LIFE

My Father's Dreams

Christine Maccabee

"He taught me how to whistle and he taught me how to love; and now he's giving guidance to me from somewhere up above. He loved all living creatures on the Earth he held so dear and he did his part to help out while he resided here. My father's dreams live on in me, My father's dreams live on in me..."

These are the first words, along with a melody, that came to me shortly after my father's death in 1996. I had awakened at 3 am, grabbed a pencil, sketched out a staff line on a blank piece of paper, and wrote the words and music as quickly as I could, for they were coming fast! For some reason I did not sit down to the piano to develop the song until 6 months later when I came up with a second verse at which point the creative juices really began to flow!

"But now I'm growing older though my children are still small.

They see me as I garden and they hear me when I call. In time they too may listen To the bittersweet refrain Of dreams their mother once lived for And then they too will sing... My mother's dreams live on in me, My mother's dreams live on in me..."

Within a few hours the entire poem was arranged for piano and voice and one year later was put on a CD with many other original songs I had created over a 30 year period. I call it my "church recording" as it was performed before a live audience at Apple's Church in Thurmont where I was organist for a few years. Most of the songs are intimate expressions

of my love of nature, no surprise considering my up-bringing!

My father loved nature, as did my mother. Their dream was to buy 5 acres on which they would build their dream house and live

he was a passionate man and dedicated to everything he did.

My father also had a deep feeling of love and responsibility for this precious Earth we live on, and so everyday on his long walks through woods



as intimately with nature as possible. As it is, two five acre lots were bought but never moved to. Old age and illness has a funny way of modifying our youthful ideals.

As they both loved to hike, my parents joined the Maryland Hiking Club out of Baltimore. Dad helped repair trails and even crafted a wooden sign for the Appalachian Trail before cancer interfered with his plans to hike another good ten years. Even though he tended to get depressed and fretted about things that were not quite right, many of his hopes and dreams were fulfilled. Indeed,

and areas yet to be developed he would pick up trash. Some days he would come back with a heavy black trash bag thrown over his shoulder, a perverted version of Santa Claus picking up after all the celebrations were over.

Religious about picking up trash, Dad often expressed his disappointment with people who were so irreverent. We would all listen to his complaints, and we loved him for his caring heart but I do not think we truly understood the depth of his concern for the purity and beauty of this Earth we humans are usurping. I under-

stood, felt his sorrow, and thus was affected. All children are.

Today I am living out my father's dream on my 11+ acres here in the Catoctin Mountains. Soon I will inherit one of the five acres of trees and rock he bought years ago and I will make sure it is preserved forever. The huge oak tree in the middle of those five acres

"You could do better, but don't quit even though it is hard... things will improve." He is and always was my spiritual mentor, even though I did not realize that until more recently. I wish I had listened to him sooner.

As much as I believe in the afterlife, I also believe that previous generations live on in their progeny, for better and for worse. I just happen to be one of the lucky ones who had a blessed childhood with no abuse or neglect. I was permitted to raise turtles in my backyard, and I was instilled with a tremendous love of singing.

At social family gatherings Dad would strum his guitar and sing with gusto German folksongs he was learning, many of which were humorous. Sung in German, the only one who got the humor was Dad! I felt his frustration as he struggled with taking the spotlight as he was a humble man and did not wish to impose himself or his songs on others. People would politely listen or talk while he sang, perhaps only vaguely understanding his need to perform.. Then they would go on with other more important things.

I listened, and I was instilled with his passion and humor as well as his drive to perform, not to mention his serious, fretting nature. I am, after all, my father's daughter. He was also a writer...

So today I sit here writing about my father's dreams and my own dreams. I feel the dream of the Earth as my father felt it, but I am still very much alive in order to continue it. My heritage is more precious than gold, and my ability to pass this treasure on to my children is paramount in my life.

So thanks Dad for being my teacher and beloved father. You are always with me.

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

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COLD WAR WARRIORS

“Captain . . . I haven’t a clue”

Michael Hillman

My love of mechanics started early. Tinker Toys quickly gave way to Erector Sets, which were followed by lawn mower engines and, eventually, cars. My love of mechanics and technology prompted me to pursue an engineering degree and my first five years after college were spent serving as an Engineering Officer on-board nuclear submarines.

I can still clearly remember standing in the bottom of a dry dock the night before the USS Kamamamaha, a nuclear powered ballistic missile submarine, was to be re-floated after a two-year overhaul. Responsible for the operation of her nuclear power plant, I had learned an immense amount of practical and theoretical engineering during those two, long years.

Unlike most of the officers I shared the wardroom with, I joined the Navy with no seafaring background. While they struggled with the complexities of running the submarine’s reactor, I found it child’s play. So much so, that for fun, at night, I would lie in my rack and mentally run through the mind boggling mathematical equations that described the operation of the reactor.

Unfortunately, my keen understanding of the workings of the submarine didn’t extend beyond her propulsion system. How one actually maneuvered a submarine was a complete mystery to me. Being a junior officer, most of my time was spent running the reactor. By the time I was ready to rotate to the ‘front’, the sub was in a shipyard, undergoing a three-year overhaul. By the time the overhaul was scheduled to be completed, my tour would be over, and I would once again be a civilian. So my lack of ‘seafaring skills’ didn’t

matter. Or so I thought.

It was late summer, and I had only six months left on my hitch, when I was handed emergency orders to report to a fast attack submarine headed out for a five-month deployment to play cat and mouse with Soviet submarines.

While at sea, the crew stood a one and three watch rotation. Six hours on watch, six hours training and drilling, and six hours of rest - theoretically that is. If your rest cycle happened to fall from 6 pm to midnight one was expected to join the Captain and the rest of the officers in the wardroom in Soviet ship identification.

As stealth was a U.S. submarine’s principle advantage over the Soviet navy, being able to quickly pop the scope above the water, grab a glimpse of a Soviet warship and then dip the scope back below the water was a necessity. Whoever was on the scope had only seconds to identify any ships in the vicinity. So daily Soviet ship identification drilling was a must.

Having ignored that part of my training in the shipyard, I dreaded those evening drills. Fortunately, things soon got hot and heavy with the Soviets and the Captain pulled one of the three engineering officers ‘forward’ to help out, which left me standing 18 hours on and six off. Needless to say, I got excused from any further ship identification drills and spent the majority of the run playing with my reactor. I was quite happy.

But all that ended when we got ready to head home.

Being a fully ‘qualified’ submariner, which implied I knew how to drive a sub, my new Captain inserted me into the ‘Officer of the Deck’ watch rotation. My sweat pumps went into overdrive.

As luck would have it, on my first watch I was tasked with driving the billion-dollar sub out of



The author (far right) and fellow junior officers await the serving of Christmas dinner while submerged deep under the polar ice cap in 1979.

