

# Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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## Kids take over Jubilee for Kid's Day

Six-year-old Audrey Spindel and five-year-old Rachel Mance tested the Elmo at Jubilee Foods in Emmitsburg to verify his authenticity. They tickled him and he laughed, which in turn made them laugh.

A short time later, Rachel announced that despite the fact that he looked like Elmo, "He's not the real one because he's large and the real Elmo is small."

"He sounds like the real one," Rachel told her.

While it might seem odd to see Elmo in Jubilee Foods on Saturday, Oct. 23, it was not the usual day. Twice a year, the grocery store celebrates Kid's Day with free activities and treats for kids.

In 2005, Manager Rich Boyd said, "I just came up with the idea for a kid's day and it took off."

It's an event that kids have come to look forward to. Katie Price of Emmitsburg brought her two kids to the event. She said of her daughter, "She's actually been waiting the whole week to come here. She kept asking me, 'Is



Meeting Elmo and talking with him was the highlight of Jubilee Kid's Day

it time to go to Jubilee?"

Now six years later, Boyd said that the latest event was the largest one yet in terms of kid participation.

"We had a little girl here at 10 minutes to 10 waiting for Elmo to arrive," Boyd said.

Besides sitting with Elmo, kids could get their faces painted, guess the weight of a giant pumpkin, decorate a pumpkin and decorate a Hal-

loween cookie. The Bimbo Bread Baker Bear was on hand greeting people and handing out free Frisbees and soccer balls as they enter the store. Many of the kids came dressed in their Halloween costumes. Besides getting a free pumpkin and cookie, each child also received a goody bag.

"It's pretty elaborate and the kids love it," Price said.

At one point, Boyd thought he

might have to cancel Kid's Day until he hit on the two times of the year when kids seemed anxious to come. At Easter, kids can meet the Easter Bunny and do Easter-themed activities and at Halloween, they can dress up to have fun in the store with the activities.

"It's a fun day for kids and everything is free," Boyd said. "It's something we can do for the community."

## Candidates for 91st District House Seat Debate in Fairfield

Kip Hamilton  
Contributing Writer

On Wednesday night, Oct. 20, the residents of Adams County were offered a unique opportunity to get up close and personal with their state political process when the two candidates for the Pennsylvania House of Representatives from the 91st District faced off in a live debate.

This first ever debate between State Representative Dan Moul (R) and his challenger, Hanover businessman, Derf Maitland (D) was sponsored by the Emmitsburg News Journal. Moderated by Carroll Valley Mayor Ron Harris, the event was held in front of an enthusiastic crowd in the civic room at the Fairfield Fire and EMS Company.

The debate format gave the candidates a chance to introduce themselves and then respond to four prepared questions that covered such topics as their legislative goals, the impact that Harrisburg can have on small businesses, the responsible use of local tax dollars and their thoughts on the local school systems. The questions were worded to draw out the candidates' positions on the various topics. The opponents alternated answering the questions under a controlled time limit.

Attendees were given the opportunity to write down a question on a card when they entered the room. Following the formal question-and-answer period, Harris relinquished the microphone to Mike Hillman with the Emmitsburg News Journal who then posed seven representative audience questions to the candidates.

Although the candidates were cordial and respectful, the differences in their positions were clear and neither was afraid to take a swipe at the other. Maitland characterized Moul as a fighter who would go on the offensive, not worrying about the feathers he ruffled while describing himself not as an attack dog, but more of a shepherd dog who would go to Harrisburg, determine what the problems were, then sit down with his opposition and talk through a mutually satisfactory solution. Moul said that he was more concerned about getting things done than being politically correct and wasn't about to sit around holding hands and singing. He described the wheeling and dealing that is used by legislators to get things done. Just about the only thing they both agreed on is that Pennsylvania citizens' and businesses' taxes are too high.

Both candidates said that they would bring their experience as small business owners and life-long citi-



Representative Dan Moul (L), Mayor Ron Harris (C) and candidate Derf Maitland (R) review the rules governing the debate prior to its start

zens of Adams County to the table in their representation of the constituents of the 91st District which, roughly, is made up of the lower half of Adams County.

For the past 14 years, Maitland and his wife, Mary Ann, have run their business, The Reader's Café, in Hanover. For the 20 years preceding his entering public life in 2006,

Moul was the owner and operator of his own real estate management and renovation business. Both men said they knew what it was like to have to make a weekly payroll and to watch their expenses rise out of their control. Each stated that they wanted to bring responsibility back to Harrisburg, albeit coming at the solution from completely different directions.

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## NEWS

# Letters to the Editor

We would like to express our heartfelt thanks and appreciation to the staff at both Gettysburg and York Hospitals, Emmitsburg Ambulance Company, Vigilant Hose Company, St. Joseph's Parish, Hospice of Frederick Coun-

ty, and the friends and family who did so much for us during the illness and death of Guy A. Baker, Jr. Your thoughts and prayers, flowers, donations, and other acts of kindness have helped us through a truly difficult time. May God bless each

and every one of you for the support you have given us.

*Betty Ann Baker, Cindy Adams, Julie Davis, Patty Kuykendall, Laurie Wivell, Gabe Baker, Jo Ann Boyd (and families)*

Let me be direct. Dan Moul needs to be fired. Not for being a bad guy, but because he can't get the job done and has stopped even trying.

In 4 years Dan Moul has done nothing substantive for the 91st legislative district, and he has blamed everyone from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia for his inability to get the job done.

In 4 years Dan has sponsored and passed 1 substantive bill, the

Dead Beat Dad's bill. It was a great bill, but it was on his desk when he took office and he took credit for someone else's work. One bill in four years, not what I would call breaking a sweat.

For 4 years Dan has promised to work on Property Tax reform. Now he introduces a bill to reduce the reassessments on mobile homes. He owns a Mobile Home Park. Is he looking after our needs or his own?

Derf Maitland doesn't raise his four kids to whine, give up, and look after number one. Derf Maitland won't sit back and just complain about Harrisburg, he'll roll up his sleeves and work hard. Derf Maitland has my vote for representative in the 91st Legislative District in Harrisburg.

*Marty Qually  
Cumberland Township  
Adams County*

When it comes to size, sometimes smaller really is better.

A case in point: recently I attended a formal dinner where this year's Democratic candidates gave brief, generic, self-introductions to a large, friendly audience. Anyone present might have concluded that they all favored "Motherhood, the Flag, and Apple Pie."

But then a week later, we five ROMEOS ("Rotarian Old Men

Eating Out"), consisting of three ardent Republicans and two equally ardent Democrats, had a long breakfast with Democratic candidate Derf Maitland (for State Representative for 91st Legislative District). Each of us asked him pointed questions on various issues; and even more important, we asked follow-up questions to ascertain more exactly what he thought and felt about them.

This time, I found Maitland's

self-presentation to be informed, thoughtful, candid, and, yes, persuasive. Thus, I will be voting for Derf Maitland on November 2nd, and I urge the Reader to do likewise.

*Carey A. Moore  
Gettysburg*

## Around the Borough

Carroll Valley Councilman Bill Reinke is 'cautiously optimistic' that property taxes won't have to be increased next year in the borough. He told the council during its October meeting that budget will be lean.

"Every year we're cutting to the bone," he said.

Some road projects have been suspended in order to save money as well as reconsidering spending elsewhere in the budget.

Despite being leaner the council members will see about 100 more line items in the budget. These are not new items just more-detailed breakdowns of existing items that have been added to give the council a more-complete picture when they review the budget.

One increasing expense the borough will face is about \$61,000 more for employee pensions.

"That's a pretty, big, bitter nut to

swallow," Reinke said.

### Council may create it's own "do not solicit" list

In its effort to control unwanted door-to-door solicitors, the Carroll Valley Council has realized they can't ban the activity outright. It would be a First Amendment violation.

The borough office received numerous complaints this summer about a particular salesman who was connect-

ed to a child sex offender. Though the salesman himself wasn't an offender, he was driving a car owned by a child sex offender. What concerned some people is that the salesman had been licensed by the borough.

To this point, the licensing has served no purpose other than to give the borough staff contact information if there is a problem and give the police a reason to ask the solicitor to leave the borough if there is no license.

It was suggested that the borough collect a list of homes that do not want to be solicited and hand that

list to anyone applying for a license.

However, the most-effective way to stop unwanted solicitations remains for the property owner to post a "no solicitors" sign in their yard or door.

### Police get equipment grant

The Carroll Valley Police Department recently received a \$10,000 grant from the Pennsylvania Committee on Criminal Delinquency. The money will be used to upgrade two police cars with digital in-car systems as part of the state's Video Accountability Protection Project.

## Around the Town

During the Oct. 4 Emmitsburg town meeting, Frederick County Commissioner Blaine Young swore in Glenn Blanchard and Patrick Joy. Blanchard and Joy won the open seats on the Emmitsburg town council after the election on Sept. 28. Blanchard won the leading amount of votes with 191 and newcomer Joy received 136 votes. Incumbent Denise Etris and former commissioner Joyce Rosensteel lost their bids for re-election with 107 votes and 82 votes, respectively.

Voter turnout for the election was under 16 percent of the 1,676 registered voters in town.

During the same meeting, Mayor James Hoover made recommendations for a new organization of the board. The only change made was that Joy took over the duties that outgoing commissioner Denise Etris had performed by the board.

Chris Staiger is the president of the board. Cliff Sweeney is the vice president. Blanchard is the liaison to the Parks and Recreation Committee. Tim O'Donnell is the liaison to the Planning and Zoning Commission. Joy will serve as the liaison to the Citizens Advisory Committee.

### Rain has done little to help water table

Despite the fact the town received 7.3 inches of rain last month (when the average is 4.3 inches), the rain has done little to raise the town's water table. Town Manager Dave Haller said the recent rain put the town's rainfall in a surplus over the previous four months.

What the rain did do was cause another record intake at the town's wastewater treatment plant. The plant handled more than 5 million gallons.

Though the rain has increased the water level at Rainbow Lake,

Haller said the town needs steady rain and moderate snows this winter to replenish the water table.

Haller also told the commissioners that water consumption in town has continued to increase more than 10,000 gallons a day in spite of the fact that the town has a temporary outdoor water ban in place.

"I guess it didn't have a lot of effect," Haller said.

### Funding secured for new treatment plant

Emmitsburg has secured a 40-year, 2.37-percent loan to pay for the town's portion of a new wastewater treatment plant. The loan is for \$5.4 million and will be added to more than \$14 million in grant funding the town has to build the plant. Emmitsburg is required to build the plant by the State of Maryland in order to meet tougher nutrient regulations established by the state.

"Our plant can't be technically upgraded to meet the new regulations," Haller said.

Construction is expected to be complete in 2014.

### Commissioners reviewing holiday party plans

Last year, the Emmitsburg commissioners cancelled the town's annual holiday party. It saved the town about \$4,500 to pay for dinner, the venue and a DJ for about 100 people.

Joy suggested that the attendees pay a small cost to attend. "I just

don't think we should be paying it out of tax dollars."

Staiger reminded the commissioners that the party is not only for employees, but it is the town's way of thanking the many volunteers to serve on committees and commissions. About three-quarters of the attendees are volunteers.

The commissioners agreed to put the holiday party on the agenda to discuss at a future meeting.

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# Candidates address issues in third EBPA forum

The Emmitsburg Business and Professional Association hosted the third of its "Meet the Candidate" forums on Oct. 20. This forum featured candidates for Frederick County Commissioner and state offices. Nineteen different candidates attended the event at the Carriage House Inn.

EBPA Treasurer Allen Knott was the forum emcee as he introduced the candidates and allowed them to make a statement and posed audience-submitted questions.

Of the 11 candidates for Frederick County Commissioner (including one write-in candidate), nine attended and two, Commissioner Kai Hagen and Commissioner Blaine Young, sent representatives since they could not attend because of prior commitments. Only Commissioner David Gray was not represented at the forum.

During his opening remarks, Billy Shreve told the audience that the county needed to concentrate its efforts on funding es-

sential services to get itself back on track. He also noted that the county should be protecting owners' property right, but that 687 properties had lost value because the county down-zoned their properties "all at the stroke of a pen."

Kirby Delauter was another candidate who wanted to rein in spending. He said, "We've never had a revenue problem in Frederick County. We've had a spending problem."

Ellis Burris said that he was a big supporter of the commission elected in 2006, but that the plan to build a waste-to-energy plant in the county was a big gamble.

Janice Wiles is another opponent to the plant. She believes that the county can turn its trash into a revenue source through recycling and alternate uses.

Paul Smith told the audience that he favored the county going to a charter form of government. He said this would streamline government somewhat and save the county taxpayers money.

Following their opening remarks, Knott asked the candidates four audience questions. The first was a simple show of hands as to which candidates would continue county support for the UpCounty Center located in Emmitsburg, which offers family support programs and services to families in northern Frederick County. Only Delauter and Young's representative did not raise their hands in support.

Another question dealt with what the candidates would cut from the county's budget to make it less cumbersome.

Delauter said that the county departments needed to contract and expand with the economy, which would require privatization where it could be used. "If you want to swing the finances of this county, privatization is the way to go," Delauter said.

Wiles suggested that some county departments be merged or that employees be shared between departments.

Shreve said he would want to talk with the employees about what cuts they saw in their de-



Hometown favorite Kirby Delauter at the EBPA forum.

partments that could be made.

Linda Norris suggested using employee furloughs to save money.

Michael Kurtianyk said he

would begin with zero-based budgeting and rebuild the budget from scratch to put together a comprehensive, lean budget.

## Fairfield Notes

The Borough of Fairfield has given preliminary agreement to participate in the Adams County celebrations to recognize the 150th anniversary of the Civil War. Councilor Carroll Smith told the borough council that Fairfield had been asked by the Adams County Civil War Sesquicentennial Committee to hold a one-day event in April 2011.

"They want to do a series of events that lead to 2013 (anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg)," Smith said.

The tentative date of the celebration would be April 23, 2011. April was chosen because it was in April 1861 that the Civil War began in South Carolina at Fort Sumter.

Smith added that no taxpayer dollars would be used to fund the events.

"What they're looking for is a preliminary commitment from Fairfield to take part," said Police Chief Richard Hileman, III.

The borough said it was interested in having the borough participate, but that firmer information was needed.

### Borough suggests feral cats be adopted

Even as the Fairfield Borough Council is continuing to move forward on trapping feral cats, the problem seems to be growing. Fairfield Borough Council Secretary Susan Waggle told the council during its Oct. 26 meeting that a new location for feral cats had been reported along McGinley Drive.

The council plans to ask the

SPCA to help trap the feral cats around town. They first needed to make sure the borough's annual donation to the organization had been received, which it now has been.

One borough resident said she planned on adopting one of the cats, which led Waggle to say that if residents adopted the animals and domesticated them, it would lessen the need for trapping. Once the SPCA traps a feral cat, there is a good chance the cat will be put down after a period of time.

Anyone who adopts one of the cats need to make sure it is given the proper vaccinations and spaying or neutering is recommended.

### New Pippenfest chairwoman appointed

Sarah (Sally) Thomas has been appointed the new chairwoman of the Pippenfest Committee. Thomas will be rebuilding the committee from scratch because the previous committee have all resigned from the volunteer committee for various reasons.

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## NEWS

# Guy Baker, former Emmitsburg Mayor, dies

Emmitsburg lost a lifetime resident who had served the community for much of his 79 years when Guy Baker, Jr. died on September 29. He passed on at his home surrounded by his family.

Baker was born in Emmitsburg on April 3, 1931. He was one of five children born to Guy Baker, Sr. and Ruth Sanders Baker.

He spent his life living and working in the community. He was a graduate from St. Joseph's High School and Mount St. Mary's College who went on to serve in the U.S. Army during the Korean War.

He served at the Mount's regis-

trar for 43 years and as a Maryland District Court Commissioner for 17 years. He was also a former mayor of Emmitsburg, a volunteer at the Emmitsburg Food Bank, a volunteer at Seton Shrine. He was also a member of Francis X. Elder American Legion Post 121 and Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 6658, a former member of the Emmitsburg Ambulance Company an active member of St. Joseph's Parish and a member of the Vigilant Hose Company for 56 years.

While his work and service accomplishments were numerous, he was proudest of his family.



Baker was married to, and survived by, his wife of 55 years, Betty Ann Baker. During their life together, they had six children, 13 grandchildren and one great-granddaughter.

As a grandfather, Baker enjoyed attending his grandchildren's sports competitions.

Former Mayor Ed Houck has fond memories of Guy. "One night in about 1947-1948, there was a party at the Zurgable house on Toll Gate Hill. Upon leaving the party and getting our dates home by 11pm we each got in our cars and began to head back to Emmitsburg. I

was in the lead with my dad's car and Guy, in his father's car, was too close and ran into the rear of my car. The next morning, after a sleepless night, we each had to tell our Dads the story of what happened. My dad and Mr. Baker discussed how to set an example and they decided not to use insurance to cover the car damages but that each boy would pay for repairing their own car. We both learned a lesson on responsibility and the time it takes to pay back for being stupid. Guy and I remained friends through the years."

## Emmitsburg VFW commander to speak at Monocacy Valley VFW Veterans' Day ceremony

The VFW posts in Harney and Emmitsburg share a strong camaraderie. This friendship will be on display during the annual Veterans' Day observance at the Monocacy Valley VFW on Nov. 13.

The keynote speaker will be Commander Michael Cuseo from the Emmitsburg VFW Memorial Post. Cuseo commanded a mine sweeper during the Cold War and served as an intelligence officer in Vietnam dur-

ing the war there. He is now a retired naval officer. Cuseo's family also had more sons who served in the war than any other family. He said that of the 12 boys in his family, eight of them served in WWII.

Cuseo said he wants to honor the fallen and remember them during his remarks.

"More than that, I want to remember the wounded and the families of those who served," Cuseo said. "They all deserve it."

Peter Lee, a collector of military items will be displaying his World War II memorabilia and weapons.

Cuseo also has humorous stories about his service, including how he single-handedly extended to Cold War with the Russians at sea.

Monocacy Valley Commander Albert Angel said that the event and Veterans' Day is a time "to pause, to reflect and recognize the challenges and sacrifices of

veterans who have served and continue to serve in the United States Armed Forces."

At the end of Cuseo's remarks, Angell, the president of the Monocacy Valley VFW Ladies Auxiliary and the president of the Monocacy Valley VFW Men's Auxiliary will lay a wreath at the post's Memorial Wall that honors all the area servicemen and women who have not returned from wars. The Emmitsburg VFW Memorial Post Hon-

or Guard will fire a 21-gun salute and sound taps.

The event begins at 2 p.m. and around 150 people are expected to attend.

The Veterans' Day ceremony is open to the public. It is located at 5801 Conover Road in Taneytown. Food and drinks will follow the program. For more information, contact the post at 410-756-6866 or Frank M. Rauschenberg at 410-756-5444 for further information.

## VHC hosts their annual open house

Vigilant Hose Company mixes education and fun each year with its annual open house held during Fire Prevention Week.

"We've been doing this for almost 60 years," said Wayne Powell, public information officer for Vigilant Hose.

This year's event was held on Oct. 7 at the fire station on West Main Street. Kids enjoyed meeting Smokey the Bear and riding on the fire engines as they blared their sirens and lights riding

through the National Fire Academy. Other fun included a balloon artist who twisted balloons into fun shapes for kids.

Jessica Boyd, 11, came with her family from Fairfield, PA, to attend the open house. "We came to see all of the fire trucks."

Not only were engine rides being offered, but visitors could also walk through other pieces of equipment like the Frederick County Sheriff's Office Command Center and ambulances.

Jessica said her family is involved with the fire service and she expects join a fire company as a junior firefighter when she is old enough.

Charles Saylor of Emmitsburg brought his kids to the open house. While they enjoyed the fire truck rides, he found some useful information about home sprinklers.

Adults found plenty of information they could use at the open house. The Carroll Manor Fire

Prevention Safety House showed spectators how quickly a fire could spread through a house. Kids could get fingerprinted. Adults also found plenty of information about residential sprinklers and other programs to protect their homes and family.

Elyssa Cool, the current Maryland Miss Fire Prevention, was on hand along with all of the other local fire queens to talk to visitors about fire prevention.

Powell praised the work of the

young women and what holding a fire queen title indicated for their futures. "All of these girls go on to become nurses, paramedics, firefighters and teachers," he said.

Mickey Fyock, president of the Frederick County Volunteer Fire and Rescue Association, attended the open house with his wife and grandkids. "This department is 100 percent volunteer and one of the finest companies in the county," he said.

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# One hundred years ago this month

## November 4

**Notice - My wife, Ruth E. Marshall,** having refused to live with me without just cause, I hereby notify all persons not to trust her on my account, as I will pay no debts contracted by her. Signed Thomas Marshall

## Election Day Tuesday

Next Tuesday is Election Day and every qualified voter should be sure to cast his ballot in the proper manner so that it will be counted. Open the ticket after you retire to the private booth and mark 'X' in the space provided next to the name of the candidate for whom you desire to vote. Make the mark entirely within the square; if the cross mark extends beyond the square your ballot is worthless. Do not make any other mark on the ballot; if you do your ballot will not be counted. Mark your ballot with a pencil provided in the election booth. After marking your ballot, fold it exactly as it was folded when handed to you and give it to the ballot judge without permitting anyone to see how you marked it. See that the judge deposits the ballot in the ballot box before you leave.

## Halloween in Emmitsburg

Halloween in Emmitsburg was, as usual, the small boy's jollification night. Crowds of merry-makers were on the streets indulging in all sorts of innocent pranks. Although a few of flakes fell several days before, the first real snow flurry of the season occurred Saturday afternoon.

## Buggy Accident

The collapse of two wheels of a buggy caused a runaway on Sunday afternoon. The accident took place on the pike near the college. The occupants of the carriage jumped and escaped injury. The frightened animal ran off and narrowly escaped a head-on collision with another vehicle containing two young ladies as it rushed through the tollgate. The demol-

ished rig belonged to the Thurmont livery. Mr. Clay Shuff stopped the runaway horse at the race bridge.

## Lost Pig

Mr. David Michael spent Saturday afternoon roaming over the neighborhood of Four Points in search of a lost pig. He returned home in the evening, very much disappointed and fatigued.

