

Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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NEWS

Fiscal year 2010 budget approved

Town Council unanimously approved proposed town budget for the fiscal year 2010. **Page 2**

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Fairfield resident, Raymond Buchheister, Jr., took home two awards from the Adams County Arts Council's 6th Annual Juried Art Exhibition. **Page 4**

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Bear was a young Chocolate Lab that came to live with us when he was only six months old. **Page 15**

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It is What it is

Well, well, well, look who's blabbin now! If cars could talk I'd have to bribe mine just to keep quiet! **Page 22**

The Old Tenant House

With permits in hand it was finally time to start work on the addition to my old tenant house. **Page 24**

The Zoo Keeper

As they say, "the older you get, the faster time goes." **Page 25**

Lions club community day a success

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

On Saturday, June 27, the Lions Club held its 27th annual Community Day event, paying tribute to the Vigilant Hose Company's 125 years of service by featuring old-time firemen's games enjoyed by children of all ages, such as a race to roll hoses, a bucket brigade, a race to put on real firefighter uniforms and a change to shoot water out of a firehose at a pretend fire.

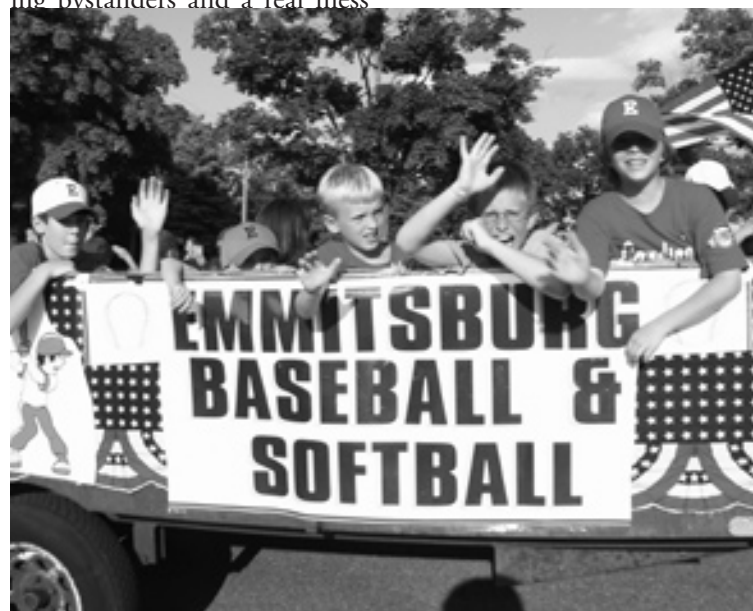
Other run by the Lions Club included egg and water-balloon tosses, three-legged races, watermelon and pie eating contests and a tug of war. There was a lot of laughing, eggs smashing on heads, water balloons spraying bystanders and a real mess

of cherry pie on faces – both young and old - during the pie eating contests.

One of the primary features of the annual event was the Lions Club barbecued chicken dinners served all day. Many volunteers helped to make the day a success, said Lion president Denise Etris.

"Today, members, board members, friends and families of members (have worked on the event). My best friend has been here since 9 a.m. working in the raffle tent all day, so we have a lot of volunteers helping with the event," Etris said after the evening program. "And tonight we have fireworks."

Etris said they have had support from many businesses and individuals who contributed



Emmitsburg Baseball and Softball league members whoop it up along the parade route of the 27th Annual Lions Club Community Day.



They want me to throw this at my Mom? This is a raw egg right?

ed to the fund to help pay for fireworks. This year they were able to get a longer display for less money thanks to Shaefer Fireworks and the many individuals, organizations, businesses and groups that donated to the event.

The bicentennial of Elizabeth Ann Seton's arrival in Emmitsburg, was also recognized during the event for her work in education, health care and social services, as well as establishing Sisters of Charity, the first religious sisterhood in the United States.

College scholarships were awarded during the program by the Lions Club to Kourtneuy Roman (Dr. Harry Prongas Scholarship) and to Jaime Orndorff (Robert F Gauff Scholarship).

Folks lined the streets for the evening's parade made even

more special by the wonderful showing of Emmitsburg's Vigilant Hose Company's trucks, Etris said. Several VHC vehicles rang bells, flashed lights and otherwise deafened the crowd as they road the parade route to the applause and cheering of those present.

A large representation of all ages of the Catoctin-Aires Twirling Corp performed along the parade route, and were joined by carts filled with Emmitsburg Baseball & Softball League members. Walking the event

was Dan Meyers, dressed as an "old-time" fireman in a uniform from the late 1800s style, along with Patricia Meyers, dressed in a period costume from around the same time, along with many other members of the Vigilant Hose Company.

VHC remembers and celebrates 125 years

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

John Hollinger was 15 years old when he joined Emmitsburg's Vigilant Hose Company.

The fire company is celebrating 125 years in operation this year, and while Hollinger was not with them from the beginning, he recalls his early days and the many changes that have occurred since he became a member.

As a youth, he and three other fellows left school to help fight fires, Hollinger said. It was 1946 and there was a shortage of men in town due to the war.

It was a fond memory for him

because, he said with a broad smile, "It was a chance to get out of school early."

Hollinger's family lived in the same building as the then fire chief and he remembers the chief would bang on the heating pipes in the building to let his dad know there was a fire.

Hollinger's father was a firefighter and eventually chief, as Hollinger later became.

Hollinger, now 78, said that long before he started with the fire company every man and woman would run to the well in the town square in the event of a fire. The town's fire history is available on line at the VHC's web site www.vigilanthose.org.

The number of calls has grown enormously, along with the population. By the end of April, the company had already responded to around 200 calls, Hollinger said.

The firehouse itself has changed dramatically, growing in size and upgrades to accommodate the larger fire trucks and other equipment used today.

But still today, as it was 125 years ago, the VHC is 100 percent volunteer. Hollinger said the fire company could not do its job without the support of the Auxiliary, which provides fund-raising and other support and the support of the community.

A family affair

At the Emmitsburg Lions Club Community Day on Saturday, June 27, VHC long-time member Wayne Powell gave a brief speech about this year's 125th anniversary of the Vigilant Hose Company because the event paid tribute to the fire company's service to the community.

VHC, Page 3

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NEWS

From the editor

Over the past few weeks I've received numerous questions on the name we've selected for the corporation that publishes the Emmitsburg News-Journal:

Toms Creek Hundred LLC. Sometime prior to 1750, the Emmitsburg area, Rocky Ridge, Harney, Carrol Valley, Fairfield, Adams County south of Gettysburg, and everything west of Taneytown was formed into an administrative unit called the Toms Creek Hundred. (The term 'Hundreds' was an old English term referring to a grouping of a hundred families in a geographical area.)

While the communities that once have made up the Toms

Creek Hundred have long ago formed their own administrative bodies, they still share much in common. We worship in each others churches, shop in each others stores, eat in each others restaurants. It is in recognition of this common bond, and to strengthen it, that we at the Emmitsburg News-Journal chose to use this proud old name for its corporate title, and have chosen to expand its distribution to each of these communities.

In future editions we will bring you news stories from each of these communities. And, as you already know, our Journal articles have no borders.

On another note, we have received many questions about

where one can pick up extra copies of the News-Journal.

If you are looking for an extra copy, you can pick one up in Emmitsburg at our office located inside CJ Embroidery on 1 East Main Street or at Zurgable Brother's Hardware, Harrington's, Fitzgerald Automotive, The Carriage House Inn, The Palms, My Father's Footsteps, and His Place Auto Repair.

In Fairfield, you can pick copies up at Jester's Computers or the Main Street Critique.

If you're from the Thurmont area, drop by the Catoctin Mountain Orchard Market.

While at any of these shops we encourage you to take the time to sample the offerings and products of these and the other fine advertisers that help us bring you the Emmitsburg News-Journal.

About town

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

Grease trap ordinance postponed.

At the June 1 town meeting, a vote by town commissioners regarding a proposed ordinance that would require non domestic kitchen facilities to install grease traps was postponed for 90 days. The ordinance would require already constructed facilities such as restaurants and more, to install an interior grease trap and new construction facilities to install a 1,600 gallon below-ground unit.

An interior unit's estimated cost

was estimated at around \$1,500 and a below-ground unit was estimated at about \$12,000 or more by town manager, Dave Haller.

Commissioners voted for the postponement after hearing testimony from local business owners and a representative of the Emmitsburg Business and Professional Association (EBPA).

Alan Knott, of the EBPA, expressed concern about the vagueness and economic impact of the ordinance, and asked for a postponement to allow community businesses to submit questions. His concerns were echoed by others.

Pat Larson of the Sleep Inn said

he was concerned his business would be forced to put in a grease trap even though they do not cook food onsite. Haller clarified that businesses that do not cook food or wash dishes onsite would not be required to install the traps.

To clarify and address concerns of the business community, the town commissioners asked the EBPA to gather questions regarding the ordinance and submit them to the town. Reconsideration of the ordinance was postponed until the September 2009 meeting.

Fiscal year 2010 budget approved
Despite comments by one member

Emmitsburg
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Letters to the Editor, notice of upcoming events, news stories, and interesting and creative articles are welcome and may be submitted via regular U.S. Mail to P.O. Box 543, Emmitsburg, MD 21727, by email to editor@emmitsburg.com, or at our office on the square - 1 East Main Street.

Emmitsburg Council of Churches Kenya mission update

Michael Hillman

The Emmitsburg Council of Churches Mission Team to Kenya departs on July 12th from Newark airport in New Jersey. The Elias Lutheran Church will hold a special Sending Prayer for local Mission Team members: Sam Valentine, Phyllis Kelly and Pastor Jon Greenstone, immediately after which they will depart for Newark Airport.

At the airport, the Emmitsburg crew will meet up with the rest of the Team, including Audrey Hallinan LNP, Dr. Bill and Clara Curry, and Dr. Holly and Marie Hoffman. The flight leaves at 6:10 p.m.—next stop: Paris France, then after a 2 hour wait—the team heads non-stop, to Nairobi, Kenya.

"The biggest worry we face as of this writing is that we are concerned about our ground transportation situation. With over 24 suitcases filled with 50lbs. each, it takes up a lot of space and weighs over half a ton," says Team leader, Pastor Jon.

The Team has a pre-arranged Van service to transport them from Nairobi to Kitale, a distance of almost 300 miles. "We just hope and pray

the van can hold all our gear—and us!" The suitcases are filled with all kinds of medicines, bandages, surgical supplies, an autoclave (to be donated to Sister Freda's free clinic and Hospital), 265 solar flashlights, special LED light bulbs (for the school), a special IPOD Amplifier, and all manner of supplies for the VBS program.

Several other specifically selected medical tools were also secured by Dr Hoffman who has been scouring Ebay as well as receiving enumerable donations from colleagues and area hospitals. The Team has also received an enormous quantity of pharmaceuticals from suppliers who offer special pricing to mission teams such as ours. Dr Curry, the team's oral surgeon said he anticipates treating up to 30 persons per day with various dental needs. So it is possible the Medical Team will treat over 1000 patients during our 10 days of mission service.

"We can't thank the people of Emmitsburg enough for supporting this remarkable ecumenical endeavor." Said Pastor Jon. "But please know that you go with us. Children will be blessed in your

name because of what you have given and the prayers you pray for us. Please do pray for our safety and good health. And we'll look forward to sharing with you the great

joy of the people of Kenya who are our brothers and sisters."

Editor's note: Depending upon his internet connection, Pastor Jon

will be sending daily updates on the team's activities while in Kitale which will be posted on the Emmitsburg Council of Churches' web site on Emmitsburg.net

Emmitsburg Business & Professional Association
www.ebpa.biz

SETON LEGACY
bicentennial celebration weekend

Friday, July 31; Saturday, August 1; and Sunday, August 2, 2009
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Visit www.setonlegacy.org for a copy of the bicentennial weekend agenda.

Parking available at the Seton Shrine each day. Parking available at the Grotto at Mount Saint Mary's on August 2 only.

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Carnival Story from page 1.

In his comments, Powell described the fire service as a kind of family. But in addition to the very close relationship formed by the members working together, there is a long history in the VHC and other fire companies of children and grandchildren joining the fire company, as well.

Member John Hollinger's family, for example, has a history of four generations with the fire service. He is the son of a fire chief and has four sons and two grandsons are involved with the fire service. The two grandsons are junior firefighters.

Board President Frank Davis and wife Julie are members (she is with the auxiliary). His mother Dottie Davis (and his father, who has passed away) have been mem-

bers since they were married in 1952. Frank Davis' sister Phyllis and brother-in-law Denny are members, in addition to all of her sisters. And Davis' son Chris Staley, is currently chief of the fire company. And there are more family members involved.

Davis said one of his earliest memories was of having a fire- phone in the home and restaurant. His family owns The Palms restaurant across the street from the fire house. Because they had the phones, they were responsible for running over to the fire-house and dispatching the fire company when they received a call about a fire. His family couldn't take a vacation or be away from the house without making sure those phones were covered, he said.

Davis has a great deal of gratitude for the support of the

community for the VHC and his feelings were echoed by others in his family.

"The community is strongly behind us; we can't let them down. They are always behind us. If we fail them. We've failed a very important mission," Davis said.

Dottie Davis, most recently retired from her presidency of the VHC auxiliary for 15 years, said the volunteers who come out and help with fund-raising efforts are one of the reasons the company is as strong as it is.

"I wouldn't have done it without a good group of girls (in the auxiliary). I've gotta give them credit because I couldn't have done it without them," Davis said. "The community really does support us. Frederick County is very community minded, al-

ways willing to help the guys go."

Extended family

As much as families by blood seem to pass on a legacy of firefighting and commitment to the community, fellow members become "family" too. And members that have passed away hold a special place in their hearts.

Frank Davis said member Terry Meyers was also part of a long history of family members in the fire service. When he passed away in February 1999 of a heart attack while working a fire, it was devastating to the entire company.

"Some of us aren't blood relatives, but when we lost Terry it felt like we lost a member of the family. When you are a fire chief the one thing you wish for

is that nothing like that happens," Davis said.

As chief at the time, he second-guessed himself many times. He has run that day over and over in his head and wonders even now what he could have done.

"He dropped at my feet, and you never forget it when something like that happens," Davis said slowly. "We will never forget what he meant to us as a firefighter and a brother."

Meyers is but one of many firefighters in the VHC who have been lost, not just on the job but during their membership in the company. Tributes to their service are on the walls of the fire company's museum. For more information about the VHC history, activities or joining the organization, go to www.vigilanthose.org.

Preservation continues with new battlefield markers

John Miller
Staff Writer

Since 2003, the One Mountain Foundation, chaired by Gary Muller has worked with many tourism officials from Maryland and Pennsylvania to have a marker placed in remembrance of those who fought in this significant battle. In April of this year, Pennsylvania Civil War Trails installed a wayside exhibit giving an overview of the battle at the Lion's Club Rolando Woods

Park in Blue Ridge Summit. The Maryland Civil War Trails is also planning on placing a wayside exhibit at Pen Mar later in June that explains the Maryland portion of the battle. All of these projects were spear headed by the One Mountain Foundation and the Monterey Pass Battlefield Association.

On June 15th, members of the Monterey Pass Battlefield Association and the Heritage Development Committee of the One Mountain Foundation, chaired by John A.

Miller, installed four battlefield markers in preparation of the June 26th Monterey Pass Pennsylvania Civil War Trails Dedication. These battlefield markers are part of a newly launched driving tour that Mr. Miller has developed. Now visitors to the Monterey Pass Battlefield will have a better understanding of how this battle was fought.

With the newly revised and expanded driving tour, members of the Monterey Pass Battlefield Association are hoping that area residents rediscover their Civil War heritage as well as other historic treasures located in their neighborhood. South Mountain is home to several scenic overlooks including High Rock and Pen Mar Park, both providing the visitor with an excellent view of the valley below that was once ravaged by the American Civil



War. These are only two stops on the Monterey Pass Battlefield Driving Tour. The driving tour covers over twenty-two miles and features ten stops.

For more information on the battle of Monterey or information on our dedication on June 26th, please log onto www.emmitsburg.net/montereypass.

Mayor hopes to attend conferences

Each year the Maryland Municipal League (MML) hosts two conferences, one in June, the second in October. "The June conference, the larger of the two," said Emmitsburg Mayor Jim Hoover. "When my schedule allows, I like to attend both conferences."

"There are 157 municipalities in Maryland. Under state law, municipalities are recognized equally regardless of population or wealth. Many of the larger municipalities in Maryland have full time elected positions and dedicated resources to interpret Maryland law, smaller municipalities, such as Emmitsburg, have part time elected positions and rely on staff to be jacks of all trades and wear multiple hats.

While state law recognizes all municipalities as being equal, smaller municipalities do not have the dedicated resources to insure they receive equal consideration.

Therefore, being a smaller municipality in Maryland, I believe it is important for me, as the mayor, to attend and participate in programs to enhance Emmitsburg's opportunity to be recognized equally. Attending and participating in programs helps educate me to what is available and it encourages other community leaders to consider Emmitsburg when making decisions."

Over the past several years I have attended seminars and meetings to better understand our charter, municipal budget, dealing with the media, annexations, public safety, constructing a dog park, team building, and so many more. For the past five years MML has hosted a round table meeting with the Governor's cabinet secretaries. The round table meeting allows municipal officials to meet with the cabinet secretary's one on one to make them aware of local issues and gain state support."

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NEWS

Buchheister wins two awards at Adams County Art Council's annual exhibit

Jim Rada
Staff Writer

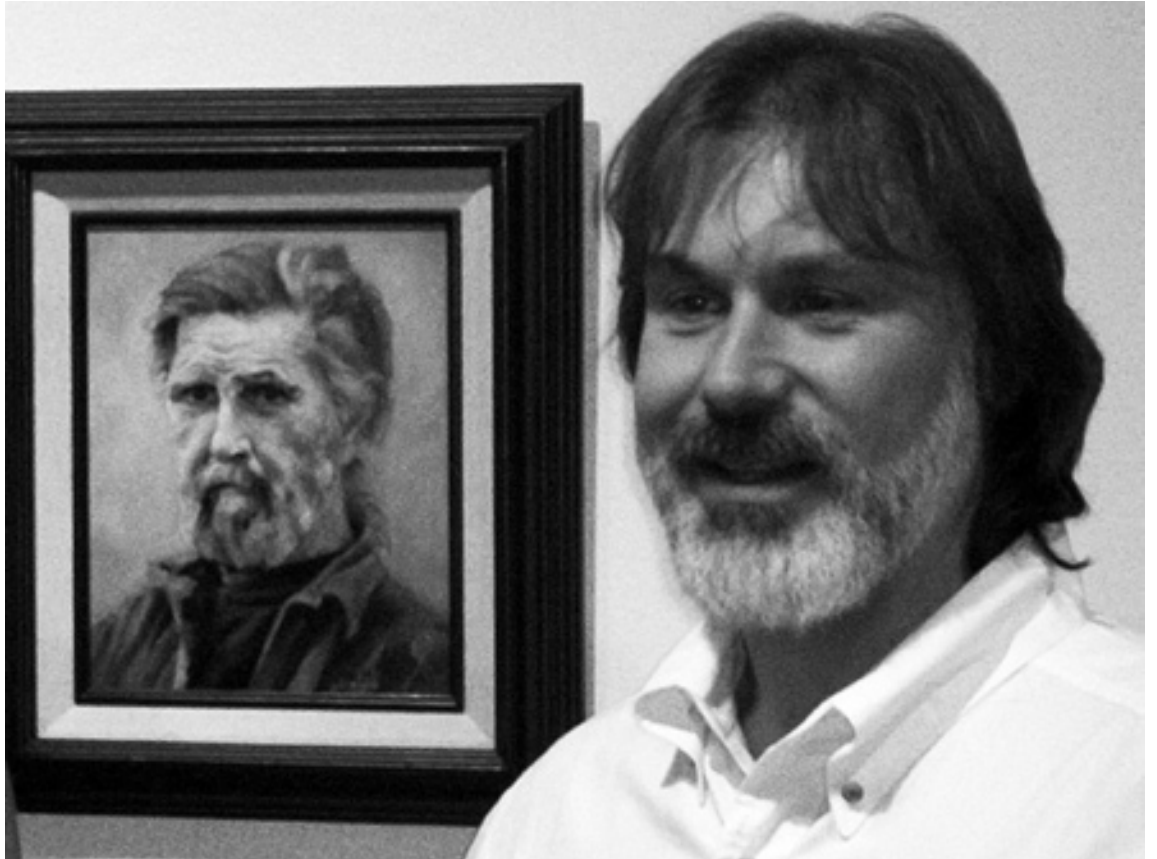
Fairfield resident, Raymond Buchheister, Jr., took home two awards from the Adams County Arts Council's 6th Annual Juried Art Exhibition on June 19. His painting of his former art instructor Dennis Blalock of Thurmont captured third prize and the people's choice award. Though Buchheister took third place, his was the only painting that placed. The first- and second-place winners were a sculpture and photograph, respectively.

I am very ecstatic about my award because Dr. Isaac's stated that she chose the best executed piece for the style of art that was submitted," Buchheister said. "That meant that I was not competing with the sculpture

that won first place or the photography that won second place. What it said was that my work was the best executed painting in the exhibition. And that brings genuine affirmation, especially since two-thirds of the pieces were painted works of art."

Dr. J. Susan Isaacs, Professor of Art History and curator for the Department of Art and Design, Art History, and Art Education Galleries at Towson University, and Adjunct Curator for the Delaware Center for Contemporary Arts, was the juror for the exhibition. She narrowed the 184 images entered down to 47 pieces and selected the winners from that group.

The exhibit will continue through July 11 at the Schmucker Art Gallery, Gettysburg College. Gallery hours Tuesday - Saturday, 10-4.



Raymond Buchheister & his oil painting entitled Dennis

News briefs

Senior center hours, lunch program cutbacks

Susan Allen
Staff Writer

On June 1, 2009 Frederick County's Department of Aging instituted changes in the services provided at several senior centers, including the Emmitsburg Senior Center. The center is no longer open on

Monday, and there is no lunch provided on that day. These changes are also in effect at the Brunswick and Urbana centers, until further notice.

However, the Emmitsburg center remains open Tuesday through Friday each week with meal service available, and their Monday recreational activities will con-

tinue as before. Members participate in a walking group at 9 a.m., and a bowling group meets at the community center at 12:30 p.m. and carools to the bowling center in Taneytown. This center is the only one in Frederick County which offers bowling for seniors. Newcomers are welcome to join the groups and should contact

Linda Umbel, program coordinator, at 301-600-6350, Tuesday-Friday for information about these and other daily activities.

The program cutbacks are one means of reducing the Department of Aging budget for the next fiscal year; all county departments are facing budget cuts. In Emmitsburg, the seniors' use of the center on Mondays had diminished over a number of years until only a few people were taking advantage of the meal program on that weekday.

Mother Seton school awarded Green School registration

Jim Rada

Mother Seton School is now a Maryland Green School, one of four such schools in Frederick County and only one of three Catholic schools in the state.

The recognition is a result of Mother Seton School's Green School Committee efforts to make recycling, reusing, reducing and conserving part of the school life. Some of the ways this has shown up in the school is by students and faculty filling up drinking containers from the water fountain, using the recycling bins, bringing lunches in reusable containers and not throw-away wrappers, riding a bike to school, completing a Green School art project, planting seeds, trees and shrubs, setting up a bird feeder, being a member of the school's Science Club and/or Green School Committee, and promoting good practices.

The Maryland Association for Environmental and Outdoor Education (MAEOE) certified Mother Seton School as a Maryland Green School. The MAEOE looks at a school's recycling, reusing, reducing and conserving. It also considers how well the school incorporates those practices into its curriculum and daily school routine. A Maryland Green School also needs to involve itself in the community at large.