England’s narrow, crowded Portsmouth harbor. Desperate to brush up on what seafaring skills I had managed to pick up in spite of myself, the evening before we left Port, I took the Navigator out to a local pub and picked his mind on nautical ‘Rules of the Road’.

“Ok Mike, there are only a few basic rules you have to understand, everything else is a variation on a theme. First, when approaching another ship head on, always pass it Port to Port.” Said the Navigator.

“Port to Port.” I repeated. “Got that . . . Um . . . um . . . is Port on the right or left side of the ship?”

The Navigator stared at me in disbelief. “You don’t know what side of a ship is Port?”

“Well yes . . . I think. It’s it on my right as I walk aft, and on my left as I walk forward, right?” I asked meekly.

Reaching for his drink, the Navigator took a deep breath. This was going to be harder than he first thought. “Ok, lets try this again. The conning tow-

er has two lights on it. Right?”

“Yes.” I answered proudly. Having overseen their re-wiring the lights while in the shipyard on my other sub, I grabbed a piece of paper. “Do you want me to draw out their wiring circuitry?”

“No! Just tell me which color is the Port light?” Asked the Navigator.

“Damn” I thought to myself, I never noticed that little detail. Thinking that this might be a trick question, I gave my answer considerable thought. “It all depends, if we’re tied up on the left-hand side of the ship, its green, if we’re tied up on the right-hand side, its red,” I finally answered proudly.

Scratching his head in disbelief, the Navigator began to ask how I had ever managed to get qualified, but caught himself. Knowing I had an uncanny ability to logically follow patterns, he tried another tact.

“Do you like wine?” He asked.

“Sure” I replied.

The Navigator motioned to the

bartender, and a few minutes later, we were sharing a bottle of Port.

“Here an easy way for you to remember the colors of the lights.” He said. “Port wine is red, as is the Port light. Which means the starboard light is green . . .” and so it went as the Navigator slowly, and methodically walked me through rules of passing another ship headed in the opposite direction

Once the Navigator felt confident I had this aspect of ‘ship driving’ down, he turned his attention to explaining the rules governing ships crossing paths.

“OK, lets say you’re driving in a car up to an intersection, and another car is approaching from the right. If it’s drawing left, which of you will get through the intersection first?” He asked.

“The one without the stop sign of course!” I answered incredulously. “God what a stupid question,” I thought.

“No! No! If they are on your right, and pointed in your direction, and moving from right to left, that mean they will pass in

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COLD WAR WARRIORS

front of you. But if they are moving from left to right, you'll pass in front of them! Get it!" He said, barely able to control the awe in his voice.

Up until then I had never noticed the blood vessels in the Navigator's neck, but for some reason, at that instant, they seemed to be throbbing. As I struggled to understand the logic in his statement, I found myself yearning for the simplicity of the mathematical equations behind a nuclear chain reaction.

"Ok, so if the other guy is on my right, and 'drawing' to my right, I can pass him right?" I asked.

"It depends," the Navigator said, "if he's pointed toward you, his Port side will be facing you, and you have to yield to him."

"Why?" I asked dumbfounded

"Because his red light is facing you! Remember Port wine is red! So the red light is on the Port! And the red light means stop! Remember!!! Remember!!!"

The Navigator stared deeply into his empty glass, and ordered another bottle of Port. I meanwhile, calculated how many days I had left in the navy...

Surprisingly, by the end of the evening, I was actually begun to get a handle on the 'Rules of the Road' thing, the prime word here being 'beginning'.

"... well it you turn right," replied the Navigator, to my answer to the last scenario he had given me, "you'll miss the tanker, but you'll ground the sub. . . but . . . on the bright side, you will not kill anyone . . . I think we should call it quits while your ahead . . ."

We downed the last of our drinks and headed back to the sub just as the first rays of the sun broke over the horizon.

Throughout the day, our departure time continued to be delayed for one reason or another, which suited me fine, as it gave me more time to prepare. But as morning became afternoon, and afternoon evening, my relief soon turned to fear. By the time we finally did get the word to shove off, the sun was setting, and with it, any hopes that I might escape humiliation.

I nimbly maneuvered the sub out into the channel and joined a long line of ships following the well-marked channel toward the open sea. Everything went smoothly at first, for all I had to do was keep a safe distance from the ship in front of me, and turn where they had turned. But once clear of the channel, everyone went there own way.

It was as chaotic a scene as one sees during a super "blue light special" at K-Mart. And, as if to add insult to injury, twilight came to an end and the horizon went coal black, with the exception of hundreds of red and green lights going in every direction imaginable.

To help keep track of ships one encounters while at sea, a letter number designation is give to them. If sighted visually, they are given a number like



USS Tinosia - A Permit class nuclear fast attack submarine on her way out to sea to face her Soviet opponents.

'Victor 23'. 'Victor' of course stands for 'V' for visual. If first noticed by radar, they are called 'Romeo'. And 'Sierra,' if first spotted by sonar.

"Bridge to Conn: We have a new radar contact bearing 230, drawing right, range 5 miles. Designate this contact Romeo 14." Cracked the microphone.

"Conn, Bridge aye." I replied. My mind raced. "Lets see, I'm headed due south . . . that means my course is 180 . . . if Romeo 14 is at 230 . . . that would be over there . . ." pointing my arm off to my right, "and if he's drawing right, that means... what?"

Remembering what the Navigator had told me, I grabbed the binoculars and peered into the dankness and quickly made out a green light low on the horizon, in the direction of Romeo 14.

I spotted a green light, which meant that Romeo 14's bow was pointed away from me and I was going to pass behind him. I let out a sigh of relief.

I had no sooner reported the presence of Romeo 14 to the Captain, and my conclusion that no course change was necessary, when the MC once again broke silence.

"Bridge to Conn, we have multiple radar contacts. Romeo 15 bearing 260 . . . Romeo 16 bearing 118 . . . Romeo 23 bearing 345 . . . We also have two new sonar contacts: Sierra 23 bearing 085, distance 1 mile, believe this to also be Romeo 19 . . ."

And on it went for five minutes.

My luck had run out. We had driven straight into the heart of the local fishing fleet and were surrounded with fishing boats of all shapes and sizes.

Reports of new contacts came in fast and furious. Had I had access to a supercomputer, I might have had a chance to keep up, but my mind had gone blank after Romeo 15. Had I more experience, I could have tried to 'fly' by the seat of my pants. But I was clueless as to what to do. Of course, given that I was in the worst of predicaments, what a better time for the

Captain to call and ask how everything was going.

"Mr. Hillman, way haven't you reported Romeo 16 to me yet?" Asked the Captain.

"Ah . . . Captain, I'm still trying to figure out where he's going." I replied.

"Well what about Romeo 21?!" Cracked his voice of the MC.