## November 11

### Streets to be Repaired

The people of Emmitsburg will be glad to hear that Burgess and Commissioners of the Corporation have decided to put new material on the streets where it is needed. Unless the work begins without delay, however, there will be little chance of accomplishing much this season. At this time a few loads of coarse gravel judiciously placed would not only add very much to the appearance of the public thoroughfares, but also save greater expenditure in the spring.

### Defeated Candidate Cremated

On Wednesday evening the political body of the defeated candidate, B. H. Warner, Jr., was cremated at the fork of the road in front of Mr. Payne's house, a short distance west of town. Bob Reifsnider and George Orndorff carried the catafalque, with the effigy and candles at the four corners, through the streets of the town. Mr. Mark Harting, who conducted order for the ceremonies, led off the stately procession to the measured time of muffled drums through the town to the place of the cremation. An American flag was raised, the pyre was lighted and soon reduced to ashes and the candidate went up in smoke.

### Dinner Bell Taken For Fire Bell

On Saturday afternoon about 12 o'clock, the Fraley's dinner bell rang and excited quite a number of persons. That bell rang

for the purpose of calling workmen to dinner, when a large number of people responded, prepared to fight fire. This bell has been in use for over 12 years and this is the first time in its whole history so many people responded to its call. Whether its sound has changed and softened and become more melodious is not known. The street soon became crowded as if some great fire had broken out. Dinner was really ready, it is true, and for this reason it cannot be termed a false alarm. The same bell may ring again to call workman to dinner and the people should not be alarmed.

### Accident Hauling Water

Owing to the drought many people in this vicinity are compelled to haul water from Tom's Creek. One morning one individual, after going to Emmitsburg to get a tank to hold the water, met with a serious accident on his way to the creek. One of the wheels of the vehicle broke down and he was compelled to sit along the road and wait until he got assistance.

## November 18

### Mr. Horner Gets The Post Office

The Post Office Department has appointed Mr. John Horner Postmaster of Emmitsburg. This position was sought by a number of citizens. The appointment of Mr. Horner meets with very general approval. His fitness for the position is attested to by his successful administration of the local office when he was postmaster several years ago.

## November 25

### Mrs. Esther Barry's Death

On Tuesday evening there died in Emmitsburg probably the oldest citizen of this state, Mrs. Esther Barry, age 99 years, four months and 20 days. For several years Ms. Barry has resided at the home of Mrs. Adelsburger, where she



1878 map of West Main Street in Emmitsburg showing the location of the old Fraley Foundry.

breathed her last. She remembered Mother Seton perfectly. "When I was about six years old my father carried me to Mother Seton to see about my going to school at the convent. She took me on her lap and said, "Why, she is too little to go to school, keep her at home for a while." So my father took me to Emmitsburg to stay with a relative but later I went to the Convent as a day scholar. I can see her now; her pure-black eyes and her elevated expression of her face. She wore the black habit and a black cap when I first saw her, but later she put on the white Coronet when she joined the sisters of Mercy. All the children loved her; we were always happy when she came into the schoolroom to talk to us.

### Union Church Service

The Protestant churches, as is their custom, united in annual Thanksgiving service on Thursday morning. The Lutheran Church was crowded with members of all denominations and the offering, to be devoted to our worthy poor, was quite substantial

### Unger Snyder Guilty of Stealing Chickens

Much interest has been manifested here in the trial of chicken thieves before the Adams County Court. Testimony was made of a wagonload of chickens taken by John Ripple to Emmitsburg. He was seen going along the Emmitsburg Road and upon returning was followed by Constable Mart

Baker from Emmitsburg through Gettysburg to the farm of Snyder. Sales of chickens by Snyder were proven and a declaration after several sales that this was the last of his chickens.

John Ripple, who was also charged with Snyder with chicken stealing, turned state's evidence and going on the witness stand, told the story of wholesale chicken stealing in which he and Snyder were engaged. According to Ripple, the pair would start out with a horse and wagon laden with chicken coops and they would follow a route that didn't pass anybody by. "We treated them all alike and stopped at every place we came to, taking five chickens from every farm." They went from farm to farm until they had a wagonload. Taking but five chickens avoided the discovery of the loss at once by the farmer. About 700 chickens were stolen and disposed of in Gettysburg and Emmitsburg, not too many being unloaded at a time in either place to avoid looking suspicious. It took only 10 minutes for the jury to bring a verdict of guilty. Snyder was sentenced to not less than nine months and not over three years in the Eastern State Penitentiary. Ripples' sentence was suspended as he gave useful information.

To read past editions of 100 Years Ago this Month, visit the Historical Society Section of Emmitsburg.net

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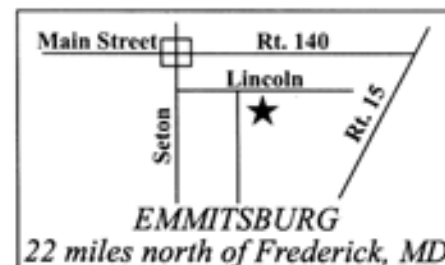
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## GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

# From the Desk of County Commissioner Candidate Michael Kurtianyk

I remember having lunch with former Commissioner (and former Commander at Fort Detrick) Mark Hoke. It was the first time we'd met. I sat down, and he said, "You know Michael, when I was voted into office, we had the first budget deficit facing our county since the Civil War. We were in the hole and we had to fix it."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Economic development. We brought businesses here, and we encouraged the businesses that were here to grow. We told everybody who'd listen that Frederick was where they should be."

"How'd you do?" I asked, with a mixture of boldness and fear.

"In one year, we were in the black with \$250,000."

Well, there you go. You find the best advice in the unlikelyst of places. These words of wisdom are reinforced by my conversations with the Chamber of Commerce and the citizens of this fine county. I've also participated in two forums sponsored by the Emmitsburg Business and Professionals Association. You can see how

the candidates did, and what they said, online ([www.ebpa.biz](http://www.ebpa.biz).)

We must make Frederick County more business-friendly. Job retention, job expansion and new job recruitment are essential for economic development. It is important that we, as County Commissioners, become ambassadors of all that is great about Frederick County. We can work closely with the Office of Economic Development, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Tourism Department to bring more jobs to our county. If every company in the County added just one job per year, we'd be adding over 8,000 jobs in the County annually. Frederick County is a great place for doing business with a strong, educated workforce available to employers.

There are a number of ways to create jobs – one is through Business Retention efforts (helping our existing businesses grow, find opportunities, expand, stay healthy & competitive) and through Business Attraction (bringing businesses into the County that were not here before). Providing information and education to current

and potential businesses is key.

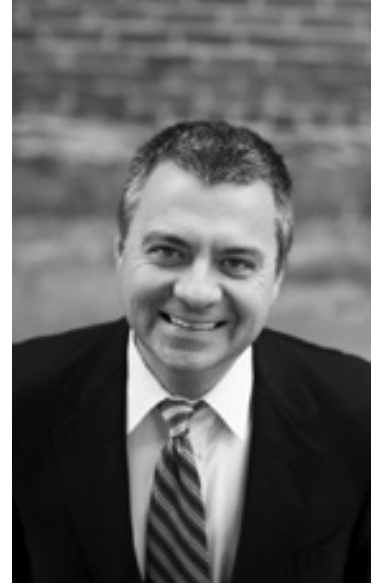
We need to continue to provide seminars and other educational/networking opportunities for companies to find connections and collaborations that will provide greater business opportunities for their businesses. Also, we need to continue to promote Frederick as a great location for doing business with a strong, educated workforce available to employers.

We need to foster an open dialogue between the business community and the educational institutions in the County so that we have students who are prepared to enter the workforce with appropriate knowledge, skills and abilities. We must also understand our workforce. A large majority of the Frederick County workforce is in the Government Industry. That means we need to work with Federal and State Authorities and get more Government Agencies here in Frederick. That will allow for more high-paying "live here, work here" jobs and reduce traffic while improving quality of life and the envi-

ronment. We must know our strengths and develop towards them.

One of the ideas that is gaining traction in this campaign is something I have said from the beginning: to form a committee to draft a charter form of government. I hope to have the support of two other commissioners for this important issue. The change to a charter form of government will allow Frederick County to speak with one voice to Annapolis, our municipalities, and other governing bodies, like the Board of Education. The Charter form of government allows for a more complete representation of the citizens of Frederick County.

I don't like the increased tensions that have occurred between the current Board of County Commissioners and the municipal governments. Relations have become so strained that seven of the twelve municipalities requested a judicial review challenging a new county ordinance regarding development restrictions related to school capacity on newly annexed properties. The municipalities are objecting because the new



regulation interferes with the rights of towns and cities to determine their own growth policies.

The first thing we need to do is sit down in good faith with representatives from each of the municipalities so as to start fresh, and not be adversarial. Let's figure out a plan that deals with everything head on: municipal growth; fire and rescue services; and tax differential.

I encourage everyone to come out and vote. This is an important election year.

I humbly ask for your vote on November 2nd.

# From the Desk of Town Council President Chris Staiger

October has been an eventful month in town government. Following our municipal election at the end of September, returning Commissioner Glenn Blanchard and newly elected Commissioner Pat Joy were seated. Thank you to all who took the time to come out and vote! Thank you also to election judges Sharon Hane, Lisa Mazaleski, and Charlotte Mazaleski for spending the day and night checking us in and then tallying the ballots. I would also like to thank departing Commissioner Denise Etris for her hard work – especially getting the Community Advisory Board up and running. Her dedication and follow through has been greatly appreciated and will be sorely missed!

In October, the Board received an update from Chesapeake Wildlife Heritage (CWH) on their management of the Scott Road Farm off of Annandale Road under the state sponsored Conservation Reserve Enhancement (CREP) Program. This program is meant to return agricultural land to its pre-agricultural state through the removal of invasive species and promotion of an environment favorable to native plants and wildlife. The town receives income from CWH greater than the previous agricultural use, while CWH manages the property – seeding and weeding to meet the program's goals. Current plans now call for the creation of a ten acre wetland zone at one corner of the property. This should result in an

attractive environment for migratory waterfowl as well as native plants and insects.

Also in October, the Board approved a change to parking requirements for new commercial uses in the 'Village Zone.' In some ways, these requirements in the town center were more stringent than for other commercial uses outside the town center. Now, everyone will be on level playing field. The board is committed to promoting commercial uses along Main Street and Seton Avenue and will continue to investigate opportunities to promote commercial development in the town center as well as larger scale opportunities in other designated business corridors such as Silo Hill Parkway, Creamery Road, and Rt. 140 east of US15. In partnership with Mount Saint Mary's University, the town office will be con-

ducting a survey of local business to identify additional areas of concern and improvement.

I don't know what I'm supposed to say about the November elections besides vote, and vote your conscience! I guess I'll go so far as to say that I am always surprised that what was right last time is wrong this time and then right again the next time – but I guess that's the whiplash nature of politics... I hear and understand the desire for lower taxes and less debt but I also realize that those actions have consequences in terms of services. Since "entitlement spending," whether social security and medicare at the national level or education funding at the local level, absorbs such great percentages of the budget, reductions tend to take place at the margins. For us locally, this probably means the elimination of county funding to the Up County Program or additional reductions to county services offered at the community center

such as senior programs and local access to social services.

In a similar vein, the town government will have to make a determination in December whether we should maintain our contract for three resident deputies with the County Sheriff's Office. This expenditure currently accounts for \$300,000 of our 1.5 million dollar budget. It was just a few years ago when the town was flush with money from residential development that the addition of a third deputy was approved. Now that times are

tight, the question is should we go back to two resident deputies? I encourage you to contact the commissioners with your opinions on this issue. This hundred thousand dollar expenditure is probably the single largest item we will address in the budget year!

*Otherwise, I wish all of you a safe and happy Halloween and Thanksgiving Holiday. Please feel free to contact me with your thoughts and concerns at 447-3757 or [cstaiger@emmitsburg-md.gov](mailto:cstaiger@emmitsburg-md.gov). Thanks, Chris Staiger.*

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## GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

## From the Desk of Derf Maitland



This election comes down to two things: property tax reform and our representative's ability to be effective. The choice for the State Representative in the 91st district is clear: the incumbent, Dan Moul, who, due to his style, has been ineffectual in all pursuits, especially those concerning property tax; and myself, who will do what it takes to get legislation moving that benefits the 91st district—specifically, property tax reform.

At our debate at the Fairfield Firehall on October 20, 2010, hosted by the Emmitsburg News-Journal, it sounded like my opponent is not only unable to fulfill his number one campaign promise of 4 years ago—to reform property taxes—but, he went as far as to indicate that property tax is the best way to raise revenue for schools and local government. He didn't say that did he? You ask. Yes. Let's follow his logic.

There are two main vehicles that could easily carry much of the burden of school and local tax if we shifted away from taxing homeowners: sales tax and personal income tax. For my opponent, sales tax is a poor choice because it fluctuates too much with the economy. Where would we be, he points out, if the economy dropped like it has

and sales tax collections dropped? He must not realize that things like transfer taxes drop off in a bad economy too. And I guess he doesn't understand the pinch of property taxes in a down economy: your hours get cut or you lose your job, and yet you still have to pay property tax. Sorry, there are no hardship exemptions.

And to shift to personal income tax, he says, I bet there's not a person in this room who is willing to pay more tax based on his income. Again, he overlooks the fact a personal income tax is a mechanism that distributes the burden of school and municipal tax over a much broader base. Moreover, it reflects better one's ability to pay.

Property Taxes are here to stay, if you listen to our current representative.

Wait a minute, we pay this guy a handsome salary, and all we hear him say is he can't get it done (or won't get it done). That should tell us that it's time we had new representation in Harrisburg. Or to quote George Weikert, our Republican County Commissioner, "you can't just keep blowing, and talking and saying you can't get support, or we maybe need somebody else over there..."

So why would I make a better

representative? It's called working with others to get things done. My opponent describes Harrisburg as a dog-eat-dog world, where he plays the part of a bulldog. The problem with this attitude is that Philadelphia and Pittsburgh will always (let me repeat), will always have bigger, badder, and more dogs. I submit that you can't approach this job like it's a dog fight—you'll lose every time.

Rather, good old-fashioned diplomacy must be the standard. As a township auditor, I don't fight with the other members to get the job done. As a board member of a local soccer club, I don't bark and growl to get my way. As a father of four, I don't rip my kids' throats to get their respect. As a small business owner, I don't snarl and bare my teeth when I don't make a sale. Rather, I handle things in a business-like and civil fashion. This is how things are done in the real world; this is how things are done in Harrisburg.

So, back to property tax reform—how would a civil attitude benefit our district? There are three distinct parts of property tax reform that must be addressed: expenses (the cause of taxes in the first place), property tax reform itself, and reassessment reform,

Let's find ways to trim expenses. As a small business owner, especially in a down economy, this is where you start. In the case of schools, the idea of combining our school administrators into a countywide system just makes plain sense. In Adams County, each of the six school superintendents makes well over \$100,000—not to mention their offices and staffs? It's expensive and it's inefficient. My opponent has thrown his hands up in the air claiming that it will cost more money. I'm no nuclear engineer, but I don't see how combining six salaries into one costs more money.

Second, we need true property tax reform. Moul's claim that Philadelphia and Pittsburgh are not interested in reforming property taxes—because, he argues, they get revenue from other sources—is, to use a Moul-appropism, crap. He whines it's "not even on their radar." Due to a great quantity of city property being tax exempt and others being untaxable, due to urban blight, it's certainly on their radar. He just can't work with them to find common ground. No doubt, genuine property tax reform at a state-wide level will be hard work. But our current representative is unable to do it.

Third, we need real reform in the

way our counties are required by the State to do their property reassessments. This is where Moul has failed miserably. Even if we accept his complaint (again, I don't), that the cities don't want property tax reform, they should have no gripe against the way reassessments are done in 4th through 8th class counties (Adams is currently 6th class). There are many revisions to the law that should be taking place, which a legislator from a small rural district can do.

In conclusion, send me to Harrisburg and I will reach across the aisle, I will work with Philadelphia and Pittsburgh legislators to find common ground, and I will get tax reform moving forward. It is on my radar.

## From the Desk of Carroll Valley Mayor Ron Harris

The reassessment process is not over yet. Where are we now? The formal Assessment Appeals Board hearings will continue until all appeals have been heard. The next step, if you want to appeal the decision of the Board of Assessment Appeals is to go to the Adams County Court of Common Pleas.

According to the information on the Adams County website, the individual/entity who is planning to appeal the decision of the Board of Assessment Appeals must file an appeal and pay the required filing fee which is currently \$155 in the Office of the Prothonotary of Adams County within 30 days of the date of the decision of the Board. If the 30th day falls on a day when the Courthouse is closed, the appeal may be filed before the close of the next day that the Prothonotary Office is open for business.

If the appeal is not filed in a timely manner the Court loses jurisdiction to hear the appeal. While there is no statutory provisions governing the form of the notice of appeal, the Adams County of Common Pleas has developed a local rule requiring that the notice of appeal shall include the following information: the name(s) and address(es) of the property owner, the parcel number of the property(ies), the name of the

municipality and school district in which the real estate is located, a copy of the decision of the Board of Assessment Appeals, and a brief averment stating the grounds for the appeal.

A sample form is available on the Adams County website: [www.adamscounty.us](http://www.adamscounty.us). If you are thinking about appealing the decision of the Appeals Board, my advice is that you seek legal counsel. For further information about what happens during the trial, be sure you go to the Adams County website and/or call the Adams County Assessment Office at (717) 337-9837. If your trial date is not scheduled until July of next year and you have received your tax bill (that you are appealing) pay the amount on the tax bill when it is due. If after your trial, the tax amount has been lowered, you will be refunded. But again, if you have a question, call the Assessment Office to be sure you understand the process. They are more than willing to help.

The holiday season is upon us again and many of us will wake up Christmas morning to the joy of finding presents under the tree. However, some families will not have presents to open on Christmas Day. And this is why the Toys for Tots was started. The Toys for Tots program is an annual toy drive sponsored by the United

States Marine Corp. The goal of this program is to make sure every child has a present on Christmas morning. I am asking you for your support this year. Donation boxes for new unwrapped toys have been placed in all school buildings and local businesses throughout the district.

For Carroll Valley residents, there is a donation box in the borough office. We are also looking for families that are in need, so if you have information about a family that may benefit from the Toys for Tots campaign, please call Bill Echert at (717) 762-5622 or cell phone (717) 830-6912. Confidentiality will be honored. Thank you for your support with this worthwhile project. The distribution date will be Sunday, December 19<sup>th</sup> at the Fairfield Fire Hall. Distribution will start promptly at 12:00 p.m. and close at 5:00 p.m. Everyone has to be preregistered by December 15<sup>th</sup> by calling Bill Eckert.

Regardless of the day of the week, Veterans Day is celebrated on November 11<sup>th</sup>. The purpose of Veterans Day is to thank everyone who has served in the military. All military veterans are invited to attend a Veterans Day Breakfast on November 11<sup>th</sup> from 8:30 am to 10:00 am at the Fairfield High School cafeteria. If interested in attending, you should call the FASD Office at 642-2045 or email [fasdvets@fairfield.k12.pa.us](mailto:fasdvets@fairfield.k12.pa.us) by November

5<sup>th</sup>. Our veterans are also being recognized by Representative Dan Moul and Representative Wil Tallman on November 13<sup>th</sup>. If you served in the U.S. Armed forces and live in Adams County, call (717) 334-3010 to attend their Veterans Recognition Event. As a 20 year veteran, I hope to see you on the 11<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup>.

One of the best way for friends to help friends is to give of yourself by donating blood. On Monday, November 8<sup>th</sup> you can donate your


blood at the Fairfield Fire & EMS Hall, 106 Steelman Street, Fairfield from 3:00 pm to 7:00 pm. For more information or to schedule an appointment, please call Frank Phillips at (717) 642-6232 or contact the Central Pennsylvania Blood Bank at (800) 771-0059.

I want to take this opportunity to wish you and your family and friends a Happy Thanksgiving. Thank you for being part of our community.

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## COMMENTARY

# Words from Winterbilt

## Part 3

Shannon Bohrer

Last month I gave you part one of “Picking parties and candidates.” This month we have part three and next month we will have part two. Part two will come last because I predicted the winners in each election. If part two were to be printed before the election, both of my readers could influence the results; hence I will only release part two after the election.

Each party projects different images but both parties’ actions often have a strong resemblance to each other. The conservatives say they believe in smaller government and less spending. During the last eight years, however, when conservatives held office the national debt increased by 50 percent and government grew by 40 percent. Isn’t that the fear of what will occur if the liberals stay in? The liberals also said that the bailouts and stimulus were needed and would keep the unemployment under 8 percent. Maybe they did not say what year that would occur. Both parties seem to think that tax relief

will create jobs, but after the tax reductions in 2001 and 2003 not one new net job was created in 8 years, except within the government.

I have friends on both sides of this issue and at both ends of the loyalty. It perplexes me as to why someone would have such strong convictions to either party. After all, each party is just a political party and one could make an argument that neither party does what it says. I don’t believe a family member and/or neighbor who always promised something but never delivered on the promise would enjoy your loyalty. Why is a political party treated differently by many individuals?

After some serious thought I have come to the conclusion that there are individuals who have such strong political beliefs that they can only vote for one party. The concept being that one party is not just better than the other but so superior that there is no reason to ever vote for the other party. If we ask the candidates to “tell me what you are going to do, do what you say and show me the result,” I would find it particularly difficult to constantly pick one

part over the other. It is sometime hard to pick either party. “Sometimes your choice is bad or worst and sometimes worst is the better choice.”

Thinking of the loyalty issue caused me to have examined the issue further. After extensive research I have found two types of individuals who would believe their party is superior and that one should never vote for the other party! There is type limited and type invested, both of which do not cross party lines. I am sure that my analysis will annoy and displease some people and I can assure you that is not my intent, well maybe, whatever.

“Sometimes your choice is bad or worst and sometimes worst is the better choice.”