Mount priests accepts a food throwdown

Jim Rada

Father Leo Patalinghug was recently looking for some Heavenly help as he competed again the Food Network's Bobby Flay, the chef star of "Throwdown with Bobby Flay."

Patalinghug didn't know the reason he was called to Mount St. Mary's University for a Food Network taping. He began preparing his fusion fajita marinade for the cameras and talking about the ingredients he was using. He didn't notice Flay standing only a short distance from him.

"I think the words, "O my Jesus!" came out of my mouth when I finally recognized who it was. Then it dawned on me: Bobby Flay is going to issue me a THROW DOWN!" Patalinghug wrote on his blog.

Patalinghug is a Baltimore priest who was born in the Philippines and

raised in Maryland. He directs the pastoral field education program for future priests at Mount St. Mary's. He is better known for Grace Before Meals, a program he developed that encourages families to have meals together to strengthen their relationships. It has led to Patalinghug writing a book, keeping a blog and filming a television show pilot.

Patalinghug wrote that he was surprised at the throwdown challenge because Flay challenges chefs with award-winning recipes.

"The judging was tough and they deliberated quite a bit. I even pulled out my rosary for some heavenly assistance just to keep myself standing still!" Patalinghug wrote.

The winner of the throwdown will be announced when the program airs on the Food Network in August.

Resident arrested in farmhouse fire

Jim Rada

The resident of the Emmitsburg farmhouse that was destroyed in a fire on June 7 has been arrested for setting the fire.

Wayne Gorman was the only occupant of a two-story, wood-frame farmhouse owned by Richard Waybright at 10236 Keysville Road when it caught fire early on Sunday, June 7. Firefighters from Frederick, Carroll, Adams and Franklin counties responded to the blaze. The house was fully engulfed when the firefighters arrived around 1 a.m. It took 60 firefighters around an hour to bring the fire under control. The fire is estimated to have done about \$125,000 in damage.

Firefighters found Gorman outside the house when they arrived and treated him for smoke inhalation; however, he refused to go to hospital.

Deputy Maryland State Fire Marshals charged Gorman with first-degree arson. Gorman, 45, was taken into custody at his father's home in Thurmont on June 18.

The deputy state fire marshals determined that the fire began on the second floor of the house. Through their investigations and interviews, they also determined that the fire had been intentionally started. They are continuing to investigate as they search for a motive.

Gorman was taken to the Frederick County Detention Center in lieu of a \$180,000 bond.

GOVERNMENT

From the desk of County Commissioner Kai Hagen

In his essay entitled "Walking," Henry David Thoreau said: "I think that I cannot preserve my health and spirits, unless I spend four hours a day at least -- and it is commonly more than that -- sauntering through the woods and over the hills and fields, absolutely free from all worldly engagements."

With the press of such "engagements" in our modern world -- our busy lives, so often filled to overflowing with daily obligations and responsibilities -- it is difficult to even imagine having four hours to spend every day on any extra-curricular activity. But as soon as I say that, I remember that the average American somehow manages to watch more than four hours of television every day.

I watch, too, and I'd probably be shocked to know how much it all adds up, what with my favorite sporting events, a daily dose of news, a movie here and there, a few half hour sitcoms or one hour dramas, and even some nature shows.

But the real nature show lies just outside our doors. And we who live in northern Frederick County are fortunate to have

the real thing in abundance. We're blessed with a rich tapestry of woods and hills and fields, traversed by meandering streams which flow clear from thickly forested mountains.

This is not a Sierra Club calendar landscape of soaring, snow-capped peaks, empty deserts or deep canyons. It's not a rugged or pristine wilderness. Instead, it is a perfectly people-friendly and pastoral landscape, with four distinct, but not severe seasons; with good soils and plentiful rain -- a lovely and gentle patch of the planet. As Wendell Berry would describe it, we who live here have received the gift of good land.

It is not a gift we can take for granted.

One of the special and defining features of our region -- our home -- is the collection of ancient ridges and secluded stream valleys that comprise the Catoctin Mountains. The mountains, of course, are a scenic backdrop to everywhere else in the north county. But they are also where we go to walk in the woods, to picnic in the park, to enjoy spring wildflowers or autumn colors, to go fishing or bird-

watching. to get away for an hour or a day. The mountains and their extensive forests are also a refuge for great diversity of native plants and animals.

But as beautiful as the Catoctin Mountain are, from a distance and up close, the people who pay special attention to these things see a bigger picture, and they want us to know the rest of the story.

They want us to know that, for all the natural diversity and beauty, the forests of the Catoctin Mountains have experienced devastating losses, and are facing serious threats today. Their message is that the richness and health of the forests is not only less than it once was, but that it is considerably more than it will be if we don't do more to protect and preserve it. Benign neglect and few thousand acres of parks and municipal watersheds won't prevent the significant deterioration of our mountain forests and streams.

Unfortunately, perhaps, there is no single culprit responsible for the impoverishment of the Catoctin Mountains. If there was, it might be easier to deal with

it, to focus on one problem and take action. Rather, however, it is a complicated combination of many separate and related problems that, together, are taking a toll.

An incomplete list includes a withering array of items, large and small. Certainly, habitat loss and fragmentation of the forest in Frederick County is a familiar and serious problem, along with the increased isolation of our green mountains as more development surrounds them. The overabundance of deer in the absence of natural predators or sufficient hunting is converting some areas to biological deserts, bereft of other plants, and the food and shelter they provide for other wildlife. High ozone levels and acid rain blow in from nearby cities and distant power plants. Exotic pests and diseases, such as those that took our magnificent chestnuts and elms, are now wiping out or threatening hemlocks, dogwoods, ash and more. Other non-native plants and animals, from gypsy moths to ailanthus trees alter and diminish the forest. And our changing climate threatens to make these mountains inhospitable

to once common sugar maples, brook trout and more.

Together these problems require us to work together to solve them, or minimize their impact.

Recently, a new organization was formed to do just that, when the New Forest Society, the vision and hard work of Emmitsburg area resident Elizabeth Prongas, morphed into the Catoctin Forest Alliance.

The mission of the group is to preserve and promote the health of the Catoctin Mountain forest through collaboration with other groups and public officials, public outreach, education and engagement, and other activities. The effort got off to an impressive start in April, when more than 80 people attended a weekday meeting in Catoctin Mountain Park, including local residents, people associated with the parks, forestry and tourism, and a few local and state officials.

This is a well-conceived and much needed effort. Please take a moment to find out more, and consider getting involved yourself. Our mountains need our help.

From the desk of Town Commissioner Chris Stager

Recently while reading a magazine, I came across a quote from Tom Stoppard stating "It's not the voting that's democracy; it's the counting." It's not just the form, it's the follow through. Now, sitting in the living room after a happy Father's Day - halfway between Memorial Day and Independence Day - I can't help but feel truly blessed to live in this country. Even after all of the political soap opera and resulting polarization of our electorate on a national level, I continue to appreciate our liberty and freedoms versus a truly despotic system.

About forty years ago, just after I was born, a reform minded effort in Eastern Europe was crushed by Soviet tanks.

Twenty years ago in June, just after I graduated from college, a group of students protesting for reform were slaughtered in Beijing's most historic square.

Tonight, after putting my children to bed, I watch the news and see average people

Iran texting and posting videos of the events unfolding there. I think again of that lone man with a shopping bag standing in front of a Chinese tank. I wonder whatever happened to him, and again I feel blessed.

And these are just some snapshots within the time-frame of my own life -- not mentioning the greater threats faced by our nation within others' living memories. I truly hope the aspirations of these brave people can be realized. The situation in the capitals of Eastern Europe changed dramatically just after the time of Tiananmen Square and the situation in China continues to change from that point to now...

Amid the day to day frustra-

tions of daily life, I'm trying to make sure I take the time to continually count my blessings. I hope you do as well!

Happy Independence Day, Chris Staiger

Amid the day today frustrations of daily life, I'm trying to make sure I take the time to continually count my blessings. I hope you do as well!

in one of the world's most ancient nations protest against a regime led by religious despots and holocaust deniers. I see people in the streets of



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COMMENTARY

Pondering the Puzzlement

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

I give fair warning to anyone who might pause to read further. This is not a pleasant remembrance of some bygone moment of life in or around Emmitsburg. For those preferring a politer view of Emmitsburg: please, pass this one by.

So it begins. I hate having to think, to ponder unpleasant moments. Sadly, I often have no choice.

I was standing outside my front door, talking to my son's girlfriend when someone in a SUV speeding by yelled "NIG...R!"

I turned in stunned disbelief. Our son's Hispanic girlfriend stood stone faced as I turned from her to a car speeding away, and back to her.

"Did he yell what I thought he did?" I was no longer sure I was standing where I thought I was in space or time. I felt... confused? I definitely felt a rage building. I was wondering if I were about to go into the house to get a weapon. What's handiest? Bow and arrows? Rifle? Pistol? Ball-bat? Hammer? Something explosive? So many options and he was speeding away.

"Yes," she replied.

I was in the middle of the street then, staring after the vehicle, trying to will it back so I could drag the driver out and break his bones. Hurt him as badly as I saw my friend hurt. Cripple him physically so he's forever in pain as this friend of mine was forever hurt by someone on my street! In my town! In my county! My state! My country! MY WORLD!

Her words penetrated the rage. "Old Man, he's just a dumb moron who doesn't know the difference between an Hispanic and a black. Leave it be."

I couldn't leave it be. I shook with rage. Then she told me that this had been going on since the first day she moved here almost three years ago. "There are places in Frederick that are worse. Emmitsburg isn't so bad. This is the first insult I've gotten in town in at least a couple of months."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I didn't want to believe what I was hearing. I thought the town had changed. I know some local people who are still in the Klan, but they keep their mouths shut publicly. I'm aware of the Kluxers in the area and

have had young friends tell me of their fighting with children of Klan families in Catocin High School over the years. But in front of my house?

"Old man," she said. "Why do you think I never walk around town unless I'm with your son? I've been called hateful names and have been told to go back where I came from since the first day I got here. Believe me, I have considered doing just that! I was never called a nig...r in any part of the boroughs of New York City. No! I had to come to Emmitsburg to experience that!"

Now, I'm a bigot, a sexist, and probably a few other unpleasant things I've yet to grasp the meanings of. Many people I know share these traits with me. Some of these traits are probably survival instincts hardwired into our animal selves, unlikely to ever not be just below the surface. Other traits I know I learned along the way. Thankfully, I am slowly unlearning them.

When I meet someone for the first time I notice skin color and sex. The brain automatically slips the person into a category—say... black/woman. Cute, handsome, plain, unattractive, &c.

Depending on the meeting I might discover a pleasant attitude and the person gets tagged as "friendly." If they say something of interest they get tagged with that too. I may even decide I like them and consider cultivating them as a friend. But they are first, and always-black-different. Which is good, as I have little use for people exactly like me. They bore me. In the case of the moron in the SUV— they embarrass me.

And there's the rub! I suspect self-awareness triggered the rage. All the racist, sexist, bigoted thoughts and utterances that have ever escaped me caught up with me the instant I saw the hurt on my son's girlfriend's face.

The puzzlement I'm pondering is this - What feeds my rage? The hurt my son's girlfriend felt, or the guilt I'm experiencing for all my past actions?

Fortunately for me, and the moron in the SUV, my son's girlfriend won't let me hurt him, ever. Not that she thinks he's worth saving, but she thinks I am.

To read other articles by Jack Deatherage, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

Down under!

Submitted by Lindsay, Melbourne, Australia!

OLD EAGLE EYE

Australia is still a land of opportunity. Like The United States, it always has been - and the opportunities have not always meant taking risks. Guts, determination, a notion for expecting the unexpected, and a good old-fashioned eagle eye have seen many a gratification become the property of their opportunist.

Of course, there's often an element of great risk, danger, and life-threatening decisions to make as well. The discovery of gold was one of these. Those intrepid souls who survived the Klondike got the taste, and many were so seduced by another chance of a little richness that they hot-footed it here. They, and 10,000 other adventurers from all over the globe came and some indeed did make a fortune, for the winnings were far richer than the frozen north had offered, but none, so far as I know, left a permanent mark or ever became the head of a dynasty. It's not the kind of thing entrepreneurs go in for, as it's mostly ruled by chance, luck, serendipity, or whatever you want to call it. Gold and gambling seem to hang together - witness the nugget on display in one of the most renowned casinos in Vegas—found over 100 years ago right here in Victoria, sold to the casino for a record \$1,000,000 when it was built.

It's only a short walk from where I live to the stream in which gold was first discovered here 200 years ago, a very pleasant place with absolutely no gold, not that much was ever found at the time, but it set up the buzz for what came later. My grandfather made his money selling clothes to the miners at one of the best fields ever discovered, a place called Ballarat. Some years ago we had about 80 acres of land in the same town; it had been the place where two Scottish brothers had set up a toll booth so that all traffic between Ballarat and the port of Geelong brought a fee—or a fight. They also established the first bull ring, abattoir, and wholesale butcher supply. Now THEY were the ones who made the money. The history is interesting, but the need they fulfilled took a point of view not shared by all. No get-rich-quick schemes, just the at-

tributes of an eagle: The eye, talons and beak, and the view from a great height.

When we think of the great inventors and innovators we realize they have the same qualities. It doesn't matter what they made, they did it without lady luck - they made their own. Yes, they had ability, but there's more to it than that. I read recently about a firm that manufactures socks and stockings, I think in Texas; their sales began plummeting when cheap imports from China began pouring in. Instead of shaking their heads and demanding a bail out, they took a long view—I call it the parallax notion—and restructured to make specialty, higher value items. They're doing

very nicely, thank you. And the same is true for us today. Things are tough? So don't go the gaming machine. It makes its owners rich, not you. It's great to see new businesses starting in Emmitsburg. It's hard, but always worthwhile if you plan and think like an eagle. And remember the sign over the desk of the founder of Mattel toys, one of the great success stories: "The worst decisions are made at the best of times."

Opportunity abounds. As I used to tell my sales team, the window of opportunity is always open. But the blind is down.

Lindsay—on high from down under.



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One hundred years ago this month

July marks the one hundredth anniversary of the first "Old Home Week" celebration. Over 12,000 guests, extended family members, and expatriates from across the country crowded the streets of our fair town for four days of revelry, parades, speeches, concerts, fireworks, and games. The pages of the town paper for July 1909 were filled almost exclusively with news of this centennial community event.

JUNE 2

All Roads Lead to Emmitsburg

During the four days of July — 13, 14, 15, 16—everyone in Maryland will be turning towards Emmitsburg. The town will be full of homecomers who left here years ago to seek their fortunes in other places—men and women who, though they have made their homes elsewhere, have never forgotten that their real home is Emmitsburg.

Apart from the pleasure which will be derived from the recounting of experiences, apart from the real joy that naturally follows when old friends meet again, there will be a number of attractions offered for the amusement of all who come.

There will be plenty of music every day and the baseball fans will have an opportunity to witness a game that will be long remembered. On the grounds innumerable attractions will add to the entertainment of Emmitsburg's guests, and those who care to dance will find an excellent new dancing floor built for the occasion and a good orchestra to furnish the music.

Parades will be the main feature of the celebration including uniformed organizations and various floats. The children will not be forgotten, as a children's carnival will be held. Their costumes will be unique.

JUNE 9

All Ready for Old Home Week

Only a few more days until Emmitsburg's big week begins. By Monday all the arrangements will have been made and it will only need a match to set everything ablaze.

Tuesday, July 13, has been set apart as Reception Day, given

over to welcoming former residents and visitors. Wednesday is Fireman's Fraternal Order and Veterans' Day. Here is where the big baseball game comes in between Frederick and Westminster. Before the game, the parade of firemen, Fraternal Orders, uniformed organizations, and veterans will take place, dispersing at the grounds where the game will be played.

Civic Day comes next—Thursday, when the Governor and ex-governor and prominent visitors will grace the occasion. Friday, the last day, will be Reunion Day, a portion of which will be devoted to reminiscences and five-minute addresses by those who remember Emmitsburg in the days of yore. Old and young will find something to delight them. While the gray-haired veteran is recounting events that happened years ago, happy children in carnival array will be indulging in innocent sports.

JUNE 16

Old Home Week Exceeds Expectations

With its magnificent decorations, pennants, flags, and bunting, Emmitsburg did itself proud during Old Home Week. Arches, handsomely festooned with red, white, and blue greeted everyone who came to town from every direction. The streets were never so beautiful as they were during these four days.

On Saturday the guests began to arrive and each train brought its full quota of people eager to take part in the celebrations. The odor of fried chicken and broiled ham rose from every chimney.

Emmitsburg was wide open and ablaze with bunting; music could be heard at every corner, and throngs of happy visitors and proud hosts made the occasion one never to be forgotten.

JUNE 23

Bouquets for Old Emmitsburg

Now that it is all over, retrospection is in order. Emmitsburg, if it were a town of 10,000 inhabitants would have been proud of the success of its Old Home Week celebration. At least 12,000 people were entertained during the four days. There were nineteen police officers on



During old home Emmitsburg was decked out in bunting and flags to welcome friends for near and far.

hand in case of trouble, but because of the splendid conduct of the throngs, not a single arrest was made.

The celebration was a revelation to many of the possibilities of determined men working in concert for the attainment of a purpose. Emmitsburg has set the pace that will be hard to follow. Success followed our efforts because we made it follow. The zeal and determination of the men and women behind this project demanded such a celebration and they got it. Their horizons were more distant than their nose. They were not dollar-scared nor were they extravagant. Their plans were well laid and the same skill was shown in carrying them out.

Editor's note: Forty-three years would pass before Emmitsburg would play host to the its second "Old Home Week" in 1952, an event that is now only a distant memory to a few, and unknown by many. As 2010 will mark the 225th anniversary of the founding of Emmitsburg, might

it be time to consider Emmitsburg once again play host to another Old Home Week?

To learn more about the rich history of the Greater Emmitsburg area, visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net.



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UNsung HEROES

Life's lessons and joys from Harry Hahn

Michele Cuseo
Contributing Writer

When I met Harry I couldn't believe he was really 92 years old. He had a full head of hair, a twinkle in his eye and a ready smile. His old farmhouse was cozy and welcoming - very much in character and spirit with the Norman Rockwell prints on the wall.

Harry couldn't understand why anyone would want to interview him-but I had already heard about Harry from several people in the Emmitsburg area about his good deeds, the helping hand he extends to everyone and his cheery disposition.

First of all-Harry claims he is lucky to be alive at all. At just a year old he survived the infamous 1917 flu virus that killed so many people. He shared some of his earliest memories. "You can live without milk. I was raised on coffee soup." Harry explains that coffee soup consisted of homemade bread, broken up real fine, with coffee and sugar poured over it. "It was delicious."

In his youth his family lived near the Eyler Valley Chapel. In fact the Chapel is located on the corner lot of land where his family lived and farmed. "Everyone in the area went to the Eyler Valley Chapel. It was non-denominational. It didn't matter what you were. Everyone went there," says Harry. All the children also went to the same one-room classroom at the Hampden Valley School. Harry remembers Ms. Myrtle Eyler Troxell who taught all 7 grades consisting of less than 30 children. During recess Myrtle would let Harry run home to stoke the fire.

When Harry was close to his tenth birthday his mother died leaving behind 12 children (there had been thirteen-one died as an infant). Harry was the eleventh of the thirteen children. This happened right before the Great Depression. During those hard times the family did what they had always done, run their farm, grow a garden-mostly planting a lot of beans and grain that they could sell. Then in 1929 his family started a family reunion. Some older siblings starting to branch out on their own would meet the last Sunday of the month. This tradition has lasted for 80 years.

Once he graduated from



the 7th grade Harry had to work hard driving tractors and working with other farmers doing the work of thrashing (the process by which the grain or seed of cultivated plants is separated from the husk or pod.) It was also in farm work that Harry learned to work on machines like gas-powered engines. These fix-it skills he would master and use in his later years.

And how did men and women meet to get to know each other and court (date) each other? "Why, we would meet at Church!" says Harry. "That's where we socialized-it was a place for everyone to meet-not just for Church services-but other activities as well." That's where he got to know his first wife Vada Masser.

One of his first jobs after working on farms was working at a trucking company that was followed by a job hauling milk. Harry chuckles, "I used to pick up milk cans from the very farmhouse that I live in now." Some of his hap-

piest times were during the years he worked hauling milk for Koontz's Creamery. He said he would have some time off in the afternoon to explore and get into other things. He was married to Vada and they had two children, Harriette and Bub.

He lost Vada after 23 wonderful years of marriage. He comments that it was probably one of the hardest things he ever experienced. Later he would find love again with Margaret Springer who had also lost her spouse of 23 years just as he had.

Harry ended up working at the Taneytown Southern States for 23 years, 13 as the Manager. Southern States rewarded Harry for his hard work and good sales by granting him a bonus of free trips abroad. He was able to travel to Switzerland, Hawaii, and the Dominican Republic.

Another very important part of Harry's life has been belonging to and supporting the community of the

Elias Lutheran Church in Emmitsburg. He has dedicated himself to helping to make improvements and fixing whatever needed to be fixed for the church and the people as well. If there was something that no one could figure out how to fix, it's "Let's call Harry." From plumbing to carpentry to machinery, Harry would figure out how to work with and fix whatever came his way.

Once Harry retired he started to enjoy repairing antique farm equipment and machin-

ery. He would find some old equipment and see if he could get it to work again. He became famous for being able to revive old machinery. People would bring him hard to fix items and he would get them going again. Harry says he remembers a day when he invited his brother over to tinker with the engines with him. His brother, who was suffering from cancer at the time, told Harry that working on the equipment together helped him escape from his troubles and how grateful he was to Harry. Seems Harry was also good at repairing other things besides equipment.

Harry at one point had four trailers full of engines and machinery that he had revived. The Mountain Gate restaurant bought two of these big trailers from him to use to display the antiques at their Waynesboro Mountain Gate Restaurant.

There are only two brothers left surviving from his large family, Harry and Jim. Harry unfortunately lost his second wife Margaret years ago. He still feels fortunate to have been married to both of his wives. "No man could ever find two better women. No finer ever existed," says Harry pausing, a bit choked up. "I think they would say that I also returned the favor." Then he chuckles with that glint in his eye.

To read about other *Unsung Heroes*, visit the *People Article* section of Emmitsburg.net

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FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

Giving our hearts away

Paul V. Redmond

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds
and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

I find the words of our friendly poet, A. E. Housman, an accurate starting point for our meditation, "Giving our Hearts Away".

At two-and-twenty I found myself agreeing with this English poet, A. E. Houseman, a Romantic pessimist. One has to learn the hard way at times. But soon after, when I was three-and-twenty—almost three score years ago—I began to disagree deeply with his poet's cheerless outlook. In different ways that I would begin to discover—I found that the only way for me to live was for me "to give my heart away." In continuing to do so, despite the pain at times, I remain solidly an optimist.

About this time in my early life I went through a period of prayerful discernment—a period when I began to listen more keenly to what I wanted to do with my life. Little by little I entered into what would become a life-long struggle to accept the Father's love for me through Jesus in the Holy Spirit and to fill out what that means. For me it means that I give my heart to him and to others. Despite my missteps and set backs, I found myself always wanting to continue to grow, to move beyond myself to whatever is beautiful, true, and good. I wanted to share with others those insights which had become part of me. I had discovered a new way of giving my heart away.

During my seminary days at the Theological College of Catholic University Fulton J. Sheen served as my mentor. Graduate classes in philosophy quickened my spirit of inquiry and sharpened my desire for beauty, truth, and the good. Perhaps one day I could make these insights my own, probe them more keenly, develop them more fully, and share them with others. The tools of analysis and criticism be-

came trustworthy companions in my growth. Perhaps, someday I would teach. I simply wanted to grow more deeply in the intellectual and spiritual life and share that life with others.