"Romeo who?" I relid.

"Romeo 21, he's off your Port bow." Replied the voice, slowly rising in pitch.

By now I was so flustered, I had to lean over the side of the conning tower to find out what color light was on the Port side. As I did so, I noticed the lookouts tightening the belts on their life preservers. "Um, Captain, I think he's drawing to the right." I replied.

"You think?!" Shouted the Captain, whose voice clearly could be heard echoing from the bridge two decks below. "You think? . . . What direction is Romeo 24 drawing?! . . ."

And so it went for five minutes. The Captain asked questions on Romeo this or Victor that, and I answered all with "I think . . .". All but the last.

"Mr. Hillman!!! Where is Romeo 12?!!!"

"Captain," I replied, "I haven't a clue..."

Unbeknownst to me, the exchange between the Captain and me was taking place over the sub's general announcing system, much to the amusement of everyone on board. And everyone knew what was coming next. The Captain ascended the conning tower, and after letting me know in no uncertain terms what he thought of my seafaring skills, disqualified me as an Officer of the Deck, and banished me to the engine compartment for the rest of our trip back to the States.

But that's was akin to punishing a chef by making him stay in the kitchen. I was only too happy to spend the cruise back across the Atlantic playing with my reactor.

After leaving the navy, I pursued my passion for riding horses and had pretty much forgotten the in-

cident until one day, while walking a show jumping course, my coach, in explaining how to jump a line of fences, said: "As you approach the first fence, continue to turn until the centers of the all fences line up, as if you were lining up a ship using range markers in a channel."

Suddenly, everything the Navigator had tried to teach me that night, made sense. As I entered the warm-up area, overflowing with horses going in every direction imaginable, I found myself back in the sub's con-

ning tower in the middle of that fishing fleet, albeit this time, I could see where each vessel was going and what course I had to steer to maneuver safely.

had come twenty years too late! But not everything I learned in the military took that long to be applied in my civil life. But I'll save those lessons for a future story.

To read other articles by Michael Hillman, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.

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THE ZOOKEEPER

Roots

Layla Watkins

The month of January was devoted to remodeling our mudroom. February was completely consumed by the snow. When March arrived, I returned to the mudroom. This time however, I was going to have some fun with it - It was time to decorate.

The Cottonwood

Cottonwood Farm is the name of our little farmette. It is named after the huge cottonwood tree at my family's summer cottage in Minnesota - "The Lake," we all call it. The cottage is nothing fancy but it has been in my family, passed down through the generations, since 1908. Growing up, I spent every summer there swimming, water skiing, fishing, and climbing "The Cottonwood." The Cottonwood was always my "happy place," and so when Wayne and I bought our farm, we named it Cottonwood Farm in hopes that it would be a "happy place" for future generations as well.

It seemed only fitting then, that I find a picture of The Cottonwood to hang in the new entryway to Cottonwood Farm. As I looked through pictures though, I found more than just pictures of a cool old tree - I found history and a fresh appreciation for my family, my ancestors, my roots.

I had pictures of me sitting in The Cottonwood, Kara floating in a baby boat under it (it sits right on the shoreline so over the years, the water has eroded the beachfront and The Cottonwood now hangs horizontally over the water), pictures at sunset, in the winter, during storms, and so on. What stirred me though, were the old pictures - the faded black and white snapshots of the generations before me that loved The Lake and The Cottonwood as much as I do.

The Cottonwood was a backdrop for as many pictures then as it is now. The only difference is that in the old pictures, The Cottonwood is much smaller and it's vertical. One of my favorite pictures has three generations from my grandmother (as a 6-7 year old girl) to my great-great-grandparents. There are others of my great-grandmother ("Ba") playing badminton, my grandmother and my great-uncle paddling the canoe (the same canoe I learned how to paddle in), my mom and my aunt running down the path to the lake - Proof that all the generations before me loved and enjoyed the same things I do.

The Family Album

I have hundreds - no, thousands



- of pictures of me, Wayne, the kids, the animals, etc. neatly organized into a dozen or so photo albums. These other pictures, though, did not come from my photo albums. They came from an album that my grandmother spent the better part of two years putting together - a family history album.

It contains a written and photographic history of our family ancestry, going back as far

as 1030 to Robert, 5th Duke of Normandy, through Henry I, King of England, all the way through to 1667 when my great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, William Terrell came to the colonies and settled in Hanover County, VA.

When my grandmother first presented me with the album, I thanked her for it, perused through the pictures, read the

biographies of the relatives I knew or knew of, glanced at a few interesting notes, and put it away. A few times over the years I'd pulled it out for one reason or another, but had never spent any time really looking through it in its entirety.

It wasn't that I didn't appreciate it, I just didn't appreciate it. I appreciated the fact that she had worked so hard to create this album for me, but I didn't

appreciate its value. How cool is it to be able to trace your family, or at least part of it, back almost 1000 years!

Maybe the reason it didn't seem like such big deal to me initially was because I hadn't yet started a family of my own when she gave it to me. Or maybe I was just too focused on the here and now to be concerned about what my ancestors did all those years ago. Or maybe I just didn't "get it."

When I pulled it out looking for pictures of The Cottonwood, I didn't expect to keep it out. But as I look through it now, I have a whole new appreciation for it. In fact, I made a point to call my grandmother, share my newfound awe with her and thank her, this time profusely, for creating this album for me.

Maybe you have to create your own family to truly appreciate the roots of the family tree you come from. Or maybe it's that subtle realization that the generations before you are really not all that different from you today. Or maybe this time, I just "get it." Whatever the explanation...

Thank you, Gamma.

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

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ARTISTS OF THE MONTH

Dorothea Barrick

Christine Little
Adams County Arts Council

Take a look at Dorothea Barrick's work, and her obvious love of nature stands out. And that's no accident, she says. "My first interest growing up was being in nature. I was raised on a large farm in Frederick County that had been in my family for generations, and that's where I'm coming from in my work - the colors and textures of the meadows and woods, and the natural, organic shapes."

Barrick also knew early on that she loved to draw. "I was naturally drawn to make shapes, to have that pencil or crayon on the paper to make shapes or form," she says. Still, she got a late start with her formal art training. "It wasn't until I went to college that I took my first real painting class," she says. "That's when my professor suggested I go to art school." Barrick eventually earned a bachelor's degree in painting from Maryland Insti-

tute College of Art in Baltimore, and stayed on to earn an MFA degree there.

Working outside has always been central to Barrick's work. "You get the feeling of the light and the atmosphere," she says. "I like to paint at different orchards in Maryland and Pennsylvania, especially when the weather's really nice and the orchards are in bloom."