It has been said that some men are blind men and don’t see very well; some men have limited hearing and don’t listen very well; and some men are prejudice and only see and hear what they want to see and hear. In some ways we are all blind, we all have limitations and our prejudices are usually unknown to us, but sometimes obvious to others. The extremes in

both parties resemble the type limited. The limited extremes in both political parties seem to be extreme examples of being blind and hearing impaired and their bias toward their own party limits what they see, say and do. An argument could be made that the limited persons are not just loyal to their party, but they sometimes find problems that may not exist with the other party. Additionally, they often justify, rationalize, defend and substantiate anything their party says or does.

If President Obama awoke one morning and floated across the floor, the limited extremes on the other side would say that Obama cannot walk. If Sara Palin found an ancient table in the desert and she read the entire text while seemingly in a trance, the other side would say she had the text written on her hand! No matter what the other side does – IT IS WRONG from the perspective of the type limited. If either party found a cure for cancer, the extremes in the other party would have difficulty acknowledging that cancer exists... The invested type is similar to

the limited but a closer examination can reveal the differences. The invested type consists of individuals who were raised within one party and have been supporting a party for so long that they cannot change. If they changed political parties, it would be saying that everything they believed in was not totally correct. If an invested type is lost, they cannot admit to it – someone changed the road, moved a building and/or the map is wrong. If lost, the extreme invested type will often drive faster – even if they are not sure of the direction, as if that will help. And no – I am not invested...

Maybe we are all a little invested in what we believe, maybe we all have vision and hearing problems and not just those of us who are older, but being loyal should require something to be loyal to. Conversely, loyalty is thought to be a very good character issue.

It is ok to find likes and dislikes with both parties, and if you like just one party that is alright also. We can always use examples of limited and invested behavior – from both sides.

To read past editions of Words from Winterbilt, visit the Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net.

# The Village Idiot

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

There were eight of them standing or sitting on the shooting platform at the archery range, boys ranging from 8 years old to about 14. Ben Kelkye, Youth Program director, had just finished chewing the lot of them out for their behavior while on the firing line with bows and arrows in hand. (Ben likes, demands, a quiet, serious firing line and these boys had been anything but.) After Ben left the range I suggested we all take a break to let the director’s words sink in a bit.

“Coach Jack,” one of the younger boys politely started. “Why did Mr. Kelkye yell at us? Why is he so angry with us?”

How to tell them without offending anyone? I am not politically correct or particularly diplomatic. With such earnest faces staring at me, I decide to tell the truth, as much of it as I figure these boys can handle. “Mr. Kelkye isn’t mad at you, he’s mad at me.” By the time I’m finished talking the boys are bug-eyed, mouths agape. They had just received a quick history lesson that turned into an even quicker geography lesson, and then became a philosophy lesson.

They were surprised by the things I told them. I was stunned by the things they simply did not know! These bright boys, so eager to learn, were so god-awful ignorant! I could hardly believe we live in the same county. Not for the first time, I pondered what is wrong with our schooling system.

Since September of 1959, I’ve been compiling a list of wrongs. The biggest of them being money. There is simply too much money spent on too little education. All around this

rock children learn to read and write, study history and manipulate numbers without the aid of computers, multimillion-dollar school buildings, or teachers with master’s degrees and administrators earning in excess of \$100,000 a year. Not that \$100K isn’t just compensation! It is for the system these people operate. The system is designed to spend ever-larger amounts of money and it does that very well.

The most expensive school building I ever slept in was Catocin High during the first four years it was open. Thinking back on those mind-numbing days I can barely stifle a yawn. The rooms were painted in calming color schemes that induced a coma like drowsiness, greatly aided by the constant hum of the lighting and air-conditioning systems. Coupled with a droning teacher’s voice the rooms became torture chambers of boredom. Even the classes I had an interest in, few indeed, were hardly conducive to learning. The very rare classrooms with windows seldom offered views of the real world so life was denied those who were not academically minded. (Oh gods, was I not of such a mind!) At least in the older school buildings I could gaze out a window and imagine I was free of the hell my parents insisted I endure.

Second on my list of wrongs is what schooling really is. I always thought it was about educating me. Wrong! One of the handful of teachers who ever made an impression on me, told me (decades after I’d escaped the classrooms) that school was NOT about educating, it was about controlling! What a freaking enlightenment that was! At once, twelve years of in-

sanity fell into place and became understandable. I hadn’t failed at education! I failed at being controlled! Damn, maybe I’m not as stupid as I’ve believed these last fifty years?

The third thing I’ve found wrong with schooling is who actually fails at it. All my life I’ve been told that students fail. But they don’t. Teachers fail. Systems fail. Parents fail. Children start out mostly bright and eager to learn and often the most eager among them are subject to the most control as teachers desperately attempt to force everyone into the same pattern. A pattern that suits the system, often creating people who struggle with bitterness over how they were treated for the rest of their lives.

Fourth among the wrongs is the reason for schools. (Oddly, as I write this I hesitate. It has been several years since I read anything by John Taylor Gatto, a former “teacher of the year” in New York, who finally came to his senses and blew the whistle on what is happening in this nation’s school system.) I Google “John Gatto” and find he has a website about schooling. Surprise, surprise, my fourth “wrong with” schooling is his fourth “purpose for” schooling. (My pagan friends have convinced me there are no coincidences in life. All is connected; ideas and facts come together as one needs them. So it seems Gatto’s website shows up as I struggle to explain the fourth wrong.)

According to Gatto, the education systems originally founded in this country had “three specific purposes:

To make good people  
To make good citizens  
And to make each student find some

particular talents to develop to the maximum.”

These were the goals of such educators as Cotton Mather, Horace Mann and John Dewey whose education systems were built on the foundations of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and thousands of other thinking teachers from before the birth of Christ up to the 19th century.

The 19th century? Why did things change then? According to Gatto, a new way of thinking took over the education system in this country. The Mathers, Horaces and Deweys were slowly replaced by the likes of Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, Henry Ford, J.P. Morgan and Frederick W. Taylor who pushed for schooling in America to become like schooling in Germany, a servant of corporate and political management. A factory system of control.

The new system didn’t require students to think, only to learn enough to fill the ever-expanding factory models that were sweeping the first world nations. That the new schooling also turned out boys suited to further manipulation was a boon to the military which in those days did indeed need ranks of canon fodder because that was the way wars were fought. The elected elite didn’t take long to see how they could control huge blocks of voters who were being “dumbed down” by the very sys-

tems the elect were mandating for every child in the country.

So, the purpose of education went from creating good people, good citizens and discovering what each student’s talents were so they could be enhanced... to what? To creating unthinking cogs and sheep?

What hasn’t changed are the students. In spite of their families, in spite of their teachers, in spite of the school system and the elect who fund it, I still find kids who want to learn, who actually laugh at their teachers and manage to educate themselves. Many of these bright kids are being home schooled, though I’m meeting more and more of them using the government system for their own purposes. Quiet, earnest kids who smile at the befuddlement of the system’s teachers, but listen attentively to those who actually want them to become men and women, rather than sheepish cogs.

These are the heirs of the children who sat under Athenian porticos, or stood on street corners as Socrates exposed them to their ability to reason. How odd he was able to reach the youths under those circumstances, yet our modern system requires millions, upon millions of dollars to ensure we don’t accidentally create another Socrates.

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# Pure Onsense

## Dissatisfied voters

Scott Zuke

Frederick County has a large pool of candidates to consider in this year's midterm election. Unfortunately, there's little to distinguish them from each other besides the variety of the staggering number of typos and formatting errors in the League of Women Voters guide. Throw a stone into the crowd and you're bound to hit someone who promises to be more responsive and transparent to voters, to practice fiscal restraint, scrutinize the budget for spending to be cut, make the county more inviting to businesses, and to fight for a fair share of state funds. They all say that the county needs elected officials willing to make "the hard decisions" in fiscal issues.

Maybe we should count ourselves lucky that there isn't a shortage of citizens eager to bear the responsibility of decision-making. And as for the similarity of their platforms, perhaps it's simply to be expected that difficult times will cause candidates' proposals to converge toward some common mean. However, there is a sense of disappointment and resignation

one feels when trying to do one's civic duty by researching all the candidates to make an informed choice, only to realize there's little more than R's or D's next to their names to tell them apart. Choosing between identical platforms is not really a choice at all, and there's something a bit disheartening about that, even when the one choice offered aligns with one's desires.

Even more frustrating is the extent to which our local incumbents have become entrenched in office. Here in Maryland's sixth district, Congressman Roscoe Bartlett hardly even bothers to campaign anymore. In mid-October I ran into Rep. Bartlett at an event at College Park and introduced myself as a Thurmont resident. He remarked, seemingly unaware of how it would sound to a skeptical voter, that Thurmont was a very conservative area and that he didn't need to worry about getting support there. That was the extent of our conversation (To be fair, he was in a hurry). Nevertheless, in what should be the peak of the campaign season, here's an incumbent with no apparent interest in what a constituent has to say to him, with no interest in lobbying

for his vote. I wish I could say this was hubris, but he has every reason to feel safe. He's running against an opponent, Andrew Duck, who has already lost two previous elections and brings nothing new to the table his third time around. Duck is such a weak opponent, Bartlett would be smart to donate to his primary campaign each election season. Still, these are the "choices" we are given. One wonders, with candidates like these, who needs enfranchisement?

While the media will spend the next few weeks analyzing the results of the election ad nauseum, the more interesting question will be what all of us do after it is over. Will anyone be satisfied by the results of this election? Even if the rate of incumbent defeats is higher than normal, there are no signs that we should expect any significant change of pace in Washington. For those who accept this as the status quo, a switch to Republican control of the House (should this be the result) is nothing more than a minor swing of the pendulum which characterizes our democracy: every few years, the balance of power switches sides as a natural result of checks and balances, both institutionally and in terms of voter preferences.

But what about those citizens who strongly oppose this status quo, such as the tea party movement? While a divided Congress may bring the progres-

sive phase of the Obama presidency to a close, there's no reason to suspect that a major self-reevaluation of the federal government's Constitutional role is imminent (despite the GOP's election-year groveling). Even if some of the tea party candidates pull off victories, I suspect, as I've said before, that Washington is more likely to change them than the other way around. How many election cycles will the tea partiers have to wait to get tangible results? Even the leaders of the Frederick tea party are openly critical of Rep. Bartlett (who nevertheless claims to be a leading proponent of the movement and its values), yet there are few left who hold any expectation that his will not be a lifetime appointment.

What all of this amounts to is that it is increasingly apparent that citizens have few avenues for effective political participation in our current system. Protest rallies and larger movements come and go, but we remain stuck in the pendulum: a rarely satisfying dichotomy between democrats and republicans, in which power shifts slightly every few years but little else changes. Meanwhile the vast majority of incumbents retain their seats through each cycle, and often there's little to distinguish them from their rivals anyway.

I suspect that what has sustained the tea party so far is that it has revitalized a previously disengaged segment of the

population by tapping into what one democracy scholar termed a "nostalgia for effective political participation." One could make some informed guesses as to what ever happened to this sense of meaningful political engagement. The tea party would say that it was diminished by the progressive movement, which shifted political power from the states to the federal government. I would also note that nationally broadcast news and "Big Government" grew up side by side, shifting our attention away from our local communities and toward national-scale debates. We have thus become content to argue via a television set more often than debate or collaborate with our neighbors.

As a hyper-localized grassroots movement, the tea party has brought citizens together, often through social media, but also significantly in the form of face-to-face meetings, fostering a sense of community and shared destiny that has been in decline in our society for some time. This is an important feature of a healthy democracy (as is heterogeneity of ideological views, which the tea party does not excel at so much). The question now will be, will this be enough to sustain the movement if this election shows effective political participation to remain elusive? If so, what options might we investigate next in the ongoing task of addressing our political dissatisfaction?

# Down Under

## Unexpected Consequences

Submitted by Lindsay, Melbourne, Australia

In nature there are neither rewards nor punishments – there are consequences.

—Robert Ingersoll, 1881

When I was growing up we played a game called consequences. Someone would start by writing a line of text on a piece of paper, leaving a line or two below that so the paper could be folded over, and the next line written. The same lines were written on more sheets, one for every player. The first line could be something like 'Jackie Jones met..... at the zoo.' The next might be, 'They went for a ride on.....' and so on down the page. The number of lines equaled the number of players, who each got one sheet, and wrote their answer into the first line, then folded the paper so their answer was hidden and passed it on to the next person. The last line was always, 'And the consequence was.....'

At the end the person who had made up the game would read out the best or funniest. Some of the outcomes were funny, some awful, and some, ahem, could not be read out at all. But we really enjoyed it.

The consequences were mostly unexpected, which brings me to one of the greatest of all exports that the USA has ever developed: Privatization.

I've visited America on a few most

enjoyable occasions, and I know lots of Americans who have visited this country with the same reaction. We speak the same language more or less, laugh at the same jokes, enjoy some of the same music, have similar build, skins and outlooks. Basically we have the same form of democracy, capitalism, foreign policy and trade, and above all we can talk to each other without too much misunderstanding.

We have better beaches and far better food, you have amazing natural wonders, far superior theatre, art galleries, and concerts. The news media is similar, although we reckon your TV dramas are crap, to coin an expression, but we both have a diverse mix of cultures, values and hopes.

But there are also many differences, although less than there were twenty years ago.

Our economies were founded on entirely different principles. I'm no historian, but I believe the idea of private ownership of public utilities took root in America at an early stage, whereas here all utilities were owned and run by the government until about 1990, essentially a part of our English heritage. Transport, communications, water, power, prisons, indeed anything and everything that could be called 'public' was the responsibility of the central government. Some things had a foot in both camps – education, health and some of the arts were both state and private, for instance – but the utilities were sacrosanct, and at one stage there

was even a move to make the banks part of the government. Horror! The outrage was just short of mutiny, and the idea was dropped quickly.

I have lived long enough to see the pluses and minuses of both systems. Certainly the big plus for us, when we were swayed by the positive aspects of your persuasive ideas, was the reduction of government debt, both federally and at state level. Nearly everything except public health and education was sold off, privatized, and the money paid was, by and large, used to reduce public debt. The state I live in, Victoria, has reduced debt levels from about 50 to 2 billion, the Australian government from 50% of GDP to about 7%, and this is one of the main reasons we have weathered the current economic storm so well.

Unfortunately, you have not been able to sell off that which the government never owned in the first place, and thus reduce your debt, but we face a most unexpected consequence of privatization, the bottom line of the game, if you will. That is, we cannot afford to buy back that which we sold, so we can get into some other form of power generation. Let's say we received a billion dollars in 1990 from the sale of some major electricity plants running on brown coal. (We have the largest deposits of this cheap and high CO2 producing heat source in the world). We are now trying to show the world our commitment to reducing greenhouse gas emissions, and would like to get the owners of the power plants to be nice and get into something better. Sure, they'd be happy to do so, but at a price: about 10 times the price they paid. They have nothing to lose, we cannot afford to do it. So we have a stand-off. Carbon trading? That shifts the prob-

lem, but does not solve it. I believe it is very unlikely we will be able to reduce our emissions in the foreseeable future. Any government that tries to foist a multi-billion dollar impost on the power its citizens and industries use will be out the door faster than you could believe.

But you, because you never had this buy-back problem in the first place, have come up with a typically innovative and practical solution. Public land is being opened up for the development of solar panel farms, by far the best way of producing sustainable, renewable energy, and reducing your dependence on oil.

If there is any country in the world that should be doing just this,

it is Australia. At least half the continent is wide open space, desert and scrub, and the sun beats down unhindered. Instead of producing greenhouse gasses at an unprecedented rate, and instead of exporting the materials that add enormously to the world production of CO2, we could be exporting pure, clean energy. Enough to push the horizon back a few hundred years.

So look, you guys – you sold us on the idea of privatization, so how about sending someone over here to do the same for solar energy? We have a receptive leader, a growing swell of green support, and a fairly vibrant economy. Surely it's an opportunity you cannot miss?

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## FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

# Fairfield Mennonite Church Humble Beginnings to 50th Anniversary Gift Festival

Joyce Shutt  
Pastor emeritus

September 1961. Just back from a two-year term with Mennonite Central Committee (MCC), I took my mother to visit Edna Ruth Byler's basement gift shop. Mrs. B, seeing my mother's reaction to all those lovely things that didn't carry the Old Mennonite seal of approval, confided that the plain churches she visited were not a receptive market for many of her products. To which my mother said, "Give us everything you can't sell and we'll sell them for you. We're GC's (General Conference Mennonites). We're worldly Mennonites!" And so in a real way the International Gift Festival and Ten Thousand Villages was born.

That November, when Mrs. B came to Fairfield with her unsold worldly items we sold over \$500 worth of merchandise! To Mrs. Byler with her unpaid bills, that was an answer to prayer! For our church, it was the beginning of a passionate commitment to fair trade. The second year we (we being the Ladies Service Guild) sold \$1,200. The third year when we went over \$2,000, the men decided that was too much money for the women to

handle. Talk about angry!

But that was the best thing that could have happened. Not only did everyone in the congregation get behind "the International Gift Festival" (the name we chose for our sale), but it has resolved many a building issue over the past 50 years. All we have to ask is "How will that affect our festival?"

In those early years we packed, repacked and inventoried everything ourselves. When we ran out of things, we'd send my dad for more stuff. One time (this was after The Mennonite Central Committee took over for Mrs. Byler) we were waiting for Dad to return when we heard his car horn. He couldn't get out as they had packed merchandise around him after he got into the driver's seat!

Our 2nd Gift Festival my Aunt Annabelle Miller and Joanne Troyer came from Cory, Pa to help. Joanne went back to Cory determined that their church do something similar. A few years later, First Mennonite in Sugarcreek, Ohio (where my husband grew up) visited our sale then started their own festival. When Mrs. Byler got sick and MCC decided to take on the fair trade business, a significant factor in their taking

over was that we had demonstrated a viable way of marketing that fit the Mennonite profile.

By now, we've gotten pretty sophisticated in our merchandising, but at first we simply set up tables with white sheets to display the inventory. And as long as Mrs. B. came to our festival, she presided at a tea table, pouring tea or coffee for our customers, as regal as a queen, her covering her crown. In those early years when Ten Thousand Villages (then Self Help Crafts) didn't have a marketing program, they'd call me when a new church wanted to set up their own consignment sale. Could I help them get started? How did we do it?

I eventually wrote a small handbook for Self Help Crafts to use. We created our own brochures and material promoting fair trade before it was called that. After all, fair trade is an important peace issue, and Fairfield is a peace church. For at least 40 years we did not retain any money from the festival to cover our expenses: it all went back to Ten Thousand Villages. But eventually the book-keeping got too complicated. Rugs and crafts separated. The store didn't want us to use their credit card machine anymore. We had problems

using MCC's bulk mailing label. Finally TTV asked us to assume all costs and get our own credit card machine. In return they now give us a percentage of sales to cover our rather extensive costs.

Before Self Help Crafts/Ten Thousand Villages became so well known, we'd travel to Lancaster and York for live broadcasts on WGAL and York TV stations. We'd bring in samples of crafts. We'd tell artisan stories. In the early 80's, someone dared us to contact the Today Show. We sent a number of products like the bird whistles and info on Self Help and our festival and danged if Willard Scott didn't blow that silly whistle and talk about the festival.

In the late 70's we started inviting International Foreign Exchange Youth to present programs to middle schoolers who were bussed in to the church from several school districts. We ran the kids through the church in waves, 8 am until 3 pm on Tuesday and Wednesday of Gift Festival week. And how the TV stations loved it! They flocked to the church to take pictures of the kids dressed in international costumes amidst the gorgeous crafts and our photogenic presenters!

By the mid 80's we were reaching some pretty sensational numbers. By then we'd outgrown the fellowship hall and the SS rooms. One year we cautiously put the money changers in the temple, and once we took that step it wasn't long until we used the entire building. Out went the pews and pulpit equipment and in came crafts and rugs. For several years we had a basket tent in the parking lot. That is until we had a horrific storm and boxes and baskets flew all over Fairfield! The following year we sold over \$120,000 in rugs and crafts and almost collapsed from exhaustion. We'd gotten bigger than we could handle and we decided to cut back. Our festivals now run in the \$70's and \$80's, about half crafts, and half rugs, though in 2005, our grand total was \$128,000.

Over the years we tried all sorts of ploys to increase sales. We had musical groups come play. We had rug seminars. We tried a South American coffee bar to promote fair trade coffee. We had a Kenyan demonstrate the drums. We'd target certain countries and ask customers to pack health and school



kits for them. For several years, we had one of our members repairing damaged items for Self Help and had a close out room (before the store started having warehouse sales) and sell them at reduced rates. Last year we added a 5th day to our sale days to accommodate Veteran's Day and asked our customers to bring gift items to send our troops.

Fairfield Mennonite is a really tiny congregation. Consequently, we've had to rely on volunteer help from other churches and the community. It isn't just the unpacking, selling and re-packing that is a challenge. We have these heavy oak pews we remove and store during festival week. We bought a shed just to house the pews and all of our display equipment that's evolved over the years. For the last ten years men and women from our local prison have helped carry pews, set up, tear down, work the kitchen, park cars. That partnership has led to other forms of prison ministry.

For years we participated in the local Halloween Parade. We'd get outfits from the Ten Thousand Villages international clothes closet, borrow the rickshaw, and walk the parade route with our big banner "Bring the World Closer" handing out brochures. One year we had a mock up of the Taj Mahal in front of the church. During school holidays and the summer we'd pack up our kids and head for the warehouse to help. Several years ago we sent Will Kammerer, one of our teens, to Pakistan on the learning tour.

Some have joined the church because of the festival. One year I tried to sell this rather charming fellow a rug. Right before he bought it, he turns to me and says, "There's one thing I don't understand about Mennonites. Why the Mennonite Church? Why not the womanite church?" To which I responded, "Oh, Bert, you need to join this church." And he did.