Upon ordination I was assigned to a poor parish in Rensselaer, New York, where as a newly-minted priest, I learned what it meant to work in raw service and rough situations. I loved it. One year later, when I had barely got my feet wet, I was startled by a request that challenged me and changed my life. Sight-unseen, I was invited to join the faculty at Mount Saint Mary's College. The President of the College was a priest from my home diocese. My bishop approved. The telegram from the President read: "Bring your car and your philosophy books." I came, saw, and was conquered.

In my first few years of teaching philosophy I was able to have my students move beyond secondary source material. . . what authors said about what the philosophers said. I wanted them to begin to gain confidence in reading primary source material—works written by the philosophers themselves.

Perhaps my students would learn as I did, that in reading Plato and other philosophers they would come to admit their ignorance and become uncomfortable enough with this felt lack of knowledge to seek the truth of things. Maybe this would become their life-long habit. Perhaps too in reading these philosophers they would begin to admit to themselves their own prejudices and hopefully move beyond them. Maybe this too would become their life-long habit.

Early in my life, I had developed a love of reading a trait that I picked up from my parents. I've always had a passionate desire for reading and wanted to communicate to my students—and eventually, to any one who would listen, my own excitement. My hope was that they too would begin to be singed, if not burnt, by a similar desire. Many times students and I would meet in my quarters in the dorm to discuss life in general or at the Mount—and to give our reactions to different books that spoke to us—books other than those assigned in classes in philosophy or English. Sometimes, we spent long night hours discussing Graham Greene or Evelyn Waugh, Shakespeare, or Dostoevsky. Sometimes, we would wander into discussions on the relevance of faith to our lives.

In such giving of my heart I

find that I need to pause, to reflect that I am trying to move beyond the self I think I am – beyond the façade that I present to my fellow teachers and students, to the self that I really am. Philosophy has remained essential to my growth. It continues to help me to move beyond uncomfortable ignorance and any new unexamined prejudices to a more intense desire for beauty, truth, and goodness.

For the past eight years I have been a student of opera. I'm fascinated by the ways in which music conveys meaning. Three years ago I discovered another way to give my heart away. Students and teacher-friends have come to my house on Friday evenings to listen to DVD presentations of *Carmen*, *Madam Butterfly*, *Don Giovanni*, and *The Magic Flute*. The list goes on. It is so easy to be seduced and drawn into their quicksand beauty. Although it is not Opera 101, I do give "hand-out notes" on the main ideas in their presentation. . . ideas which we review over our pizza or discuss at intermission time while we munch our Klondikes) Again—a simple way of giving our hearts away.

Deep friendships formed at the Mount with students and teachers regularly quickened and developed my ability to study and to teach. A few intimate friends continue to help me to grow into my true self—the genuine self. . . the self as loved by the Father, through Jesus, in the Spirit. May you have a few intimate friends in your life—in the words of Polonius to his son, Laertes in *Hamlet*: "Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel. . . this above all, to thy own self be true, And it must follow as the night the day Thou canst not then be false to any man."

In my wanting to deepen my love for learning and sharing still more I recently began a program of re-reading; reading

again those giants of yesteryear. The Nobel Prize winner Sigrid Undset with her majestic tale of sin and redemption, *Kristin Lavransdatter*, Dostoevsky with his searing insights in *The Brothers Karamazov*. Dante and Shakespeare—Austen and Pushkin—Plato, Augustine, and Nietzsche—the list goes on. I only hope that I can continue to share my insights with others—be they friends intimate or new acquaintances whom I meet in parish service. I need them to continue to share their insights with me. And may students who are always welcome at my home wander in - not to say "Good-bye, Mr. Chips", (to borrow the title of the novel by James Hilton). Rather, may they say: "Hello, Paul, is the pizza ready? What are you reading now?"

The optimistic words of the poet Longfellow resonate in me:

Something remains for me to do or dare

Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.

For age is opportunity no less than youth itself, but in another dress.

And as the evening twilight fades away

The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.

I pray: May you always have a healthy sense of doubt and not be afraid to question yourself, anyone, and any institution—religious, educational, or civil. May you seek whatever is beautiful, true, and good and remain ever hopeful as you give your hearts away. May a few intimate friends assist you as you grow ever deeply into your own true unique self as the "beloved of God."

Father Paul is an eighty-one year old priest retired from teaching and lives at Mount St. Mary's University. He continues to grow with students with students and all who are searching for the beautiful as they give their hearts away.

To read additional writing by Father Paul, please visit St. Anthony Shrine Parish's website on Emmitsburg.net.

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THE MASTER GARDENER

Controlling summer pests in the landscape and garden

Mary Ann Ryan
Adams County Master Gardener
Coordinator.

As summer arrives, we notice interesting as well as annoying insect and disease problems in our gardens and landscapes. While many visiting insects are beneficial, some are not. And some disease problems in our landscapes are damaging, while some are just annoying. Identifying and understanding these insect and disease life cycles will help us to maintain a healthy and beautiful garden.

Bagworms

If you have needled evergreens, chances are you have encountered this nasty pest. Bagworms feed on needles and leaves and can be very damaging, especially to evergreens. Start looking now for bagworms on your evergreens, locusts, sycamores and oaks. These bags resemble cocoons hanging from branches of trees. They are 1 to 2 inch long "bags" made of silk, leaves and twigs attached to branches with a silken thread.

Scouting is especially important if you had bagworm damage last year. Many of these bags contained eggs that hatched at the end of May. At this time of year, the eggs have already hatched, so start scouting throughout June for the small (1/8-1/2") recently hatched caterpillars. The large bags left from last year will feel empty and hand-picking in June is pointless.

After this insect hatches, it crawls out of the bag and produces a tiny silken thread that will hang from the bag. This allows the tiny worm to be moved by the wind from plant to plant. It begins to feed and feed, and as it does so, builds the bag around itself. It continues to feed through August, at which point it pupates and turns into a moth around early September. The male will leave the bag and fly till it finds a female. The female remains in the bag until a male finds her. After mating, the male dies. The female will lay her eggs then die in the bag. The eggs will overwinter in those bags—perfect time to pick off and control next year's population!

However, at this time of year chemical control is very effective. Bt (*Bacillus thuringiensis*), a naturally occurring microorganism that produces a toxin

that paralyzes the insect's digestive system, is successful at this stage. As the young caterpillars eat the leaves and ingest the Bt, they stop feeding and die several days later. Bt is selective. It kills just caterpillars. Other insects like beetles, bees or soft-bodied insects are not affected by this pesticide.

Other pesticides that are effective are Carbaryl, also known as Sevin, and Malathion. Unlike Bt, these pesticides are not selective in the insects that they kill. Beneficial insects as well as the bagworms will die from the application of these insecticides. As always, read the label before applying any pesticide.

Japanese Beetles

You've seen them, the metallic green beetles that show up on in your landscape every July. Later in summer you know them as white grubs that turn your lawn into a brown, rollup carpet. These are two of the stages of the Japanese beetle. How do you deal with this import from Japan that has few natural enemies here in Pennsylvania?

Knowing a little about your enemy helps in the battle. After skeletonizing your favorite plants last July the females laid eggs in the ground. These eggs hatched and the young grubs began feeding on plant roots. They fed and grew until they went deeper into the soil to overwinter. This April the grubs returned to the surface where they continued their development to the pupal stage. In late June, they will be back as those familiar metallic beetles.

When dealing with these colorful beetles, prevention is always better than reaching for the spray can. Keep in mind that though Japanese beetles feed on over 300 species of plants, 50 are preferred food. Adult beetles are attracted to plants in full sun, especially members of the rose family, which includes ornamental apples, cherries and plums. Norway and Japanese maples are also favorites. Minimizing these plants in your landscape will help reduce the beetles. The larvae (grubs), favor cool season grasses such as bluegrass, ryegrass and tall fescue. Replacing some lawn with tree, shrub and flower beds of less favored species may help.

This summer, when you see the first Japanese beetles emerging from the ground and landing on your plants, take ac-

tion. Because beetles are pretty sluggish early in the morning, you can easily shake them off the plants into a bucket of soapy water. Not only will you prevent damage from this first wave, you will also keep them from using their pheromones to call in reinforcements. This hand to hand combat may seem yucky, but it has an added benefit over the standard treatment chemical sprays. Broad spectrum insecticides such as carbaryl (Sevin) and pyrethroids kill beneficial insects and may result in outbreaks of other pests.

This brings us to beetle traps. Though it may make you feel good to fill up bags with beetle carcasses, traps can draw beetles from all over your neighborhood and beyond. Research shows that only a fraction of them end up in the traps while the rest feed on your plants.

The other front on which you can attack Japanese beetles is the grubstage. Here are a couple of tips:

- Don't water your lawn in mid/late summer. Moisture helps the survival of the eggs and young grubs.
- If you had grub damage last year, you may want to consider control in the problem areas.
- A non-chemical control is to introduce nematodes into the soil when the grubs are small. Chemical control for those problem areas include imidacloprid and halofenozide applied in June and early July.

Squash Borer

This common pest on cucurbits - melons, squash, pumpkins and cucumbers, can be a huge problem in our gardens. Causing wilting in the vine, the larvae of this borer will be feeding on the inside of the vine, where we can't see it. When this symptom is found, there is no good control except to pull the plant and discard of it, getting rid of the damaging larvae.

The squash vine borer overwinters as a fully grown larva in cocoons in the soil. It pupates in the spring and the adult (a moth) emerges in June. Moths are active during the daytime and in the evening they rest on leaves. This is different than the behavior of most moths, which are active at night. The moths fly slowly in zig-zags around plants, and lay eggs singly on stems; eggs are usually found

on the main stem near the base, but are also found on leafstalks or on the undersides of leaves. Moths are active for about one month.

Eggs hatch in 9 to 14 days. Larvae enter the stem at the plant base within a few hours after hatching from the eggs. Larvae feed inside the stem for 4 to 6 weeks. Fully grown larvae leave the stems and crawl into the soil to pupate. There is usually one generation per year, but a partial or complete second generation is possible.

Insecticides become almost impractical for the home garden, as timing is everything. An insecticide is effective only when applied at the time that eggs are hatching, which is very difficult to see or determine. A preventive treatment regime is to apply an insecticide, like Sevin or Malathion, when vines begin to run, and re-apply every 7 to 10 days for 3 to 5 weeks. The application should be directed to the base of plants, at crowns and runners. When it comes to the squash borer, of-

ten times it's just better to harvest what you can salvage and discard the plant to get rid of the borer.

These common pests, while may be a detriment to our crops and plants, are not the end of our gardening career. Diversification of crops and plants will help reduce the amount of problems in our landscapes and gardens and proper management will lead to healthy gardens. Enjoy every minute of gardening, whether it's pulling weeds, understanding the life cycle of an insect, or reaping the harvest of your hard work.

To learn more about controlling insect and disease problems in your garden visit the Gardening Section of Emmitsburg.net.

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



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ROBERT CHAMBER'S The Book of Days



July is now what our old poets loved to call 'sweet summertime, when the leaves are green and long,' for in such brief word-painting did they picture this pleasant season of the year; and, during this hot month, we sigh while perusing the ancient ballad lore, and wish we could recall the past, were it only to enjoy a week with Robin Hood and his merry men in the free old forests: 'All under the greenwood tree.'

We feel the harness chafe in which we have hitherto so willingly worked, amid the 'fever and the fret' of the busy city, and pine to get away to some place where we can hear the murmur of the sea, or what is nearest the sound—the rustle of the summer leaves. We long to lie down beneath the low-bending, and high overhanging branches beside the stream, that runs dark and bright through shade and sunshine, and watch the blue dragon-flies sport above the bluer forget-me-nots, that nod their tufted heads to every breeze which ripples the water.

At every passing gust which ripples the fields, the corn now makes a husky whisper, and there are white spots on the long ears, which tell that it is fast ripening, and that bending reapers will soon be busy with their crooked sickles in the harvest-field. We now see amid the grass that is powdered with summer-dust, the most beautiful of all our wayside-flowers, the pretty pimpernel, which, though but little larger than the bloom of the common chickweed, fairly dazzles the eye like a gem with its rich crimson petals. By the very rim of the

cart-rut, and close by the dent of the horse's hoof on the brown highway, it blows, a thing of beauty, that has no peer in garden or green-house..

Country-people call this wayside beauty the poor man's weather-glass, and the shepherd's clock; and it never errs in announcing the approach of rain, for long before we can discover any sign of the coming shower, we find its deep-dyed petals folded up in its green cup. As a time-keeper, it may be relied upon, always closing at noon, no matter how fine the day may be, and never opening again before seven on the following morning.

Often near to it, on the sunny-side of the hedge, may now be found the dull golden-coloured agrimony, with its long spiked head up-coned with little flowers, the favourite 'tea' of the poor cottagers, and a thousand times more delicious than some of the rubbish sold as tea in low neighbourhoods, for it makes a most refreshing beverage.

The fragrance, too, is quite refreshing; only bruise this elegant leaf between the fingers, and it throws out an aroma that can no more be forgotten than the smell of roses. The next favorite as a tea-making herb among our old country-women, is the wood betony, now in bloom, and which forms a winding terrace

of flowers, as the whorls rise step above step, a pile of rose-colored flowers, beautiful to look upon in the sunshine.

Through long leagues of untrodden flowers the golden-belted bees now go with a pleasant murmuring, over sunny openings in the bowery underwood, which shrub and bramble guard, and beneath overhanging branches by the water-courses, where the foot of man cannot tread. Up lanes that lead nowhere, saving to green fields, and over which a wheel seldom passes, saving at hay-time, or during the garnering of harvest, they grow and run. Up the hillsides they climb, over the fences, and into the old woods, where they play at hide-and-seek behind every bank and shaded hollow. Great trees throw their green arms over them, and make a shelter for their beauty under their shadows. From the faces of steep crags, inaccessible to man, they droop and wave in all their beauty;

hoof on the dry rutted road, and the ring of the anvil, broke the repose which rests here—almost noiseless as the dew falling on the fleece of a sleeping lamb—throughout the Sabbath-day. The very gardens appear asleep, the spade is stuck motionless in the ground, hoe and rake are laid aside, and, saving the murmuring of a bee among the flowers, or the twittering of a bird from the orchard-trees, all around lie images of rest—a land of peace from which brown Labor seems to have retired in silence, and left no sound of his whereabouts, but sunk in slumber somewhere, folds his sinewy arms.

How tempting those great ripe round-bellied gooseberries look on a hot July day; we wonder there is one left on the bushes, when we see so many children about! The red currants, too, hang down like drops of rich carnelian; while the black currants look like great ebony beads, half-hidden by their fragrant leaves—for all the early garden-fruits are now ripe to perfection. Down the long rows the pretty strawberries peep out, shewing like red-breasted robins at hide-and-seek under the foliage; while overhead the melting cherries hang down, leading even the very birds to commit trespass, for they cannot resist such a tempting banquet.

Sweet Summer has now attained her perfect loveliness; the roses on her cheeks will never look more beautiful than they do now, nor will her sky-blue eyes ever beam with sweeter lustre. She has wreathed her sunny hair with the sweetest and fairest of flowers; and when they have faded, there will be no more found to make a frame of blossoms round her matchless countenance until the leaves of Autumn have fallen, white Winter awakened from his cold sleep, and young Spring gone dancing away, holding up her green kirtle as she trips over the daisies.

As yet, there is no sign of decay around her, only a few birds are silent, but they have not yet departed; there are myriads of flowers in bloom, and great armies of insects hurrying along every way, as they go sounding through the

warm and fragrant air.

Bees and butterflies seemed not to leave a flowery nook unvisited in which there was room enough for her to hide. Bird called to bird in sweet confusion, from leafy hollows, open glades, and wooded knolls, as if to tell that she had passed this way and that, until their songs became so mingled, we could not tell from which quarter the voices came.

Towards the close of July, most of our birds are silent—even the robin and the wren are but rarely heard again till the end of August. Large flocks of young birds may now be seen flying together, and many think that they have been driven away by the old ones, so congregate for company; their assembling has nothing to do with migration, as it is the case with those that never leave us, as well as with others that will soon migrate. It is just possible that they may have become so numerous in the places where they were hatched as to find food scarce, so set out together in flocks, to seek their living where fare is more plentiful.

Historical

July was originally the fifth month of the Roman year, and thence denominated Quintilis. In the Alban Calendar, it had a complement of thirty-six days. Romulus reduced it to thirty-one, and Numa to thirty days, and it stood thus for many centuries. At length, it was restored to thirty-one days by Julius Caesar, who felt a personal interest in it as his natal month. After the death of this great reformer of the calendar, Mark Antony changed the name to July, in honor of the family-name of Caesar. 'This month he selected for such honorary distinction, when the sun was generally most potent, the more effectually to denote that Julius was the emperor of the world, and therefore the appropriate leader of one-half of the year.'—Brady.

Our Saxon ancestors called July Hey Monath, 'because therein they usually mowed and made their hay-harvest; and also Mead Monath, from the meads being then in their bloom:—Verstegan.

Published in England in 1869.

To read stories associated with a particular day of the year in Robert Chamber's *The Book of Days* visit Emmitsburg.net.

The childish voices that come floating on the air from the low, white-washed, village Sunday-school, where they are singing some simple hymn, bring before us His image, who said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and who walked out in the fields with His disciples, to enjoy the calm of the holy Sabbath.

and in their bells the insects find a home, and at the golden entrances they play in the sunshine.

The childish voices that come floating on the air from the low, white-washed, village Sunday-school, where they are singing some simple hymn, bring before us His image, who said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and who walked out in the fields with His disciples, to enjoy the calm of the holy Sabbath. The very murmur that Nature makes, in the low rustling of the leaves, and the subdued ripple of the stream, seems—because they are audible—to leave the stillness more profound, as her voice would not be heard if the grit of the wain, the tramp of the

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THE RETIRED ECOLOGIST

The war of the rodents

Bill Meredith

“Macavity, Macavity, there’s no one like Macavity;

He’s broken every human law, he breaks the Law of Gravity....

You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air,

But I tell you once and once again, Macavity’s not there!

—T. S. Eliot, *Old Possum’s Book of Practical Cats*

The house at the end of Lincoln Avenue is surrounded by shade trees, flower beds and a garden. The lawn is not manicured, but it usually has been mowed fairly recently. There is enough clutter around the garage to make the place look lived-in but not derelict. People who drive, jog or stroll past have remarked to me on various occasions that it has the peaceful, bucolic look of an English country home. They mean this as a compliment, and I appreciate their intentions, but the fact is that they are wrong. Peaceful it is not. For the past several years a state of war has existed on the premises.

Like all wars, this one pits the forces of good against evil. My wife and I represent the side of righteousness; the bad guys are an alliance of groundhogs, mice, squirrels and rabbits. When it started several years ago, we figured our combination of superior brainpower and technology made us the equivalent of a superpower, and we foresaw an easy victory; but we were thinking of conventional warfare. This has turned out to be a guerilla war, or in modern parlance, an asymmetrical conflict. It goes by fits and starts; the enemy strikes and then fades away into caves in the hinterlands or blends into the civilian population. And in spite of the time and treasure invested, we are not winning.

It started with the groundhogs. Originally they lived clear at the lower end of the field behind our house, but each year they moved closer and eventually dug a burrow just outside the back yard, under the brushpile where I deposit dead tree limbs and shrub trimmings that are too large for my shredder. From there, four or five years ago, one of them dug a burrow by the foundation of the house. It was under some shrubbery, and was quite a large hole by the time I found it. My first response was verbal, but that was ignored, so I got a shovel and filled the hole up. That night he re-dug it, and a little more besides, so a new approach was called for. A friend provided a large Havahart trap which I set by the bur-

row entrance and baited with apples. The groundhog stole them for a few days, but then he got overconfident and trapped himself. I gloated at him for a while; he snarled back in a flood of marmotine profanity. But he was obviously young and inexperienced, so instead of capital punishment I sentenced him to exile and released him in the woods some 15 miles away.

We returned the Havahart to its owner and declared Mission Accomplished, but it wasn’t long before another burrow appeared on the other side of the house. It was obvious that we were not dealing with a beginner this time. The hole was bigger and had two emergency exits, and when I filled it in he immediately re-dug it and uprooted a nearby juniper bush as a sign of his contempt. I went to borrow the Havahart trap again, but it was on loan to someone else. At that point my wife took charge and applied her all-purpose solution for problems of every kind, i.e., she went shopping. At the nearest hardware store she asked for a cure for groundhogs, and came home with a packet of green pellets about the size of Hershey Kisses. We rolled several of them down the hole, arranged the rest in an alluring pattern around the entrance, and went to bed, confident that the next morning we would find the enemy lying on his back with his feet in the air. Instead, we found the green pellets lined up in an alluring pattern on the sidewalk in front of the house. The groundhog was nowhere to be seen, but I had the distinct feeling that he was concealed nearby, watching and snickering under his breath.

Sterner measures were called for,

so my wife set out to buy a trap. The store where she went didn’t carry Havaharts, but they had another model that they assured her was just as good. Confident that if you’ve seen one trap you’ve seen them all, she bought it and we baited it with apples as before. The results were the same, up to a point; the bait was stolen for several days and then the culprit was trapped. However, he had the same contempt for the trap that he had for the green pellets; he twisted the wire cage as if it had been made of cardboard, bit some of the wires in two, tore off the trap-door, and, like Macavity the Mystery Cat, vanished from the scene of crime.

He actually went away for a while, but I suspect it was for tactical reasons rather than any sense of defeat. His kind usually have several burrows scattered about their territory, and they move from one to another when the most recent one gets contaminated with fleas. So he was back in a month or so; we didn’t see him, but the hole was re-excavated and enlarged. My wife went off to the store again and this time brought a bag of smoke bombs. After reading the instructions printed in three languages on each missile, I lit one and tossed it down the front door. It produced a luxuriant, foul-smelling cloud, so I laid a big rock over the hole and waited expectantly by the rear entrance with a sturdy club. After several minutes a few faint wisps of smoke came out, but no groundhog. I thought maybe he had been overcome in the burrow, and shoveled the dirt back into it in hopes that it was his final burial, but a few days later he had dug it out again.



Things were getting desperate. Having exhausted the shopping possibilities, my wife turned to television. I’m not sure if she switched on a nature program by mistake, or perhaps watched a re-run of “Doc Hollywood,” but somehow she came up with the idea that we might drive off the groundhog by marking our territory with human urine. It was the kind of suggestion that a biologist might have made, and I was proud of her for it, but she was disappointingly vague about sources, methods of application and dosage concentration...

she never was big on details... so it remains an untested theory.

Friends have suggested getting a dog, but judging from what the groundhog did to the wire trap, it would take something the size of a mastiff or a Russian wolfhound to handle him. At this point, we’re at a stalemate; I’ve filled all of the holes again, and the enemy hasn’t been seen for a couple of weeks. I’m hoping maybe he died of old age.

To read past Retired Ecologists articles by Bill Meredith, visit the Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net.

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MY LIFE IS MY CAREER

Misunderstood, but beautiful

Christine Maccabee

In a very real way, flowers are a lot like people. Fragile, they are born vulnerable, and if fortunate to receive the proper care, will thrive and bear much beauty. Also, many people, like flowers, are misunderstood. Some of us are late bloomers and get cut down while we are struggling to grow, while others of us may express ourselves in the wrong way, or the wrong place, and are criticized.

The connection between humans and the natural world being what it is—ever constant and essential—it is often impossible to separate the two. Many of our greatest writers and teachers refer to nature, recognizing the truth and wisdom that is to be gained if we but open our hearts and minds to it. Many of these teachers have been misunderstood as well.