She also relishes the challenge presented by a blank canvas. "Every time you set up to paint, it's a new creative endeavor," she says. "Every painting is a challenge, and every place is a new experience. It's a challenge to actually start the painting, to get the colors in your mind. Then there's the texture and the thickness of the paint, and comparing the sensitive line with the thickness of the paint and the palette. Like math and music, there are many variables."

"It takes a sensitivity to the subject, and a sensitivity to the way the painting creates itself,"

she adds. "Because once you get started, the painting more or less creates itself, and you want to go with that flow. I'm always learning when I paint, and I'm always enjoying the moment. The years of experience come into play."

Barrick, who founded the art department at Mount St. Mary's University in 1973, still shows widely. She recently had a piece accepted into the permanent collection at the University of Maryland's University College Arts-Program. Barrick will be a participating plein air artist at the Gettysburg Festival of the Arts beginning June 18.



A sought-after art teacher in the area, Barrick will teach "Acrylic Painting with a Southwest Theme" for the Adams County Arts Council's Imagination Station in Gettysburg this July.

For more information about Dorothea Barrick's classes at the Adams County Arts Council's Imagination Station, call (717) 334-5006, or visit www.adamsarts.org for more information.

Elizabeth Prongas

Angela Craig
Arts Major - MSM Class of 2011

We often find that the people with the most interesting lives are least likely to want to talk about their stories. Such is the case with Elizabeth Prongas. Upon my arrival, she greets me warmly and offers tea, but also tells me that she was a little bit reluctant to agree to this, since she didn't know exactly what she should talk about.

She has been, and still is, an artist, teacher, activist, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother and wife, and completes each of these titles with enormous love and passion; I reassure her that I don't think that we will have a shortage of conversation.

Prongas was born in the United States and, after losing her father at five, moved to England with her mother and sister. There, she knew lifestyles from one end of the spectrum to the other - a grand countryside estate (where her uncle was a butler) was her playground until she was twelve. She later survived the Blitz in London during World War II at sixteen. She came back to America at 20 years old and married young.

It would be quite a culture shock, since Prongas was used to living a thrifty life in England, where food was heavily rationed due to the war. In America, she notes, food was rationed, but not nearly as much as she was used to. Here, in Philadelphia, her daughters Deborah and Rebecca were born, and eventually they moved to Frederick.

As she shows me around, I can



evidently see her love of art. The walls are lined with paintings and drawings, and almost half of her house is an open studio with pieces of artwork - sail-boats, cars, flowers - scattered along the walls and in corners; some are half-complete, but still beautiful. In the sunlight by the window, a portrait of a lady in pastels is in the works.

"I love all types of painting, but I was trained in traditional painting, so I love portraiture," she tells me. "I love people, and getting into their psyche, so to speak."

Not only is Prongas trained in traditional painting, but she has a Master's Degree in Fine Arts and Art Education from the

Maryland Institute College of Art. She had left grade school at the acceptable age of fourteen in England, but after she became a housewife and her children grew up, she finally had the opportunity to study what she had always held a passion for. She taught at an array of schools in Maryland, including Frederick Elementary, Thomas Johnson High, and Frederick Community College, and later gave private lessons. Her students have ranged from Kindergarten to 93 years old.

Prongas also shows me many of her paintings of flowers and tells me of her love of gardening and animals, and I begin to see

this pattern of her ardor for life. This passion has manifested itself in other ways - she treasures the life of animals and is the proud owner of a cat she adopted from the streets and a beautiful 11-month-old cocker spaniel-border collie mix from a shelter.

The most prominent expression of her zeal, though, is her activism in environmental issues. She was chair of the New Forest Society, an organization which focused on planting trees to protect the watershed. The Society has grown into what is now the Catocin Forest Alliance, for which she is on the Board of Directors. In addition, she is on the committee for the Green School program at Mother Seton School.

When I mention to her later in my visit that I took an art class at Mount St. Mary's, she lights up and asks if I have any pictures of my work; she very seriously but warmly encourages me to continue in art in such a way that makes me actually want to dig up my set of oil paints and really do it. We talk about art for a while, and I mention that I was taking an art class which has opened my eyes to all the unexpected colors around me.

She nods knowingly and says, "You have to learn to see. You can look, but to see is something else. There are many things we can miss in life, even everyday life. We just have to learn to see them."

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COMPLEMENTARY CORNER—WELL BEING

Chinese medicine and the five elements

The Wood Element, part 2

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.

As you read this article on the Wood Element, Part 1, keep in mind that you are reading only about one part of a much bigger picture!

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

Season of Spring

Look outside and see what is happening during the springtime. What words come to your mind? We can all recognize that things are growing, the animals and birds are giving “birth”, and there is more “activity” in nature.

Are you spending more time outside being active? I bet that many of you are cleaning up from winter, preparing your gardens, or just going for walks outside. Spring is a time of beginnings and renewal, flourishing, enthusiasm and excitement, increasing light/brightness, and feeling the temperature rising.

Overall, there is so much more activity, action, or movement happening this season than compared to Winter. Isn’t it amazing to see how the tulips, daffodils, and other spring plants grow several inches taller in one day? This burst of activity out from the stillness of winter is unmatched by any other season of the year! At the same time that all of this “growth” is happening, it is purposeful and organized. Everything that is growing has an “inner blueprint” that it fulfills.

Finally, the gifts that Spring gives us include flexibility, clarity and vision, creativity, new possibilities, decision making and planning, and hope. Have you started a “To Do List” for projects over the next few months? Are you assessing things that need to be completed by the Fall, and creating a flexible plan to get them done? Can you feel the energy of Spring within yourself?

Along with being associated with the season of Spring, the Wood Element is also defined as having other associations. For example, some of the associations are a Yin and Yang Organ (the Liver and Gallbladder, respectively), a body tissue (Tendons and Ligaments), an external manifestation (Nails), a sound in the voice (Shouting), an emotion (Anger), a color (Green), a direction (East), a climate (Wind), and a taste (Sour).

Organ Correspondences

The organs that correspond with the Wood element are the Liver and Gallbladder. In Chinese medicine, the Liver and Gallbladder have many functions on a body, mind, and spirit level.

The Liver is considered to be the “architect of your life” or the “commander of the armed forces in defense of life”. Just as an architect creates a blueprint for a home, and a commander creates a plan of attack based on observing what s/he is up against, the Liver is responsible for assessing the circumstances within and around us, and creating a plan on how to flourish in life given these circumstances. It also will account for unexpected obstacles to your life plan and create contingency plans so that you can still reach our goals. This leads to self-esteem, self confidence and success!

On a physical level, the Liver is responsible for regulating the smooth flow of energy in the body. These include but are not limited to: smooth blood flow and hormone release within the body, regulating the menstrual cycle, supple joints and tendons, and flexible muscles.