*Joyce Shutt is a life-long member of Fairfield Mennonite Church and served as Pastor from 1980-2000.*

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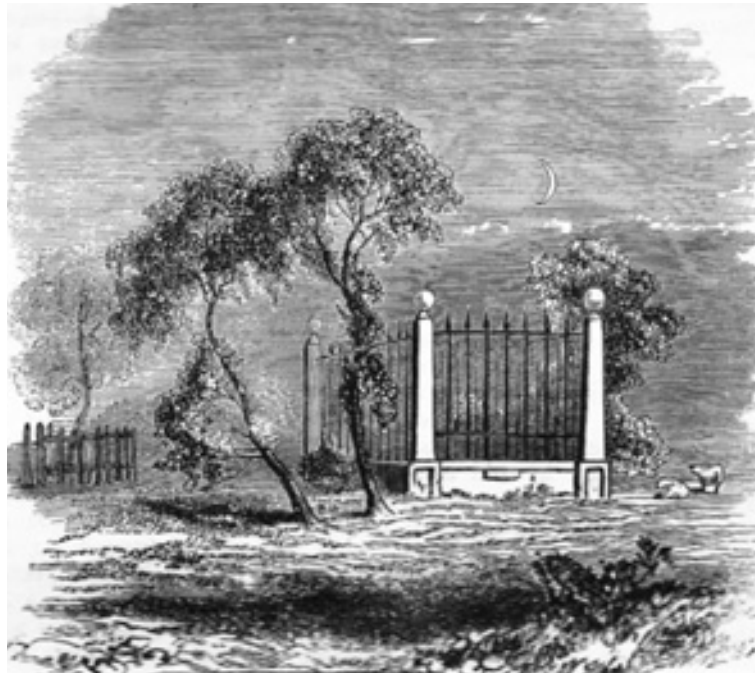
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## THE BOOK OF DAYS

## Robin Hood



Robin Hood's Grave

Much controversy has prevailed with respect to this celebrated outlaw and the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of now obtaining any information regarding his history that can be relied on as authentic will, in all likelihood, render him ever a subject for debate and discussion among antiquaries. The utmost attainment that can reasonably be expected in such a matter, is the being enabled, through a judicious consideration and sifting of collateral evidence, to draw some credible inference, or establish some well grounded probability.

The commonly received belief regarding Robin Hood is that he was the captain of a band of robbers or outlaws, who inhabited the forest of Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire, and also the woodlands of Barnsdale, in the adjoining West Riding of Yorkshire. They supported themselves by levying toll on wealthy travelers, more especially ecclesiastics, and also by hunting the deer and wild animals of the forest.

Great generosity is ascribed to Robin, who is represented as preying only on the wealthy and avaricious, whilst he carefully eschewed all attacks on poor people or women, and was ever ready to succour depressed innocence and worth by his purse as well as his sword and bow. He is recorded to have cherished a special enmity towards the sheriff of Nottinghamshire, whom, on one occasion, under the guise of a butcher, and pretending that he had some horned cattle to dispose of, he entrapped into the forest of Sherwood, and only released on the payment of a swinging ransom.

Bishops and rich ecclesiastics were the objects of his especial dislike and exactions, but he was, nevertheless, a religiously disposed man, and never failed regularly to hear mass or perform his orisons. He even retained in his band a domestic chaplain, who has descended to posterity by the appellation of Friar Tuck, and been immortalised in *Ivanhoe*. The lieutenant of this renowned captain was a tall stalwart fellow called John Little, but whose name, for the sake of the ludicrous contrast it presented, was transposed into Little John.

Other noted members of the band were William Scadlock, George a Green, and Much the miller's son. A mistress has also been assigned to Robin Hood, under the epithet of 'Maid Marian,' who followed him to the greenwood, and shared his dangers and toils.

The same popular accounts represent this gay outlaw as living in the period extending from the reign of Henry II, through those of Richard I and John, to that of Henry III. We are informed that he was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, about 1160; that from having dissipated his inheritance through carelessness and extravagance, he was induced to adopt the life of an outlaw in the forests; and that after having, with the band which he had collected around him, successfully conducted his predatory operations for a long course of years, and set all law and magistrates at defiance, he at last, in his eighty seventh year, felt the infirmities of age coming upon him and was induced to enter the convent of Kirklees, in Yorkshire, to procure medical assistance. The prioress, who is described as a relation by some, an aunt of his own, was led, either through personal enmity or the instigation of another, to cause the death of Robin Hood, an object which she accomplished by opening a vein or artery, and allowing him to bleed to death. The date assigned to this event is November 1247.

It is stated that when Robin perceived the treachery which had been practiced on him, he summoned all his remaining strength, and blew a loud blast on his bugle horn. The well known call reached the ears of his trusty lieutenant, Little John, who forthwith hastened from the adjoining forest, and arriving at the priory, forced his way into the chamber where his dying chieftain lay. The latter, according to the story in the ballad, makes the following request:

'Give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And an arrow I'll let free,  
And where that arrow is taken up,  
There let my grave digged be.'

The bow being then put into his hands by Little John, Robin discharged it through the open casement, and the arrow alighted on a spot where, according to popular tradition, he was shortly afterwards buried. A stone, carved with a florid cross and an obliterated inscription, marks the place of sepulture, and the whole has been in recent times surrounded by an enclosure, as shewn in the accompanying engraving.

This probably genuine memorial of Robin Hood is situated on the extreme edge of Kirklees Park, not far from Huddersfield. The site which it occupies is bold and picturesque, commanding an extensive view of what was formerly forest land, and which still displays clumps of gnarled oaks, scattered up and down, mingled with furze and scrub.

Finally, we are informed by several old ballads, and also by some writers of a later age, that this prince of robbers was no other than the Earl of Huntingdon, who, from misfortunes or his own mismanagement, had been compelled to adopt a predatory life.

The above statements, with many additions and variations by way of embellishment, are all set forth in the numerous ballads which profess to record the exploits of Robin Hood and his merry men. A collection of these, under the title of *A Lytell Geste history of Robyn Hood*, come from a manuscript apparently of the latter end of the fourteenth century, one of the earliest English printers, about 1495. It forms the most satisfactory and reliable evidence that we possess of the life and deeds of the sylvan hero, and comprises one or two circumstances which, as we shall shortly see, go far to substantiate the fact of the actual existence of Robin Hood.

The *Lytell Geste* is divided into eight parts or fyttes, as they are called; the seventh of which, and part of the eighth, narrate an adventure of Robin with 'King Edward,' who, at the end of the sixth fytte, is styled 'Edwarde our comly kyng.' The only monarch of that name, whom we can consistently believe to be here referred to, is the lighthearted and unfortunate Edward II, who is described as having immediately before made a progress through Lancashire. His father, Edward I, never was in Lancashire after he became king; and Edward III, if he was ever in that county at all, was certainly never there during the earlier years of his reign, whilst, as regards the subsequent years of his government, we have indisputable evidence that Robin Hood had by that time become a historical personage, or at all events an existence of the past.

But with respect to Edward II, contemporary proof is furnished that in the autumn of the year 1323, and not long after the defeat and death of his great enemy and kinsman, the Earl of Lancaster, he

made a progress through the counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Nottingham. Here a coincidence occurs between a historical fact and the incidents related in the ballad.

According to these last, King Edward having arrived at Nottingham resolves forthwith on the extermination of Robin Hood and his band, to whose depredations he imputes the great diminution that had lately taken place in the numbers of the deer in the royal forests. A forester undertakes to guide him to the haunts of the outlaw, and Edward and his train, disguised like monks, certainly rather an unkingly masquerade, but Edward II had little kingliness about him set out for the place, and on the way thither are suddenly encountered by Robin and his men, to whom the pseudo abbot represents that he has only with him £40. The half of this he is obliged to give up, but is courteously permitted to retain the remaining moiety.

After transacting this little matter of business, Robin invites the abbot and his party to dine with him an invitation doubtless not to be resisted in the circumstances. After dinner, a shooting match commences, and in course of this the real rank of the pretended abbot is discovered, and Robin, falling down on his knees, craves forgiveness for himself and retainers. The king grants it, but on condition that the outlaw chief shall quit his present mode of life, and ac-

company his sovereign to court, where he is promised a place in the royal household. To this he readily consents, and accompanies the king first to Nottingham, and afterwards to London, where, for nearly a year, he 'dwelled in the kyng's court.'

Now it is at least a singular coincidence, that in the records of the household expenses of Edward II, preserved in Exchequer, the name of Robyn node occurs several times as a 'vadlet' or porter of the chamber in the period from the 25th of April to the 22nd of November 1324, but no mention of him occurs either previous to the former or subsequent to the latter of these dates. This was the very time during which, according to the ballad, Robin Hood lived at court.

We are informed that Robin, after having remained in the king's service for about a twelvemonth, became wearied of the court, and longed for the free and joyous life of Sherwood Forest. The king consents to let him go, but only for a short period, a condition which Robin thoroughly disregards after regaining his liberty. Rapturously welcomed by his old associates and reinstated as their leader, he continues for twenty two years to lead the life of a robber chief, and dies at last through treachery in Kirklees Priory, as already mentioned.

To read the full version of Robert Chamber's 'Robin Hood' visit *The Book of Days on Emmitsburg.net*

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## THE (retired) ECOLOGIST

# The search for an ideal world

Bill Meredith

“We find ourselves in a bewildering world.” Stephen Hawking, 1996. *A Short History of Time*.

“This is the place of my song-dream, the place the music played to me.” Kenneth Grahame, 1908. *The Wind in the Willows*.

learn much about toads.

I don't know much about British toads, but in America toads are sensible creatures and, in an ideal world, they would lead well-ordered lives. When fall comes they find a pond or a spring, dig themselves into the mud below the freeze line, set their biological clocks for half-past March,

instincts that have enabled them to survive so many millions of years, most of them buried themselves in the wettest places they could find and went into hibernation early.

The drought was broken in the last week of September by rainstorms that dumped over 6 inches of rain on Emmitsburg. My wife and I had been out for an evening of bridge with friends on Sept. 30, and when we started home around midnight there was a chorus of toads singing. Apparently the warm rains had awakened them, and they came out to see what was going on. The equinox had just passed, and they must have had the same understanding of it as my wife, who has always maintained that if you've seen one equinox, you've seen them all. So they reasoned as toads do: equal periods of day and night + warm rain = mating season, and they started singing. I hope that's as far as it went. This is no time of year for tadpoles to be out wandering around.

Even if you're not a toad, it has been an unusual year. The trees took advantage of the wet spring to set on a prodigious crop of nuts and fruit. The Bradford pears in our yard are so full of miniature pears that their limbs are bent to the point of cracking. The flowering crabs and honeysuckles in the back yard are full of robins and cedar waxwings, and even a few catbirds are delaying their migration to share the feast. It is a mast year: when my golf ball made one of its frequent trips into the woods on a recent outing, there were so many acorns on the ground that the ball couldn't find a bare spot to sit on. A few weeks ago, while walking to the post-office I saw a young squirrel with a walnut in his mouth; he seemed puzzled by the taste, and looked as if he wasn't sure what to do with it. Eventually he stopped trying to figure it out logically and followed his instincts, which told him not to try to eat it now but to carry it up to my yard and bury it in the flower bed. Apparently all of the flowerbeds are full now; this morning I noticed several holes in the lawn where he and his friends are burying nuts of various kinds. Winter may be coming, but the larder is full. From their point of view, this is an ideal world... at least for now. They're young; they will learn.

I remember the day I learned to read. I was about five, and was going through my book about Peter Rabbit, which had been read to me since before I could walk, and which I knew literally by heart. I was reciting the story to myself, idly poking at the groups of letters on the page, when it suddenly dawned on me that those groups of letters were words. It was a true epiphany, a feeling of the purest delight. I traced my way through the whole book, and began to recognize t-h-e as “the,” a-n-d as “and,”



and so on to bigger words; and by the time I started school I was able to read books I hadn't previously memorized. Looking back, I think I became a better biologist, and certainly a better teacher, because of Peter Rabbit and Uncle Wiggly. It did me no harm that, when I was six, I thought animals really talked among themselves; I had no trouble giving up such anthropomorphism as I matured. And I understood that while the world is a bewildering place and is not ideal, there are still good times to be had in it.

There is a point in the *Wind in the Willows* where the water rat meets an old friend who has trav-

eled to faraway places, and they sit down to a picnic lunch. There are cheeses, sausages, French bread, and “a long-necked, straw-covered flask wherein lay bottled sunshine shed and garnered on far Southern slopes.” Children might not know what all that means, but in an ideal world they would hear it read by parents or grandparents who would have time to pause and explain. Hearing the language used like that would be a lot better for them than sitting in front of a television set watching *SpongeBob Squarepants*.

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



Some time ago I came upon a book review of a newly-illustrated edition of Kenneth Grahame's classic, *The Wind in the Willows*. I felt a bit guilty because I had never read it, so I went to the library and got a copy. My wife thought it was silly for someone of my age to waste time reading a children's book, but I enjoyed it more than anything else I've read this year. There is a long tradition among British writers, from Beatrix Potter to J. K. Rowling, not to talk down to children; rather, they use the same vocabulary as if they were speaking to a child sitting beside them on the porch swing. The stories are not about some ideal world where all creatures are perfect; rather, they speak of the conflict between good and evil, with heroes, villains, and ordinary folk who do extraordinary things, and through whose efforts the world becomes a little better.

One of the characters in the book is a toad who has more money than he should. Like spoiled rich folk everywhere, his self-indulgent behavior always makes trouble for others... he drives his car too fast, scares horses off the road (remember, this was in 1908), and cheats and lies without a shred of guilt. But he is not all bad; he is generous, irrepressible, and good company, so his friends put up with him. Children who read the story (or have it read to them, as parents used to do) will learn much about how life should be lived. But they won't

and turn their metabolic processes down to power-save mode. When the spring equinox arrives, they already have been yawning and stretching for a week or so. Then, the first time there is a warm rain, they dig up to the surface, rinse off the mud, and begin to sing in a falsetto trill that will bring all of the lady toads within earshot hopping to them at full speed. Life is good... in an ideal world.

2010 started out ideally, if you were a toad. From their bedrooms in the mud they were able to ignore the record snowstorms and power-outages that bedeviled us humans. The unusually wet weather in April and May provided them with a breeding season that was like an extra month of vacation at the beach. But from mid-June onward, things went downhill. Temperatures shot up to record levels and stayed there; rain came in storms that were weeks apart, so the water either ran off the parched, brick-hard soil or evaporated in the heat. The grass stopped growing... a minor benefit for toads, since they were less likely to encounter lawnmowers... but insect populations crashed, so there wasn't much to eat. I didn't even see any Japanese beetles this summer. About the only insects that seemed to flourish were the stink bugs, which, I imagine, don't taste very good... I didn't try them myself, but they are an alien species, and toads tend to be conservative and aren't inclined to try new things. So, prompted by the

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IN THE COUNTRY

# The back porch Monarch hatchery

Michael Hillman

A few years ago, while eating dinner, my wife and I noticed all of our animals fixated on something in the adjoining room. Following the direction of their stare, we saw the focus of their attention was 'our black snake,' who somehow managed to get into the house and was making its way through the living room.

Most people that I know would have done at least something like grab a broom to usher the snake out of the house, or scream and run out of the house themselves. But not us. We simply ignored the snake and continued on with dinner. It eventually found a hole in the floor and slithered into our dirt basement where the mousing was good.

Only two years had passed since my wife decided that Mother Nature was a better gardener and stopped gardening for other people's pleasure. Instead, she started gardening for the pleasure of wildlife. The appearance of a snake in the house was proof positive that Mother Nature did indeed approve of my wife's change in gardening focus.

It was a hard transition for me, who grew up with yards and gardens that competed for the centerfold of House Beautiful where everything is meticulously kept and everything has its place - everything, that is, but wildlife.

Over the years, my wife's once-pristine gardens turned increasingly wild. Non-native plants gave way to indigenous plants, and birds and bats that were attracted by the native plants grew plump from the abundance of mosquitoes and flies.

Try as they might, however, neither my wife nor Mother Nature could figure out what to grow around our back porch. The perennials my wife planted never survived our dogs who consider the spot a prime 'relief station,' and all Mother Nature wanted to plant was sunflowers, which always seemed to snap in half just before they went to seed.

But everything changed this summer.

My wife decided to plant milkweed around the porch this year, which is a favorite food of Monarch butterflies. She hoped the milkweed would help attract more Monarchs to her garden oasis. As time would soon tell, she would not be disappointed. The Milkweed plants grew quickly and in short order were covered with tiny Monarch caterpillars. Every day my wife went out and counted the number of caterpillars on each plant. At first there was only a handful, then a dozen, then two dozen then scores.

Over the summer we watched as the caterpillars munched on one side of a stalk and down the other, devouring every leaf they

came to. But just as quickly as a leaf was devoured, a new one appeared in its place.

Eating is a caterpillar's main job, and milkweed, as I learned from my wife, is the only food the yellow, white and black striped caterpillars eat. By ingesting toxins from milkweed, monarchs give themselves protection from predators. Birds won't feed on larvae or adults because they taste terrible.

Oftentimes we would find two caterpillars on a single leaf and would watch in awe as they performed what could best be called a 'dance of intimidation,' as one caterpillar would attempt to force the other to abandon the leaf. Of course, I never had the spare three or four hours needed to wait around to see who actually won.

As the summer wore on, our new 'pets' grew fatter and fatter and we became so engrossed in their antics as caterpillars that we forgot that they were only in stage one of their lives.

But that all changed when my wife spotted the first cocoon, properly known as a 'chrysalis,' hanging from a single strand. As a caterpillar grows inside the chrysalis, it sheds its skin four times. On the last shedding, it wiggles free of its skin and forms a beautiful jade green shell with a single fine line of gold around its circumference.

The chrysalis we spotted dwarfed the caterpillars still munching away on the milkweed leaves. Determining how our big guys stuffed themselves into those small little sacks soon became the focus of all our attention. Fortunately we didn't have long to wait.

The next morning my wife

spied a caterpillar crawling up the siding. Over the next 24 hours (caterpillars don't do anything fast) we watched it attach itself to the siding with its hind limbs, drop down and invert itself into a 'J' shape, with its head pointed upwards. Try as we might, we never actually caught one shedding its skin for the final time to form the chrysalis. I frequently checked on caterpillars I thought were

ready, and would no sooner grab a cup of coffee

than

to discover the process was already completed! If I looked closely, I could see the chrysalis still moving from the inside, but that was all.

For reasons that escape me at the time, all the caterpillars seemed to pick the same piece of siding to hang from. About 10 days after spotting the first chrysalis, we noticed it turning black, and awoke the next morning to find a newly hatched Monarch warming itself in the

morning sunlight. It was then I realized why they chose that spot of siding - the morning sun! Crammed inside the chrysalis, its wings were crumpled. It used the warm rays of the sun to harden its wings as they slowly straightened out.

By mid afternoon the Monarch hatchling was fluttering about the garden, nectaring on the flowers of the Milkweed right next to caterpillars it had crawled past just a few days before.

For the past four weeks the cycle has repeated itself countless times. The siding is covered with empty chrysalis, each one a wafer-thin transparent shell that now dangles freely in the wind.

While we celebrated each new arrival, we also sadly discovered

that not every caterpillar

made it. Oftentimes we would find

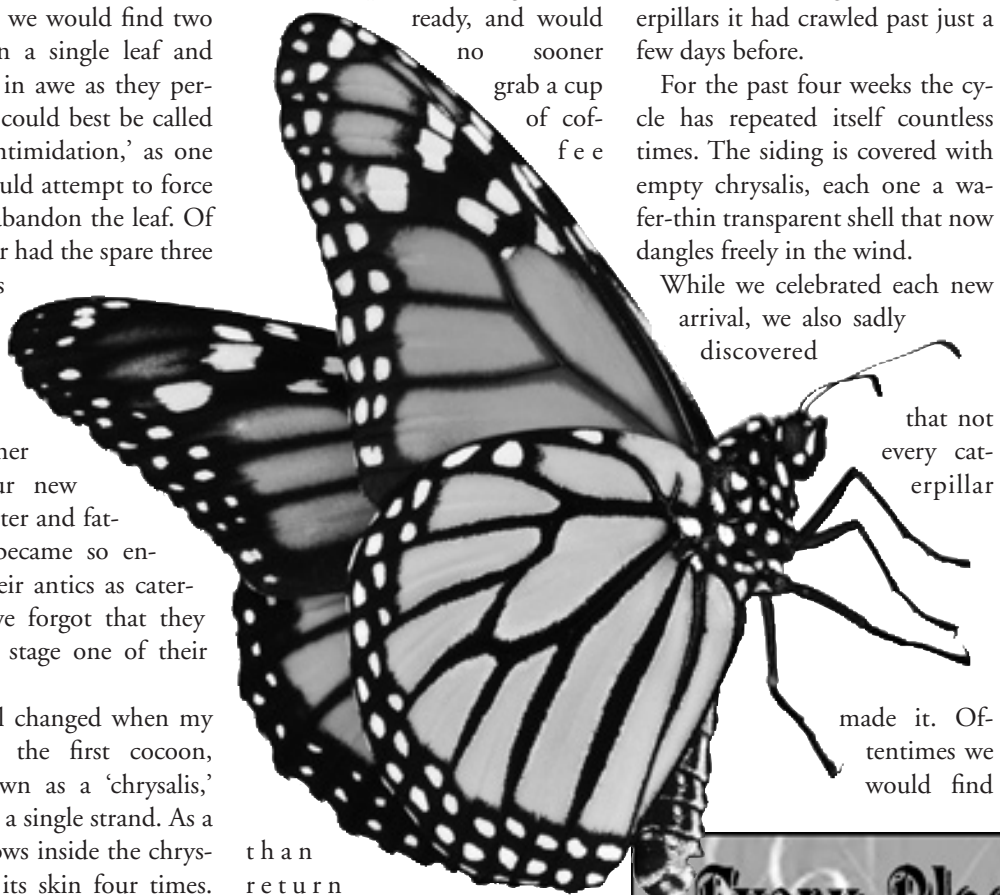
a caterpillar that managed to invert itself on the siding, only to die still in its caterpillar stage of life. Other times we would discover a newly hatched butterfly lying on the ground under its chrysalis, wings barely moving.

Intervening with nature, I often placed these struggling creatures out of harm's way in the sunlight in hopes they would rally, but none did.

One morning I found a spectacularly beautiful newly hatched Monarch lying listless on the ground, and like the others, I moved him to a safe sunny spot. All day long I checked in on him, hoping against hope that he would break my string of failures, but in the end, he too died.

I carried him gently into the house and placed him under my computer monitor, wings spread in all their glory. When the snows of winter once again descend upon us, he will serve as a reminder of how much enjoyment our back porch Monarch hatchery brought us this summer. And so goes the cycle of life in the county.