As a very young girl I was a flower child and a natural girl. My first memories as a three-year old are those of standing very still and totally in awe of the tiny butterflies fluttering from flower to flower on my grandfather's butterfly bush. As an adult, the smell of the flowers of the butterfly bush and the quick, excited flight of the tiny butterflies still thrills me. I am still a flower child. However, over the years I have come to appreciate native wild flowers even more than cultivated greenhouse flowers and have many of them growing abundantly on my property as habitat for pollinators.

Two of my favorite wildflowers are the indigenous golden-

rod (of which there are about 18 varieties) and the wonderful purple and white asters. Both of these are quite misunderstood and frequently cut down before they have a chance to bear their flowers. They spend the entire spring and summer growing slowly into large, gangly plants, and unless they are growing in a place neglected by human mowers, they are usually weeded out or mowed down.

I see them as elegant and important. I allow my asters to grow throughout the summer in my various gardens. The reward for my patience and tolerance is a glorious, end-of-the-summer profusion of tiny daisy-like flowers, a final burst of white and purple beauty which goes well into the fall, a most welcome source of inspiration before the long, cold days of winter.

Similar to the goldenrod, these wild asters serve as essential nectar for the wild honey bee, whose habitat is diminishing by leaps and bounds. Also, for your information, it is ragweed, not goldenrod, which is the foremost cause of hay fever. The pollen of goldenrod is too large to affect most people, though some few are unfortunately allergic to it. Ragweed pollen, on the other hand, is very tiny and quickly creates discomfort. However, even ragweed serves a purpose in the wild, as its seeds are numerous and rich in oil and are an important winter food for

song and game birds.

Another one of my favorite though little appreciated wildflowers is the persistent little chicory, shy blue beauties that tend to grow right up against the country roads people drive down in their early morning rush to work or school, gracing our journeys with their joyful blue, brightening our moods if we but see them. Even when they are mowed, they grow right back, undeterred, and where permitted will bloom right through the summer, into fall.

also guilty of gangliness, frequently growing very tall. This year they too grew along the very edge of my road, as if defying me to cut them down. Indeed, I went out one day, fully armed and determined to do just that, only to lose my resolve when I saw them. Yes, they were growing embarrassingly close to the road; but what is more important, the flowers or the road? As I'd observed very few of these particular flowers being permitted to grow anywhere, and as I recognize them to be an essential source of nectar for wild honey bees, I put down my various cutting devices and joined the ranks of the Misunderstood.

I love the late bloomers and the misunderstood ones, be they human or flower. Perhaps our biggest challenge in life is to embrace these ones, to develop compassionate understanding so as not to stand in judgment of them. Much of the beauty and goodness of the natural world will be missed, and lost, if it is constantly condemned as unimportant and thus destroyed.

I leave you with an ancient Indian quotation which may give you some food for thought: "Flowers are the footprints of the dancing



"Chicory (Cichorium intybus)

steps of God."
Enjoy the beauty.

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

The connection between humans and the natural world being what it is—ever constant and essential—it is often impossible to separate the two.

They usually close their blue petals during the heat of the day, and so are seen as ugly by some people. They are mostly stem with tiny leaves, and when the flowers are closed, they do look spindly. But oh, when the day is cooler and the flowers open, behold the powdery blue profusion!

The wild white and yellow sweet clovers (which look nothing like clover) bloom spring into summer and are

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

Whitmore farm's rules for feeding chickens if you have goats...

Will Morrow

RULE #1: Be very, very quite . . .

I'm starting the morning rounds. It's my favorite part of the day. The mornings are crisp this time of year. There is a heavy dew on the pasture. I'm energized by my morning cup of coffee. My clothes are still clean. I get to notice which plants are leafing out after their long winter slumber.

All the animals are happy to see me. I am the start of their daily rhythm. The sound of the barn door being opened, the banging of the metal dog bowls as I fill all six of them, one by one, water running from the faucet as I prepare milk for the bottle babies, these are the sounds that announce my presence and the start of a new day. This usually results in an immediate cacophony of animal sounds that can only be interpreted as "feed me." Every

creature, large and small, has a sound it makes when it is hungry. I now know that sound for sheep, goats, pigs, chickens, and dogs. Hearing them all at once, during the most peaceful time of the day, is not the first choice of music one would pick to accompany a sunrise in a bucolic setting. Imagine being the only waiter in a full restaurant, where each table has people that speak a different language, and they all start shouting for your attention, simultaneously, in their native tongue. Well, even the most patient of us would feel a little pressure.

Animals are creatures of habit. I think the goats think that their bleating actually results in my opening the gate to the next paddock for a new day of grazing. The pigs squealing think their squeal is what motivates me to bring them fresh milk. The chickens clucking think that their clucking is why I open the door to let them out for the day. But, in reality, it's the other way around. Or is it?



Texas Pete and some of his pasture pals.

I try to prolong that window of tranquility, that peaceful start to a new day, that calm before the storm of nonstop farm chores as long as possible. The only way to do this is to delay detection by being very, very quiet.

This is especially true for today. Today is Friday, the day we refill the chicken feeders. Sounds innocent enough, eh? A simple farm chore. Well, it involves getting several hundred pounds of chicken feed past the goats in the pasture into the feeders inside the mobile coop in the middle of the pasture. Picture putt-putt golf where all the obstacles are moving and there are no rules.

I used to be able to make it to the gate undetected without any problems. That was when I used a cart to haul feed around the farm. Now that I have a John Deer Gator, my arrival is announced long before I reach the gate. I'm lucky this morning. The goats are on the opposite side of the pasture from the chicken coop. And, being Tennessee Fainting goats, they are not the fastest runners. I actually have a decent chance of getting to the coop before the goats. I quickly hop off the Gator, open the latch, throw open the gate, jump back into the gator and floor it! My left leg is still hanging off the side of the Gator, my right foot has the gas pedal all the way to the metal. I try to navigate the stumps I keep meaning to grind out and the ground hog

holes I keep meaning to fill. Hitting one of those full speed in a Gator full of chicken feed would not be good.

RULE #2: Put your hands up, over your head . . .

I arrive at the chicken coop about 30 feet ahead of the goats. I have seconds to jump out, open the coop and get to the bed of the Gator. As soon as I get to the bed of the Gator, the goats arrive like a school of fish and quickly engulf the Gator. There are goats of every color and every size everywhere. Small kids that were born a few months ago, large and mature does, white ones, black ones, brown ones, red ones, long haired ones, short haired ones, polled ones, and ones with horns. They've blocked the pedals and steering wheel, climbed onto the seats, and they are now in the bed of the Gator. They have surrounded me and the Gator at least six goats deep. Had I not gotten to the bed of the Gator before the goats arrived, I would have had to body surf over the crowd to reach the 5 gallon buckets of chicken feed in the bed of the Gator.

Once I have a bucket of chicken feed firmly in hand, I quickly place it on top of my head, much like you see African women in those National Geographic photos. Okay, well I'm not as pretty as those African women, and

it's an old drywall bucket, not a hand woven basket, but you get the picture. I shimmy my way thru the goat mosh pit to the chicken coop door that I have already unlatched. With my hands over my head, all the while hoping and praying that Abbey, the most determined and clever goat, doesn't jump on me front feet first in an attempt to get me to drop the bucket. I can handle her front feet on my rear end, but it's the other side I'm worried about. This is not a hypothetical scenario.

I pour the feed into the wall mounted feeder. The sound of pouring grain against metal excites the goats even more. A small amount always spills in the process. That's okay. It distracts the frenzy of heads, horns, and feet momentarily away from me and to the ground as the goats clamor to try and get the morsels on the ground. I firmly believe that ADM has genetically spliced crack-cocaine into corn. It invokes a delirium and frenzy in goats unparalleled by any other feedstuff I know. And, trust me, our animals are well fed and they aren't acting like this because they are especially hungry.

RULE #3: Don't run over the goat . . .

Using my knees, I wedge myself thru the crowd of goats and back to the Gator. I physical-

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

Words from winterbilt Bear the friend, collector, and self-feeding dog

Shannon Bohrer

In a previous article I talked about our former dog named Bear. I hope you read that article because this is a continuation of "A good Dog, but there isn't anything behind those eyes." To set the stage, Bear was a young Chocolate Lab that came to live with us when he was only six months old. Just six months later Bear had blossomed into a 110-pound lap dog that loved everybody, and I mean everybody. As my wife remarked once or twice: "That dog does not have a mean bone in his body".

As Bear settled in he became best friends with the horses, barn cats, stray cats, the beef cattle and even the chickens. Bear would lie in front of the barn and the cats would snuggle up next to him; these are barn cats! One cat in particular followed him around and as cats often do, this cat liked to rub against Bear's Head. Bear never seemed to mind, but Bear often drooled - which resulted in the cat having a punk hair style. Cats with punk hair styles are not taken seriously.

On another occasion a young stray cat made our barn its home and Bear his best friend. My wife commented that if that cat stays, it will be fixed. Several months later the cat was fixed and about a month later the cat disappeared. It was about a year later that we learned that the cat belonged to a neighbor who moved!

We had a small breed of chickens at that time and one of the hens had hatched some eggs so there were some peeps. One day as Bear was lying in front of the barn, he watched the mother hen jump over a 2 X 6 board. Then the peeps jumped up and over one at a time. The last peep was too little, so Bear got up, reached over and picked up the peep in his mouth and then set the peep down on the outside. Of course when he set the peep down - it was wet. Bear drooled a lot, as if he was going to eat at any moment. The peep was in his mouth for seconds, if he had it any longer it would have drowned.

Aside from the friends that Bear had on the farm, he seemed to make friends everywhere he traveled. As many dogs do he seemed to follow his nose. Although he rarely got into trouble, at least

he never mentioned that he did, sometimes you never knew where he went - or what he would bring home. One day while we were outside working, Bear walked in the driveway with a red colored object in his mouth. The object turned out to be a bird feeder. My wife looked at me - the look that says your dog is a thief. I said something about dogs and the finding of lost property. If a dog finds something, he believes the property was abandoned; therefore he is entitled to it. If Bear had any guilt about bringing home abandoned property, he never showed it. We hung up the bird feeder and used it for many years. I do believe that the statute of limitations has expired for anything that he brought home.

On another occasion Bear brought home a loaf of bread, not an open loaf, not an old loaf, but a fresh loaf of bread - like you would buy in a grocery store. I know that Bear would sometimes take long walks, but the nearest grocery store is 5 or 6 miles from our home. Bear had no money, or at least none that we knew of. Even if he did have money, I don't know if he could count. How would he know how much the bread cost? Maybe he just hung out in front of the store and someone gave him the bread? Wherever he acquired the bread, he did not say.

On another occasion Bear brought home a pan of Rice Crispy treats! Again, they were not old; they were fresh. On this occasion my wife accused the dog of being a thief. I believed him to be honest and trustworthy; well, maybe just honest. It's not that Bear lied. I just think that sometimes he omitted important details of an event. I assured her our dog was not a low-life thief and that someone had probably abandoned the product and Bear just did not want to see it go to waste. My wife later told me she apologized to the neighbors whose treats were taken. The neighbors had set the pan outside to cool. Now I ask you, how was Bear to know that they did not abandon the treats? Additionally, how do we know it was the same pan?

In today's economic climate Bear would be a good dog to have. On other trips he seemed to find perfectly good groceries. There was the bunch of grapes,

leftovers, and a number of other assorted items. I don't think he ever left with a list; if he did I never saw it. He also seemed to find some things that were edible to his taste, but not always to ours. The cow hoof being one. Because of the odor, I pretty sure the cow had been deceased for some time. For a strange reason Bear really liked the cow hoof. I was loading up the manure spreader and Bear momentarily abandoned his cow hoof. I picked it up and put in with the manure in the spreader. The hoof was deposited somewhere in a fifteen-acre hay field - and Bear found it - retrieved it and brought it back. Did I mention that Bear had an excellent sense of smell?

There were other things that he brought home that puzzled us. The car fan blade was one! My wife asked, "You don't think he took that off a car, do you?" I said he did not have any tools and I don't think he would know how, but it did make us wonder. Another time he brought home a pair of eyeglasses. My wife wanted me to check the roads to see if someone was wandering around looking for them. I have no idea where he got them, but I am sure he did not take them from someone walking down the road. As far as I know, Bear never wore glasses. Remember the statute of limitations has expired, I think!

Aside from Bear's regular meals and the food that he brought home, when he was hungry he sometimes ate out of the garden. He was observed, on more than one occasion, walking into the garden, picking up a tomato, walking out of the garden, then lying down and eating his tomato. We also knew that he liked sour cherries. He was often observed under the cherry trees, picking the ripe ones - seeds and all.

In reflecting on Bear's habit of bringing home food and collectibles, I sometimes picture him sitting along the road eating. I am pretty sure that when he went shopping, not unlike many people, he probably ate a few things before coming home! He was a good dog.

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

ly remove all the goats from the bed and chase them off the front seats. I quickly start the Gator and assess my escape route options. All the commotion has piqued the curiosity of the sheep, and now they are coming to investigate what all the excitement is about. There are a lot more sheep than goats. I need to get out of here. This is probably the most difficult part. I have to drive the Gator out of the crowd of goats. Not just any goats but a crowd of Tennessee Fainting goats. This means when they get excited they fall over. A loud diesel engine and a screaming hand waving farmer get them excited. I have to get all the goats off the Gator, run around the Gator in a full circle to make sure there are no goats under the Gator, shoo them away from the wheels, jump into the driver's seat and pull forward and hope nobody faints in the process lying down near any of the six wheels. Oh, and there is no horn on a Gator. I keep meaning to write John Deer and tell them about this serious design flaw. I mean, really, how could they have not thought of this situation?

I manage to extract myself and the Gator from the crowd without running over any goats and head back to the gate at full speed. As I look over my shoulder, I see the more experienced animals chasing after the Gator. The more experienced, i.e. mature, goats don't scare as easily and therefore don't faint as much. I easily reach the gate, jump off the Gator, open the gate, jump back into the Gator, drive thru, jump off the Gator and close the gate before the first goat makes it to the gate. Mission accomplished! There should be a reality show where contestants are timed for this task. Maybe Survivor would be interested.

RULE #4: Smile and be happy . . .

All things considered, Tennessee Fainting goats are much easier to manage than other breeds of goats. They have a condition called myotonia congenita which interferes with the reabsorption of a neurotransmitter released in the muscle tissue when the animal is excited or scared. They don't actually faint or lose consciousness. Their muscles simply tighten and they don't release for about 15 seconds. This causes the animals, particularly the young animals, to lose their balance and fall over, sometimes with all four legs straight up in the

air. The condition is not painful. They know this because the same condition occurs in humans, horses, and dogs.

The contraction and delayed relaxation of muscle tissue results in increased muscling. Think of what a body builder does when lifting weights in the gym. They flex (i.e., contract) their muscle and then release (i.e., relax) their muscle, repeatedly. That is why the Tennessee Fainting goat is known as a meat breed.

Tennessee Fainting goats were first discovered in Tennessee in the 19th century. They are a landrace breed, meaning a breed that evolved in a specific geographic region adapted to the natural and cultural environment in which they lived, in this case, Tennessee. Landrace breeds have a more diverse appearance than the uniform, modern breeds that most of us typically think of today, where each animal is supposed to look identical. This means that Tennessee Fainting goats come in all different colors and sizes, coat lengths, and horned or polled status. The miniature, long-haired variety has become particularly popular as pets. They are sometimes called Miniature Fainting Silkies. Watch out, Paris Hilton may soon be spotted with one!

In addition to the increased muscling the myotonia congenita reduces the animals desire to climb. Perhaps they don't want to fall if they can't get up. As a practical matter, that means they don't climb fences, gates, or expensive automobiles. We've all heard stories about how difficult it can be to fence in a goat, or of coming out of the house to see three goats on the hood of your car. That won't happen with Tennessee Fainting goats. Tennessee Fainting goats are not as large as Boer goats, the dominant, industry meat goat breed, but they have better parasite resistance, mothering abilities (I rarely ever have to assist in birthing) ,and don't require as much feed.

Not many people realize that goat is the number one meat consumed worldwide. Compared to beef it is lower in cholesterol and fat and has a smaller carbon footprint. And, it tastes great! With the summer barbeque season just around the corner, you should consider goat hamburgers as a refreshing alternative to beef. Just tell your friends and family it's chevon or cabrito. It sounds better than "goat."

William Morrow
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HISTORY

Emmitsburg during the campaign of 1863

John A. Miller

As we sit in our yards listening to the sounds of cannons booming, troops clashing, and the poignant refrain of bugles calling the troops to battle during the annual re-enactment of the Battle of Gettysburg, I believe it is important to remember Emmitsburg's role in the battle that is considered the turning point of the civil war.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, many town residents mustered into the military fighting on both sides. As the Civil War progressed, Emmitsburg had split loyalties for the Union. Some men were faced with the harsh decision of state rights that included the issue of slavery. Those men who fought for the Southern Cause would become an outcast in their town's society as no records of any post war gathering took place. These men were viewed as traitors fighting for the inhuman traits of slavery. Most of these men that fought for the south would have been members of a Maryland Regiment in the Army of Northern Virginia. One of Francis Scott Key's relatives by the name of John Franklin Key fought with Stuart's Horse Artillery.

Cole's Cavalry Company C a federal unit is remembered the most in our town's Civil War history. They were known as Horner's Company, being named after its commander Captain John C. Horner. During the summer of 1862, Captain Horner retired from service and Captain Albert Hunter of Emmitsburg became

the new commander. Many of the men in Horner's Company of Cole's Cavalry were from the Emmitsburg. Most of the men were farmers, planters, young, unmarried, accustomed in the use of firearms and with a knowledge of riding. This was a talent that most cavalry companies were missing during the first two years of the war. Their extensive knowledge of Western Maryland served as a great asset to the Union cause.

On June 15th, 1863, the first portions of General Robert E. Lee's Confederate Army of Northern Virginia began to cross the Potomac River near Hagerstown, Maryland. Learning from the mistakes of the Maryland Campaign in September of 1862, General Lee decided to launch a campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania where his army could gather much-needed supplies and relieve war-torn Virginia for several weeks while the army was in Pennsylvania. But unknown to General Lee, Union scouts had seen his movements in Maryland as early as June 17th. Because of this, General Hooker started to develop a plan of attack to seize the mountain passes at South Mountain from Sandy Point to Boonsboro.

During the morning of June 18th, General Hooker requested that a signal station be built at Crampton's Gap on South Mountain. On June 23rd and 24th, General Hooker requested to have more Federal troops in possession of South Mountain. General French carried out those orders, as Union scouts were overlooking and watch-

ing the Hagerstown Valley as well as Pleasant Valley. During the early hours of June 25th, General John Reynolds ordered General Oliver O. Howard to send a brigade of infantry along with a battery of rifled guns to Crampton's Gap.

On June 26th, General Oliver O. Howard's 11th Corps began to occupy the mountain gaps along South Mountain. While General Howard's men at Crampton's Gap were waiting to be relieved, Colonel William D. Mann's 7th Michigan Cavalry occupied Turner's Gap and sent patrols throughout the valley toward Hagerstown. Most of the Confederate forces had left Hagerstown and were concentrating their efforts on Chambersburg and fortifying the area.

During the afternoon of June 27th, a portion of General George Custer's Michigan Cavalry encamped just south of Emmitsburg near the old toll-gate house before heading toward Hanover the following Monday. George Custer was only 24 years old when he was promoted to Brigadier General in Frederick. He had replaced General Joseph T. Copeland as commander. General Custer had scouted the Emmitsburg area and hired a local resident by the name of Jim McCullough to guide him around the Emmitsburg area.

General Custer's men had made their camps on the grounds of St. Joseph's Academy. Joseph Brawner, the field manager, would carry out the task of cutting down the clover in the meadows that surrounded St. Joseph's. Mr. Brawner had the

cutting machine out, ready to cut down the clover that covered the fields. As the 5th Michigan Cavalry made their quarters for the night, they let their horses graze in the fields. Much to the dismay of Mr. Brawner, once sunrise came on Sunday morning, June 28th, the fields were barren and nothing was left of the clover.

In June, Cole's Cavalry Battalion had separated and each company was to act as an independent organization. On June 27th, Lieutenant William A. Horner asked permission to take a dozen men to go through the Confederate lines on a scouting mission. After some debate Captain Albert Hunter, commanding Company C of Cole's Cavalry, allowed a dozen of his troopers to go on a scouting mission. They marched from Boonsboro to Waynesboro then to Fountain Dale where they skirmished with Confederate artillerymen from Crenshaw's Battery who were foraging in the area.

General Hooker learned his resignation had been accepted after midnight on June 28th, and General George Meade was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac. Not liking the tactical disadvantage of the Army of the Potomac on South Mountain, General Meade started to pull his forces off South Mountain. Later that day, General Meade issued orders to march northward to Emmitsburg, Taneytown, and Union Mills.

At 4:00 a.m. on June 29th, 1863, marching orders were carried out. Portions of the Union army were to march through Woodsboro on their way to Middleburg. The 12th Corps and the 3rd Corps, along with their corresponding artillery, would march through Woodsboro followed by General Meade's headquarters wagon train. General Farnsworth's brigade of cavalry also traveled through Woodsboro toward Taneytown. The 1st Corps marched through Lewistown and Mechanicstown to Emmitsburg. The 11th Corps, under the command of General Oliver Howard, marched through Creagerstown to Emmitsburg.

As General Reynolds and his men approached Emmitsburg that evening, he rode ahead of his column and entered the town. Once there, Reynolds

and his staff tried to recruit local citizens to cross through the Catocin Mountain gaps in order to observe and report in detail the movements of the Confederate Army. General Reynolds also placed a signal corps on the mountain behind Mount Saint Mary's. A battery of artillery was held in reserve in Emmitsburg on the heights toward Thurmont. General Reynolds set up his headquarters in Emmitsburg and directed Union efforts from Emmitsburg's Lutheran parsonage, St. Joseph's Rectory, and the present day funeral home.

As the First Corps marched past Mount Saint Mary's College, Dr. Moore recalled: "The Army of the Potomac was truly a beautiful sight" and he described as grand but horrible the passing of "the wagons, ambulances, cannons, etc, which were coming from early dawn till nightfall. ... They camped around Emmitsburg. Their campfires, as viewed from the college windows, almost led one to imagine that this section for miles had received in one shower all the stars of the heavens."

On the evening of June 30th, the First Corps was ordered to proceed to Marsh Creek, located about four miles from Emmitsburg, and to re-establish camp there. Shortly after the orders were given, a disturbance broke out when soldiers of the 76th New York were told to wait until the next day to receive their pay. As they marched through Emmitsburg a soldier, and later historian of the 12th Massachusetts Volunteers, recorded a story about a young boy of 15 years of age from Emmitsburg by the name of J.W. Wheatley who volunteered for the Union army. After marching alongside of the men in blue, the 12th Massachusetts gave him his own suit of blue and the young boy fought in the first day's Battle of Gettysburg where he was severely wounded.

The 11th Corps made their way into Emmitsburg at the southern end of town, toward Mount Saint Mary's College, where General Howard made a temporary headquarters. As the rear of the 1st Corps marched out of Emmitsburg, regiments of the 11th Corps started to lay out camp on the grounds of Saint Joseph's Academy. General Howard made his headquarters



Guthrie Hotel in 1863 (today known as the Emmitt House.) Note the conditions of the roads and lack of development west of the town.



Oliver Horner joined Cole Cavalry as a private in 1861 and was discharged as a Major in 1865, his last promotion being for efficiency, bravery and meritorious conduct. After the war he would go to serve Emmitsburg as Postmaster, town councilman, and oversee the creation of the water company and the town's first bank. To learn more about Major Oliver Horner visit the Historical Society's Civil War section on Emmitsburg.net.