On an emotional and mental level, the Liver is responsible for the planning and organization of our life. It is constantly accurately re-evaluating and reorganizing your plans to

meet your goals, creating new objectives once goals are met, all the time doing this in a way that keeps you at ease while achieving these goals. To reach your goals we require rational, clear thinking; clear perception of the future; being able to see the “big picture”; and the ability to carry ourselves with hope and benevolence. Finally, if a specific goal that you have is unattainable, then having the ability to “gracefully yield” falls under the realm of the Liver.

On a spirit level, the Liver is responsible for your “inner blueprint”. To have a sense of purpose, to “take up your space”, and to be able to grow and develop your spirit are things that you can all strive for. What a great joy it is to feel fulfilled!

The Gallbladder has the ability to see what is “just and exact” to fulfill your plans. So, if the Liver is like the architect of your “inner blueprint”, then the Gallbladder is the “site foreman” who carries out the plan. It has the ability to make determinations about what is “right” for you (the inner wisdom that comes from your Heart), and then make the decisions necessary to carry out your life plan.

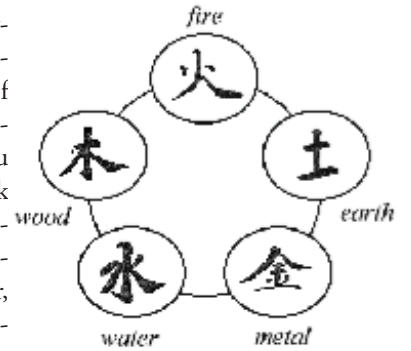
On an emotional and mental level, the Gallbladder is responsible for the ability to make good decisions based on accurate judgment, to be able to see all sides of a situation, and the ability to turn resentment and anger into effective action.

On a spirit level, the Gallbladder gives us the courage to follow your own unique path in life, self confidence, and the ability to follow through on goals while integrating the “inner knowing” of your Heart.

How does this relate to you?

Think about what shows up for you when you answer the following questions. See if you are able to accept yourself fully while pro-

cessing 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).



1. How would you describe the flexibility of your muscles and/or thinking?
2. How do you act toward others (ranging from an aggressive manner to being a “doormat”)?
3. How easily do you express your emotions?
4. How would you describe your decision making ability?
5. How good is your eyesight? How easily do you see the “bigger picture” in situations?
6. For women, how would you describe your menstrual cycle?
7. Have you had any gallstones?

In the next article, I will discuss

more correspondences/associations of the Wood Element. Until then, keep observing your movement through Spring, and how your Liver and Gallbladder are functioning on a body, mind, spirit level. And remember: the Wood 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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Those of you who want to be ready for your yard work this summer should start now! Start with a walk everyday. Some days walk a little further, some days walk a little faster, some days walk up a slight hill. Are you getting the idea? Change your workout each week so your body does not get use to the exercise. Start slowly and work up to a challenging pace. Starting now will give you time to get your body in shape and will give you energy while you are preparing for the outside work that awaits you.

The winter tends to slow us down and energy decreases without us being aware, until one day we discover that we have become couch potatoes. Exercising all year round is so important to keep our metabolism and energy up. Did you ever notice that a few pounds sneak on during the winter? Once we start mowing the grass, raking the leaves and tending to the flower and vegetable gardens those added pounds drop off and stay off. That's why finding an exercise for the winter is so important.

Look for something that you enjoy. There are so many things that will keep us moving and we won't even think of them as exercise. Find something that you can do with your kids or grandchildren. They will like spending time with you and they, as well as you, will be exercising at the same time. Ask them what they would like to do. Children always have ideas and you may be surprised that you enjoy the activity too.

If you can't think of an activity, here are a few ideas: walking, yoga,

water aerobics, table tennis and exercise DVDs. Check your local senior center. Several centers have strength training classes a few times a week as well as bowling and other activities. Whatever you choose to do will get you moving and that is your goal. Remember, it is always advisable to check with your doctor before starting an exercise program, especially if you are sedentary and have a low energy level.

For those of you who do exercise but didn't keep up with your program the way you would have liked, get back into it now. Remember to start slower than usual but work your way right back up to where you were before the big snow storms. The winter months usually slow us down even if we are devoted to our health and exercise activity. Getting to the gym or using those DVDs seem harder when it gets dark at 5pm and the nights seem so long. We know that the more we exercise and move the more energy we have but somehow the couch and TV seem to win more often than not.

I hope this article will inspire the veteran as well as the beginning exerciser. We all need to take care of our body and health in a society that seems to be heading into an era facing obesity, diabetes and heart disease not only for adults but our children too.

Starting now will have you ready for spring and all the little jobs that come with it. Spring also brings the warm weather, song birds, sunshine and light breezes. This is the time to get out there with a friend, family member or by yourself and walk everyday. You will enjoy all the gifts of the season even more because of the benefits you feel from starting your exercise program now.

Remember, Keep Moving, You'll Be Glad You Did!

"Spring cleaning" of your investments

Miles Sites
Edward Jones

Spring is here - time to spruce up your house, get rid of clutter and get things organized. But this year, go beyond your home and yard when you do your spring cleaning and look for ways to rejuvenate your investment portfolio.

Of course, you don't have to take an "out with the old, in with the new" approach just for the sake of changing things up. But to consistently make progress toward your financial goals, you may need to make adjustments in response to changes in the financial markets, the economy and your personal situation. And springtime is as good a time as any to take a fresh look at your investment situation.

So consider these suggestions:

- Dispose of things that aren't working. Whether it's a burnt-out computer, a non-vacuuming vacuum cleaner or a treadmill that lost its grip back when "the Web" was reserved for spiders, we all own things that are no longer useful. And the same may be true of some of your investments. If one hasn't performed the way you had hoped, and you've given it adequate time, you may be better off by replacing it and using the proceeds to purchase another investment.
- Get rid of duplicates. If you went through everything in your house, you might find several items that do the same thing. Do you really need two toaster ovens? And how many radios can you listen to at one time? If you looked at your investment portfolio in this same way, you might be surprised to find some redundancies. For example, do you own several stocks issued by similar com-

panies that make similar products? This might not be a problem when the stock market is booming, but it could be a definite concern if a downturn affects the industry to which these companies belong. Always look for ways to diversify your holdings. While diversification, by itself, can't guarantee profits or protect against loss, it can help you reduce the effects of volatility.

- Put things back in order. Over time, and inadvertently, the spaces in your home can get "out of balance." Perhaps you have too many chairs in one corner, your flat-screen television is crowding out your family pictures, or your new desk takes up too much space in your home office. With some rearranging, however, you can usually get things back in order. And the same need for rearrangement may apply to your

portfolio, which might have become unbalanced with too much of one investment and too little of another. This situation could undermine your financial strategy, especially if the imbalance means you are taking on too much risk or, conversely, if your holdings have become too conservative to provide the growth you need. So look for ways to restore your portfolio to its proper balance - one that reflects your risk tolerance, time horizon and long-term goals.