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



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## THE MASTER GARDENER

# Fall cleanup practices in the garden

**Teresa Gallion**  
**Frederick County Master Gardener Program**

**Phil Peters – Adams County Master Gardener**

Once again we come to that time of year when we have to say good-bye to the beauties of this year's garden and get ready to re-create again next year. Fall cleanup is best done in three stages: evaluate the year's successes & failures, physically clean up the garden plots, and plan for next year. Notice that two-thirds of our work is more cerebral than physical and results from close observation of what we see in the garden. Only one third of the work is physical - raking leaves, removing dead plants, mulching, etc.

The kind of garden you are growing will determine how much "cleaning" you need to do at the end of the season. How concerned you and your neighbors are about yard neatness may also be a factor. If you grow annuals, tropicals, vegetables, wildflowers, have a woods or a plain lawn, your style will set your work schedule.

The First Step should be a relaxing, but critical, walk through our property, carefully observing the various plants and how they fared this summer. Most of the rain has come in quick bursts that didn't really soak the soil. Unless we watered regularly, our plants have been stressed by hot, dry days. Keep an eye out for those plants that performed best.

It is particularly important to eval-

uate the various annuals that we use for extended seasonal color. Some probably performed beautifully; others, less so, or, disappointingly. Making careful notes of the successes and failures will help us in Step Three where we will decide what to plant next year. Your garden notes may be mental ones or written. I carry a clipboard around with me, making quick maps of the plantings in a given garden and then referencing it with notes on the performance of each plant, or just notes about unusual situations.

This is also the time to take a good close look at our perennials, trees and shrubs. How did they fare? Did they grow evenly? Are they stressed? Look for signs of insect damage or disease in the leaves and branches. Make sure there are no sunken areas (cankers) or bleeding scars and broken branches. Remove any plants or parts of plants that show damage. Dispose of the affected material separately. Do not put it in with your compost or allow it to remain in the garden.

Step Two: cleanup and maintenance. This is the physical part and the one that taxes our muscle power. First, we need to remove all the dead annuals and fallen flower heads, dead branches, garden debris and dead leaves. Prune plants that need it in the fall.

If you see signs of insect pests, i.e., bagworms, remove them now. For bagworms, don't just pull the bag off the branch. Take a sharp knife or razor blade and cut through the silken strands that are wrapped around the



branch. Left on they will strangle the branch as it grows. Tear open or remove fall webworm nests. Don't kill the spiders; they are on your side.

One subject we learn about as master gardeners is integrated pest management (IPM). This term describes a decision making approach to gardening that is gaining popularity as more people learn about it. Depending on the type of garden you have, doing a big fall clean up may not be as necessary as you once thought.

If it's possible, leave some perennials standing. It's fun to watch finches on coneflowers (*Echinacea* sp.) pick-

ing out the seeds. Sunflowers, liatris and other flowers that go to seed will provide food for wildlife. Watching birds can give you hours of enjoyment in the winter garden. Leaving flowers and stalks through the winter will also provide homes for overwintering insects.

Gardeners familiar with IPM will welcome insects as pollinators and as food for birds and each other. An environmentally friendly garden will always have lots of bugs in it. By leaving seed heads and some winter protection for birds and insects in your garden, you'll have lots of wildlife to en-

joy this fall and winter. Milkweed pods provide seeds for food and fly-catchers, vireos, wrens, some warblers, sparrows, orioles and finches will use the floss for nesting. You'll have more beneficial insects in the spring, too.

When you simply must cut down perennial stalks, chop them into six-inch lengths (or so) and pile them in the garden as mulch with fall leaves. Stick piles give cover for wildlife, including overwintering butterflies like the Mourning cloak. The leaves and plant material you leave on the ground will mulch the garden and can be turned in to the soil in spring, adding important organic material.

Vegetable gardens will need to be cleared of old growth, to assure the best conditions for next year's crop. Prune back plants and shrubs with seed heads that start too many unwanted new plants. Tropicals take a lot of care in this non-tropical area. I used to spend my October digging up, drying out and preparing to store cannas, glads, and dahlias. Plants that naturally grow here will not take up your time, effort, and basement with the coddling that non-natives require. Do a little research and trade those labor-intensive tropicals for plants that grow in our climate naturally.

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# THE MASTER GARDENER

## The Small Town Gardener Autumn's Choice

Marianne Willburn

I am not a cruel gardener. It is heartbreaking for me to thin lettuces or turn over volunteer zucchini growing out of the compost pile. I have a variety of Shasta daisy that is waging world supremacy in my perennial border - yet every year I dig some out and hasten its plans by putting it in yet another area of the garden... and in those of my friends. I am rarely anything but weak and feeble when it comes time to be ruthless in the garden. And I am no more weak and feeble than in autumn, when I must survey the half hardy perennials dotting my porch, deck and border and with a heavy sigh begin the process of deciding who will live indoors in relative warmth over winter, and who will perish - killed by the first extended frost that lays waste to the garden. It is the Judgment of Solomon.

Now let me make it clear from the start that I don't have a greenhouse. I don't have a conservatory, and morning rooms weren't a developer's option one hundred years ago when my home was built. To my shame, I haven't even built my cold frames yet - not that they could ever be large enough to house the vast amount of common geraniums, asparagus ferns, margarita daisies, coleus, schefflera and citrus etc... that I have accumulated over the season. And they certainly wouldn't be warm enough to keep the chill off a Meyer Lemon in deepest February. So for me, and many others like me, the task becomes one of finding room and adequate sunlight for these winter refugees.

Some of them are quite used to this seasonal game of musical chairs; my asparagus fern for one. The first year I had it, this 99¢ wonder turned into a large delicately green mound of

horticultural splendor. It was physically impossible to pass it every day on the porch as the days grew colder, knowing it would be dead by the end of November. Yes of course I knew I could buy more in the spring. But they wouldn't be as big and as full of life as this one. We had shared a summer - I couldn't abandon it. So we moved in together.

By February we were consulting separation lawyers. I was sick and tired of the way it dropped its yellowed spiny leaves on my floors, and it was fed up with getting watered once a fortnight and being taken for granted the rest of the time. Quite frankly, I argued, it had let itself go, and I wasn't to be faulted for favoring my green, low-light-loving Philodendron. It never yellowed in the middle and it didn't send up three foot spears to catch on my clothing as I walked by. Perhaps if I paid attention to it once and awhile it wouldn't have to yellow in the middle, it sobbed. We were both unhappy. The writing was on the wall by March, and had temperatures not picked up by the end of April so it could move out and return my keys, the situation could have gotten ugly. Yet we did it again the next year, and the one after that. Such is the course of true love.

So here, once again, I find myself. Geraniums sit on the washing machine, paired with fast-yellowing citrus. Coleus clippings from a hard to find variety root in water next to a bevy of potted marguerite daisies. And yes, my beloved asparagus fern, joined now by two brothers, competes for table space in the living room. Yes yes, I know. I could put a few in the basement, under lights. But let's be realistic. I can hardly get plants watered when they're staring me in the face and weeping as I pass by - I'm hardly likely to take a long walk down to the basement to visit the prisoners of Cell Block H and give them nourishment on a regular basis. I'd just be drawing out the inevitable - and as I said before, I'm not a cruel gardener.

So my lucky little refugees and I will once again spend a long winter together in a holding pattern - holding on for May and a little elbow room once again. And if they complain about institutional conditions I shall do nothing more than point a long trembling finger out to the deck at the withered remains of their not-so-lucky brothers.

I'm sure they'll see it my way in the end.

ter because native plants evolved to live right here. Look for plants native to your back yard and they'll flourish in the natural soil, temperature range and water available. They'll repay you with less garden work and more garden enjoyment.

Your spouse or neighbors may ask why you've left some of your garden standing through the winter. It can take some getting used to, if you normally clear everything out of your garden in the fall. Take small steps at first. And while you're saving time by not cleaning out your garden, fall is the time to clean, sharpen and oil your tools. They'll be ready to make our spring work easier.

Let's not overlook your lawn. This is the time to dethatch it and fill in the spots where the grass didn't make it. A good quality seed, bred for the wear it will get, is well worth the expense.

After the ground freezes is the time to put down a new covering of mulch. It not only makes the garden look nicer, but it will help maintain an even moisture and temperature level in the soil. Two or three inches are all you need. Remember to make a donut around the crowns of perennials and trunks of shrubs and trees. If the mulch comes all the way up around the plant, moisture will accumulate around the bark and soften it. In addition, disease, insects and small mammals like mice & voles will be able to get into the trunk and harm the plant.

With the physical part of our fall cleanup, we can move on to Step Three. Relying on the observations we have made as we walked around the property and cleaned up the gardens, we can now set up a strategy for next year's garden. Write down what worked and what didn't for each section of the garden. Make notes about what you want to improve. Look at each garden area and imagine what shapes, colors and textures you want in that area. Jot these ideas down on a rough garden sketch of the plot.

Now we can make the best use of all those garden catalogs that will flood our mailboxes. Rather than just buying on impulse we will be able to funnel our resources into just the right plants. And next year's garden will be even more spectacular than this year's!

To read other gardening articles visit the Gardening section of [Emmitsburg.net](http://Emmitsburg.net).

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## PETS LARGE AND SMALL

# The dog sport of Schutzhund

Mary Chrusciel

The word "schutzhund" translates literally from German to mean "protection dog". The sport of schutzhund was developed over 100 years ago as a breeding survey and temperament test for the German Shepherd Dog. Today, the sport is enjoyed by many working

team must complete and pass all three phases at one time to gain the schutzhund title.

Phase A, tracking, is composed of a track walked by either the handler or another person. The track is aged anywhere from half an hour to three hours. Along the way small articles are dropped. The dog must track with his nose, footstep to

to handler commands. Each dog and handler team performs a specific pattern including heeling on and off leash, recall exercises, retrieval exercises and stays. Each obedience pattern can take up to 20 minutes to complete, and the dog must have full focus on the handler to gain all the points!

The last phase, protection, is the most exciting of the three phases, but still incorporates a lot of obedience and control on the dog's part. This is not about dogs simply rushing up and biting! Again, the dog and handler team, along with the use of a decoy, who wears a protective sleeve and body suit, perform a pattern. The dog may bite only the sleeve of the decoy, and only at certain times of threat, and must let go immediately upon command of the handler. The exercises are performed much like police dog work, with guarding and escorting of the "bad guy" to the judge.

Each phase has the ideal score of 100 points, so a perfect schutzhund score would read: 100-100-100. Not very many dogs have ever achieved a perfect 300!

There are three levels of schutzhund at which a dog may compete: SchH 1, SchH 2, and SchH 3, the highest level. A dog must get a passing score of 70-70-80 to be able to claim the title and move onto the next level. SchH 3 is the "competition" level, with National and International schutzhund events being held all over the world.

This sport in no way makes a dog vicious or mean. In fact, a truly vicious dog does not have the correct temperament to be trained



Photo Caption: Mary Chrusciel and Rocca



dog enthusiasts, and draws such breeds as Dobermans, Bouviers, Belgian Malinois, Giant Schnauzers, and Rottweilers.

Schutzhund is a three-phase sport, consisting of phase A, tracking; phase B, obedience; and phase C, protection. A dog and handler

footstep, and find all the articles. This exercise is performed with the dog on a 10-meter line; much training goes into the dog being able to work independently of the handler.

The second phase, obedience, shows how well the dog responds

for this sport. Schutzhund dogs are stable, balanced dogs, and many of them enjoy their lives as household pets! Although any breed of dog is welcome to train and compete in the sport, not every dog has the correct temperament and balance of drives to become a schutzhund competition dog. If you think your dog may have what it takes, and you have the time and willingness to spend training in the heat, cold, sun, rain, snow, mud, and ice, then

here is a list of some websites that may give you more information:

- United Schutzhund Clubs of America [www.germanshepherd-dog.com](http://www.germanshepherd-dog.com)
- American Working Dog Federation [www.awdf.net](http://www.awdf.net)
- DVG America [www.dvgamerica.com](http://www.dvgamerica.com)

Mary Chrusciel is a Veterinary Assistant at the Emmitsburg Veterinary Hospital.

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P.S. Be sure to visit my website at: [www.Kathy2010.com](http://www.Kathy2010.com)



# PETS LARGE AND SMALL

## Shmoo-moo

Dr. Kimberly Brokaw

“Hey Doc! Shmoo-moo is running at Charles Town tonight if you want to come and watch.”

While I was on-call and unable to go, that was still probably one of the best phone calls I have ever received. Only a few months earlier I had told Shmoo’s owner that I wasn’t sure if he was going to survive his injuries, much less race again.

The first time I met Shmoo’s owner, she had called in a panic after the horse had stepped on a downed fence board. Unfortunately the nails had been pointing up and penetrated his foot. The nails were still imbedded in his hoof with the fence board attached. Unable to walk, Shmoo was trying to hop about his paddock with the fence board trailing behind him.

I arrived at the farm and found the situation to be exactly as described, a somewhat unusual occurrence in

that the majority of owners tend to exaggerate the extent of their horse’s injury. I took a few x-rays and began to remove the board and nails, which was a fair amount harder than I had anticipated. Nonetheless, I eventually successfully removed the nails from Shmoo’s foot.

One nail had gone about an inch and a half into Shmoo’s heel and I was very concerned that it had penetrated the deep digital flexor tendon and possibly entered the navicular bursa. Infection of the flexor tendon or the navicular bursa is often fatal, even with the best of care. Shmoo’s owner was informed of the gravity of the horse’s injuries and was offered referral to an equine hospital as I cut into his hoof and opened up the hole. I lavaged the puncture with copious amounts of fluids and antiseptics and administered antibiotics and a tetanus shot. Shmoo’s owner was also given various antibiotics to administer to Shmoo over the next few

days.

After arriving back at the clinic, I developed the x-rays and confirmed that the deep digital flexor tendon had been punctured. Luckily, it looked as though the nail had stopped a few millimeters from the navicular bursa. Ideally, a horse with this kind of an injury should go to a referral hospital, such as the Equine Medical Center in Leesburg, for intensive IV antibiotics and surgical drainage. Unfortunately, care at a referral hospital can get quite costly, and transporting an injured, lame horse to a referral hospital can be difficult.

Initially treatment went well, but about a week and half into treatment, Shmoo was even lammer than before. His owner couldn’t meet me at the farm because she had to work, but she informed me that I could treat him without her presence. Usually I refuse to treat horses without their owners, but since Shmoo was so quiet and cooperative, I made an exception.

When I arrived at the farm, I found Shmoo hanging his head out of the stall door and watching me as I unloaded various supplies from my truck. His owner had left a chain shank and gave me permission “to beat him like a red-headed step child” should he not behave (although I don’t think she ever raised her voice at Shmoo, much less hit him). Luckily, he was a gentleman. He walked quietly out of his stall and allowed me to cross-tie him in the aisle. I sedated him and began working on his foot. Again the puncture wound was opened up and I performed a regional limb perfusion with more antibiotics. The next day I returned and repeated the limb perfusion. His owner called with updates as Shmoo continued to heal until it seemed that he had fully recovered and went back into training. Many months later, Shmoo was ready to make his debut back on the track. While Shmoo didn’t win his race, I was delighted to hear that he was running again.

About a year later, I was called out to see Shmoo-moo again. His



Dr. Brokaw and her horse Bart

owner was no longer racing him; now, Shmoo was a trail horse and his owner wanted to get him vaccinated. He had been moved to a new barn that was plastered with numerous signs warning that he would bite and rear, and no one was to handle him alone. As I took note of the signs, I remembered working on Shmoo by myself the previous year and wondering how long it would have taken for someone to find my body had he decided to act up while I was treating him without assistance. However, as I entered his stall, he pricked his ears forward and looked at me as though he remembered me fondly (I had bribed him with treats). I patted him on the nose, gave him his shots, and like in all my previous encounters with Shmoo, he behaved like a perfect gentleman.

A few years have gone by and

I haven’t seen Shmoo, other than when I give him his annual vaccines. Recently, I received a few different phone calls, first from the owner giving permission to release information about him, and then from the manager of a boarding facility. Shmoo was to be arriving at the boarding facility and apparently, the owner had been given extensive warnings about his behavior. I was asked to confirm his vaccination status as well as comment on how dangerous the horse was to handle. My advice was to pat him on the nose, give him a treat and go from there. Shmoo-moo had always been nothing but a delight for me to work on.

*Dr. Brokaw practices her love of caring for animals at the Walkersville Veterinary Clinic.*

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## VETERAN'S PROFILE

# PFC Lewis Smith



James Houck

Edward John and Ruth (Rifle) Smith had their 11th child born to them at their farm on Four Points and Sixes Bridge Road across from the Richard Valentine farm on August 10, 1937. They named the baby boy Lewis.

Lewis grew up with plenty of brothers and sisters to play games, fish and ride bicycles with and also to help with the work on the farm. The entire family attended Emmitsburg School from first grade through graduation. They also belonged to the Elias Evangelical Lutheran Church in Emmitsburg, where Lewis sang in the choir. The family lived on the farm until 1948 when they moved to Emmitsburg to reside on the Waynesboro Pike. While attending high school Lewis worked for his father, Ed, who

got a job as janitor at Emmitsburg High School.

Lewis also delivered Gritt newspapers and was hired to sweep the floor at the pants factory at the west end of town. He swept the floor after all the workers had shut their machines down and gone home for the rest of the day. Lewis graduated from Emmitsburg High in 1956 and was hired at the school to replace his father who retired. Lewis worked there until he was drafted into the US Army in November of 1959.

Private Smith went to boot camp at Ft. Jackson in South Carolina for eight weeks before he was sent to Fort Knox in Kentucky, where he received his orders and was put on a ship for fourteen days to Germany. Upon arrival he was assigned to Vilsick, Germany where he spent 18 months with 663 ordinance

ammo dump, the largest ammunition dump in Germany. Here he was trained to handle ammunition safely. Lewis said they received in excess of one hundred tractor trailer loads per day and also received several railroad car loads of ammo per day. Lewis advanced to private first class while serving in Germany. He made a lot of friend while stationed there and understood that their lives depended on helping each other handle the live ammo. PFC Smith was shipped to Ft Dix in New Jersey in 1961 where he was honorably discharged from the US Army.

Between the time of his graduation and drafting, Lewis met a girl by the name of Dorothy Mae Fo-


gle while riding in his 51 Ford at Jimtown (near Thurmont, Md.). Dorothy was sitting on a porch swing on her parents' porch when Lewis stopped and asked her to double date with him. She said yes. I suppose it was love at first sight because they were married Oct. 11, 1959 and just celebrated their 51st anniversary. Unlike his parents, Lewis and Dorothy had only one child, Jeffery.

When he returned home from New Jersey, Lewis tried to get his job back with the Frederick County School Board, but all positions were filled. He was hired at the new St Joseph's Provincial House where he stayed for a while. Lewis found a better paying job with Weller Bros. Construction Co. where he worked digging the foundation for the brick plant in Rocky Ridge. The School Board of Frederick Coun-

ty rehired Lewis in 1982 where he stayed until his retirement in 2001. Lewis still works part time for the Key Center at the old Emmitsburg High School building.

Lewis is a lifetime member of American Legion Post 121 Emmitsburg, Squad 7 Am Vets Thurmont, Moose Club in Frederick and an active member of the Emmitsburg Grange for a long time. Lewis volunteers his time helping with functions to help the less fortunate in and around our community and helping our veterans at St. Catherine's. He also helps The Sons of The American Legion Post 121 with our chicken bar-b-que fundraiser to help keep Camp Westmar in operation for veterans' kids to go to summer camp.

I am sure by now everyone has guessed I am writing about our own "Smitty!"



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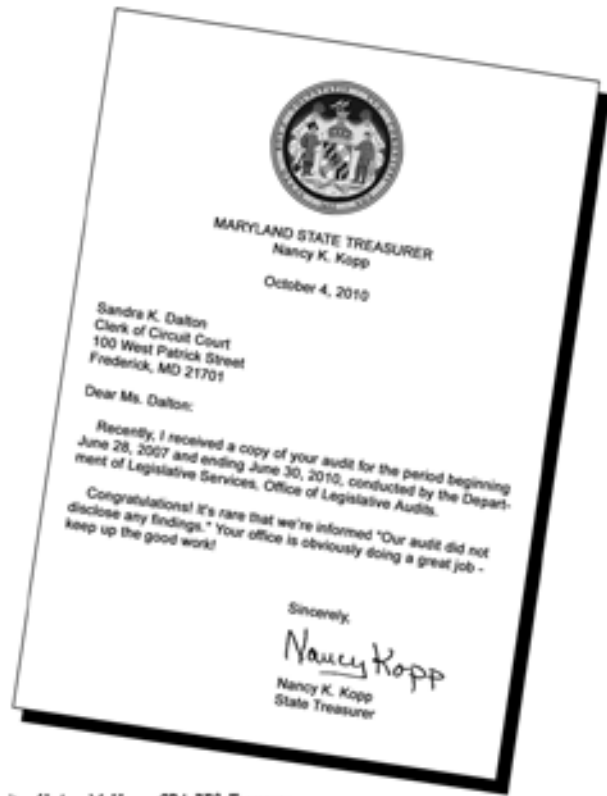
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## CIVIL WAR DIARY

# Diary of Joseph E. Wible 1861-1862

John Miller  
Emmitsburg Historical  
Society Civil War Historian

## Part One

It's a historian's dream to uncover new information not yet published. Last year I received a diary about a member of Company C, Cole's Cavalry from my good friend Mark Dudrow. This diary came to him by the owner, who gave us permission to transcribe, and include it in the Cole's Cavalry section of the Emmitsburg Historical Society. I thought it would be a great idea to allow our readers to read day by day accounts of an average cavalryman. I want to thank Susan Disinger for allowing me to transcribe Wible's diary for our archives and for allowing me to share this with you.

August 28[27], 1861 - Left home yesterday in Horner's Cavalry Company for Frederick where we are to be sworn in. Reached Emmitsburg at half past four where we still remain. We were very well received here. At Mrs. Stanwell's house opposite the hotel where we stopped early in the evening, they struck up the Star Spangled Banner and we all drew near to hear better and, perhaps more especially, to see the pretty girls which were out in numbers and made themselves very agreeable.