The primary transit route for Union troops from Emmitsburg to Gettysburg was the Gettysburg road. While this photo was taken in the 1890s, it nevertheless depicts the condition of roads Union troops had to march along. The photo was taken at the site of the present day Mount Liquor store at the Maryland/Pennsylvania border looking south towards Emmitsburg.

at the Saint Joseph's Rectory.

Eli Horner owned and lived on a farm east of Emmitsburg along Toms Creek where soldiers of the 11th Corp encamped. The day before the Battle of Gettysburg, the family had baked bread for the entire day. The soldiers brought their containers of hardtack into the house, dumped them on the table, and proceeded to fill them with the fresh baked bread. This was the position for most of the families that lived in the vicinity of Emmitsburg. As soldiers passed through the town they also shared their homes.

Beginning the evening of June 30th through the morning hours of July 1st, the Third Corps under General Daniel Sickles were encamped at Bridgeport, Maryland, just east of Emmitsburg. Marching from Taneytown at around 3:00 p.m., General David Birney who was commanding General Sickles' 1st Division, placed the camp about a mile and a half from Emmitsburg. As soldiers from Birney's division encamped near Saint Joseph's, General (then Colonel) Philippe Regis de Trobriand, commander of the 3rd Brigade of Birney's Division received a very triumphant welcome by the residents of Emmitsburg. These men marched through the streets as women cheered and waved their handkerchiefs and men stood in the doorways waving their hats.

As daylight came on July 1st,

the bleak sky looked as though it would open up and drench the soldiers. The Union troops of the Eleventh Corps, still tired from marching, got underway with their daily chores. Between eight and eight-thirty in the morning General Reynolds sent his orders to General Howard to begin marching as soon as possible and by nine-thirty all of the men of the Eleventh Corps were marching. In order to move at a faster rate, the soldiers were ordered to leave their knapsacks at Emmitsburg. The roads that they would be traveling, leading from Emmitsburg to Marsh Creek, were badly torn up from the wagons and artillery from the First Corps.

The rest of General Sickles' Third Corps marched from Bridgeport, Maryland, through Emmitsburg, heading to Gettysburg between two and three o'clock that afternoon. Union engineers began surveying the land around Emmitsburg for a possible battle site. For a few desperate hours the town of Emmitsburg was crucial to the war efforts. General Sickles was to hold Emmitsburg in case of an attack of Confederate forces from Fairfield to the west. Disobeying direct orders to hold Emmitsburg, Sickles marched to Gettysburg.

As the Sisters at Saint Joseph's watched the troops of the Army of the Potomac march by, the sight terrified them. It was about noon on July 1st when the

Sisters heard a frightful boom in the distance. It was from the artillery engaging in the battle that was opening at Gettysburg. They continued to hear the cannon fire until it ceased during the afternoon of July 4th. Many of the Sisters prayed that the terrible noise of the battle in the distance would go away. Father Burlando wrote to the superior general in France following the opening of the artillery fire at Gettysburg: "The bellowing of those instruments of death and destruction was frightful, and the thick smoke which rose in the atmosphere was black as the clouds which preceded a tempest."

On July 2nd, more Federal soldiers came into Emmitsburg. These soldiers were the Army of the Potomac's U.S. Cavalry under the command of General Wesley Merritt. After being ordered to guard the mountain passes at South Mountain, General Merritt and his regulars had been ordered to Mechanicstown, Maryland, on June 29th. This left the U.S. Cavalry to guard and to protect the roadways and communication lines in the vicinity of Mechanicstown.

The highest point in the Emmitsburg area, Indian Lookout, served an important role in communications and observations during the battle in Gettysburg. Emmitsburg also served as a supply base of operations.

After the battle of Gettysburg,

General Lee's Confederate army began to withdraw from the area. General Lee wanted to secure Monterey Pass, near Blue Ridge Summit, as the army's direct route back to Virginia. On July 4th, Confederate cavalry entered Emmitsburg, screening for any Federal resistance that might pose a problem for Lee's retreating army. A few hours after the Confederate cavalry left, Union cavalry under the command of General Kilpatrick entered Emmitsburg. Kilpatrick received orders to harass the Confederate retreat at Monterey Pass. Leaving around 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Kilpatrick skirmished with several Confederate troops in and around modern day Zora.

Early in the morning on July 5th, General J.E.B. Stuart's Confederate cavalry entered Emmitsburg and skirmished with Federal troops near the modern day Emmitt House. While at Emmitsburg, General Stuart's cavalry captured three photographers who were staying at the Emmitt House. Alexander Gardner was questioned and released and soon after photographed the famous pictures of the carnage at Gettysburg as well as several photographs of Emmitsburg on July 7th. Stuart learned of the cavalry battle that took place at Monterey Pass and decided to take another route over the mountains.

After General Stuart's cavalry left Emmitsburg they

marched toward Thurmont and Creagerstown, where Stuart learned of the impasse at Harman's Gap and traveled back toward Emmitsburg where he skirmished with more Federal soldiers. Trying once again to leave Emmitsburg, Stuart took the road through Eyer's Valley and captured the signal corps at Indian Lookout.

On July 5th, as General Lee's Confederate Army marched in the Cumberland Valley toward Williamsport, General Meade gave marching orders to his Army of the Potomac to begin following Lee's army. The bulk of the Union Army marched through Emmitsburg from July 6th to 7th, marching to Middletown Valley, back to the exact location where the Army of the Potomac was before Meade had taken command.

On July 7th, General Meade rode through Emmitsburg and was hailed by the citizens, who thanked him for winning the battle of Gettysburg. It was at this time that the war shifted to Williamsport and Hagerstown as the Union army followed Lee's movements. Even though Lee's army was under careful scrutiny, Meade allowed Lee to re-cross the Potomac back to the safety of Virginia on the night of July 14th.

To learn more about the Civil War Heritage of Emmitsburg, please visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net

A MOUNTAIN PERSPECTIVE

Looking ahead

Chelsea Baranoski

As I enter my senior year at Mount St. Mary's University, a million emotions whirl through my overcrowded brain. On the one hand, I am sad to be leaving the place that I have called home for the past three years. On the other hand, I am looking forward to reaping the many benefits of senior year.

Senior year means that I will finally be able to live in an on-campus apartment. I know that I will have a lot of fun living with my two friends, Fallon and Melissa. We will surely have movie nights galore and share in endless girl talks revolving around boys, boys, and more boys. We will finally have a kitchen, so that means we will be able to cook for ourselves instead of relying on food from Patriot Hall. I can honestly say that I will miss eating in Patriot; I will miss my chicken tenders and fries and my chocolate cupcakes with the white icing (so healthy, I know). I will also miss the social atmosphere of eating in a crowded, noisy dining hall.

I loved bumping into friends while waiting patiently to get

food. The idea of cooking for myself makes me a little queasy, for it is a skill that I have yet to acquire. I can picture myself burning my food and forgetting that the oven is turned on. Hopefully, my food will not go up in flames. I do not want my kitchen to produce a grand fireworks display worthy of the Fourth of July. And I definitely do not want to deal with possible fines from residence life if I leave the kitchen in shambles. If worse comes to worse, I'll just need to pay my friends to cook; Fallon is already talking about making rainbow cookies and chocolate mousse...mmmm. On the plus side, a kitchen means that my friends and I can hold dinner parties and bake cookies at Christmas. If we learn to cook together, our friendship will surely be strengthened.

Even though it is still summer, I am already thinking about November. And no, I am not talking about turkey day. November means a senior trip to party hearty Fells Point. Since Fells Point isn't too far from my house, it will be like coming home for me. I have driven past Fells Point before, but I have never had the chance to actually walk around this vibrant area of

Baltimore City. I am especially excited for my roommate to get a taste of "Bawlmer," since she is from Long Island. It will be great to gather with my fellow seniors and celebrate the fact that we have survived three full years of papers, projects, and exams and only have one more year of homework to go. Fells Point better brace itself for the Mount's class of 2010!

Senior formal is the event that I am most looking forward to. It will be like living through my high school prom all over again! And yes, this is a good thing; I love dressing up and dancing the night away with my closest classmates and friends. Since I am the ultimate girly girl, I can't wait to find the perfect long cocktail dress, the perfect matching jewelry, and let's not forget the perfect date. Hopefully, the DJ will play some of my favorite toe-tapping tunes: "Don't Stop Believin'," "Shout," and "Thriller." This past year, the formal was held at a hotel in Baltimore, complete with outstanding views of Camden Yards. I think it would be awesome to have senior formal in Baltimore again, but I also would not mind if it was held in Annapolis, one of my favorite

places to visit...water, the U.S. Naval Academy, the city dock, sailing, and cute shops...what more can a girl ask for? I just need to keep my fingers crossed that the senior formal does not fall on the same day as the Naval Academy's International Ball. That would mean I would need to cram two dances into one night! Sounds crazy, but I'm sure I could act like superwoman and make it happen.

I am definitely looking forward to graduation, the day that I can finally sport a black gown, shiny yellow cape, and cords and march down the aisle of the "ARCC," the Mount's athletic complex. But, what might be even more exciting than listening to countless congratulatory graduation speeches is the senior cruise on the Potomac. Since I love being around the water, I am definitely looking forward to cruising the river with my fellow seniors.

And let's not forget senior pictures. It will be weird getting my picture taken for the yearbook; I haven't had a school picture taken since my senior year of high school! I've seen senior pictures in past yearbooks from the Mount and everyone looks so old in them! I wonder if I will look as old and professional in my picture. Probably not, since I was mistaken for a twelve-year-

old the summer before I started college. Of course, my appearance has changed a lot over the past couple of years. Maybe Mount St. Mary's has aged me. Only the yearbook photo will tell...

Finally, senior year brings with it the good fortune of not having to worry about not getting into classes. Because seniors sign up for classes before underclassmen, it is quite rare for a senior not to get into a class. And, if one cannot get into a class, one can simply play the senior card. "I need this class to graduate" will surely work every time. When I signed up for classes for the spring semester of my junior year, I had an extremely tough time getting into classes. I basically had to rearrange my entire schedule because I could not get into any of the English classes I wanted. Thankfully, I will not need to worry about this problem anymore.

There is definitely a lot to look forward to this year. Each day will be a celebration: another day of college completed, another day shared with great friends and kind mentors. My senior year will surely be the most memorable yet.

To read other articles by Chelsea Baranoski, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

My first Emmitsburg 4th of July

Ananda Rochita

Red, white, and blue flags. Children covered with face paint. The smell of hot dogs and burgers sizzling by the grill. People gathering together in the summer heat to watch the end of their night with fireworks. Yes, summer is here and so is fourth of July.

My earliest memory of fourth of July is when I was 5. San Francisco has a habit of having the worst weather possible on that day. Summer is different back home then it is here. Yes, it is California but the advertisements on TV lie. San Francisco has constant 60 degree weather all year and with fourth of July rolling around in the corner, a combination of fog and wind makes it hard to leave the comforts of your own home to go outside.

I remember being 5 and walking four miles from our house (because of the lack of parking) to the San Francisco Ferry building where the fireworks take place. It was around 9 at night and people were already

crowding to get a good view by the waterfront. My small frame was being sunk in by the crowd and my dad had to carry me so I would be able to see.

When the fireworks ended that day, I asked my mother "What are fireworks and how do they happen?" The quick answer my mother gave me was, "It's from God. All these people here prayed for it to happen and it did. Can you believe the miracles God makes?"

Obviously that is not the case, but till this day I still say every year that God helped me have a good fourth of July end with some glimmering loud fireworks.

My decision to stay in Maryland this summer to take extra classes at the Mount has made this fourth of July my first away from my parents and also away from California.

A small town of Emmitsburg that has the kindness and hearts larger than any large city could possess should make this commemorative day special for all those of you that are celebrating it here.

I feel as if everyday, my friends at the Mount have conversations relating to fourth of July. Since it is the summer, most of my friends that are not doing summer school are in different states and numerous hours apart. But fourth of July is going to bring us together again since we last saw each other at the end of school.

Barbecues and summer weather make it something to look forward to aside from the school work that's been bombarding me this summer thus far. It is a time for us to get together, grill, drink a few beers, and watch some fireworks at the end of the night. Even though it still wonders me how my friends and I treat fourth of July

as thanksgiving, where people come together, eat, and remember all the good times they've had, it's still a holiday which I can look forward to whichever part of the country I am on.

Ananda is a Rhetoric and Communications Major at the Mount.



CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN

The making of a Mount decathlete

Brad Gerick

Most fathers do not inwardly rejoice when their child gets cut from a high school sports team. But maybe the bittersweet relief Tom FitzSimons Sr. felt when his oldest son, Tom Jr., was not selected for the Hamden (Conn.) High School baseball team his sophomore year was because of the foresight he had of Tom Jr.'s potential in another sport.

The 6-foot, 2.5 inch, 195-pound Tom Jr. has long forgotten—competitively anyway—his first loves of baseball and basketball to become a decathlete.

The rising Mount St. Mary's University junior ran track—but not until basketball season was over—for parts of three years in high school before choosing the Mount over the likes of Vermont and his home-state Connecticut Huskies to run track. It is in Emmitsburg that he is continuing the pursuit of a goal that only sounds cliché if you have never met Tom Jr.: To improve every day and maximize what he has been given.

Although a modest—and recently-injured—Tom Jr. sets his outward expectations low, his family, friends and coaches do not.

Jim Deegan, the former head coach and current assistant at the Mount, has mentored 10 decathlete All-Americans in nearly 55 years, and believes Tom Jr. will become the 11th.

"He's going to be an All-American," says Deegan by phone of his latest prize multi-eventer.

Tom Jr.'s mother, Mary Sue, however, is more proud of the things her son does outside of track.

"I usually get into more of the personal stuff," said Mary Sue via telephone, adding that she gets anxious watching Tom Jr. compete. "I'm OK until I see a lot of it, then I get uptight."

Hearing people tell her how nice of a son she raised means more than any personal record or medal Tom Jr. could earn.

Deegan best summed up Tom Jr.'s charisma with a rhetorical question: "Do you know anybody that don't like him?"

So resounding is the answer (no) that a handful of Tom Jr.'s high school friends still speak to him almost daily.

One of those people is Chelsea Blake, a rising junior who plays basketball for New York University. She says the two played basketball at a park near Tom Jr.'s house hundreds of times and without fail Tom Jr. would always motivate her to complete one task before they left.

"Every single time he made me [make] six foul shots, because we were both number 15

and one plus five is six," Blake said by phone. "He wouldn't let up, even if I wanted to leave, had to leave, you had to do it."

If any of his friends from home can relate to the sacrifices Tom Jr. makes, it is a fellow student-athlete.

"I have dreams and I have stuff I want to do with basketball but sometimes it's like 'Oh, but I have this and that,'" Blake says. "But him it's just 'No, there's nothing that's standing in my way of what I'm going to do.'"

This attitude has rubbed off on rising Mount sophomore and fellow decathlete Tim Nickas, who developed a special bond with Tom Jr. after an injury of his own this season.

Like Tom Jr., Nickas was new to vaulting entering college and faltered in a practice vault Dec. 12 resulting in a broken hand.

have happened at a better time," Nickas added.

Someone who Tom Jr. describes as his best friend and used to train with him in high school can attest to the same qualities. Nic D'Amato, who did not attend Camden but worked out with Tom Jr. no longer does track competitively, but says Tom Jr. is still in his head every time he exercises.

"Whenever I go out for a run ... if I want to stop I just think about how hard he works," D'Amato says.

"[Another] thing I like about Tom is that he'll listen to you ... and he's a great person for that," D'Amato adds. "He really takes the words to heart."

Jim Stevenson, a 1995 Mount graduate and one of the 10 decathlete All-Americans, is in his third year as head coach and

The 400 sprint time would have placed second at the 2008 NCAA national decathlon as well as second in the 2008 Beijing Summer Olympics' decathlon while his 1,500 meter PR of 4:28 would have been third in Beijing's decathlon.

"You can't just make someone good if they don't want to be good or if they don't have some skills and ability ... I don't think he's going to have any holes," Deegan says. "I don't see anything that's really going to prevent him from steady growth in all of the events."

Tom Jr.'s work ethic, which may be a gift and a curse, figures to improve those numbers along with the ones that are lacking in other events and boost his decathlon PR of 6,783.

Known for spending as many as seven hours a day doing track-related activities (event practice,

p.m.—including weekends—is about as common as the Mount offering a course in atheism.

Even rarer would be to see Tom Jr. with soda, dessert or alcohol, none of which he's tasted since eighth grade (and never having had an alcoholic drink.) The only thing Tom Jr. does drink is water and skim milk, while splurging on Gatorade during meet days—now that's G.

Despite avoiding the soda fountains and dessert lines, Tom Sr. and Mary Sue still add around \$900 of meal money each semester—more than the cost of the initial meal plan—to Tom Jr.'s dining account.

Tom Jr.'s parents have no complaints of the extra cost because as Tom Sr. puts it, "College has been a lot less expensive because of what he's done [in track]."

Track, after all, is his life, and the people closest to him understand that.

Tom Sr. had already booked a trip to Arkansas for this year's NCAA Outdoor Nationals before Tom Jr.'s injury, and he plans to do the same next year despite a farther travel.

"I don't know how I'd get to Oregon next year but if he gets there I'm going to find a way," Tom Sr. says.

And if the London Olympics are calling in 2012, Blake has already made a deal with her best friend.

"I already told him that I'm going to have a front row seat," Blake says.

Tom Jr. is cautious to put those expectations on himself, although he admits those dreams do cross his mind.

"I wouldn't say I have low expectations, I'm just being completely real with myself. There are so many other people," Tom Jr. says. "I see it as, it's not impossible at all, but the chances are very, very slim."

So if he does not expect, and only hopes, to make the Olympics or win a national title in three years then why does he compete?

"It's just what I'm doing with my life right now I guess," Tom Jr. says. "Part of it is major curiosity—I want to see how far I can go."

Says Tom Sr., "I know effort's not going to be the thing holding him back, that's for sure."

Now there is something on which everyone can agree.



Until he can run again, Tom FitzSimons puts in countless hours in the Mount weight room working the muscles he can use.

Barely acquainted with his new teammate, Tom Jr. gathered Nickas' belongings and rode in the ambulance with him.

"This kid's out here busting his [butt] and he's seriously hurt, you get taken aback real quick. It's like, the way he's feeling right now is more important than how I did at pole vault practice," says Tom Jr., who even used Nickas' phone to call and text his parents and reassure them their son was OK, despite having never met them.

In a phone interview, Nickas added, "We were friends but not that close back then because it was the beginning of the year ... [He] was right next to me through the entire thing."

Nickas remains appreciative, and was able to return the favor when Tom Jr. went down with a stress fracture in his right foot at Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference Championships in Princeton, N.J., on March 8—his 20th birthday.

"[I told him] to keep his head up and he knew that he was going to get through it and I told him that this injury couldn't

10th overall in Emmitsburg. He still describes Tom Jr. as "raw" due to his training life of less than two years—18 months at the Mount and less than six months in high school.

"Initially it was just kind of this picture of this guy that's got height, got levers can run a good 400 meter and has power ... and that's about it," says Stevenson of his initial thoughts when recruiting Tom Jr.

"We haven't even touched the surface in the throws yet," says Deegan of Tom Jr.'s weakness—technical events. Yet Tom Jr. still finished fourth at the 2008 USATF Junior Outdoor Track and Field National Championships (ages 19 and under).

Of the decathlon's 10 events, Tom Jr. already has a solid grasp of the long jump, pole vault and 400-sprint, the latter of which he was crowned state champion his senior year of high school.

His PRs in his top three events are 48.47 seconds in the 400 sprint, 22 feet, 4.5 inches in the long jump and 14 feet, eight inches in the vault.

cardio, weight lifting and treatment) Tom Jr. may have learned his body's breaking point after his foot injury.

Not only has this given him the opportunity to work on his upper body strength as he has no clearance to do anything other than walk, swim and bike, but it also gave him a fifth year to compete in which Tom Jr. hopes, and his coaches believe, that he could make a run at a what could be his second or third All-American honor, if not a national championship.

If any Mountaineer could make such a run, it is Tom Jr.

During a typical school day, he wakes for breakfast 90 minutes before class to get a head start on his 4,500-calories-per-day intake. After classes and a lunch around noon, he heads to the ARCC for hours of treatment and workouts that do not end until dinner time around 7 p.m.

The rest of the night is usually centered on homework to maintain his 3.0 GPA. To see Tom Jr. out of his room after 11

Brad Gerick a Mount class of 2009 graduate who majored in Communications, minored in English and will continue his studies in the school's MBA program. He was the sports editor of The Mountain Echo and later its managing editor. Brad will be covering Mount Sports for the Emmitsburg News-Journal.

STAGES OF LIFE

Mom's Time Out

Abigail Shiyer

It's 9:08 on a Friday evening. I have just finished my nightly bedtime battle. It's funny because I have read every book, watched every Nanny show there is and listened to everyone out there who wanted to give me their opinion on how to put kids to bed ... and it still takes 1 1/2 to 2 hours a night to get 2 kids in bed – and that is cut in half from what it was only 6 short months ago! What would I do if I had 3 or 4??? I don't even want to think about it. I once heard that you're not a "real" parent until you have at least 3 kids... I used to think that was garbage, but the further into this parenting thing I get the more I wonder...

I call myself a new mom, but my kids are 3 1/2 and 1... So – I

guess I can't use "new mom" as an excuse anymore... or can I? Regardless of whether I am new or not, my hat goes off to all those moms out there who are raising happy, healthy kids and keeping their sanity as well.

As I mentioned before, I have a 3 year old. I know what you're thinking—cute, right?—Well, yes—but I think it is a terrible injustice that someone came up with the term Terrible Two's. My daughter was a pretty good 2-year old. I thought the coast was clear once that 3rd birthday rolled around, but boy oh boy was I wrong! She's smart, she's energetic and she took complete advantage of the fact that her Mom was feeling guilty for working the first couple years of her life. And—now I had the nerve to have a second child!

Little did I know, I was about to experience the Terrible 3's.

I have learned so much from my 3 year old. I have learned that you better have a plan (a routine, a schedule or whatever you want to call it) or you are flirting with danger. I have learned that bribery is okay once in a while and even a must in certain circumstances. I have learned that you can't rush someone who is enjoying the moment—and you shouldn't try.

The most recent lesson that my daughter taught me was the importance of a Time Out. She had done something that deserved a time-out, I can't remember exactly what it was, but that is not important. Our time-out spot is on the landing at the bottom of the stairs. We set a timer for 3 minutes and ideally she will patiently wait

until it buzzes – and this day she was a perfectly behaved little time-out-girl. When the buzzer went off, she ran into the kitchen, gave me a hug and said, "Thank you Mommy—that wasn't too long—that was a good time-out." And she ran along on her merry way. I was dumbfounded. At first I thought—wait a minute—that was not supposed to be a treat for you...you were naughty—you shouldn't be so happy about your time out... and the more I thought about it the more I realized that it was actually the perfect response to a time out. Another lesson learned—We could all benefit from a TIME OUT.

I have been thinking about it ever since. I think Moms, more than anyone, should have and actually deserve a time out. Are there any Moms out there who would love to just take a time-out? Think about it. When you give a time-

out, you are supposed to give a minute for every year the offender is old. Well—I am 42 and I would love for someone to order me to sit down and do nothing for 42 minutes. Can you imagine? I have not been able to stop thinking about this one. I also believe that Moms should be able to place themselves in time-out. Why not? They're the Mom—they know best—right? So the more I thought about it, the more I realized that maybe there is a need for this sort of thing. Maybe there are lots of Moms out there who would love to put themselves in time out. I know I would! I have less than 2 years to prepare for my son to enter the terrible 3's and you better believe I am going to be ready this time!

Abigail Shiyer will be a regular contributor to the Emmitsburg News-Journal chronologizing the trials, tribulations, joys, but most of all the love of being a new mother.

Very Vicki

Vicki Moser

My hero is my mother, Luanna Moser.