By giving your portfolio an annual spring cleaning, you can help make sure it reflects your current needs and is positioned to help you make progress toward your key financial objectives. And you won't even have to get near the dust cloths or furniture polish.

This article was written for Miles by Edward Jones

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ASTRONOMY

The night sky of April

Professor Wayne Wooten

For April 2010, the Moon will be last quarter on April 6th. The waning crescent moon is passing about 5.5 degrees north of Jupiter on April 7th in morning twilight. The new moon occurs on April 14th. A very slender crescent moon passes a degree north of Mercury on April 16th, with much brighter and easier to see Venus to the upper left of both.

The next evening, the crescent moon lies midway between Venus and the fine Pleiades star cluster, a fine photo op for any tripod mounted digital camera in night-shot mode. Earthshine lighting the dark upper part of the crescent should be a fine sight in binoculars as well this evening. The first quarter moon sits just west of Mars overhead on April 21st. The waxing gibbous moon passes seven degrees south of Saturn in the east on April 25. The Full Moon, the Egg Moon, falls on April 28th.

Venus is low in the west just after sunset, and on Easter Sunday, Mercury sits three degrees north of much brighter Venus about an hour after sunset. This week will be your best chance to catch the elusive innermost planet with the naked eye in the evening sky in 2010.

By mid April, Venus is much higher in west, and Mercury is retrograding between us and the Sun. Red Mars is high up in the eastern evening sky, but as the earth is rapidly leaving it behind, it becomes smaller in the telescope and fades considerably this month. the eastern twilight.

Saturn is in the east in Virgo, just under Leo's tail. This is the best time to observe the most beautiful object in the sky. When viewed with a telescope, the rings are open 11 degrees, and Titan and several smaller moons fall

on either side of the most beautiful telescopic sight in the sky. Jupiter dominates the morning sky, the brightest object well up in the southeast, rising about 3 AM.

Yellow Capella, a giant star the same temperature and color as our much smaller Sun, dominates the northwestern sky. It is part of the pentagon on stars making up Auriga, the Charioteer (think Ben Hur). Several nice binocular Messier open clusters are found in the winter milky way here. East of Auriga, the twins, Castor and Pollux highlight the Gemini. South of Gemini, Orion is the most familiar winter constellation, dominating the southern sky at dusk.

The reddish supergiant Betelgeuse marks his eastern shoulder, while blue-white supergiant Rigel stands opposite on his west knee. Just south of the belt, hanging like a sword downward, is M-42, the Great Nebula of Orion, an outstanding binocular and telescopic stellar nursery. The bright diamond of four stars that light it up are the trapezium cluster, one of the finest sights in a telescope. In the east are the hunter's two faithful companions, Canis major and minor.

Procyon is the bright star in the little dog, and rises minutes before Sirius, the brightest star in the sky. Sirius dominates the SE sky as darkness falls. At 8 light years distance, Sirius is the closest star we can easily see with the naked eye from West Florida.

To the northeast, look for the Big Dipper rising, with the top two stars of the bowl, the pointers, giving you a line to find Polaris, the Pole Star. Look for Mizar-Alcor, a nice naked eye double star, in the bend of the big dipper's handle. Take the pointers at the front of the dipper's bowl south instead to the head of Leo, looking much like the profile of



Venus transiting the sun

the famed Sphinx. The bright star at the Lion's heart is Regulus, the "regal star", but brighter still is Saturn, just east of Regulus.

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

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

To the southwest of Spica is the four sided Crow, Corvus. To the ancient Greeks, Spica was associated with Persephone, daughter of Ceres, goddess of the harvest. She was abducted by her suitor Pluto, carried down to Hades (going to Hell for a honeymoon!) and when Jupiter worked out a compromise between the newlyweds and the angry mother-in-law, the agreement dictated Persephone come

back to the earth's surface for six months of the year, and Mama Ceres was again placated, and the crops could grow again.

As you see Spica rising in the SE, it is time to "plant your peas", and six months from now, when Spica again disappears in the sun's glare in the SW, you need to "get your corn in the crib"....so was set our calendar of planting and harvesting in antiquity.

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Computer Q & A

Ayse Jester

Q. How do I change my homepage to something other than what I have now?

A. Changing your homepage is an easy task. Go to the website that you would like to be your homepage. Once you are on the page that you would like to make your homepage follow the directions below for your browser (if you aren't sure what you have then look at the top left of your screen and it will indicate what program you are using)

Internet Explorer:

1. Click on tools (This may be located either at the top left of your browser or on the right hand side at the bottom of your toolbars)
2. Click on internet options
3. Click on the general tab at the top of the pop-up window (you may already be on this tab when you open internet options)
4. Click on "use current page as homepage"
5. Click Apply and then OK.

Firefox:

1. Click on tools (located at the top left of your browser)
2. Click on options
3. Click on the general tab at the top of the pop-up window (you may already be on this tab when you open internet options)
4. Click on "use current page as homepage"
5. Click OK

Now when you open your browser it will open that window automatically.

Q. What is Firefox and do I need it?

A. Firefox does exactly what Internet Explorer does; it is a browser or a program that allows you to access WebPages. There are many programs for computers that do the same thing as other programs. We recommend Firefox over Internet Explorer because its faster and more secure. Some website may require the use of Internet Explorer. Even if you don't use it, Internet Explorer should remain on your computer. Many programs rely on the use of Internet Explorer.

Q. My computer does a disk error check every time I boot it up. Why does it do that?

A. When Windows detects that your hard drive has errors or corruption it will automatically try to fix these errors by checking the hard drive and moving any files from the corrupted or un-readable sectors

on the hard drive to the good sectors on the hard drive. If your computer only does a disk error check once in a blue moon your hard drive is probably okay. If your computer is flagging the drive as bad repeatedly, your hard drive may be failing or windows may not be able to correct the corruption. You may want to see a professional who can do a more extensive disk error check. They should also be able to tell you if the hard drive is failing. Remember a hard drive is not a permanent storage device. Always back up any important files you do not want to lose.

Q. What are Adobe Reader, Java and Flash? Do I need these programs?

A. Adobe Reader is a free popular program that allows users to view .pdf files. The reason this is so popular is because many programs have proprietary extensions that will only allow you to view the files if you have that program.

For example: John creates a word document using Microsoft Word and sends it to Mary. Mary cannot open the document because she does not own Microsoft Word. To view the document she would have to purchase the software or open

it on a computer with that program. With the right software (or using the free .pdf converter on Adobe's website) you can convert many file types to the .pdf format which allows anyone to open it.

Java is a programming language that many websites use to allow you to play games, chat with friends etc. There are many applications for JAVA. If you do not have JAVA on your computer then some WebPages may not display properly and you may not be able to play some games etc.