August 28, 1861 - Frederick City - Arrived here at about 2 1/2 o'clock, had a hearty reception by the people, who gave every sign of loyalty to our glorious old banner. The receptions we received will long be remembered. In Creagerstown we were received with substantial patri-

otism. A gentleman there, but formerly from Emmitsburg, treated us to as many melons and crackers as we could eat.

August 29, 1861 - Today has been wet and gloomy but it cleared off late in the afternoon. In the evening Joe Wills and I went to Church. There was a soldier buried here this afternoon.

Friday, August 30, 1861 - Today has been very warm. We had a little sprinkle this evening but it soon cleared off again.

Saturday, August 31 - Today has been cool and very pleasant. We had our measures taken for our uniforms today; also, got in several recruits. Three companies came in camp today of which one was cavalry. We had quite a scene in Camp today. There were several Secessionists who came in Camp today and our boys happened to recognize them, and such a bowl I have never heard. They commenced firing at them and they took to a "double Quick" and made an inglorious exit from Camp. They were Secession delegates to a nearby convention.

Sunday, September 1, 1861 - Left Camp about nine O'clock this morning and after taking a short walk, went to Church and enjoyed myself very much. I went to prayer-meeting in the afternoon and in the evening went to preaching again.

Monday, Sept 2, 1861 - The weather has been very pleasant today.

Tuesday, September 3, 1861 - has been a very warm day. We had a little rain this evening.

Wednesday, Sept 4 - This day has been exceedingly warm. I felt rather in-

disposed today, but feel quite well this evening. The soldiers of this Camp are quite sociable. We drilled but twice today. We have a dress parade every evening. There was (sic) seven recruits brought in today by Mr. Maxwell of the vicinity of Emmitsburg. Our men were glad to see them. Our Company will now soon be full.

Sept 5, 1861 - This is an unpleasant rainy day. There was four-teen of our recruits come in today.

Sunday, Sept 8, 1861 - I had to stand guard today. It has been a very warm day. We had preaching in the Camp today.

Monday, Sept 9 - I feel very tired after having been on guard for twenty four hours. We got two more recruits today from Gettysburg and this evening we were mustered in. Recruits are steadily coming in.

Wednesday, Sept 11 - This has been a rainy and very disagreeable day. About the time we were ready for dress parade it commenced raining in good earnest. We had quite a scare in our boarding house today. They were late with their dinner as usual, and some of the men broke in and took possession. They got in the kitchen and ransacked the whole house. The proprietor ran for a guard and the cooks ran and hid themselves, but no guard came so we proceeded with our dinner unmolested. Although it is rainy and very unpleasant out, still we are very comfortable in our quarters. There is four of us in our tent at present, and I find everyone more pleasant than I anticipated. We have very soft boards to lie on with a blanket spread under us.

Thursday, Sept 12 - We had quite a lively time both in town and in Camp today. The weather today has been very fine. This day has been celebrated both by the Civil and the Military. The American band was out in full bloom. There was several of the companies in Camp went up the street and when they returned they were gaily decked out with flowers. There was also a flag presentation in the morning to Capt. Glessner's Company. It was small but it was very beautiful. There was several very patriotic speeches made.

Friday, Sept 13 - Today has been an exciting one in Camp on account of some Wisconsin soldiers coming to town. About noon there was two cavalry companies passed through town on their way to Williamsport, and in the evening, about eight o'clock there was a full regiment of infantry come to town where they are still encamped. The cheering from our camp was terrific. They are dressed in grey uniforms and look very lively. They have a splendid band along with them.

Saturday, Sept 14 - Today has been a beautiful one, although last night was very cool, yet the days are very warm, the Wisconsin band is discoursing some very good music tonight.

Sunday, Sept 15 1861 - Went to a Love Feast this morning and enjoyed myself very poorly. After that I went to the German Reformed Church and slept during the delivery of the sermon. In the afternoon

there was a squad of five of us went to the country in search of fruit. We were at several houses and got about as many peaches as we wanted to eat. All the houses we stopped at were Secession; nevertheless, they treated us very courteously.

Monday, Sept 16 - This has been a very warm day. I noticed this afternoon, a man, carrying a kettle on his back with a stick running through the handle of it, as a punishment for some misdemeanor, which is a very common punishment around here.

Tuesday, Sept 17 - This has been an exciting day both in Camp and in town. The Wisconsin Regiment, which has been lying here for some time, has been doing good service to the legislature; they have arrested twelve or fourteen of them already and are still going on with their good work. This course of procedure took many of them by surprise, and has caused great indignation among the Peace Party men. They have them cooped up in the barracks surrounded by a strong guard. There was a sad accident happened in Camp this evening. While several men were examining some old guns, some of which were loaded, one was accidentally discharged and shot a man, standing nearby. The ball entered his breast and came out at his back. He died immediately. He belonged to one of the Sharpsburg companies, and is said to have been a very fine young man.

Part 2 next month

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## HISTORY

# At the End of the Emmitsburg Road

## Part 5

William E. Hays, et. al.

### Our Model T Ford

I suppose it was sometime about 1917 that we got our first car, a Model T roadster. It was not new; of course it had to be cranked by hand. The gasoline tank was under the driver's seat, the tires had inner tubes, the lights were acetylene, and it had three pedals, a clutch, reverse and brake. I have a picture of myself at the wheel. Papa put a small open body on the rear so we could haul supplies.

As kids, we never enjoyed the luxury of having any sort of mechanical toy, but we didn't need one. We had "Henry."

To recount all the problems, thrills and excitement that went with operating Henry would be a long story. I will mention only a few, and might begin with the agonies of getting Henry started in cold weather. First off, Papa would be up early, as usual, and would put several pails of water on the fire which he had started in the blacksmith shop. This was step one. This boiling water was then poured over the whole engine, in the hope that a few pulls on the crank would do the trick. But in spite of all that heat, it was all a strong man could do, simply to move that crank. So what now? How about taking out a sparkplug and pouring in some gas? No better luck. Meanwhile, Papa is getting nervous, because Henry was scheduled to take the workmen to Mt. St. Mary's College, or to some other job.

Step 1: Everyone push, and when we have it rolling, suddenly put the engine into low gear. After three or four tries, Henry still won't go.

Step 2: Let's take Henry to the field, behind the barn, where there is a fairly steep slope. Maybe that will work. So in a final desperate attempt, we put Henry in the right spot, headed downhill, and all hands push. No use. Henry won't go.

At this point, Papa has had enough. "Hitch up Old Dan," he would say to Harry, John, Sam, Jim or me, and soon one of us would be happily on the way. On return, we would tie a rope to Henry and let Old Dan pull her back up the hill, to rest in the sunlight until she was willing to perform, which was not until noon.

I have no idea how many times Jim took Henry apart, perhaps thirty or more. He loved to dismantle the engine, clean the plugs, fill each grease cup, spread the innards out on the ground and then carefully and methodically put Henry together again.

About once a week, Papa would tell one of us to "get that machine out," as he needed to go somewhere, only to have the report come back that Jim had it apart. His usual reply was, "Why can't that boy let that doggone drive thing alone?" This would be followed by, "You had better hitch up Old Dan."

Once Henry was started, the great open road lay enticingly ahead. But alas! Trouble also lay ahead in the likely form of a flat tire. Model T's didn't come with a spare wheel or even a spare tire. Bear in mind that all tires had an inner tube, and that tires were not the least bit puncture-proof. So you are breezing along at 35 mph when you come to a sudden halt, a flat. For repairing, you have a jack, a hand pump, two tire irons and a patching kit. Irons were about ten inches long, two inches wide, very thin with a beveled end. Kits contained several small patches, a tube of tire cement and a small file. First, you remove the casing, with inner tube inside, with the aid of the irons, and now you locate the puncture. Now with the file you clean the troubled spot, apply tire cement and affix the patch. Now put the tire back on the wheel and inflate the tube. Sounds easy? But wait, there is a sound of air escaping, so the job must be done again. For in using the irons, you pinched a hole in the inner tube.

### A Reflection

I began life in the horse and buggy days. In 1912 I was 9 years of age, with a brother who was 13, a sister 11, and younger brothers, 7, 5 and 3. We had never seen an airplane. No war had played any part in our lives. We seldom went more than 10 miles from home. Emmitsburg was a quiet and unsophisticated place. But as youngsters we didn't know of anything we were missing. The only theater we knew was our home, where, as I have related, we had a daily show, with Mother at the piano and always ready to join in any antics we might contrive. We literally laughed our way



through childhood.

In looking back, I ask myself "what were important influences in our lives?" After our home, I would put our church, not alone because it helped us understand the difference between right and wrong, but because we were given some responsibility. This was our church and we had a part to play. It was small enough for us to see that what we did was making a difference. At any rate, we thought we were a vital part of it.

Neither my father nor mother talked much about education. We saw, however, the sacrifices they were making so that we might receive an education. And that unselfish expression of love and concern was, for me and my brothers and sister, an influence strong beyond words.

### My Newspaper Route

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

Prior to my taking on the job, the route belonged to one Harry Ashbaugh, who offered to sell it to me for seven dollars. Papa staked me for the price and I was off running. The papers sold for two cents, with my profit being three quarters of a cent. There were three different papers,

Baltimore News, Star and Sun. The Sun was both morning and evening. The Western Maryland Railroad brought them as far as Rocky Ridge, where they were put on the Emmitsburg Railroad for the final 5 mile trip. I had fifty or more customers, scattered over all parts of the town.

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

The three different papers came

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

A small incident will finish my story of delivering papers. Among my customers was the local hotel, the Emmitt House, where a salesman (then called a "drummer") might be a guest. Of course he would want the latest news. I had one problem: I had only a few extras, that is, provided my full order had come, and if a "drummer" bought a paper, I could expect much more than the two cent price. Once I was given as much as fifty cents. So on this particular night, I sold a paper to this hotel guest, and ended up without one for my last regular customer, a very grouchy fellow, who lived at the very end of Gettysburg Street, a good half mile from home. When I returned Papa said that Mr. Grouch called to say he had no paper and was very upset. Papa asked what had happened, so I explained. He solved



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the problem by giving up his treasured Baltimore News, which I then delivered as quickly as possible. It was a cold night and I wasn't too happy, but it was a good lesson.

#### Some Street Scenes

Earlier in this story, I mentioned the Patterson Brothers, who were livestock dealers. A part of their business consisted of buying cattle from outlying farmers, which they did in this fashion. Early on a particular morning, their buyer would start out with horse and wagon and a well-trained dog. Farmers with cattle to be sold apparently knew that he was coming. As he went from farm to farm, he accumulated a sizable drove, which he now undertook to deliver to the railroad yard for shipment, no doubt to Baltimore. In any event, this big drove would amble along, the dog nipping at heels to keep them in line, the buyer in his wagon following along behind.

Sooner or later they reached the town limits and headed down Main Street, and effectively blocking any other traffic. It was quite a sight. The street was not paved, so a cloud of dust filled the air. Some of the cattle were bellowing and the dog was busy running from side to side. If the buyer was able to take a young boy along on this roundup, the lucky one could make as much as a quarter. Here, again, Sam wanted to go, but didn't quite dare. I am waiting for him to read this; he may say that he surely did go.

There were other street scenes. A summer day would be hot and sultry, no leaves moving, house shutters closed to keep out the heat, and into town would come an organ grinder man, or a dark skinned, foreign looking and bearded individual, leading a bear on a chain. By the time he reached our house, he had quite a following of youngsters. So here he was, near the big tree in front of Shuff's house, ready for the bear to perform. He might either climb the tree or stand on his hind legs. First, however, his hat was passed for a collection, and with that over, we young ones were enthralled with the agility and antics of this real, live bear.

"Flittins"

Come the first of April and one or more "flittins" were sure to be seen, going through town, meaning that a family was moving from one location to another. Rentals usually ran to April 1, so that all those planning to move, did so on the same day. Either a one or two horse team was used, the wagon being piled high with furniture, tools, kitchen utensils, a stove or two, crates of chickens, you name it. On top of all this rode the children. I should mention that in most cases a cow would be trailing along behind, tied to the wagon. Papa would often know the name of the family, if not the location of the new home. All this, of course, would be discussed at our dinner table.

A "flittin" was no big event, yet for the family it meant almost the start of a new life. For us, watching it pass was like one act in a year-round show.

#### Gypsies

Picture a quiet summer day, not much going on for excitement, and suddenly someone gave the alarm. Mother immediately locked the front door and pulled the blinds down all the way, then called out to her brood to be quiet. At the shop, if he had been alerted in time, Papa would lock the front door to the shop. For somewhere out in the street, sometimes directly in front of our house, a two-horse team pulling a covered wagon, would have come to a stop. There were women and men, old and young, children, and women of all ages, with skirts of many colors and dazzling beads and bracelets. Soon the entire company had fanned out in all directions. Most stores had only one clerk, so the arrival of four or five dark colored and strangely garbed people, talking in strange tongues, presented a real problem. Stories abounded about a horse that was missing, or things taken in stores and hidden under clothing, most of which were doubtless pure fiction. But true or false, gypsies were real and exciting.

#### Working with Our Hands

Our parents sent us to school and trusted the teachers to do the teaching. Papa was busy at the shop from morning until night. Mother

was fully occupied in making and mending our clothes, baking, canning fruit in season, tending the garden, playing the church organ and a dozen other tasks. But if they let others expose us to the classics, they gave us the invaluable experience of working with our hands. The teachers could take care of our minds.

So we, all five boys, learned to use a soldering iron, to make stove pipe, to cut a thread on iron pipe, to use an acetylene welder and to take our Model T Ford apart and put it back together again; to install or repair a hand operated water pump, to put a tin roof on a barn, to help with the operation of an iron foundry, and the list might go on and on. Here, to use a legal term, let me put in a caveat. Not all five of us could do all these things, but we were given the opportunity to try. We were allowed to do as much as we could.

Papa even tried his hand at farming, principally, I think, to give us the experience. Our property in Emmitsburg consisted of five or six acres of land. We had a horse, three or four hogs, a young steer to provide our own beef, and a cow to supply our hungry family with milk, cream and butter. I recall that one year we had several acres of corn, with our job being to cultivate the ground between the rows, my brother Jim operating the plow and riding the horse. When the corn ripened in the Fall, we cut the stalks with a short-handled corn cutter, then stacked the stalks in such a way that they looked like an Indian teepee. Later on, the stack was thrown down and the ears of corn were husked and put in piles on the ground. Finally, the corn would be put away in the corn crib, to be fed to the horse in winter.

One year we grew wheat, and since we did not have enough to justify a threshing rig making a special stop for us, we took our wheat to a neighbor's barn to be threshed along with his. I well remember taking wheat to Rhodes' mill to be ground into flour.

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

Part 6 next month.

## APRIL REMOVALS

Harry Hardman to Dr. Murray's place, formerly the Duphorne place.

Charles C. Reeder to Miss Columbia Winter's house vacated by Mr. Charles Ashbaugh.

Ernest Warner to near Thurmont.

E. F. Keilholtz to near Rocky Ridge.

Clarence McCarren to John Long property on Gettysburg street.

John Rogers to Sebold property on Main street.

Mrs. Mary Mentzer to J. Thos. Gelwicks' house, East Main street.

Elmer Eyler to J. Thos. Gelwicks' house, East Main street.

Charles Asbaugh to house formerly occupied by Charles Myers near town.

Charles Myers to St. Joseph's tenant house.

John Creager to his farm on Jack's Mountain.\*

Joseph D. Welty to J. H. Rosensteel's house, East Main street.

Albert Adelsberger to Howard Rowe property.

Bernard Peters to Waynesboro.

Mrs. Julia C. Baker resides with her brother, Maurice A. Topper, near town.

John Harner to Mrs. Jacob Hoke's property, West Main street.

John Topper to property he purchased from Mrs. Barry.

John Bolling to near Gettysburg.

William Stewart to George S. Springer's house, Pennsylvania avenue.

James McGreevy to house vacated by William Stewart on Green street.

John Little to John Long's property on Gettysburg street extended.

John Long to his farm near town.

Mrs. Hessie Annan to Taneytown.

Guy Topper and James Arnold to house vacated by James McGreevy.

William Long to St. Mary's county.

E. W. Shriver to St. Mary's county.

Mrs. Isabelle Bell to place vacated by E. W. Shriver.

Mr. Pryor, of near Sabillasville, to H. M. Rowe's tenant house.

Isaiah Ohler, of near Thurmont, to house vacated by Clarence McCarren.



Listing of removals, or "Flittins" from the April 1910 Emmitsburg Chronicle

## MOUNT CREATIVE WRITERS

## A different kind of Thanksgiving

Chelsea Baranoski

This year, Thanksgiving will be different. For the past four years, I have left my “home away from home,” Mount St. Mary’s University, to go home to Pasadena, Maryland for Thanksgiving. The break always zoomed by like a red Corvette. I celebrated Thanksgiving at my grandparents’ house, woke at the crack of dawn to work at Aeropostale on Black Friday, and then shopped for snacks, school supplies, and toiletries I needed at the Mount. And of course there was homework that I needed to complete. Thanksgiving might have been a break, but it certainly was not a break from schoolwork. Worries of future tests, papers, and reading assignments continued to clog my brain. The turkey and gravy could only keep my mind off of schoolwork for so long.

Unlike in the past, schoolwork will not be nestled in the back of my brain on Thanksgiving Day. Still it feels strange that my sister has the college workload during the break. I feel like I should be the sister in college, the sister with enough reading to make her eyeballs fall out and enough worries for a classroom full of stu-

dents. Indeed, the lack of schoolwork makes me feel like I am still in summer mode. However, it does feel good to know that I put tests and papers behind me when I graduated from the Mount in May. Because of this lack of schoolwork, I believe I will have relatively few worries this Turkey Day. Even my work-related stress seems to be fizzling out. Because I am working at the Anne Arundel County Board of Elections, my main focus has been gearing up for the 2010 Gubernatorial General Election. Since General Election Day is November 2, a lot of my work-related stress will be over by Thanksgiving. I will not need to worry about proofing specimen ballots, working a ton of overtime, (Primary Election Day was a 19 hour workday), and making sure the voting units and electronic pollbooks are ready. Indeed, Thanksgiving will hopefully be a day of relaxation. I can concentrate on celebrating the holiday with my family and recalling everything that I am thankful for.

I will be grateful for many things. First, I am grateful that I was able to find a job after graduating from Mount St. Mary’s. I started working two days after graduation. Whoever said that



English majors couldn’t find jobs? I am very grateful to be working at the Board of Elections, especially since the economy has gone downhill. I enjoy editing and proofing the numerous documents that come my way. This might sound geeky, but editing is like a game for me. Each mistake I find is like another point earned on the scoreboard. I am also thankful that I am able to work a lot of hours. Even though the long days can be tiring, I am grateful for the opportunity to work. I like to be busy and I know that every dollar I earn means that I am one step closer to paying off my loans, buying a car, and renting an apartment in either Annapolis or Baltimore. When I work 40-hour weeks (and sometimes many more hours than that!), I feel like I am finally an adult, one who is ready for added responsibilities.

In addition to being thankful for my job, I am also thankful that I have maintained contact with my friends from the Mount. Even though our adult schedules are a lot different and busier than our college schedules, we still manage to make time to talk on the phone and catch up on the latest news. We also try our best to visit one another. I recently met my friend Benitez for dinner at Rocky Run, a restaurant in the mall close to my house. I also ran into the Mount’s SGA President, Tom, when I was out to dinner with one of my high school friends. Over the summer, I attended a fellow Mountie’s graduation party. It was good to see other members of the Class of 2010 and hear about their new jobs. In addition, I spent a warm August day in Philadelphia with Alyssa, Fallon, and Melissa, three of my friends from the Mount. We saw the Liberty Bell, Independence Hall, and Love Park. And our trip would not have been complete without an authentic Philly cheesesteak, of course! I am even traveling to New York with Melissa to celebrate Alyssa and Fallon’s birthdays. I cherish my time with Mounties and I hope that we can all get together for Homecoming. It would be great to see a Mount

basketball game and hang out at Ott’s afterward. My friends are definitely what I miss the most.

Furthermore, I am fortunate to have remained so close to my mom during my four years away from home. While I was at the Mount, I talked with her on the phone every day. I talked about classes, weekend plans, fun events on campus, and all sorts of Mount news. I think that I felt inclined to talk to my mom on the phone everyday because I could not break the habit of coming home from school and telling her about my day. My mom was always there to listen. Even though she was not physically present at the Mount, I really felt like she was traveling my college journey with me. She saw me through four years of ups and downs, from jumping-up-and-down excitement to falling-to-your-knees heartache. I am fortunate that I can talk to my mom about almost anything. She is truly my best friend and I am grateful for our close relationship.

In addition, I am thankful to have family, friends, and professors who support me in my writing endeavors. Every month, I pick up copies of the Emmitsburg News Journal for my “fans,” which consist of my parents, my grandparents, and most recently, my boss at the Anne Arundel County Board of Elections. I am very grateful for any support I receive for my writing. I realized that I wanted to be a writer in fourth grade, when my teacher told me that I was a good writer. Unfortunately many people do not understand my love for writing. If I had a quarter for every time someone told me that I would never make any money, I would be as rich as Bill Gates. And then there is the frequent question: “What are you going to do with an English major? Are you going to be a teacher?” It is nice to know people who understand the role writing plays in my life. I love that my family and friends do not belittle me for wanting a career in writing. They know what I love, and they support my career goals. My professors at the Mount also supported my writing. In particular, I am

thankful for my creative writing professor, Dr. Bligh, for he sent me numerous emails about creative writing contests and he was always there to help me revise my creative writing.

Finally, I am thankful for my four years at the Mount. The Mount prepared me to conquer the working world. I grew up during my time there. I learned to become independent when I lived on campus, an hour and a half away from my family. I learned to make my own decisions, and I learned to be strong in the face of difficulty. I have wonderful memories: admiring the gorgeous fall colors on Mary’s mountainside, enjoying the Christmas and Homecoming dances, eating with my friends in Patriot Hall, and dancing the night away at the Senior Pig Roast. I believe that I made the right choice when I chose to attend the Mount. Indeed, it was the perfect fit for me; I made friends who saw me through life’s bumpy ride, I had professors who were willing to help me when I had questions, and I grew in my faith by participating in Campus Ministry. The Mount will always have a special place in my heart and I cannot wait for my next trip to Mary’s mountain.