Luanna May Moser is the most wonderful person alive. Caring, smart, and pretty, she is everything a person wants to be. She is my mom. I want to be like her when I get older. She is my best role model.

Luann was born on September 15 in Frederick, Maryland, in the year of 1973. She has two younger siblings, a brother, Wayne, and a sister, Bobbie. Her sister, was the second eldest and Wayne was the youngest. Her mom's name was Barb and her dad's was Wayne.

Many people would think that a person as happy as my mom is now must've had the dream life. Wrong!

"My childhood was interesting, to say the least," said Luann, struggling to find the right word to describe her childhood. And interesting it was. Things most people don't experience until adulthood, and things no one ever wants to experience, my mom experienced at a very young age.

Luann had two fathers in the time she lived in her mother's

house. Wayne Miller, and Gary Graybele were their names. When my mom was in the second grade, her dad, Wayne Miller, died in a car accident. Even though he hit their mother on a regular basis, my mom and her siblings still missed their father desperately because when you are a little kid you don't think your daddy can do any wrong.

The family was already down, low and hating life when their house burnt down. My mom was only in the fourth grade and already knew what it was like to have nothing. Their lives were dark and dreary. Soon, when their attitudes began to brighten, another tragedy struck.

"We were getting ready to go camping," my mom recalls. "I was around 16 in the tenth grade. I was outside washing my car in the front yard, while my sister, Bobbie, went up the road to get herself a fish sitter for the weekend."

"A man, covered in blood, came through my backyard with a gun. I was out front, but Wayne was in the backyard playing with sticks or something. He didn't find anything wrong with the man's appearance and it didn't scare him that he had a gun. It was hunting

season and everyone had a gun, and that was Wayne's perspective. And so, when the man asked if he could borrow our car Wayne told him he would have to ask Mom and led the man through the back door into the house."

"When I came into the house, I couldn't see anything. The first thing I saw were my Mom's eyes. They seemed to command, 'Stay There!' tell me, 'Something's wrong', and plead, 'listen to me' at the same time. We were robbed at gunpoint and the car was stolen."

So as you can see, my mother's life was already very hard and miserable for her. Then, after she met my dad, Dan Moser, on a blind date, things got better, a lot better.

Luann had her first child, me, Victoria Moser, on December 6

in the year of '95 and she was very happy. Then, on January 11, 1996, she married Dan and was even happier. In 1997, she conceived Ethan, my brother. She was happier than she had ever been before.

I remember when her spirits fell yet again. My mom was cleaning the house when she got a phone call and the next thing I know she is on the just cleaned floor, crying. I remember wanting to do something to help her feel better but not knowing how since I was only very small and didn't understand what had happened. The call was about her second dad. He had passed away by way of another car crash. He was flung out of the back window and ten meters into a field.

Some people say that life and love are roller coaster rides and in my mom's case I would have to agree. Because then there was an unexpected hill in the roller coaster. My mom had

my youngest brother Matthew Gordon in 2000. But what goes up must come down, so the law of gravity states and down it went. On December 4, 2007, her home and mine burned down for the second time in her life. We had nothing but our family and friends. And also something my mom didn't have the first time: we had a church family. They rebuilt our house and we moved in in the spring a year later.

Life throws unexpected curve balls all the time; whether you are ready for the pitch or not, they come. You never know what pitch will be thrown next. Right now, life for her is great. I admire my mom because even after all of the hard times in her life, she is unselfish and kind. That's how I want to be, too. My mom's the best!

Vicki Moser is an Eighth grader at Fairfield Elementary.

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STAGES OF LIFE

A Teen's View Getting a Job

April Hildebrand

School was out and summer had arrived! The weather was hot and wonderful. Summer means beaches and tanning, swimming, relaxing, shopping, day trips, friends, and of course, riding horses. What could be better? It's what I've done every summer. There's no homework and I don't have to worry about anything except sleeping, eating and the occasional chores. But this summer I had my license, and driving costs money, of which I had precious little.

Even though I wasn't ready to face it, I knew it was finally time to start working. I couldn't continue bumming money off my parents. I thought for a good while what I had wanted my first job to be. I thought the best job to maximize my income would be to be a waitress. How much I made in tips would be up to me. The nicer and more consensus I was, the better the tips would be. I applied at five different restaurants. I thought, "With the current economic status, I'll be lucky if I get any calls." I got one phone call in response to my multiple applications. I went in for a first interview the next day and was hired after my second interview that same day.

I was so excited and I thought, "I'll be serving in no time!" Ha! Try a month later! I never knew waitress training was so intense! I had to pass eight different tests before I could start. For the lunch test I had to know every single ingredient in our seven salads. I thought, "Okay, I'll study this at school the day of the test and I'll do fine. How hard could it be? After all I'm a straight A student." It was harder than I thought. I missed three ingredients out of

the seventy-two I had to know. I failed the test. At this restaurant, one cannot serve unless you pass with a PERFECT score. I redoubled my efforts and passed on my second try.

Throughout my training, I shadowed an admirable server, but the work was much more independent than I thought. It wasn't so hard when she went up to the tables and said, "Hello I am Carrie; how are you doing today?" When I started serving, I had to introduce myself and be friendly in my own natural way. I was so used to her doing it that at my first table I actually stuttered. I'm not a shy person, but now I understand that being friendly and my facial expressions directly correlate to my tips. Even when I am swamped with people, I have to wear a smile and be patient.

Once I got the hang of the basics, things went pretty smoothly... or so I thought. A table of five ordered their drinks, and since Carrie was quite overwhelmed, I took them out for her. I carried them out and I handed the first three customers their drinks. As I was handing the second to last customer his drink, the last drink fell off the tray and landed in the lap of a woman wearing a sun dress. My face turned as white as snow during a blizzard, then fiery red from embarrassment. Although she couldn't have been more understanding of my inexperience, I still felt horrible for ruining her dress... and Carrie's tip! For the record, I haven't spilled a drink since!

For the next few days, each time I picked up a tray, my heart skipped a beat, and I broke out in a cold sweat; and no I'm not exaggerating!



April Hildebrand

Just recently I have completed my training and I have begun serving on my own. I thought I was doing great! I had tables all day long and I hadn't messed up... yet! I was serving three tables as my shift was coming to an end. Each had ordered a garden salad as one of their sides. Of course, they each presented a different challenge to me, each making at least one special request on their salads. When I returned to the table with the salads I found I couldn't read my own handwriting... my brain was fried from the eight-hour day.

By the time I figured out whose salad was whose, their dinners were ready! To make matters worse, I failed to notice my two other tables needed my attention! I was on the verge of tears. Thankfully the other customers understood I was incapable of being ubiquitous. Surprisingly, I received positive feedback from my managers.

I started out dreading getting a job, but I found I actually do truly enjoy working, which is the most important thing in my opinion. If one can enjoy their work, it doesn't really feel like work. I set goals for myself each day and being bubbly and friendly all day makes for a great day altogether.

And as a final note, I must say I never knew what a difference a simple "thank you" would have on a person's day until my customers said it to me! Now, I always make a note of saying "thank you" to everyone. It's such a nice way to end any conversation!

To read other articles by April Hildebrand, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

A "Me" Generation Learns to Volunteer

Brittany Poetzsch

In life, there are many important lessons to be learned. Some through advice, some through gaining knowledge, and some through experience. I just arrived back in the States after being in South Africa for 3 weeks living out an experience that I will never forget. My team of 11 other college students and I learned so much through what we saw and lived in South Africa. Our generation of young people has been nicknamed the "me" generation because we are seen as individualized, self-centered, and even selfish. However I think we also have a "superman" mentality in that we feel obligated to try to save the world. We attempt to do this in many different ways and for me it was volunteering at AIDS clinics, schools, hospices, and community centers in South Africa, if only to learn more about the world.

Our team not only volunteered to go on the trip but also wrote letters and essays, went through interviews, and fundraised, working hard to make it to our destination. Once we finally arrived, we were surrounded by the incredible beauty of the mountains and beaches, which was reflected in the hospitality and friendliness of the South African people we met. However, there were also huge disparities in the cities of Johannesburg and Cape Town, where we spent the majority of our trip. While in Jo'burg, we visited a township called Kliptown. Within this shantytown is an organization called the Kliptown Youth Program (KYP). Although Kliptown was one of the poorest places we visited, it had the most palpable feeling of community out of any place we went. The people who lived there were extremely welcoming and they encouraged us to feel very at ease, one boy even telling us "welcome home." Two incredible young men, who are now around 24 years old, started the KYP, an organization that provides food, education, and technology to the children of Kliptown, based entirely on donations. Seeing these children, living in the conditions they were in, so happy and full of life with complete hope for the future was incredible but also heart breaking.

In Cape Town we had the opportunity to spend a few days staying in homes in the township of Khayelitsha. Our team of twelve was split up between three homes and each home had a mother that we called mama. We also worked with an organization called Philani in Khayelitsha that supports mothers and grandmothers in the community by offering them work and medical treatment for themselves and their children. While working with Philani during our second week in South Africa, we helped disassemble two homes that had burned down, paint a classroom and a house, organize food donations for non-profits, and play with the malnourished neighborhood children who came to Philani for treatment and education. Our home stay mothers were also women who worked at Philani and their strength, optimism, and generosity was truly inspiring. Volunteering there one day, I was helping my home stay mother fill out some paperwork by recopying the records of test results for people living in Khayelitsha. I copied countless pages of names of people who tested positive for AIDS, HIV, and tuberculosis. It was staggering. I obviously didn't know any of these people but as I copied hundreds of names I couldn't help but think of how the information I was seeing had shattered the lives of so many. About 700,000 people live in the shantytown of Khayelitsha. Approximately 70,000 have AIDS but only 11,000 people are receiving treatment from the clinics.

Throughout the trip we were able to visit many museums, enjoy the breathtaking natural beauty of the South African landscape, and engage in stimulating discussions with South African professors, students, and activists. Surprisingly, I think the greatest learning experience occurred when we returned home. It was then that I realized that my perspective had changed and that I was now armed with all we had learned on the trip and could use that information at home. After seeing South Africa, I have a new perspective on our country and our own social issues and I will try to be more aware and involved socially, economically, and politically here in the U.S. through volunteering.

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IT IS WHAT IT IS

My car talks, and that's BIG trouble!

Sandra Polvinale

Well, well, well, look who's blabbin' now! If cars could talk I'd have to bribe mine just to keep quiet! ANYTHING not to embarrass me any more than this tale already does. I'd pay her off with the finest grade of oil, premium fuel, and maybe even break down and wash the farm dust off her sweet red body. If cars could talk, I'd be in a heap of trouble.

What does your vehicle say about you?

Here are some "found objects" my car blabbed about to everyone. Let's see, here is a 1968 Myrtle Beach sweatshirt that was bought quite large so my younger sisters could wear it after me, but I hid it and still have it. All seven of us would travel in my parents' station wagon to Myrtle Beach in the 1960's and 70's and stay with my mom's sister. Oh, the good old days: care free and innocent.

Amongst the zip lock bags of music tapes in my car are a couple of opera ticket stubs from better financial times. What else is in here? There is an army blanket from Sunny's Surplus with an army issue shovel and choir books with music sheets on top of scattered escaped chicken feed crumbs. Hmm... there are art pads, a folding chair and TV table for Plein Air painting, a harmon-

ica and...BONGOS?!!!! Well, one must have something to jam with in case of an emergency. Don't leave home without it, right?

My mother is a late-in-life child so all my cousins were older than we were. There was always live music with all of us kids and extended family members playing some instrument, doing stand up comedy, singing from my mom all the time, art everywhere and deep discussions for we were all thinkers, ponderers and doers. A great mix of intellectuals and artists.

Car Compost?

Next to the many dollar store sunglasses are the empty water bottles thrown carelessly onto the back seat floor like drunken sailors on leave. My friends laugh when they look at my farm vehicle with the "permafrost" layers from prehistoric days! I call it endearingly, my Vehicular Compost Pile. Now and then I leave my windows open and rain sneaks in. I aerate the car compost by shuffling my feet in the back...it helps the compost break down much faster. As kids around the dinner table, my sisters and brother would laugh and ask who is going to inherit my father's treasured compost pile. We fought over that one until my youngest sister, Monica won out! Lucky girl!

My car always says that there just isn't enough time to read.

There must be a whole library of books, writing tablets and at least 15 pens nestled nicely next to the eccentric Chinese wax paper parasol umbrella my girlfriend Melanie gave me years ago for use on sunny days. That way I can just say NO to the Diva of cancers...AKA Little Miss Melanoma. Sounds like a nice Italian Diva's name, but my car said "She is NOT NICE AT ALL! Cars know these things. They talk, you know..."

Girly Car Talk

The one time in my entire life I was pulled over for speeding was in the Fairfield School zone, of all places! I didn't see the flashing lights warning of the 15 mph limit instead of the normal 35 mph. It just figures that was the one time my car's big mouth went mute! I was further humiliated by the policeman yelling at me for the mess in my glove compartment when she asked for my registration and all this "very important stuff" burst out of the glove box. Real important things like napkins, plastic forks and spoons, church keys, old Google map di-

rections, flashlight, surgical gloves, hand sanitizers, insurance papers and registration papers from ...um... 5 years ago? Umm ... I knew I was in trouble ...

Thank God Almighty that my car didn't speak up and tell about the guns, grenades and dead bodies in there. Oops! Only kidding. I suffered through 30 minutes of public humiliation from passersby recognizing me and saying, "Hey, there Sandi, gotcha self a problem? What'd ya do this time?" Others just screaming my name. I was mortified! Well, at least there were no dead animals in the car ...this time.

And I am proud to say there are never ever any fast food containers in there. My car says she hates that stuff. That would be over the top, way too embarrassing, don't you think? Just plain over the top! Like the rest of it wasn't.

Big trouble!

So, as Capital One says, "What's in your wallet"? MY car rudely asks all of you, "What's in YOUR Vehicle"? Now do you see my point? What's a girl to do? MY CAR TALKS! And it is BIG TROUBLE!

To read more article by Sandra Polvinale, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.



Summer in the country

Lynne King Holt

It is June and it is time to pick strawberries, attend graduations, and get the BBQ going. This summer is off to a wet start. Has anyone else noticed that it has rained during the week, but has been nice for the weekends? The rain has curtailed many activities from hanging out the laundry to dry, to making hay, to mowing lawns. Indoor tennis, anyone? Having moved to Emmitsburg several years ago from the frozen north, I was told that Maryland had long springs and autumns, hot humid summers, and mild winters. Hoorah for that!

Remember Lisa from Green Acres? While she was remarking on Times Square, her husband was saying Fresh Air! Living in the country takes a little more fortitude than rushing out to a car between the raindrops from an apart-

ment or suburban home. Once you are home, in those settings, you are inside. The paths on which I walk can be muddy and rocky, not paved sidewalks. The trails take me up the mountain, across streams, through the woods, meadows, and back country roads.

At one time I was asked if you have to have a dog to live in the country. I suppose most of us do. But if you do not have a dog, the wildlife will come to you. I have had fawns grazing in my yard. An opossum has surprised me in the feed room. He was busy snacking on the grain and did not seem much bothered by me. I leave my out-of-doors footwear on the porch, so each time I put on sneakers or Wellies, I check for toads. Last evening there was a three foot milk snake investigating my front porch. He was headed for the front door, which was open. I shut the door and sat down to

watch him. My cat was a little too curious, so we let the snake find refuge under the wood box. If you leave them alone, they will go home.....I enjoy these visits, but am like everyone else: I do not like surprises! It would never do if the milk snake were in my boot instead of a toad.

If you have not yet hung a hummingbird feeder, you may not know they have arrived. Those birds can be very entertaining. They are territorial and will guard the feeder from other Ruby-Throated Hummingbirds. No need to look that one up, it is the only species that comes this way. Their chatter and 70mph wing speed makes for lively company. Try to put the feeder near a tree or fence; something on which they can perch.

I wonder what people who do not live in the country do with their spare time. My daily routine consists of chores, feeding

animals, fixing fence, cutting firewood, mowing, and walks. These things not only keep me fit, but are free of charge, unlike the purchase of a treadmill or membership to a gym. Physical exercise will aid you in sleeping better at night. Combine that with produce from a garden or orchard, fresh air, and tired muscles, you will sleep like the proverbial log.

Country living is not for everyone. It can be too quiet for some and too remote for others. A friend once pointed out to me the expense of living in rural areas. Riding lawn mower, tractor and implements if larger tract of land, snow removal equipment, and the pickup truck. All very true, but for those of us who do not wish to spend much time indoors, this gets us out and doing. Sure, I like to shop, but my errands take me to the hardware store and feed stores. Also, about those holes in my jeans, I

earned them. I didn't pay extra to purchase jeans with ready-made holes. And they function as air-conditioning when I take my horses on trail rides. And one of the greatest aspects of country living, there are less guidelines. Living outside the box is an adventure in the great out-of-doors. People who are bored are usually boring people. Talk to someone who is active: with luck that is one bug you will catch. Come on out and see what you are missing! And at the end of your day, sit back and relax on the porch.

This article was created without use of cell phone, video game, TV, iPod, or the internet.

Editor's note: Lynne King Holt has lived all of her life in rural areas of the northeast. She is Interpretive Naturalist and actively seeks out nature on horseback, cross country skiing, and building trails through the woods. She balances out her life with music, writing, training Rhodesian Ridgebacks, and farm chores.

IN MY OWN WORDS

Moving Mania

Katherine Au

I recently moved again. I say again because this is about my 23rd move in the last 14 years, this is the 21st move my dog Harry has made with me, and I've moved three times in just the last year and a half. It was during this move that I realized just how well practiced I am at moving – I think there would be something a bit wrong with me if I weren't well practiced by now. Even though each move has been made for different reasons each one contains the same basic concept.

With each move the ultimate goal is to pack everything that is mine from the place I'm leaving and get it to the place I'm moving to. Of course, the easiest process to get the stuff out is to pack it in a somewhat organized way labeled in boxes or put in bags. I made a move once where that wasn't the process and I have to say it didn't go so well as when I got to my new place I realized I left much more than I intended to leave. Part of the problem could have been that I decided I needed to move within 24 hours and even though I knew I was leaving much of my furniture during the process I left more than that. This last move was also fairly quickly decided upon – within two weeks I had decided to move, had packed, and made the move. But, this time I managed to get everything out and to my new place, mainly due to the gracious help of friends and family.

I've chosen to make all of the moves I've made but two of them. Once I came home from work to a studio off a garage in Corralitos, CA and saw a big red piece of paper on my door informing me that if I was caught living inside I would face a fine of \$10,000. I didn't have \$10,000 handy, a second residence to fall back on, or family living nearby; so, I thought right away I was homeless. Luckily for me, I did own a car so I figured at least Harry

and I would have some shelter. And, adding to my lucky streak that day, the first few calls that I made were answered. Within an hour I had a place to stay and the reason for why I was coming home to a red-tag on my door. A friend gave Harry and me shelter at her home and my landlords told me the story of an argument with a neighbor, who was the only one besides my landlords who knew the place I was living in was only zoned for commercial use verses residential use, and after the argument the neighbor reported that fact to the proper authorities. The second place I didn't actually choose to move from was the house I moved to after leaving the red-tagged place. That house burned down one Saturday morning while Harry and I were out at the beach – what was to be a day off of work became a working day in a new way. Apparently a candle was left burning upstairs in my landlord's son's bedroom and when we came home we came home to a home condemned. The upstairs was still smoldering when we arrived and our room had about 2 inches of water on the floor. Water was still running down the walls and dripping from the ceiling when I put what clothes I could salvage into trash bags to take to a laundry mat. Luckily, again, I was spared from being homeless and had a place to spend that night and the nights thereafter until I found new housing. I often think how different my life might be today if I hadn't been taken in by those who opened their homes to me when Harry and I needed a place to stay.

Moving so many times means I have lived in many different places and many different structures. I have lived in two trailers before for a total time of about a year, one trailer was in Albuquerque, NM and the other I lived in was in El Cajon, CA. One was 34 feet and the other was 28, both were

Airstreams, and each provided wonderful housing at wonderful places. Living in RV parks are stories unto themselves that I will save for later; but, I've also lived in little cottages, condominiums, a townhouse, and houses on farms. I've lived in various apartment buildings – one of which was across from the Ott House in Emmitsburg. That apartment didn't have level floors and every weekend a loud large truck roared by when the bar closed. I've lived in a room above a barn where I fell asleep each night to horses chewing hay and a room next to a pack of a hounds' kennel where I woke up most every morning to the huntsman shouting at the hounds that were starting to fight over their breakfast. I also have lived on an island in South Carolina where I could walk for hours on the beach without seeing another person most days.

The house I just moved from was originally built in the late 1700's where a couple of rooms were still original. The house didn't have an electrical setup to support a microwave and if it rained with any wind blowing the rain came through the guest bedroom windows. It also didn't have a shower, only a claw-foot bathtub and a pedestal sink – I never thought I would say the words, "I miss having a shower," but I have. And, when I moved in that house the only heat source were two wood stoves. I had a kind of romantic notion that hauling in wood for heat would be charming – the house truly was charming, but hauling in five loads of wood daily during the winter was not. The cottage I now live in re-

quires no hauling for heat, has a shower, has insulated windows and walls, and can support a microwave – it's like living a whole new life. So, for the sake of not taking up all the space under the section marked "A" in my friend's and family's address books I have

every intention of staying here a while. Though, I've said that before.

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



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THE OLD TENANT HOUSE

The addition's foundation

Michael Hillman

With permits in hand it was finally time to start work on the addition to my old tenant house. The plan was to tear down an old one-story cinder block addition on the north side of the house that contained the heater and its oil tanks, and replace it with a two-story structure, the first floor of which would be an office for my wife. The second story was to be an old-fashioned covered summer porch.

The northwest corner of the house was also going to be removed, replaced by a 12 foot wide addition which would include a basement for a modern heating system, a plant room, and space for the expanded kitchen.

Monday:

When word got out that I was planning on spending the weekend tearing down the cinder-block addition, every neighbor with a grudge against something or other volunteered to swing a sledge hammer. Things might have gone more swiftly had I not also stocked a tub full of beers, but suffice it to say, within a hour of the first swing, the building was nothing more than a pile of rubble.

I have to admit, up until that time I had always found solace in the fact that, had I wanted to, I could always call off the renovation, but with the building coming down around me, I had crossed the 'Rubicon' so to say, and whether I liked it or not, the addition was now officially on.

The cinderblock rubble quickly became much-needed fill at Joe Wivell's farm. As the last truckload

was removed, Eric Baker of Baker Tree Service, pulled into the driveway. Knowing that we were going to have to cut one of the four principal roots to our old English Walnut tree to make way for the addition's foundation, we had sought out a licensed arborist. Everywhere we checked, Eric's name came up at the top of the list.

With the skilled hands of a surgeon, Eric cleared away the dirt from the root to be removed, and when ready, made one clean cut. Next Eric turned his attention to the tree's branches, and removed those that projected into the planned addition. In doing so, he minimized the damage and stress the tree would suffer, and ensured the tree would provide many more years of mouthwatering walnuts.

With the tree safely out of the way, it was time to begin digging the foundation. Fortunately Emmitsburg has a plethora of backhoe services, including Roddy McNair and Leo Hobbs. But for the addition, I turned to Dicky Seiss who had long ago gotten used to the particular ways of me and my wife.

Skillfully maneuvering his backhoe around my wife's many prized flower beds, Dicky quickly dug the pit for the foundation. Much to everyone's amazement, as the ground around the house was removed, it became apparent to all that the existing foundation for the kitchen, which we think was added to the original house in the 1920s, was only three feet deep. This would account for the kitchen's 6-inch drop from one side to the other!