Flash is a multimedia platform that is usually an interactive game or image or an animation. Many websites use this software. If you do not have this software installed on your computer you may not be able to view some elements of WebPages or play some games etc.

To have your questions featured in the next article please send your questions to qna@jesterscomputers.com. For more tips and suggestions visit our newly re-designed website at www.jesterscomputers.com.

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A shipwrecked man was barely surviving after four months on a deserted island when one day on the beach, a gorgeous woman rowed up to the shore. "I've been on the other side of the island since my cruise ship sank," she told him.



"At least you had a rowboat wash up with you," he said.

"Oh, I made that out of palm branches and coconut trees." She explained.

"With no tools?" He asked incredulously.

"It was a simple matter of heating an unusual type of rock I found to a certain temperature in my kiln, then melting that into a forgeable iron to make the hardware." She told him.

"Do you want to come see my treehouse?"

Well, did he ever! This woman had an amazing fortress, and she cooked him a delicious five-course dinner in her handmade cookware.

After dinner, she went to slip into something comfortable. She gazed into his eyes and said, "We've been lonely. I'm sure there's something you want to do right now, something you've been longing for all of these months. I think you know what I mean." He couldn't believe his luck.

"You mean..." He was almost speechless. "I can check my e-mail from here?!"

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LIBRARY NOTES & SENIOR NEWS

Stars Among the Stacks

Caroline Rock
Librarian Assistant II
Emmitsburg Branch Library

Greg Anderson considers himself a science geek. If you doubt it, he will eagerly present the evidence.

"I wear glasses. Mythbusters is my favorite TV show. I still watch Star Trek in reruns. I read Discover Magazine for fun. Sci-Fi/Fantasy is my favorite section of the library. I own a lab coat. And most of my t-shirts have science and/or nature themes."

And Greg Anderson is also the owner of Cosmic Adventures Traveling Planetarium, based right here in Frederick County, MD.

"I decided I was ready for a change in my work life," Anderson says. "I had been working for about 11 years as the first mobile educator for the Advancing Science program at Gettysburg College. I had seen portable planetariums a few times and I really thought they had potential for teaching kids about astronomy. It seemed like a great opportunity to start a business, chart a new path, and go into considerable debt without having to buy a new house."

So right away you can see that, in addition to his scientific and educational contributions, his co-workers at Advancing Science were sorry to say goodbye to Greg's sense of humor.

Lesla Bird, mobile educator at Advancing Science, says of the laughter coming from Anderson's office, "I always assumed he was laughing at a joke of the day or humorous entry forwarded to him, but he may well have been laughing at a line in the Advanc-



ing Science budget."

Anderson promises that those who attend his Brief Tour of the Universe presentation will hear at least one lame joke.

"And a little exaggeration," he says. "You can't cover the whole universe in forty-five minutes."

Anderson is bringing his traveling planetarium, with its 20 foot inflatable dome and state-of-the-art digital projector, to the Emmitsburg Library on April 30, 2010. According to the Cosmic Adventures website, the program, "A Brief Tour of the Universe", discusses different cultures' interpretations of the stars, explores the moon's phases, and ventures into deep space before returning to Earth, all under a 360 degree view of the sky.

"People love it," says Anderson. "There are usually lots of 'oohs' and 'aahs' from the crowd as we explore the constellations and zoom in on the planets. Many people look at the night time sky in a whole new way afterwards, and

that's certainly part of the idea."

The draw of a traveling planetarium is obvious. With more than a month to go before the library's scheduled program, every opening was filled and a waiting list was started.

"People want to come to things that are different from what they see every day," says Derek Gee, branch manager of the Emmitsburg Library. "With a program like Cosmic Adventures, they can step into the program, not just observe."

Anderson hopes his traveling planetarium will spark the interest of some budding scientists.

"I camped with my family a lot as a kid," he says, "and I always enjoyed looking at the stars. I was amazed at how much brighter the sky was out in the woods as compared to our suburban back yard. Still, I never really knew what I was looking at. It was only as an adult that I started to realize that all those bright lights have names,

and some of them even move around. (Those are the planets. Or possibly airplanes!) But what really increased my interest was planetariums - because they let you study a representation of the sky without having to stay up all night or freeze your behind off."

The Cosmic Adventures Traveling Planetarium will be set up in the gym on the first floor of the Emmitsburg Community Center, right across the hall from the library. The program is free,

but space is limited, so only those who have registered will be permitted to enter. But not to fear! If you missed the opportunity to register for this presentation, Anderson is bringing "A Brief Tour of the Universe" to the Thurmont Regional Library on July 13, 2010 at 7:00 P.M. Register online at fcpl.org or at the Thurmont Library. Do it quick! Spaces fill up fast.

Maybe if Pluto would have registered, he would not have been kicked out of the planet club. It is an emotional question, and I asked Anderson for his opinion on the demotion of Pluto from planet to dwarf planet.

"I'm OK with it," he says. "There may be some questions about the politics involved with the demotion, but the reasoning behind the decision seems sound to me. Science is all about gathering information. And sometimes (often, even) the new information causes you to change your assumptions about existing information."

Look at a science textbook from 25 years ago and Pluto's status won't be the only thing that has changed. Besides, I have reliable information that a survey of the Plutonians reveals that they don't care at all what WE call their home. THEIR name for it translates as 'Pearl of the Universe.'"

SENIOR NEWS

Now that Spring is here, our 9:00 a.m. Friday morning walkers will be setting out again. We hope they won't be interrupted by those famous April showers. The center and other county offices will be closed on Friday, April 2. We've got a night card party scheduled for April 28; doors open at 6 p.m. and games begin at 7 p.m. Join us!

Special Programs: April 7-Speaker on diabetic foot care, 11:30 a.m. April 16-Speaker on Identity theft.

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

mation, call program coordinator Linda Umbel, 301-600-6350.

Regular Activities

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

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

Bingo: Apr. 7 & 21.

Cards, 500, and Bridge Group: Apr. 14 & 28.

Men's Pool: Wednesdays at 1:00 p.m.

Pinochle & 13: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

Canasta: Fridays at 12:30 p.m.

Fairfield Senior News

The Fairfield Senior Center welcomes all seniors of the Fairfield, PA./Emmitsburg, MD. Area. The center is at the Fairfield Firehall, 106 Steelman Street, Fairfield. Questions about activities? Call Cheryl Kulkusky, the site director, at 642-6170.

April Special Events

2nd Closed For Good Friday
 8th Moose Lunch Gettysburg

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Monday Nights:

Elias Lutheran Church's GriefShare Support Group. Open to anyone who is grieving the death of someone close to them. For more information contact Rev Jon Greenstone, at 301-447-6239 or via e-mail at eliasluth@peoplepc.com.