Thus, Thanksgiving will be a lot different this year. Instead of worrying about going back to school, I can truly reflect on the meaning of Thanksgiving and all of those things that I am grateful for. It feels wonderful not to have the weight of papers and tests on my shoulders. However, one thing about the Thanksgiving season has not changed: I will still be working at Aeropostale on Black Friday. And after working in this Black Friday warzone, I will be back to work at the Anne Arundel County Board of Elections. My Thanksgiving “break” may be short, but I know that I will have the time to reflect on what I am thankful for. And this is the kind of Thanksgiving that I have been waiting for.

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



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## MOUNT SPORTS

# Mount golf

The Mount St. Mary's men's and women's golf teams entered the 2010 fall season with considerable aspirations. The men's side returned three of its top five players from last year's team that finished fourth out of ten at NEC Championships, while the women returned a full roster with the exception of one graduate.

The men's team opened its fall season on Sunday, Sept. 12, as Missouri played host in the Turning Stone Invitational in Verona, N.Y. -- approximately 30 miles east of Syracuse. The Mount placed 14th through 36 holes, shooting a first-round team total of 328 and a second-round 313. Collegiate scoring is indicated by the lowest five individual scores on each team. The Mount was paced by Danny Michalek, who shot a two-round score of 152, putting him eight shots off the lead. Michalek ended the tournament with a third-and-final round 81 to place 32nd individually. The team garnered exceptional performances from freshmen tandem Kevin Ellison (57th) and Devin O'Grady (64th), who posted the Mount's second and third best scores. Senior Ray Hyre (65th), and sophomore Andrew Lawton (71st) also contributed to the Mount's three-round total of 956 -- good for 13th out of 18 teams. Included among the pool of major Division I schools were top performers Purdue (897), Missouri (900), Bowling Green (903), and Connecticut (908).

"Kevin and Devin have become consistent top-five finishers for us throughout the fall season," Michalek said. "It's good to see positive contributions top to bottom from every class."

"I came into the fall season with the goal of trying to play in every tournament on our schedule," Ellison added. "I felt I was ready and prepared for the fall season after playing well in most of my tournaments over the summer."

The women's team opened its season a week later and also faced some formidable competition at the Towson Invitational. Graduate student Autumn Serruta opened her final season with a strong 19th place performance, shooting and 81 (7th through 18 holes) and 85. Junior Christina Hall and sophomores Sarah Roe and Abbey Fry also achieved top-40 finishes, leading the team to an 8th place finish.

The women returned the following weekend as hosts of the single-round Gettysburg Fall Invitational at their domicile Quail Valley Golf Course. The tournament was highlighted by Roe's dominating first-place performance after shooting a one-under 71, marking the second-best score in Mount history at Quail Valley. Roe's one-stroke victory was the first individual win by a Mountaineer since Christina Hall's outing at the 2008 Kutztown Spring Invitational. Similarly, the Gettysburg Invitational also marked the first team victory since 2008. Hall, Serru-

ta, Fry, and sophomore Nikki Fazio contributed to the third-best single round in program history with a 328, 20 strokes better than the second place finisher. The Mount prevailed over McDaniel, Alvernia, Susquehanna, Franklin & Marshall, and Dickinson.

"I was hitting the ball decent and my putting was on. It was my first collegiate win and it definitely has given me confidence in my game," Roe said. "This year I've found that having confidence and playing smart are the two keys to success in this game."

Meanwhile, the men's team took part in the nine-team Longwood Manor Intercollegiate in Farmville, Va. Ellison finished sixth overall after 36 holes with a four-over 148, seven strokes off the lead. Michalek, Hyre, O'Grady, and senior Jake Wetzel followed rank to round out the top five en-route to a final team score of 934, good for 5th place behind host Longwood, High Point, Loyola, and Hampden-Sydney. Two weeks later, the men's team welcomed another top finisher as Hyre finished 13th at the Rehoboth Beach Invitational on Monday, Sept. 27. As weather worsened throughout, Hyre's performance improved. Shooting three over on the front nine, the fifth-year senior raised his level of play on the back with a one under 35, leaving him five shots off the lead. Play was indefinitely suspended after the first of two rounds due to rain, giving the Mount a fourth place finish with scoring contributions from Michalek, Ellison, O'Grady, and senior Sage Smith.

"It was soaking wet out there," Hyre said of the substandard playing conditions. "We played the casual water and embedded ball rule through the first round, which let the players take a free drop if a shot was buried or fell into standing water. It's unfortunate we didn't finish the second round though, our team was off to a hot start."

The men's team carried that hot streak into the following week for what was arguably regarded as the most significant tournament of the fall season -- the Eastern College Athletic Conference Championships held in Egg Harbor, N.J. In fitting fashion, the men saved its best all-around performance for the two-day tournament held on Oct. 1 and 2, highlighted by the second-place individual performance by senior Sage Smith. After shooting an ordinary 77 in the first round, Smith returned the following day with a fury.

"The first day of the tournament had really rough conditions, and when that happened we as a team just had to eliminate any really big numbers to keep ourselves in contention," Smith said. "The conditions on the second day were much better and there was potential to go low if you were hitting fairways off the tee."

Smith and his teammates took full advantage of the favorable weather, which seemed a rarity as of recent. 1 under through seven holes, Smith



Junior Christina Hall

birdied holes eight, nine, and ten, a series of strokes that proved to be the momentum changer.

"I was just hitting fairways and greens and did not get myself into any trouble," Smith said. "During the round I would see the other guys on our team and tried to get them fired up because I knew if they played well we could win."

Smith finished the round with a school and personal best round of 68 that included four birdies and one eagle at hole 17. His second-day score marked his fifth career round of par-or-better and was the Mount's first sub-70 stroke performance in two years.

"That's what is great about the guys on our team," Michalek said in regard to the tournament. "Every one of us has the potential to shoot a 68, Sage just happened to have the right stroke that day."

Smith's 1 over total score of 145 was not to overshadow an all-around collective effort. Michalek and O'Grady tied for 13th after 155 strokes while Hyre and Ellison also added top-30 scores. The team score was the Mount's best since 2007, earning them second place behind Boston College.

"Many people don't understand how golf could be a team sport, but it's all about picking each other up and putting four good scores on the board," Smith added. "That's what we did at ECAC's -- we put up four good solid scores and it got us a second place finish."

The women's team was plagued by, yet again, poor playing conditions during its ECAC tournament. The Twisted Dune Golf Club collaborated with ECAC officials and made the decision to suspend play after only 27 of 36 holes, leaving the women's team with an 11th place finish. Competing for the Mount were Roe, Serruta, Hall, Corbett, and Fry.

Nonetheless, greater fortune awaited the women the following week at the Holiday Inn Colonial Classic. Hall shot rounds of 82 and 85 to finish third individually and also led the team to a third place finish. Her performance earned her NEC Women's Golfer of the Week for the week of

Oct. 6-12. The honor was Hall's first and the school's sixth in 13 years.

The men mirrored the women's performance with a third-place finish at the same tournament. Michalek and Lawton finished fifth overall with scores of 152 while Wetzel followed with a 153. The men consider their late-season tournament successes to be an optimistic precursor for things to come, though the team will surely seek a measure of improvement.

"I really believe we'll be even better in the spring season," Michalek said. "The team's bringing in an exchange student from Spain, and it will be interesting to see how the top 5 is affected. Our freshmen will have an entire season under their belt too, so we should look good at for our first spring tournament in Savannah, Ga."

"The team is just really excited for conference championships in the spring," Roe said in closing.

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## FOUR YEARS AT THE MOUNT

# Freshman Year Fall break

Carolyn Shields

The week before Fall Break all anyone could talk about was returning home—home to their moms, their warm beds and other comforts that only home has, but being a commuter, I am blessed to come home every night. So I was beginning to dread the empty campus and the lack of a routine to keep me occupied for the next week, but when my sister mentioned a pilgrimage to New York, I jumped at the opportunity.

I promise I won't make a Christian song reference every month, but there was one song I couldn't get out of my head the four days I was away from home. It was Matt Maher's "Remembrance." The part of the song that is so powerful is, "Lord we remember you. And remembrance leads us to worship, and as we worship you, our worship leads to communion. We respond to your invitation. We remember you."

There were fourteen of us who

decided to head north for Fall Break, including the campus chaplain, Fr. Brian. Our mission was to visit the National Shrine of North American Martyrs in northern New York. The hours spent in the car with people you've seen around campus but never had the opportunity to talk to helped seal friendships that, through God's grace, will last a long time. We remembered God through our actions from the very start with a group prayer, then through the rosary while in the car...even in the Irish Pub in Scranton where we ate dinner by saying Grace amongst gruesome and highly appetizing Halloween decorations.

I would have to say that the people I met were ideal examples for young adults. People think of stereotypes when they hear 'college student': the excessive drinker, the partyer. You never hear about the guys who carry a rosary in their pocket, or the girls who sit and listen to these same guys sing Halo lyrics to the tune of Disney songs without

complaining once—even after the tenth time. But the partyers get all the spotlight. All I can ask is why? Why do they get all the attention when it's those who make an effort to change themselves who will be the ones to change the world?

The first day of the pilgrimage we drove to the North American Martyr Shrine where Kateri Tekakwitha lived during her short life. Kateri sacrificed so much for God and went to great lengths to practice her faith, even running away from her village. With the leaves at their peak in northern New York and the crisp autumn air chilling your skin beneath a lightweight jacket, all you had to do was close your eyes for a moment before you could clearly picture the Iroquois village before you...and their severe practices.

The first American martyrs, St. Renee Goupil and St. Isaac Jogues, were held captive by the Iroquois who lived amongst the rolling hills in the 1600s. Standing on top of Torture Hill where St. Renee and St. Isaac were forced to run the gauntlet between rows of thrashing Indians was mind numbing and humbling. The Iroquois chewed and mutilated the Blackrobe's fingers so that he would not perform the Sign of the Cross over children anymore or preach about a man named Jesus.

The Iroquois children would throw hot coals on the missionaries' sleeping bodies. They were whipped, deprived of food, and burned. And yet they continued to do what they set out to do—convert men and women and children. In the end they did not convert a single person (as far as we know), but they offered all they had to Christ. Because in the end the Iroquois took their lives.

St. Renee Goupil was tomahawked in front of St. Isaac Jogues. It took months for St. Isaac to find his friend's remains, and when he did he buried them in a ravine where their presence is so strong that you literally fall to your knees. St. Isaac followed St. Renee to heaven in 1646, four years later. Within those years he continued preaching, despite the dangers.

That part of the pilgrimage was a time for reflection. How much were we giving up to God? How much were we holding back? We spread apart, some sitting by the creek where St. Renee's skull was discovered beneath golden trees and others kneeling in the middle of the ravine, their knees growing damp from the sodden earth.

In the end, when we reach into a part of ourselves, when we are in that state of mind that only comes when we are completely awed

or humbled, we remember what Christ has paid. In the end, that remembrance is what motivated saints like Kateri Tekakwitha to travel 200 miles in a canoe and on foot to escape her village to practice her faith freely, or like Mother Seton to leave home and come to Emmitsburg to start a school without any means of support... or to continue preaching even after the Iroquois murdered your friend.

Will I remember the intense conversation about exorcisms we had huddled over a fire at 1 a.m. under the Milky Way that we had to finish inside because we became so creeped out? Will I forget the way the leaves fell lightly onto the damp earth where America's first martyr was buried? Or the way my sister's eyelashes rested on her cheekbones as she prayed the rosary? Or the midnight game of Sardines, tripping through the woods and stumbling over roots, searching...

One thing is for certain. I will never forget the sacrifices St. Renee Goupil and St. Isaac paid for Christ. That's what the trip was all about. Remembering. We are united in remembrance. Together, the students of Mount St. Mary's remembered...

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

# Sophomore Year Time most needed

Samantha Strub

It's ironic that, while all the students couldn't wait to get back to Mount St. Mary's after three months of summer vacation, as soon as October hits every student is itching to get back home. At the end of the summer everyone was sick of working their dead-end jobs and having to deal with their parents' rules. They wanted to be the independent people they can be while at college. Now, after being back at school, every student just wants to go home to

eat some home-cooked food, sleep, and spend time with their parents and friends—to get away from the stress and lack of sleep that they have had for the past few weeks.

You would think that, after only a few months, all the college kids would be fine, still eager to hit the books and hang out with friends that have become like family. This is so not the case. Every student is more than ready to set college on hold and relax at home. No one understands that, by October, right after midterms are over, our brains are

toast. It's like a subconscious part of our minds shuts down. As soon as that time rolls around, every college student needs a mini vacation in order to be ready to study again.

Contrary to popular belief, any field in college is difficult and the stress is endless. Sure there is a lot of fun in college, and adults tell me that I should enjoy the fun while it lasts because it's the only part of life that produces such good memories along side of hard work. There are good times later on, but in college you'll really start making memories that will last a lifetime. Once college is over, you are thrown out into the real world and are just told to live with it. That is where a lot of the stress comes from in college, knowing that you have to decide what you want to do with the rest of your life, which is very scary, on top of the overarching stress of attending classes, writing papers, and taking tests.

We were drowning in homework even before we set foot in the classrooms. I had a few professors who assigned homework before the first day; that suggests I'm going to have a wonderful semester in that class! Every college student has a lot of homework, especially right before break. I had a midterm, paper, or both due in every class. Needless to say, I was mentally exhausted after that week; every midterm took more and more out of me until my brain was fried.

That is why college students need a fall break. Most colleges don't give students a full week off, but having it is wonderful and makes students ready to get back to work when they do return. Going home clears up all the stress in your life and lets you relax. It's like a vacation or personal day for those in the working world. You need the week to take time to enjoy the little things in life, like eat-

ing home-cooked food and spending time with friends and family. Everyone does different things to relax so everyone has different things that they do over fall break. For some people it's going out of the country, or taking a road trip discovering places out East, while others are spending time with best friends back home or just working. I was able to enjoy family time by helping my mother out with my younger siblings after spending a day of mother-daughter bonding by shopping and having lunch. The most relaxing and refreshing moment over fall break occurred when I was able to visit and ride my horse, Sona, that I was forced to sell due to serve arthritis this past July. This simple moment with my horse helped put things in perspective, proving that it's the little things in life that mean the most. I don't know if all the students at Mount St. Mary's had a similar experience during break that helped put life in perspective—a little reminder that everything is going to be okay and life isn't as bad as you may think it is. If they did, then they fulfilled the purpose for fall break, a simple breather from the constant run of going to classes, working, practicing, attending meetings, and doing homework to enjoy the things in life that mean the most.

As much as people think that we are crazy to have a ten-day break and that we are just being lazy college students, in reality the professors need the break as much as we do. They have so many papers and tests to grade and lessons to plan that they enjoy the time with their families as well. That's evident when we come back to school and not a single professor has anything graded. When the professors save the grading until after classes are back in ses-

sion, it proves that they needed the breather as much as we did.

That said, I so wish professors would go a little easier on the homework over break—not that my saying anything means that it is going to change, though it would be wonderful if it would. We still have piles of homework to do over break, but no one does anything until the day before classes start up again because everyone is taking the mental-health week seriously. That is the life of a college student; when we get back to campus we still have to do all the homework that was assigned over break. Not having any would make the break that much more enjoyable.

At least sleep deprivation was over when cars filed back into the Mount, filled with college students who were refreshed from the pre-break stress of papers, midterms, and homework. They were as ready as ever to get back to the grind again. Sure the stress of life is still there as we return to our studies but the benefit that we gain at college is that we have friends to turn to. You turn to your friends at home as well but the benefit with college is that they are just a few feet away or across the hall! They are there to make sure that you are never bored, help you with your classes, provide moral support, wake up in the morning and listen to your problems. Having your friends close by for the support and good times is what makes those irreplaceable college memories. With that support, your family at home, and a few breaks in the school year you will undoubtedly succeed!

*To read more articles by Samantha visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net*



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## FOUR YEARS AT THE MOUNT

# Junior Year

## Life in the woods

Julie Mulqueen

I have had what some may call an unusual childhood. My father is in the Army, so my life so far has consisted largely of moving from state to state or country to country. As a direct consequence of my dad's chosen profession, both of my brothers and I have ended up in the Army in some capacity. My oldest brother is a military police officer, and my other brother is a Blackhawk pilot. I myself am currently in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps or ROTC and am training to become an officer while also attending college. I am absolutely thrilled that I was accepted into ROTC and have been enjoying the program from my first involvement in it as a freshman just two years ago. It has offered me countless opportunities to learn and grow as a young college student.

One of the many ways that we as cadets are taught is through weekend Field Training Exercises or FTXs. These are two or three day excursions in which our entire battal-

ion joins together in order to receive training through hands-on experience. In fact, we recently attended one of these FTXs. I certainly welcome them as they provide an exceptional break to my normal weekend routine of sleeping.

The weekend really begins the week before the FTX with a detailed packing list. Every single item that we must bring with us is written down on a list and that list trickles down to us straight from our cadet battalion commander. Pre-combat checks and inspections are then held in order to make sure each person has all of the equipment on the packing list. I really enjoy these checks. They make me feel like a spy about to go out on a top-secret mission instead of some 20-year-old cadet who is terrified of stinkbugs.

Once the inspections are complete, we are ready to begin training. Our recent FTX began on Friday right after our classes were over. We "rucked up," which consisted of tossing our 55 pound backpacks onto our backs, and prepared to endure a

tiring, but very rewarding weekend. For the freshmen and sophomores, the weekend is about introducing them to the events in which they will be tested when they go through Warrior Forge after their junior year. Warrior Forge is a course over the summer that all rising seniors must attend before they can be commissioned as officers in the United States Army.

For the juniors, however, the weekend is a tool to assess their ability to complete certain tasks properly. One of these tasks is land navigation, and upon our arrival at the base on Friday, we were immediately tested on our skill in reading a map, plotting points, and then accurately locating them. There was a slight twist at this past FTX, though. We were required to find the points in complete and utter darkness. Many of the points were unfortunately located in woods quite comparable to those in the movie "The Blair Witch Project," which made finding them a frightful task.

Once we completed the land navigation course and each of us had been carefully accounted for, we were tasked with setting up sleeping quarters for ourselves. My humble abode, although lacking interior plumbing, was quite nice. It consisted of my

poncho slung over a tree branch for some shelter, my 3-piece sleeping bag made for -30 degree weather, and of course my stuffed giraffe affectionately known as Pete. We were each given a time frame for waking up and patrolling during the night.

A little before the sun rose, we were awoken with steaming hot coffee and fresh donuts. Well, change the coffee to canteen water and the donuts to MREs. MRE stands for "Meal Ready to Eat." The meal consists of an entrée, such as barbeque pork ribs, crackers, and other snacks, as well as a dessert. Quite frankly, I think they are delicious for meals that come in a little package, and finding out which dessert has been included in my MRE is always a fun surprise.

After we had all finished our breakfasts, we began Squad Tactical Exercises or STX Lanes. These are drills that involve receiving a mission such as knocking out a bunker and then executing said mission. Much of what we as juniors will be tested on when we attend Warrior Forge this summer will have to do with STX Lanes. Our ability to receive a mission, disseminate information, and then coordinate and perform tasks reveals our ingenuity, skill level, and leadership capability. It is certainly

nerve-racking knowing that our every move is assessed by seniors, but it is ultimately rewarding to see how far we have come over the course of just a few short years.

To wrap up the FTX, we had classes held by the seniors on everything from ticks to tourniquets, and then just as quickly as the FTX had started, it was over. We piled into vans and drove back to the Mount. It certainly was an eventful weekend, and I am happy to have had the opportunity to partake in it.

If someone had asked me just a few years ago what I would be doing in college and how I would be spending my weekends, I certainly would not have thought to answer them with "ROTC" and "sleeping in a tent." I am so thankful that those two activities have been included in my college experience, though. It is incredible to think about the progress that we as cadets have made both individually and collectively, as well as the numerous challenges that we have been trained to overcome. ROTC has made me personally a better student, a better daughter, and a better sister. I can't think of my life without it.

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

# Senior Year

## Meet Dr. Curtis Johnson

Katelyn Phelan

In the 40 plus classes I have taken thus far in my Mount career, I was fortunate enough to take a class with Dr. Curtis Johnson of the Mount's history department. The course I took with Dr. Johnson was "American Experience II," and it focused on American history beginning just after the Civil War all the way to recent times. The course met twice a week, for three hours each time. It began in July and ran for five weeks. Though most people dread summer classes, that summer was one of the best and most memorable summers I've had, largely due to the courses I took and the professors I had. Dr. Johnson is certainly one of the Mount's finest professors.

I liked "American Experience" with Dr. Johnson because the course was straightforward, and yet interesting and informative. We focused on the history of the United States, but supplemented it with literature and film from the historical periods we studied. Johnson clearly enjoyed being in the classroom teaching, and he obviously cared about his students both academically and personally. In class, Johnson seemed to be looking to learn more things where he could. When we learned about the Vietnam War in class he asked our Vietnamese student to help him with pronunciation, which he ultimately didn't get, but he still tried. He also has a great sense of humor and laughs easily, which is always nice in the classroom. Dr. Johnson is one of my favorite professors at the Mount because he is

generally a friendly and cheerful person and he always has time to smile and to stop and say "hello."

In some ways, the Mount is lucky to have gotten Dr. Johnson. He hails from Minnesota, where he grew up and also got his Ph.D. So why did he leave Minnesota? "It was too cold," he said. "Every winter you knew there was going to be at least one day that was minus 40." So he decided to come to Maryland, where on a good day in August the weather is 85 degrees with 85% humidity. Johnson based his decision to come to the Mount largely on the attractive job offer he received.

Though Johnson isn't Catholic, he liked the Mount because it was a religious school. "I knew people would take religious ideas seriously here, and that was important to me," Johnson said. His Ph.D. dissertation, now a published book, deals with a religious topic: Islands of Holiness: Rural Religion in Upstate New York, 1790-1860. This book describes how republican ideas transformed and modernized evangelical religion in upstate New York. Dr. Johnson's second book, Redeeming America: Evangelicals and the Road to the Civil War, discusses how the beliefs and attitudes of different evangelical groups affected the various ways they tried to reform America in the years prior to and leading up to the Civil War.