Tuesday:

The next morning was spent framing the forms for the con-

crete foundation. At noon, the cement truck pulled in, and left less than 30 minutes later. For the next three hours, Dicky and Buzzy smoothed the surface of the floor for the new basement, and at 4, the county inspector showed up, nodded his approval and headed off.

We had two days to lay 500 cinder blocks before my brother's farming crew show up. We all knew we were pushing it, but so far things were going according to plan.

Wednesday:

Buzzy called at seven. "Mike, I just got a call from my blocklayer. Sorry, he's sick and can't make it out today. I'll try to find someone else, but if not, we're going to really have to hump it tomorrow to make schedule."

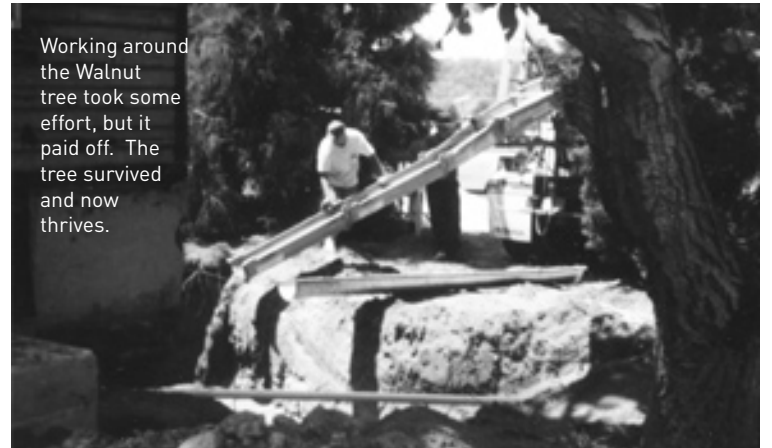
My sweat glands went into fast speed. Laying 500 cinder blocks in one day was going to be a monumental task to say the least. I crossed my fingers.

Thursday:

The blocklayer showed up at seven along with five day laborers to mix cement. I took a deep breath. At eight, I poked my head out to see how he was doing, and blinked in disbelief ... only twenty blocks had been laid! For once in my life I resisted the urge to interfere, and went back into the house. When I went out at ten however, and noticed that only sixty blocks had been laid, not even two full courses of what was to be an eight-course wall, I couldn't help but inquire as to his apparent lack of pace.

"Union rules," he said, "one block every five minutes."

I stared in disbelief. "Umm... but we have 500 blocks to be



Working around the Walnut tree took some effort, but it paid off. The tree survived and now thrives.

laid, how are you going to get it done in one day?"

"I'm not. It can't be done. I work by D.C. union rules," He said matter of factly as he sat, taking a drag on his cigarette.

"But this is not D.C.," I said.

"Doesn't matter," he said and slowly took another drag on his cigarette.

The day laborers looked at me with despair. Unlike the blocklayer, they wanted to work, but had nothing to do.

I called Buzzy, who after a heated argument with the blocklayer, came into my house shaking his head. "He won't budge his pace. If we're going to be ready for your brother tomorrow, we're going to have to come up with some more block layers."

For what seemed an eternity, Buzzy and I worked the phones, calling every past, present and future blocklayer within 40 miles. Unfortunately, the housing industry was at the peak of the building boom, and just about everyone was overlooked.

Things were looking pretty grim when the blocklayer called it quits for the day at 3 p.m., with only three of the eight courses done. But he had no sooner pulled out of the driveway when I received a call from a local Emmitsburg blocklayer looking for some extra work.

"Do you mind if I bring a friend?" he asked. "He works with me laying blocks and could use the extra money."

Half an hour later they pulled in and assessed the situation, looking back and forth between the mound of blocks still to be laid and the unfinished foundation.

"Hmm," he muttered. "That's a lot of blocks to be laid. It's not going to be cheap."

"Define cheap," I thought to my-

self. "Five Hundred dollars? A thousand?" I would have paid them two thousand had they asked for it.

"How about \$100 apiece?" he asked.

"It's worth \$150 if you start right now, \$200 if you can finish it." I replied.

Without so much as a yes, the two nodded at the day workers, jumped into the foundation and blocks began to fly. A few moments later, another local blocklayer showed up, and joined in. Even the ever-present Joe Wivell and Brian Reaver joined in. For the next three hours the wall grew in height like a film in fast motion.

Buzzy and I poured ourselves a stiff gin and tonic. We were going to make it, thanks to Emmitsburg craftsmen who understood time, cost, and most importantly, schedule.

In the end, I paid the blocklayers \$250 each. They had earned their pay, not to mention my gratitude and respect.

Friday:

Mark Zurgable arrived at seven, accompanying the tractor trailer of his lumber supplier. Mark had made it clear to his supplier that he only wanted the very best of wood, and he did not disappoint.

With the horses safely sequestered into the paddocks adjacent to the barn, the lumber was offloaded next to the house and sorted into piles. At noon, my brother and his framing crew pulled into the field. At one, the paddock fence between the house and field was cut down, and the framing of the addition commenced in earnest.

To read other articles by Michael Hillman visit the Author's section of www.emmitsburg.net.

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THE ZOO KEEPER

Summer daze

Layla Watkins

As they say, “the older you get, the faster time goes.” Cliché, yes. But clichés are clichés for a reason—they are true.

It seems like just yesterday that I was getting my daughter, Kara, ready for her first day of preschool, and now here she is, about to start kindergarten. But my, how times have changed (yes, I know, another cliché).

Graduation

When I was growing up, you graduated from high school and later from college. There was no “Preschool Graduation,” no graduation party after the ceremony, and certainly no graduation gifts. Am I bitter? No, I think it’s wonderful to celebrate our kids’ accomplishments no matter what the timeline. It just seems that these milestones come and go so quickly that it’s hard to wrap my brain around the fact that they are growing up as fast as they are.

So there I sat, watching the parade of proud little students, led by proud teachers, through a sanctuary filled with proud parents. I was actually pretty proud of myself too for managing to keep my composure until...cue “Pomp and Circumstance.”

What is it about that special graduation music that stirs so much emotion? As my little girl marched up the aisle with her class, I flashed back to her birth, her first steps, learning ride her bike, and then flashed forward to her wedding. I had to stop there lest I go from teary-eyed to a complete blubbing mess.

After the ceremony, everyone gathered for a little party and some play time with friends before saying good-bye for the summer. From there, we went shopping for her graduation present – she picked out a purple Barbie convertible. Perfect choice, Kara! Now when she’s 18 I can say, “But honey, you already got a car for graduation!” Think that will fly? Yeah, me neither.

Lazy Days?

Well, now that it’s summer we can relax and savor every moment so that it doesn’t go by too quickly. The only problem is that between dance recitals, swimming lessons, summer camps, play dates, and day trips, it appears that summer will give in to the same fate as the school year did—it will be over before we know it.

What happened to the lazy days of summer? The days of sipping lemonade on the porch, lounging in the hammock, searching the grass for that elusive 4-leaf clover? Why do the swings get less mileage than the car seats?

My to-do list is always hovering. Sometimes it’s longer than others, but it’s never non-existent. This week it includes weeding the garden, trimming the bushes, filling in the holes Daisy has dug in the yard, and of course cleaning the house is always on the list. The horses need their manes pulled, Elvis needs his fish bowl cleaned, and Micah (the cat) has a vet appointment. We’re hosting the annual Father’s Day Picnic again this year, so that has its own to-do list.

It’s often said “There’s just not enough time in the day.” I’ve always tended to agree with that particular cliché but what if I, just for a day, honestly separated the things I want to get done from the things I need to get done? What if I spent more time playing catch and less time playing catch-up?

Maybe I could let the weeds go another week. After all it takes the same amount of time to pull a big weed as it does a small one. Some of the bushes really do need attention, but most of them are ok. I do have to fill the holes so no one breaks a leg at the picnic. But hey, it’s a picnic, right? That means we’ll be outside so I can probably get away with just cleaning the downstairs.

As far as the animals are concerned, Micah does need her shots. But maybe what I consider a “way-too-long mane” will actually keep the horses more comfortable by helping keep the flies off them. And I could probably just freshen Elvis’ bowl this time. He’s a Beta and since their natural habitat is a small, swampy puddle, his less than pristine fish bowl is probably a step up for him anyway.

The Plan

I have a theory. Maybe time doesn’t really go faster as you get older; after all, I have the same 24-hours today that I did when I was younger. Time doesn’t go faster, we just get busier. Busy little bees are we. We all have responsibilities that need to be taken care of. But if we allow the “busy work” that fills the gaps in between to be a little less busy, all of a sudden, time will magically start to slow back down. It’s just a theory, but this



summer, I’m going to put it to the test.

This summer, I’m going to take the kids fishing instead of cleaning the fish bowl. I’m going to play with them in the grass, not just mow it. I’m go-

ing to ride my horses instead of just feeding and cleaning up after them. I’m going to stay up late to have a drink with my husband and not worry about what time the kids will get me up in morning.

And if my theory is wrong, if time still keeps going faster and faster? Well, so be it, but at least I’ll have some fun in the meantime.

The read other articles by Layla, visit the Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net.

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Finding the right exercise for you

Linda Stultz
Certified Trainer/Therapist

Exercise is talked about so much today. Advertisements in the newspapers, books and TV try to get you to purchase their machines or programs. They present their product as the best. Their programs promise to make you lose weight and look great in a short amount of time. I'm sure these products will help you work toward your goal if you keep using them. The problem with buying products like these is that we use them

for a couple of weeks or maybe even a couple of days and do not see the results promised in the advertisement. We lose interest in them quickly and do not continue to use them.

Any good program to lose weight or improve your health will not work in only a few days or weeks. Our health is something we need to continually work on. We want instant results and forget that we did not instantly gain that extra 20 or 30 pounds in a few days or weeks and we can not lose it quickly. A good program helps

you learn to eat properly. By that I mean healthy, nutritious foods in proper portions. A good program also teaches you how to start slowly with an exercise routine and gradually build up to your max. Each person must find the exercise that they will enjoy and therefore continue. If you start a program that you do not enjoy or if you start by pushing yourself too hard, you will not stick with it and it will be just like buying the equipment and not using it.

Someone once told me that a Bad Habit is picked up in a

week or two, but a Good Habit takes at least six to eight weeks. When it comes to exercise and nutrition, I really believe this is true. No matter how much you want to start a program, your mind must be the first place that is ready. If you are not committed to helping yourself, you will not continue and therefore you will get discouraged.

Exercise is not easy. Remember to Try, Try Again. Once you see how great you feel, you will be addicted. This is the kind of addiction you want and the kind you will be so glad you

have. Use all the advertisements on TV and all you read about to give you ideas to see what works for you. Use them as a tool, to decide what works best for you and what you will continue for the rest of your life. You will achieve your goal and once you are there you will never think about stopping.

If you have any questions about how to start, call me at 717-334-6009. Remember, Keep Moving, You'll Be Glad You DID!

Complementary corner

Renee Lehman

Improve Your Health, One Breath at a Time

It's a beautiful Sunday afternoon and you are out walking in the woods. Suddenly a bear walks out in front of you. You are in a potentially threatening situation! So, your body triggers the "Fight - or - Flight" response to this stressful situation. To get you out of this situation, your adrenal glands (which sit on top of the kidneys) secrete an increased amount of cortisol, the "stress hormone." Cortisol has the following effect: it increases your heart rate, tenses your muscles, makes your breathing rapid and shallow, and gives you a burst of energy... you run from the bear to safety, and then calm yourself down. This is definitely a positive effect of cortisol and may have just saved your life!

Unfortunately, in our current high-stress culture, the body's stress response is activated so often that the body does not always have a chance to return to normal. In fact, we are not aware that we often perceive our life as if it were an emergency. Therefore, we are in a chronic state of "Fight - or - Flight," meaning

sustained high levels of cortisol being released by the adrenal glands. Higher and more prolonged levels of cortisol in the bloodstream have shown to have negative effects on our bodies. These can include: increased resting heart rate, higher blood pressure, higher blood sugar levels, suppressed thyroid functioning, lowered immunity, and increased abdominal fat (which is associated with a greater amount of health problems, such as heart attacks and strokes).

So how can you control this chronic stress response to keep you healthy? It is easier than you may think possible—by practicing DEEP BREATHING. Yes, this heightened state can be controlled, and the body can relax just by the way that you breathe! Just think about how your body naturally does this when you take a deep breath or sigh when a stress is relieved from your life.

Most of us breathe like rabbits, taking short, shallow breaths with our chest. This activates the "stress receptors" in the upper lobes of our lungs. You can see if you are a chest breather by placing your left hand on your

chest and your right hand on your abdomen. Take a breath in and see which hand rises more. If your left hand rises more, you are a chest breather.

Along with activating the "stress receptors" in the lungs, chest breathing is also ineffective

Most of us breathe like rabbits, taking short, shallow breaths with our chest. This activates the "stress receptors" in the upper lobes of our lungs.

because the greatest amount of blood flow occurs in the lower lobes of the lungs, areas that have limited air expansion in chest breathers. This is important because this results in less oxygen transfer to the blood and subsequent poor delivery of nutrients to the tissues. Chest breathing also puts more of a strain on the neck and rib muscles (since they help to raise the chest up when you inhale).

If your right hand rose more with the breath that you took earlier, you are an abdominal/diaphragmatic breather. This deeper breathing is more natural than chest breathing and similar to the way babies breathe.

Abdominal breathing brings the air into the lower lobes of the lungs where the "calming receptors" are located. You will help to control your body's "stress drive" AND your body

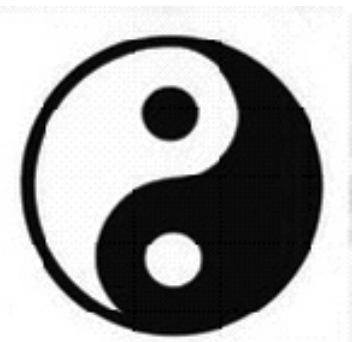
won't believe that your life is an emergency. This also brings the air to the lower lobes of the lungs where the valuable oxygen transfer occurs to the blood. Then when you exhale, you voluntarily contract the abdominal muscles and all of the residual air is squeezed out of the lungs.

Try this stress reducing breathing technique:

1. Consciously keep your mouth closed.
2. Take long, slow breaths in through your nose.
3. Breathe this air deep into your lungs and fill up the lungs (like filling a glass full of water).
4. Now exhale out through the nose, letting the air go out of the upper lungs first then lower lobes last.
5. Forcefully contract your abdominal muscles to push the last bit of air out of your lower lobes of the lungs.
6. Repeat.

In general, exhalation should be twice as long as inhalation. The use of your hands on the chest and abdomen will help to train your breathing. Once you feel confident breathing into the abdomen, they are no longer needed.

If you had difficulty breathing deeply, just keep practicing! It is possible that your back and intercostal (between your ribs) muscles are too tight. Stress, lack of exercise, too much exercise, or "bodily—held feelings" often cause the muscles around your torso to become tight and restrict movement of your ribcage. As stress and hold-



ing dissolves, the breathing parts of your body (belly, diaphragm, ribs, lungs, and back) can move in an easier way.

In the course of one day, we take approximately 28,000 breaths. With abdominal breathing, we can teach our bodies that life is a "rejuvenating and calm 28,000 breaths" a day.

As you practice this deep breathing, you decrease the level of your body's stress response and therefore create better health and well breathing. So breathe deep and easily, there is no bear to fear!

If you are interested in learning other breathing techniques or other ways to create a relaxation response, check out the following websites: www.mbmi.org/home (Benson—Henry Institute for Mind Body Medicine), and www.drweil.com (Dr. Andrew Weil's website).

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

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

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ASTRONOMY

The July sky at night

Professor Wayne Wooten

For July, the Moon will be full on July 7th. The first week of July will thus find the Moon at waxing gibbous phase in the evening sky. This full moon is the Hay or Thunder moon, depending on the culture. It finds the moon about 3 degrees south of brilliant Jupiter, low in the south in Capricornus on July 9th. Last quarter moon is on July 15th. The last three weeks of July will be good times for deep sky observing, with no moon or a waxing crescent.

The waning crescent moon passes Mars in the morning sky on July 18th, then much brighter Venus on July 19th. The new moon on July 22nd is very important in Asia, as it will produce the longest total solar eclipse of this century from India through China, with Shanghi lying on the center line for almost seven minutes of totality. We will have to wait until August 21, 2017 to witness a totality half that long in the US, with Nashville and Charleston, South Carolina lying along that center line for an early afternoon date with darkness.

While the naked eye, dark adapted by several minutes away from any bright lights, is a wonderful instrument to stare up into deep space, far beyond our own Milky Way, binoculars are better for spotting specific deep sky objects. For a detailed map of northern hemisphere skies, about June 30th visit the www.sky-maps.com website and download the map for July 2009; it will have a more extensive calendar, and list of best objects for the naked eyes, binoculars, and scopes on the back of the map. Also available as the next month begins is wonderful video exploring the July 2009 sky, featuring many different objects, available from the Hubble Space Telescope website at: http://hubblesite.org/explore_astronomy/tonights_sky/.

Saturn is named for the god of time (Chronos in Greek) because he moves so slowly. Saturn's rings are almost edge-on at its 2009 equinox, a fine view not to be repeated for another 15 years. It disappears into the Sun's glare by the month's end, so observe it early in July right after sunset, before it gets too low.

Overhead, the Big Dipper rides high at sunset, but falls lower in NW each evening. Good scouts know to take its leading pointers north to Polaris, the famed Pole Star. For us, it sits 35 degrees high in the north, while the rotating earth beneath makes all the other celestial bodies spin around it from east to west.

If you drop south from the bowl of the Big Dipper, Leo the Lion is in the SW. Saturn lies just below the right triangle that marks the lion's hindquarters. Note the Egyptian Sphinx is based on the shape of this Lion in the sky. Taking the arc in the Dipper's handle, we "arc" SE to bright orange Arcturus, the brightest star of Spring. Cooler than our yellow Sun, and much poorer in heavy elements, some believe its strange motion reveals it to be an invading star from another smaller galaxy, now colliding with the Milky Way in Sagittarius in the summer sky. Moving almost perpendicular to the plane of our Milky Way, Arcturus was the first star in the sky where its proper motion across the historic sky was noted, by Edmund Halley.

Spike south to Spica, the hot blue star in Virgo, then

curve to Corvus the Crow, a four sided grouping. It is above Corvus, in the arms of Virgo, where our large scopes will show members of the Virgo Supercluster, a swarm of over a thousand galaxies about 50 million light years away from us.

To the east, Hercules is rising, with the nice globular clus-

ter M-13 marked on your sky map and visible in binoculars. Several other good globular clusters are also shown and listed on the best binocular objects on the map back page. The brightest star of the northern hemisphere, Vega (from Carl Sagan's novel and movie, "Contact"), rises in

the NE as twilight deepens. Twice as hot as our Sun, it appears blue-white, like most bright stars. At the bottom of the parallelogram of Lyra is the famed Ring Nebula, M - 57. This planetary nebula is easy to find in small scopes midway between the two bottom stars of Lyra, and is marked on your star charts. Northeast of Lyra is Cygnus, the Swan, flying down the Milky Way. Its bright star Deneb, at the top of the "northern cross" is one of the luminaries of the Galaxy, about 50,000 times more luminous than our Sun and around 3,000 light years distant. Under dark skies, note the "Great Rift", a dark nebula in front of our solar system as we revolve around the core of the Milky Way in the Galactic Year of 250 million of our own years.

To the east, Altair is the third bright star of the summer triangle. It lies in Aquila the Eagle, and is much closer than Deneb; like Vega, it lies within about 25 light years of our Sun. Use your binoculars to pick up many clusters in this rich region of our own Cygnus spiral arm rising now in the east.

To the south, Antares is well up at sunset in Scorpius. It appears reddish (its Greek name

means rival of Ares or Mars to the Latins) because it is half as hot as our yellow Sun; it is bright because it is a bloated red supergiant, big enough to swallow up our solar system all the way out to Saturn's orbit! Scorpius is the brightest constellation in the sky, with 13 stars brighter than the pole star Polaris! Note the fine naked eye clusters M-6 and M-7, just to the left of the Scorpion's tail. Both are spectacular with binoculars.

Just a little east of the Scorpion's tail is the teapot shape of Sagittarius, which lies toward the center of the Milky Way. From a dark sky site, you can pick out the fine stellar nursery, M-8, the Lagoon Nebula, like a cloud of steam coming out of the teapot's spout. The fine globular cluster M-22 sits just NE of the star in the lid with binoculars, and resolves well with any scope 4" aperture or larger.

Later in the July evenings, giant Jupiter dominates the SE sky. It rises about 9 PM by midmonth in Capricornus, and is at opposition in mid August, rising at sunset. Any small scope will reveal what Galileo marveled at in 1609; four large moons, all bigger or similar to ours in size, orbit it in a line along Jupiter's equator. So get out the old scope, and focus on Jupiter for a constantly changing dance of the moons around the giant world.

So get out and enjoy the exciting night sky of July!

Saturn is named for the god of time (Chronos in Greek) because he moves so slowly. Saturn's rings are almost edge-on at its 2009 equinox, a fine view not to be repeated for another 15 years.


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THOUGHTFUL REFLECTIONS

What July 4th is really all about

Did you ever wonder what happened to the 56 men who signed the Declaration of Independence?

Five signers were captured by the British as traitors, and tortured before they died. Twelve had their homes ransacked and burned. Two lost their sons serving in the Revolutionary Army; another had two sons captured. Nine of the 56 fought and died from wounds or hardships of the Revolutionary War. They signed and they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

What kind of men were they?

Twenty-four were lawyers and jurists. Eleven were merchants, nine were farmers and

large plantation owners; men of means, well educated. But they signed the Declaration of Independence knowing full well that the penalty would be death if they were captured.

Carter Braxton of Virginia, a wealthy planter and trader, saw his ships swept from the seas by the British Navy. He sold his home and properties to pay his debts, and died in rags.

Thomas McKean was so hounded by the British that he was forced to move his family almost constantly. He served in the Congress without pay, and his family was kept in hiding. His possessions were taken from him, and poverty was his reward.

Vandals or soldiers looted the properties of Dillery, Hall, Clymer, Walton, Gwinnett, Heyward, Rutledge, and Middleton.

At the battle of Yorktown, Thomas Nelson Jr., noted that the British General Cornwallis had taken over the Nelson home for his headquarters. He quietly urged General George Washington to open fire. The home was destroyed, and Nelson died bankrupt.

Francis Lewis had his home and properties destroyed. The enemy jailed his wife, and she died within a few months.

John Hart was driven from his wife's bedside as she was dying. Their 13 children fled for their lives. His fields and his gristmill were laid to waste. For more than a

year he lived in forests and caves, returning home to find his wife dead and his children vanished. A few weeks later he died from exhaustion and a broken heart. Norris and Livingston suffered similar fates.

Such were the stories and sacrifices of the American Revolution. These were not wild-eyed, rable-rousing ruffians. They were soft-spoken men of means and education.

They had security, but they valued liberty more. Standing tall, straight, and unwavering, they pledged: "For the support of this declaration, with firm reliance on the protection of divine providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

They gave you and me a free and independent America. The history books never told you a lot about what happened in the Revolutionary War. We didn't fight just the British. We were British subjects at that time and we fought our own government!

Some of us take these liberties so much for granted, but we shouldn't. So, take a few minutes this year while enjoying your 4th of July holiday and silently thank these patriots. It's not much to ask for the price they paid.

Remember: freedom is never free, and the Fourth of July has more to it than parades, beer, picnics, and baseball games.

The meaning of the symbols on the dollar bill

Take out a one dollar bill and look at it. The one dollar bill you're looking at first came off the presses in 1957 in its present design. This so-called paper money is in fact a cotton and linen blend, with red and blue minute silk fibers running through it. It's not paper money at all...its fabric money. We've all washed it without it falling apart. A special blend of ink is used, the contents we will never know. It is overprinted with symbols and then it is starched to make it water resistant and pressed to give it that nice crisp look.