April 6-20

The Frederick County Master Gardeners Presents Meet Me in the Garden! - A free Series of Hands-On Instruction on How to Start and Maintain a Vegetable Garden. For more information contact Jenna at 301- 600-1595 or Jenna@umd.edu.

April 8

The Majestic Theater presents - The Temptations Celebrating the 50th Anniversary of Motown Records, the one and only Temptations finally come to Gettysburg for an exclusive one-night concert performance! For more information call 717-337-8200 or visit www.gettysburgmajestic.org.

April 9

The Majestic Theater presents the Gettysburg College Jazz Ensemble & Camera-ta, "Up Jumped Spring" The College Jazz Ensemble returned as a performing organization in 1989 after a five year hiatus. All Styles of jazz are studied encompassing swing, Latin, fusion, bop, and American popular standards of the Big Band Era. For more information call 717-337-8200 or visit www.gettysburgmajestic.org.

April 10

Frederick County 4H Therapeutic Riding

Program Spring Volunteer Training Day - The program is in need of volunteers to assist in their riding classes for students who have disabilities. We need barn support for grooming and tacking horses and assistance in the ring during classes to lead horses and side walk riders. No experience is necessary. For more information call 301-898-3587.

April 11

Taneytown's St. Joseph's Catholic Country Style Breakfast Buffet. Sponsored by the Knights of Columbus, St. Joseph Taneytown Council 11631.

April 15

Mount Lecture - Nesse Godin a survivor of the Shauliai, Lithuania Ghetto, the Stutthof Concentration Camp, four labor camps and a death march will share her memories of the Holocaust. 7pm in the Knott Auditorium.

April 16, 17, 18

Mother Seton School Bicentennial Celebration Weekend - Come and join Mother Seton School celebrate our 200th anniversary. The general public and alumni are welcome to come to celebrate this momentous occasion. RSVP's are required. Please contact 301-447-3161 or visit www.mothersetonschool.org.

April 17

Toms Creek United Methodist Church - Turkey and Oyster Supper.

April 19

Regular Monthly meeting of the Emmitsburg Historical Society. Come hear the

story behind William Hay's at the End of the Emmitsburg Road. 7 pm in the Emmitsburg Library. For more information visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net.

April 21

Adams County Master Gardener's Spring Bus Trip - Chanticleer Garden, Wayne Pa. and Scott Arboretum, Swartmore, Pa. For more information call 717-334-6271.

April 23, 24, 25

12th Annual Greyhounds in Gettysburg Once again. The 2009 Greyhounds in Gettysburg weekend is dedicated to celebrating the adoption of retired racing greyhounds. For a full schedule of festivities and locations, please visit emmitsburg.net or www.trianglegreyhound.org.

April 24

Spaghetti Dinner Benefit for Greg Hobbs -Greg has been diagnosed with an aggressive type of lymphoma cancer. Specialists at Johns Hopkins University are optimistic in his recovery with continued chemotherapy. Greg's medicine alone will cost \$800 per month. Since he is unable to work to help pay for the treatment, St. Joseph's parish is hosting the Spaghetti Dinner in the parish hall from 5 to 8:30 to help him defray the costs of his treatments.

April 25

Music, Gettysburg! presents Boston Shawm & Sackbutt Ensemble - The premier early music group returns to Gettys-



burg, joined by Schola Cantorum. Lutheran Theological Seminary Chapel. For more information call 717-338-3000 x2197 or visit www.musicgettysburg.org.

May 2

Rocky Ridge Cash Bingo - Rocky Ridge Activity Building. Jackpot \$1000. Jr. Jackpot \$500 Admission in advance \$20 at the door \$25. Admission includes 24 games. There will be King Tutt's, Holder Jars, Winner Take all game, 50/50 Raffle. For tickets or information call Bonny @ 301-271-3370 or Nancy @ 301-271-0233.





WHAT ARE YOU MISSING?

Did you miss our recent 1 Day Meat Sale, our great Easter Kid's Day or the many Super Hot Limited Quantity Specials we announced?

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MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

Mount St. Mary's University is built on four pillars—faith, discovery, leadership and community. Students, alumni, our faculty, administrators and staff, all turn these words into action every day. In the coming year, we'll introduce you to some of the Mount's own, who help make the university, and the Emmitsburg community, a place we're proud to call home.

2010 MOUNT SWIM SCHOOL



Our goal is to teach your child to swim and the correct way of doing the swim strokes.

After March 30, register by emailing ditch@msmary.edu or calling 301-447-7429. Costs range from \$35-\$75. More info at msmary.edu/aquatics

***Please note that the ARCC will be closed from April 1-5 for Easter Break.*

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SUNDAY, APRIL 11

Spring Open House, Registration begins at 9:30 a.m.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15



Nesse Godin, Holocaust Survivor

Knott Auditorium, 7:00 p.m.

Nesse Godin is a survivor of the Shauliai, Lithuania Ghetto, the Stutthof Concentration

Camp, four labor camps and a death march. She has dedicated her adult life to teaching and sharing memories of the Holocaust.

THURSDAY, APRIL 29

Blessing of the Garden in Honor of the Year of the Priest

4:00 p.m., Between McGowan Center and Knott Auditorium



Make it a Mount Summer

Visit www.msmary.edu/summer for information on registration, tuition and other summer events.



▲ TINA MATTHEWS
Office Assistant, Office of Admissions

When did you come to the Mount?

I started in August 2004

Who inspires you?

My mom for her positive outlook and her inner strength.

Favorite food?

I enjoy all foods, there are too many for me to choose.

Favorite restaurant?

It doesn't matter where I eat, as long as I am in the company of my friends.

What are you reading?

Any book by James Patterson

What do you like most about living in the area?

I was born and raised in this area and enjoy the quiet life that the country provides.



▲ LINDA NORTHRUP
Accounts Receivable Assistant, Accounting & Finance Office

When did you come to the Mount?

August 1, 1994

Who inspires you?

My father (Robert Albaugh)

Favorite food?

Chicken & Crab

Favorite restaurant?

Applebee's

What are you reading?

Not much of a reader, I like to read the local papers

What do you like most about living in the area?

Country living, family & friends

PROJECT DISCOVERY



Mon.-Fri., June 21- July 2

Cost: \$75 a week

9 a.m.-1 p.m.

Knott Academic Center
Mount St. Mary's University
Emmitsburg, MD

One- and two-week Summer Enrichment Programs for grades 1-5. Fun and learning about our world through literature, creative writing, sports, drama, guest speakers and more.

Registration deadline is June 14 for week(s) starting June 21. Deadline of June 21 for week starting June 28. Contact Mary Newton at 301-447-5371 or newton@msmary.edu. To reserve your space today visit www.msmary.edu/ProjectDiscovery