If you look on the front of the bill, you will see the United States Treasury Seal. On the top you will see the scales for the balance—a balanced budget. In the center you have a carpenter's T-square, a tool used for an even cut. Underneath is the Key to the United States Treasury.

That's all pretty easy to figure out, but what is on the back of that dollar bill is something we should all know. If you turn the bill over, you will see two circles. Both circles, together, comprise the Great Seal of the United States. The First Continental Congress requested that Benjamin Franklin and a group of men come up with a Seal. It took them four years to accomplish this task and another two years to get it approved.

If you look at the left hand circle, you will see a Pyramid.

Notice the face is lighted and the western side is dark. This country was just beginning. We had not begun to explore the West or decided what we could do for Western Civilization. The Pyramid is uncapped, again signifying that we were not even close to being finished. Inside the capstone you have the all-seeing eye, and ancient symbol for divinity. It was Franklin's belief that one man couldn't do it alone, but a group of men, with the help of God could do anything. "IN GOD WE TRUST" is on this currency. The Latin above the pyramid, ANNUIT COEPTIS, means "God has favored our undertaking." The Latin below the pyramid, NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM, means "a new order has begun." At the base of the pyramid is the Roman Numeral for 1776.

If you look at the right-hand circle, and check it carefully, you will learn that it is on every National Cemetery in the United States. It is also on the Parade of Flags Walkway at the Bushnell, Florida National Cemetery and is the centerpiece of most hero's monuments. Slightly modified, it is the seal of the President of the United States and it is always visible whenever he speaks, yet no one knows what the symbols mean.

The Bald Eagle was selected as a symbol for victory for

two reasons first, he is not afraid of a storm; he is strong and he is smart enough to soar above it. Secondly, he wears no material crown. We had just broken from the King of England. Also, notice the shield is unsupported. This country can now stand on its own. At the top of that shield you have a white bar signifying congress, a unifying factor. We were coming together as one nation.

In the Eagle's beak you will read, "E PLURIBUS UNUM", meaning "one nation from many people." Above the Eagle you have thirteen stars representing the thirteen original colonies, and any clouds of misunderstanding rolling away. Again, we were coming together as one. Notice what the Eagle holds in his talons. He holds an olive branch and arrows. This country wants peace, but we will never be afraid to fight to preserve peace. The Eagle always wants to face the olive branch, but in time of war, his gaze turns toward the arrows.

They say that the number 13 is an unlucky number. This is almost a worldwide belief. You will usually never see a room numbered 13, or any hotels or motels with a 13th floor. But think about this: 13 original colonies, 13 signers of the Declaration of Independence, 13 stripes on our flag, 13 steps on the Pyramid, 13 letters in the Latin above, 13 letters in "E Pluribus Unum", 13 stars above the Eagle, 13 plumes of feathers on each span of the

Eagle's wing, 13 bars on that shield, 13 leaves on the olive branch, 13 fruits, and if you look closely, 13 arrows. And for minorities: the 13th Amendment.

Tell your kids and grandkids what a dollar bill really stands for. Because if you don't, nobody else will.



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RECIPES

Recipes

Basil, Panko and Parmesan Orange Roughy

Submitted by the Carnage House Inn

Ingredients:

- 1 spring Fresh Basil, Chopped
- 1 ½ cups Panko Bread Crumbs
- 1 cup Fresh Grated Parmesan Cheese
- 1 tsp Garlic Powder
- 1 tbs Melted Butter
- Salt and Pepper to Taste
- 4 8oz Orange Roughy Filets

Directions: Mix 1st 6 ingredients in a bowl. On a sprayed non-stick oven pan, pat a generous amount of mixture on top of fish filets. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes or until golden brown and flakes easily. Garnish with lemon and enjoy!

Lavender Honey and Citrus Marinated Shrimp

Submitted by Madeleine, Willow Pond Farms, Fairfield, Pa.

Ingredients for shrimp:

- 5 cup water
- 1 ½ cups dry white wine
- 1/2 lemon, sliced
- 1/2 lime, sliced
- 1/2 tangerine, sliced
- 1 tbs whole black peppercorns
- 1 tbs sea salt

- 1 bay leaf (pref. fresh)
- 1/8 tsp red pepper flakes
- 1 onion, quartered
- 1/4 cup culinary lavender
- 2 lbs. large shrimp (16-20 per lb.) Shelled with tail intact

For marinade:

- 1 ½ tbs white wine vinegar
- 1 tbs fresh lemon juice
- 1 tbs fresh lime juice
- 1 tbs fresh tangerine juice
- ½ cup lavender honey (available at Willow Pond Farm)
- 2 tbs extra virgin olive oil
- 3 cloves minced garlic
- 1 tsp dried culinary lavender

Cooking directions: For marinade, whisk together all ingredients in a bowl until creamy. Season to taste and set aside.

To prepare shrimp, bring all ingredients except shrimp to a boil in a large pot. Boil 5 minutes, add shrimp and boil until they are just cooked through, about 2 minutes. Drain shrimp; cool 5 minutes. Transfer to a large bowl and combine with marinade. Cover and chill 8 hrs. or overnight. To serve, let stand at room temperature 20 minutes: Serves 6

Best Baked Beans

Submitted by Mary Royce, Emmitsburg

Ingredients

- ½ lb ground beef
- ¼ cup bacon bits
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- ¼ cup catsup
- ¼ cup barbecue sauce
- 2 tbs molasses
- ½ tsp salt
- ½ tsp chili powder
- ½ tsp pepper
- 1 (16 oz) can kidney beans drained
- 1 (16 oz) can pork and beans
- 1 (16 oz) can butter beans

Cooking directions: Brown ground beef, drain. Add onion can cook until tender. Add sugars, catsup, barbecue sauce, molasses and seasonings. Mix well. Add beans. Pour into 3 qt casserole. Bake at 350, uncovered for 1 hour






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COMMUNITY NOTES

Stories among the stacks

Caroline Rock
Emmitsburg Librarian

A typical Thursday morning at the Emmitsburg Library is anything but quiet. That is when a dozen or more preschool children arrive for "Miss Cheryl's Storytime." This weekly event combines songs, rhymes, books, and flannel board stories for half an hour of fun and entertainment.

Why do so many parents bring their children to storytime programs at their local libraries? The children will say it is because storytime is fun. But parents understand there is something far more valuable in these programs.

Recent studies have shown that children who attend library programs before they are school age tend to develop pre-reading skills much earlier than those who do not.

Usually, parents who bring their children to the library are also parents who read to their children, and engage them in conversation frequently from the time they are born. The Emmitsburg Library offers a variety of programs developed to cooperate with parents in preparing children to read and converse.

From the moment a child is born, he is learning to communicate, first through crying, then facial expressions and gestures, and eventually through spoken and written words. Parents facilitate this learning by talking to their children. It sounds too simple. It is second-nature for a parent to talk to her child. But this one-sided conversation is the first step to a college degree!

The "Babies with Books" program, held every Wednesday morning at 10:30,

is another tool offered to help parents provide communication practice. Babies and parents or caregivers interact with one another through bouncing rhymes and fingerplays, tactile experiences (such as rolling a ball or touching a soft puppet), and songs with signs. Babies are encouraged to hold a book, to turn its pages, to point to pictures, to imitate sounds. These simple efforts show baby things we adults have come to take for granted, such as reading from left to right and from front to back, listening for words that rhyme, making connections between a sound baby hears and a picture baby sees. Children from birth to two years, along with a parent or caregiver, are invited to attend this fun and worthwhile program.

Emergent literacy is a term used to describe the skills children learn about reading and writing before they actually learn to read and write. Some of the more basic skills are emphasized in the Babies program, and two-year-olds are ready to explore more complex elements of literacy.

Two-year-old children are self-directed, independent, and well able to communicate their needs. This age is a great time for parents to take advantage of some of these higher cognitive abilities.

"Storytime for Twos" uses books, flannel boards, and puppets to demonstrate such literacy components as word awareness, syllables, and rhyme. Children at this age also become aware of story sequence, that is, they

realize that a story has a beginning, middle, and end. There is no skipping pages when reading aloud to a two-year-old!

Using simple, colorful books, children are guided in predicting what might happen next in the story. Melodies and rhythms are used to activate their minds, and simple motions provide some physical release. Children also play a more interactive role in this storytime, something that every autonomous two-year-old loves! This special storytime is held every Tuesday morning at 10:30.

From the moment a child is born, he is learning to communicate, first through crying, then facial expressions and gestures, and eventually through spoken and written words.

Preschoolers are on the verge of reading. They are ready for more detailed stories with more sophisticated pre-reading skills. Miss Cheryl's preschool storytime is presented by theme, showing preschoolers how books connect with one another, and providing opportunities to increase their vocabulary. A child may see Miss Cheryl read a book about a mailman, one about a lunch box, and one about a birthday present, and realize all the books are

about different kinds of boxes. In between the child may hear a poem, sing a song, and act out a rhyme, all fitting the theme. Or they may watch Miss Cheryl pull all sorts of surprising things from a colorful box right before their eyes. This half hour is always full of noisy fun! Preschoolers and their parent or caregiver are invited to this storytime every Thursday morning at 10:30.

Sometimes it is hard for parents to bring their baby, toddler, or preschooler to one storytime because there are other children of different ages in the home. That is why the Emmitsburg Library offers "Family Storytime" on Wednesday evenings at 7:00. This storytime skillfully includes elements appropriate for preschoolers and younger children so everyone can have a good time while moving closer to the important goal of reading readiness.

In addition to providing a supplemental way for parents to guide their children toward literacy, storytimes are just plain fun. Children very quickly come to associate reading with happiness. This could be a tremendous asset when a child reaches those tough school years in which reading for pleasure is often no longer very pleasurable. If children attain the age of book reports and reading tests with a positive attitude toward reading, those challenges will be more easily met. The child will be less likely to give up reading altogether, and more likely to remain a lifelong lover of books.

Lastly, library storytimes instill a factor of comfort. Children come to expect certain features each week, such as that special hello song, or the doggie puppet, or their favorite stretching rhyme. Even the youngest babies respond when they hear a familiar tune, and they bounce and giggle, trying to imitate what they see. It is hoped that this recognition, this sense of reassurance, will carry into adulthood, bringing with it a love of reading, and a love of libraries.

As educational standards rise and evolve, so does the typical librarian's desire to provide the most helpful, relevant programs for children. With full awareness that the parent is the primary teacher, the first and best mentor of a child, the librarians at Emmitsburg delight in being ready resources and helpful assistants to all who wish to provide great opportunities for their children.

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SENIOR NEWS

Susan Allen

Hurrah for the red, white and blue! Hope your celebration of Independence Day is spectacular. **The center will be closed on Friday, July 3** along with other county offices.

Kudos to a group of our seniors—Clarence "Moe" Snyder, Jim Hemler, Donald Duvall, Rachel Weiler, and Faine Rodgers—for their efforts in creating beautiful puzzle art pictures. Donald Duvall framed them and they were sold to raise

funds for the county's Meals on Wheels program. The pictures sold for \$150!

We have a **new breakfast program, Fridays at 8:30 a.m.** Come in and start your morning with us! On **Friday, July 17** John Williams and his "**traveling trunk show**" will join us after breakfast at **9:30 a.m.** Our Monday activities are ongoing even though the center is closed. We are open on Thursdays, despite what you may have read in the Frederick paper. And remember that whatever the

weather, it's always cool to come in and shoot some pool.

The seniors encourage all eligible persons (50 years and older) to join them for regular program activities and special events. Our lunch program is open to those 60 and older. Programs are held in the Community Center on South Seton Avenue. Call for lunch reservations 24 hours in advance. The Senior Center will close whenever county offices are closed. To register for special events or for information, call program coordinator Linda Umbel, 301-600-6350.

REGULAR ACTIVITIES

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

Walking Group: Mondays at 9:00 a.m.

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

Bingo: July 1, 15 & 29.

Cards, 500, and Bridge Group: July 8 & 22.

Men's Pool: Wednesdays at 1:00 p.m.

Pinocle: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

Canasta: Fridays at 12:30 p.m.

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

UPCOMING EVENTS

July 2009

REOCCURRING EVENTS

Monday

1st and 3rd Mondays of the month — Emmitsburg Town Council Meeting. Meeting starts at 7:30 pm. Visit www.emmitsburgmd.gov for meeting agenda.

Fridays

Emmitsburg Farmer's Market. Market will run from 3 pm to 6:30 pm.

Gettysburg Farmers Market on Lincoln Square. Market starts at 7 am on Lincoln Square, Gettysburg.

Catoctin Mountain Park Ranger's Choice Campfire Program, Owen's Creek Campground Amphitheater. Program topics will focus on the National Park Service and the natural and cultural history of Catoctin Mountain Park. Programs start at 9 pm.

Saturdays

Adams County Winery 2009 summer concert series - Come enjoy a free concert, a bottle of chilled wine, and great food from 1-5pm at Adams County Winery's farm winery, Adams County Winery, 251 Peach Tree Road, Orrtanna. For more information call 717-334-4631 or visit www.adamscountywinery.com. Concerts start at 1 pm.

Sundays

Thurmont summer concert series. Concerts start at 6 pm and last about an hour to an hour and are free of charge to the public.

July 1

Second Annual God and Country Nights —Featuring patriotic hymns and portions of historical speeches and documents to remind us of the godly foundations of our nation. U.S. Christian Commission Museum, Gettysburg Alumni Park, 242 Baltimore Street, Gettysburg. For more information call 717-339-0339 or visit www.usccgettysburg.org. Program starts at 7 pm.

July 1, 2, 3

146th Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg —A series of special National Park Service Ranger-conducted battle walk. For more information call 717-334-1124 ext. 3121.

July 3, 4, 5

The 2009 Gettysburg Battle Reenactment—Gates open at 8:30 am, each day will include two exciting battles, field demonstrations, live mortar fire demonstrations, two activities tents with continuous living history programs, and a living history village with all-day activities. The 2009 Gettysburg Reenactment will be held on Pumping Station Road, Gettysburg. For more information visit gettysburgreenactment.com or call 717-338-1525.

July 4

Carroll Valley 4th Annual July 4th Community Picnic and fireworks. Plenty of fun for the whole family; enjoy the car show, good music, play a game or two of bingo, join the horseshoe tournament, watch the softball tournament, play some volleyball, take a hayride around the park or get your face painted. Program starts at 10:00 am and ends with fireworks at 9:30 pm.

July 5

Music, Gettysburg! Presents Cormorant's Fancy—Celtic joy in the great outdoors—presented on the new Hill-Unger performance platform, 61 Seminary Ridge, Gettysburg. For more information call 717-338-3000. Concert starts at 5 pm.

July 6–11

Thurmont Guardian Hose Fire Company Carnival. Carnival starts at 6:30 pm.

July 9

Strawberry Hill Invasive Plant Workshop—Learn the best tools, techniques, and timing for managing invasive plants in a hands-on classroom and field workshop. Participants will learn when, where, and why invasive plant species are a problem and the kinds of impacts they have on native ecosystems. Learn how to identify the most insidious species that are threatening the Preserve's ecosystem, the life cycles of these invasive plants, how to distinguish these species of concern from native plants that look similar, and a range of best control options for the worst invasive plants. For more information call 717-642-5840 or info@strawberryhill.org. Program starts at 7 pm.

July 10

Catoctin Mountain Park Outdoor Sports Expo, Owens Creek Amphitheater. Have you always wanted to go camping or backpacking but don't know what kind of equipment is needed? Is your tent showing signs of age? Learn about the latest trends in camping and backpacking equipment as well as some time-proven standards. Experienced personnel will be on hand to offer equipment suggestions and answer specific tent camping and backpacking questions. Program starts at 6 pm.

July 11

Adams County Wine Making Class. Learn how to make wine from John, the Vintner. John will take you from the very beginning of your home wine-making experience to the very end, bottling your own wine! Adams County Winery, 251 Peach Tree Road Orrtanna. For more information call 717-334-4631 or visit www.adamscountywinery.com. Program starts at 2 pm.

July 12

Shriners Day at Double Rock Farm—Benefitting the Tim Wilkins Memorial Fund for Shriners Hospital for Children. Join us for an afternoon of fun for children and the young at heart. Activities include: moon bounce, pony rides, magician, juggler, clown, games, face painting and special

equestrian demonstration in the main arena. 15404 Motter's Station Road, Rocky Ridge. For more information call 301-606-6810 or visit www.dblockfarm.com. Program starts at 1 pm.

July 14 and 15

Open House Mother Seton School. Have a tour of the school, receive school information and get your questions answered. Mother Seton School—newly-designated 2009 Maryland Green School—offers affordable, quality Catholic education for Pre-K through 8th grade. For more information—visit www.mothersetonschool.org or call 301-447-3161.

July 15

Catoctin Mountain Park and Cunningham Falls State Park presents Out and About - A Day Outdoors with Park Rangers. Programs is geared for ages 6-12 but kids of all ages are invited. Each session will be at a different location, but potential activities include hiking, ranger-led programs, crafts and a visit with live animals from the Cunningham Falls State Park Scales and Tails Program. Please call the Catoctin Mountain Park Visitor Center at 301-663-9388 to make your reservation and for further details. Program starts at 10 am.

July 15

Adams County Master Gardener's Garden Chat. Have a question about bugs in your garden, then come learn about how to encourage good bugs while discouraging bad bugs from calling your garden home. Program begins at 7 pm. For more information call 717-334-6271

July 17

Concert in the Park sponsored by the Emmitsburg Town Government's Parks and Recreation Committee. Concert starts at 7 pm.

July 18

10th Annual Adams County Irish Festival. Enjoy a full day of Irish music, Irish step dancers, bagpipers, music workshops, Irish food and more. The festival offers wholesome family fun, while benefiting the American Ireland Fund and the Irish Heritage Foundation of Gettysburg. Gettysburg Moose Lodge Park, 100 Moose Road, Gettysburg. For more information call 717-337-3500 or visit www.adamscountyirishfestival.com. Program starts at 10 am.

Mt. Tabor Church of Rocky Ridge festival at Mt. Tabor Park, home of the BIG SLIDE. Come enjoy good home-cooked food—Soup, Sandwiches, Iced Tea and Ice Cream & Peaches. Music by 'Old Line Statesman Chorus'. Festival starts at 4 pm.

July 19

Catoctin National Park Blacksmith Shop Demonstrations at the Blacksmith Shop in Camp Round Meadow. The Blacksmith Shop is located in Camp Round Meadow on Manahan Road. For more information call 301-663-9388 or visit www.nps.gov/cato. Program starts at 1 pm.

St. Jon Lutheran Church in Creagerstown Harp Concert featuring 'The American Heart Trio' with Lynelle Ediger, Aponi Brunson and Becky Brown in the Union Church next door to St. John's. Concert starts at 7 pm.

July 20

Regular monthly meeting of the Greater Emmitsburg Area Historical Society. Interested in the history of the Emmitsburg area? The come join us as we recall the events of the 1909 and 1952 Old Home Week Celebrations. Meeting are free and open to the public! For more information call 301-471-3306 or visit www.emmitsburg.net/history. Meeting starts at 7 pm.

July 21

Strawberry Hill Dusk Discovery Walk. Experience the sights and sounds of the evening forest. For more information call 717-642-5840 or visit www.strawberryhill.org. Walk begins at 7 pm.

July 23

Catoctin Mountain Park and Cunningham Falls State Park presents Out and About—A Day Outdoors with Park Rangers. Programs is geared for ages 6-12 but kids of all ages are invited. For more information call 301-663-9388. Program starts at 10 am.

July 24

Emmitsburg family pool party. Sponsored by the Emmitsburg Town Government. Party starts at 7 pm.

July 26

6th Annual Old Fashioned CornFest. Come and enjoy fresh from the field corn roasted in the husk over an applewood fire, BBQ chicken, pulled pork, peach sundaes, apple dumplings, and more! Historic Round Barn. 298 Cashtown Road, Biglerville, PA. For more information call 717-334-1984 or visit www.roundbarngettysburg.com. Program starts at noon.

July 27

St. Anthony Shrine and Our Lady of Mt. Carmel's Parish Blood Drive. Our Lady of Mt. Carmel's Parish Center 2:00–8:00 pm. For more information visit www.roundbarngettysburg.com

July 29

Catoctin Mountain Park and Cunningham Falls State Park presents Out and About - A Day Outdoors with Park Rangers. Programs is geared for ages 6-12 but kids of all ages are invited. For more information call 301-663-9388 to make your reservation and for further details. Program starts at 10 am.

July 31–August 2

St. Elizabeth Ann Seton Bicentennial Celebration Weekend. For more information visit www.setonshrine.org or call 301-447-6606.

For more details on these and other events, visit the *Upcoming Events* section of Emmitsburg.net

MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

The Mount is built on four pillars—faith, discovery, leadership and community.

Mount St. Mary's University thanks these Emmitsburg and Thurmont residents who work in Dining Services for another great year and for helping to make the Mount such a special place. We could not do it without you!

Bessie Andrew
Angela Armolt
Phyllis Cool
Abigail Dawson
Dottie Dawson
Laura Eiker
Sally Gebhart
Joyce Grinder
Chastity Henning
Tommy Houck
Linda Humerick
Nick Jensen
Raymond Knott
Jennifer Maida
Shirley Marsh
Barb McGraw
Erin McGuire
Nahida Mrkanovic
Lauren O'Brien
Rachel O'Brien
Delphine Ott
Joe Ott
Danielle Pozzouli
Heather Pozzouli
Christine Price
Maria Smaldone
Anna Smith
Jean Stidom
Martha Toms
Linda Wantz
Tina Wastler
Phuonganh Wessinger
Patsy Wetzel
Weena Williams
Howard Williams
Tammy Wolfe
Sheila Young

INTERNATIONAL MUSIC INSTITUTE AND FESTIVAL

From Sunday, July 12 through Wednesday, July 22, 2009, the Mount will turn into a musical paradise when internationally renowned professional musicians and outstanding students from around the world participate in the 2009 International Music Institute and Festival USA.

Faculty and guest artists include: The American Virtuosi, Cecylia Barczyk (cello), Blanka Bednarz (violin), Elizabeth Borowsky (piano), Emmanuel Borowsky (violin), Jonathan Carney (violin), Sharon Eng (viola), Brian Ganz (piano), Chin Kim (violin), Fred Minger (piano), and Alex Peh (piano).

Please join us at the Opening Concert on July 12 in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception.

For more information, please visit www.imif.us/events.html or call 301-447-5366.



CONCERT SCHEDULE

The events listed below are open to the public. A free-will offering will be accepted at all concerts.



SUNDAY, JULY 12 OPENING CONCERT

4:30 p.m.

Chapel of the Immaculate Conception



MONDAY, JULY 13: CONCERT: THE AMERICAN VIRTUOSI

7:30 p.m., Chapel of the Immaculate Conception

TUESDAY, JULY 14: FACULTY RECITAL

7:30 p.m., Chapel of the Immaculate Conception
Sharon Eng (viola) and Cecylia Barczyk (cello)
with Elizabeth Borowsky (piano)

FRIDAY, JULY 17: CONCERT: PIANO RECITAL BY BRIAN GANZ

7:00 p.m., Knott Auditorium

SUNDAY, JULY 19: RECITAL BY VIOLINIST CHIN KIM

5:00 p.m., Knott Auditorium

SUNDAY, JULY 19: STUDENT CONCERT

7:30 p.m., Knott Auditorium
IMIF Violin, Viola, Cello, and Piano Participants

MONDAY, JULY 20: STUDENT CONCERT

7:30 p.m., Knott Auditorium
IMIF Violin, Viola, Cello, and Piano Participants