Johnson is currently working on a third book, also focused on religion. He is researching how Baptist women in New York gained power in their churches. He is writing the book as

an historical account of New York women from 1795 to 1922 but also means for it to be a blueprint for how women today can do the same thing.

Johnson is not just interested in religious topics. Next semester he's teaching a course called "Manhood in America." When I asked him what the course would focus on he laughed and said, "For the first five minutes we all lift weights." Really, there is no weight lifting involved, and women are certainly welcome to take the course. The focus is on what it means to be a man. "Women," Johnson said, "are good at talking about what it means to be a woman. Men are not." This course will examine how manhood has evolved from colonial times to the present. "Manhood is not just about being strong and silent. This course aims to explore the roles men do have and to provide some time for reflection on the topic--what manhood means for our society and what it means personally for the students." "Manhood in America" was actually the Mount's first course in the gender studies program, a program which has evolved over the years into a minor.

Johnson noted the many other changes the Mount has gone through over his time here. In the years that Johnson has been here, some important buildings have been constructed, like Knott Auditorium, which is used for speakers and other large events. Memorial Gym was the functional athletic building when Johnson first arrived, but now students and faculty use the AARC, the relatively new gym facility. It's a good thing we built a new gym, because Johnson noted that one of the biggest changes for the Mount in the past 25 years has been athletics.


When Johnson first arrived, the Mount was Division II, which was

not good for sports like basketball, but excellent for sports like Track and Field. "In the 80s," Johnson said, "we had fantastic athletes from all over the world." Peter Rono, from Kenya, attended the Mount while training for and participating in the 1988 Summer Olympics. Rono ran the 1500-meter race, and won the gold. Some of these runners from other countries had trouble with English, so their schoolwork suffered. "The great thing about Division II, for them, was that the academic standards were less rigorous, so they could try their best in school, but not be penalized in Track and Field," Johnson explained. Now, as a Division I school, world-class runners tend to be attracted to larger Division I schools universities, so the Mount

doesn't get them anymore. Basketball, though, has benefitted from being in Division I. "We play better known schools now, which gathers a lot more attention than basketball ever got playing East Texas State," Johnson laughed. Just a few years ago, the Mount's basketball even made it into the NCAA tournament and faced North Carolina.

So how has Johnson's original reason for coming to the Mount, the taking of religious ideas seriously, held up the past 25 years? He has not been disappointed. He says he loves the "spiritual and moral" aspect of the school, faculty, and students. And, actually, he believes that students at the Mount have become more serious about their faith as the years have gone on, a trend we can only hope will continue.

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# STAGES OF LIFE

## Mom's Time Out

Mary Angel

Never - definition - not ever, at no time, absolutely not! I am dedicating this article to all my friends who have said, "I will never..." before they had children. We all do it, we all have those things that we see other moms or children doing that in our heart of hearts we know we would never ever do. Sometimes they are things that you are adamant about with your first child but somewhere with the birth of the next one (or few) you change your tune. Before you experience something or walk in another mom's shoes it is too often easy to judge. Please understand I am not excusing the judgments or criticizing the naivety of those pre-childbearing women, I after all, am one.

I was not sure I wanted children for the longest time, after all their heads jiggled so much they looked like they were going to fall right off. Then I met my future husband, fell in love, and got married. It wasn't long there after that I started having these little twinges of longing when I would see a baby. This is the time when my husband and I so naively made those child rearing decisions.

Not the important ones like; how many, public or private school, or breast or bottle. Even these you might find you change your attitude about as life happens around you. For example we were never going to use a pacifier. Then we had our first son, I had nerve damage and he had colic, severe colic. After a week of him screaming for hours on end several times a day and most of the night we went out and bought a pacifier. Truth be told we bought every brand they had available, in the hopes that one would help the poor little guy. Eventually one stuck and he loved his "binky" as we fondly called it.

When our second son was born with colic we also changed our tune on rocking them to sleep. Of course we were never going to do that because then babies don't learn how to fall asleep on their own...whatever. We just wanted to close our eyes and enjoy that wonderful silence of sleep ourselves. Did we pay for it in the long run, well I definitely did. My husband worked and at this point I had become a stay at home mom so it only made sense that I get up with the baby when he woke in the middle of the night. After all I never said going back on your "I

nevers" didn't have consequences. My boys were not good sleepers until they were about 7 or 8 years old. But we all make choices and we all live with those choices.

Then when our kids were a little older we had a van with a VCR in it. Don't worry though it was only for long trips and we would never use it for short trips or as a pacifier. Of course not, why would that ever change. Maybe you have four children and are driving in the car and want to have an adult conversation and so just this once you put in a tape for the half hour drive to dinner. Or maybe you want to discuss a problem one of the children is having at school without the other kids hearing so you put in a tape for the twenty minute drive to Grandmas. Then suddenly you are popping in a tape so much that when you don't the kids ask who is in trouble that they can't watch a movie. Now we have a DVD player and the two oldest have DS's (volume off) for the long car rides and when we are

waiting in a line. Sometimes your nevers change out of necessity and sometimes they change without you realizing it.

There are so many opportunities to say "I never" and between my friends and I we have certainly said it our fair share of times. For example, "I will never put a leash on my child". That is how many friends viewed child harnesses. That all changed when one mom was in a store with an infant in a stroller and a toddler defiantly running away and hiding from her. After nervously corralling and correcting her daughter she broke out the shower gift from the bottom of her diaper bag and strapped it on. After only 15 minutes or so she removed it and her daughter never needed it again. The point is she used it and was sure she would never have done that in her life. Since my children have started school I have met a lot of "free spirited" children. They are sweet little kids who just live in their own little worlds, often wandering away from their moms, or tripping

over thin air. After meeting them we would all understand if these moms had harnesses on their children every waking minute for sanity and safety.

So how many times have you looked at a mom or a child and thought "I never", without knowing the whole situation. Don't worry you are in good company, we all do it from time to time and we all change some of our I nevers. Sometimes they change to a maybe or a sometimes or even an all the time. The point is its alright, you are not a bad parent you are just a parent. So go ahead keep using that dangerous word that we so often have to eat but just try not to judge others for the choices they have made whether they be "nevers" or "always" or something in between. We make the best choices we can that work for our family and we adjust those choices as life unfolds around us. Life with children is a roller coaster ride with all of the ups and downs, that is what makes it interesting and fun!

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# STAGES OF LIFE

## Simply Maya



without friends and family! By the time you read this, I know Halloween will have passed. But I'm writing this with just over a week left to go, and I'm really looking forward to it!

Every year I look forward to the sights, sounds and smells of Halloween and the way the change in the seasons makes you feel. Halloween night is filled with sounds of children talking, playing or calling to another person that is running down the sidewalk. We hear cars driving by and people singing "Trick-or-Treat!" We smell pumpkins warmed by candles, fresh hay, candy and maybe even the smell of the cars going by. If we take a minute to look around we will see houses with pitched roofs lit from inside with glowing lights, sidewalks with shadows dancing, other families in costumes, jack-o-lanterns full of laughter, long grassy lawns and dozens of bright green waving glow sticks!

This Halloween I'm going to be a dragon, and my sister is going to be a Navi. Mom is going to make our costumes for us. We recently went to the Renaissance Festival. There was one store with leather masks that were painted in bright colors. The masks were like big, bright colored, thick leather leaves scattered up the walls. On each mask were two holes for the eyes. The lady there said that

we could try them on. There was one blue and black butterfly that I really liked. There were maybe three or four mirrors lined up on either wall. The blue on the butterfly mask was glossy and had a magical look to it. I went ahead and tried it on, looking in the mirror. There was one thing I saw for sure; this was definitely my favorite mask in the shop. The bottom of the butterfly's body was just above my nose (which meant I could breathe well, unlike the other masks). The big wings came out past both sides of my face. The black spine of the butterfly glided down my forehead. The wings were mostly that beautiful blue color, except for the bottom which was black as the night sky. The beautiful wings seemed to flow outward like a river and on either wing was a hole for an eye. I showed mommy. "You like that one?" she asked. "Yes." I responded. I carefully took it off and hung it back up on the wall. Mommy asked the lady how to make one. At home mom found some leather scraps and made me a half mask that will go over my left eye. It has curls around the outside border. She is going to paint it a purple-blue and seal it to keep its shape. Mom made Ana leather ears for her character. She is definitely going to paint them... Navi blue.

Before we set out to go trick-or-treating each year, mom always does our make-up / face painting. Sometimes we do it at a friend's

house while their mother does their make-up. It's entertaining to watch my friends' and my sister's faces be made up. I watch them stare at me while I feel a light brush glide over my eye or listen to my mom say, "blink!" for the mascara. She goes from lipstick to eye shadow, then eye liner, mascara, and finally puts on any headpieces for our costume. Then... I'm finally finished. I dash over to the mirror, eager to look and see the "masterpiece" my mom has been working on. "Wow!!! Mom it's awesome!!!" I say. "You like it?" "No, I love it!" "I'm glad. Go play." So I dash away to join the others. Just a few more minutes until we leave!!

On Halloween night you might have felt a rollercoaster in your stomach because you were so filled with

enthusiasm! (like me!) Maybe you were so eager and joyful you started jumping up and down and felt like you could burst at any moment! (like me!) And today we're left with the piles of candy still on our kitchen counters because we can't find a place to put it all, the colorless glow sticks, and the Halloween costumes to be carried up to the attic. Now that Halloween has come and gone, Autumn is really here and there's lots more to come, it's just begun. Soon there will be more chilly days and brightly colored leaves gliding down from the trees, their branches becoming more like long, twisting fingers, reaching to the pale blue sky. So enjoy jumping into the leaves and wearing your big, fuzzy coats, and I'll see you next year on the shadowy sidewalks while we inhale the crisp air, lit pumpkins and pitched roofs all around!

Herds of laughing children racing down the streets and sidewalks, banging loudly on doors, ringing door bells and bursting into... "Trick-or-Treat!" The feeling of enthusiasm dancing in your stomach, the cool breeze as you run along the grassy banks, your friends soaring along with you, sharing in the sights and smelling the crisp air filled with anticipation. HALLOWEEN!! Did you enjoy it as much as I always do?!

To me Halloween means the changing of the seasons, and that's always exciting. It's always fun to be a different character once a year, someone or something other than yourself. It's an opportunity to be creative and imaginative. I know I'm always looking forward to that. And at Halloween we get together with our friends for a special, fun celebration. You can never have a holiday

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## A TEEN'S VIEW

# Life at the Career and Tech Center

Robin Wivell

By now the school year is in full swing. Despite the numerous days off in September, the usual routine has fallen into place. Wake up, eat breakfast, ride to school, learn, ride home. It's the time between bus rides that makes my day... at least most of the time! You could say this is largely due to a program I started attending this year through Catocin High School: The Frederick County Career and Technology Center, or "CTC."

CTC is a technical school open to 10-12 graders of Frederick County High Schools. It is located on FCC Campus and offers more than 20 career specific programs, ranging from cosmetology to web design to carpentry to finance. Many programs at CTC not only get students a head start on careers, but also a head start on college as students can earn college credits through completion of the program. I am attending the "Graphic Communications and Printing Technologies" program. So

far it's been everything I imagined!

My journey to CTC began last year when I shadowed the Graphic Communications class for a day. Shadowing the class you are interested in is part of the application process to CTC. Students selected for the program they applied to found out of their acceptance in April. I remember getting that letter in the mail- it was an exciting day for me! At the beginning of this school year (my sophomore year) my adventure began!

Everyday I eat at the first lunch and thereafter get on the bus that takes students to CTC. We are usually greeted by our principal, Mr. Solberg, inside. I continue down the hall, anticipating what my teacher has in store us. I say hello to my instructor, Mr. Augustine, and take my place in the computer lab. I start up the Mac before me and get ready to start working. This is when the real fun starts!

People say first impressions are everything, and I have to say, when the first thing you see in a classroom is

12 Mac computers you get the feeling its going to be a fun class. However, right off the bat I learned that Graphic Communications was about a lot more than shiny computers. On the first day my fellow classmates and I got a tour of the attached print shop. Mr. Augustine showed us different types of printing related equipment. It is a small print shop for use by the program students, yet still houses various printers, binders, cutters, and more! All of us were excited and ready to get started!

Sowhat is Graphic Communications and Printing Technologies? To put things simply, anything printed in any way, ranging from t-shirts to signs to stationery, is a product of the graphic communications industry. Printing Technologies refers to the various methods, equipment, and so forth used to create these different products. Within the first few weeks of school we already created notebooks for our daily "Professional Skills Questions." We started out by designing covers on those shiny computers and finished by binding them with a bindery machine in the print shop.

This Graphics program prepares us for joining the printing workforce or pursuing a degree in printing or graphics. It works out great for me because I aspire to become a graphic designer. By participating in this 2 year program at CTC I already have a solid knowledge of design concepts and printing processes before I even apply for college. CTC also incorporates SkillsUSA into all of their programs. SkillsUSA is a national organization for students in technical programs. It provides opportunities for students to enhance their employment, leadership, and technical skills.

The Career and Technology Center is a great place of opportunity for Frederick County high school students. The only thing better than the variety of technical programs available at CTC is the attention each student gets from his or her instructor. Students learn a bounty of professional and technical skills. Personally I found it a rewarding way to start off my sophomore year and I can't wait to learn all there is to learn in the Graphic Communications and Printing Technologies Program.

# Ask while you still can

Kat Dart



November is well known for Thanksgiving, of course, but also Veteran's Day. The purpose of Veteran's Day is to remember the people who have helped carry out our country's decisions serving in the American Armed Forces, who fought for America and our Allies. Many have lost their lives defending our country and our way of life.

My own family's history is rich with US military experience. Both my grandfathers served in the Navy and fought in WW II, yet one of the few stories I've ever heard about my Grandfather Ulrich from that time is that he lost his wallet and the Salvation Army gave him the money to get home. I will never hear his stories through his voice because he is dead. Though I only have one grandparent remaining, I feel like I have met all of my grandparents through the stories told by my parents, aunts, uncles and grandmother.

Go ask adults about their lives while you can - the things an adult has done in their life may astound you. Though it may not include serving in the military, perhaps they met a celebrity (or even were one!), or had a life-changing experience they may want to share. Whether it be something as simple as taking dance lessons or being class valedictorian, their choices and experiences can surprise and even inspire you or anyone else to go down a new path in life.

Talking to my grandma reminds me my choices lie in the here and now, and every choice I make impacts me in ways I can not always imagine. As teenagers we tend to think we're immortal. We seem to believe that danger generally doesn't apply to us and the worst trouble we may ever face is being "grounded" by our parents. But bad things can happen. We cannot see the future, nor can we change the past. Our believed immortality will die one day. Humanity as a whole does not live that long.

My friend had a severe heart attack on Nov. 7, 2009 and collapsed. Nov. 7 is the day her friends and family will use to mark one year since her attack. She is now forced to live knowing that, while her heart condition is

being monitored, she must be incredibly careful for fear of a repeat heart attack.

She is aware that she is not immortal, for that thought was ripped from her.

However, her recovering progress has been much better than the hospital ever expected. She is up and walking for short periods of time. She is learning how to say more words everyday, and has even returned to school. She uses facebook almost every day to update her friends and family on her status. Her happiness radiates from her updates whether they are about her psychology course, spending the day with her family, or something new she learned that she never knew before. She also keeps countdowns to the time the hospital will release her and she can head home. Since she cannot say most of her words she has quickly adapted to other ways of communicating. During my visits to the hospital she types out what she wants to say on a computer. She is happy with the support from her friends and family and she keeps a positive attitude.

The way I see it, my friend has two options: she could complain, whine and hate life while staying in a wheelchair, or accept physiotherapy and slowly, but surely, learn to walk and talk again. We can all tell which choice she made.

The rest of us also have choices to make - choices that will help us make our own path in the world. It doesn't matter what we want to do. Jessie wants to be a nun. I want to work with computers. My sister is interested in forensics. Kris is interested in cosmetology. We all make choices and work towards meeting our goals, and while our goals appear to be small, we can still make our own dent on the world. Maybe we won't be the ones to change the way the world moves, but we will be the ones to push it into position.

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

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# iGoogle and long bathes

Jacqueline Quillen

iGoogle and long bathes: for all those wishes the Genie doesn't grant.

And so begins a life of debt. I am finally out of credit card debt just in time to enter the world of loan debt for what feels like will be the rest of my life. I log into my loan accounts online where I can conveniently find a countdown to the day I have to start paying off loans, the end of my grace period, which I also refer to as the end of my freedom. How nice of them to point this out to me! One thing is for sure, a part-time internship will not pay the bills for long. You can bet that I'm also counting down the days until I get a full-time job, but this countdown has no end-date in sight yet. The job market is still a tough one.

The homepage of College Central Network, a career site for college students and graduates, has transpired to somewhat cynical but still hopeful quotes and images relating to the job market. My favorite CCN homepage is a picture of a genie lamp, like the one in Aladdin, and a caption next to it that says, "Don't you wish. In the meantime, post your resume on CCN." I got a kick out of this and thought, "at least they are being honest." We know that finding a job these days is incredibly hard. Unfortunately, there are just not enough jobs out there for all of us. But we have to keep a cool head about it, just like CCN does with its comical relief.

My mom tends to increase my stress levels because she likes to plan things for everyone and know that everything will be okay. I appreciate her help, especially with figuring out my loans because I had no idea what I was doing there. Together, we came up with a plan of how and when I would pay off

my loans. I should have known that our plan was too good to be true because things rarely work according to plan for me. I'm already behind schedule of our plan, but I've accepted the fact that I will be in debt for a long time. In the meantime I do what I can to get by. My carefree attitude frustrates my mom. Though it may seem like a carefree attitude to her, my attitude is far from carefree. All of this train riding, job searching, loan repayment, and what -am-I-doing-in-life? nonsense is eating me up inside.

Anxious for me to find a full-time job, Mom asks me every day if I have been looking for other jobs and if I have found anything. My answer is always the same, "Yes I've been looking and no I have not found anything or at least have not heard back from anything." Of course I want to find a full-time job more than anything right now, but I am also trying to stay sane during this time of my life. Mom constantly asking about the status of my job searching and loan repayment does not help my sanity level.

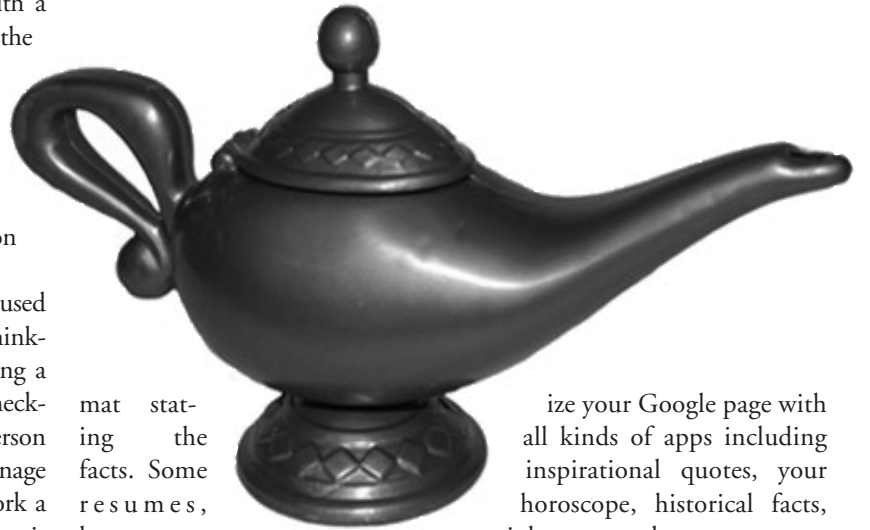
Part of staying sane is reaching that stability of feeling like I have a grasp on things in life like work, home life, finances, social life, personal health, etc. Getting situated in this stable position is not easy, and I imagine other graduates who are going through the same thing feel this way, too. I am situated at work and I still get chances to learn new things and expand my field of work, which I appreciate. Even though I have plenty of off-time to look for other jobs, I still think of my career and where it is going while I am at work. While I am trying to focus on a new research and writing assignment that requires all of my attention, my mind is unwillingly thinking about where I should apply for jobs. Of course it doesn't help when my mom sends

me an e-mail AT WORK with a subject, "Top 7 Careers for the Future." I wish I could spend twenty minutes either applying or simply searching for jobs while at work because it would help clear my head so I could focus better on my work. It's a mental thing.

And when I should be focused on applying for jobs I'm also thinking of other things like keeping a blog and managing my checkbook. It is possible for one person to do it all and some even work a full-time job too. What makes it feel more impossible for me is that the job in this whole equation is the unknown. Not knowing what you will be doing for forty hours out of the week two months from now is incredibly nerve-wrecking. At least for me it is. I find that this unknown factor controls the way I think, what I do, how I sleep, everything. It creeps up on me even during times when job searching should be the farthest thing from my mind. For example, I should not be thinking of job searching while on the clock at my current job that I have only been working for three months. That's a no-no!

I had no idea that this anxiety over the unknown job factor had completely taken over my life. It still lingers in the back of my mind, but I just try to block it out and calm myself. There is nothing I can do to change the unknown factor except to keep applying for jobs and hope for the best.

When I interned at the Career Center last Fall I wrote an article about tips for making your resume stand out in a huge pile. Well I recently printed a huge pile of resumes of people who applied for an open position at work. Going through all of these resumes made my stomach turn. Most resumes were a generic for-



mat stating the facts. Some resumes, however, were all decked

out with fancy formatting and fonts. I sympathized with the 39 out of 40 people who don't get the job. I felt particularly sympathetic to one applicant who had a master's degree. The department will most likely hire someone with a bachelor's degree for this specific position because it is less expensive than paying someone with a master's degree. This applicant probably spent a boat load of money on graduate school and is now applying for the same level jobs as people with bachelor's degrees. Unless graduate school was paid for, I am sure this person is dreading the amount of debt owed and the status of being unemployed.

There are many more resumes out there that will not make the cut. But like I said earlier, we have to keep a cool head. My method of keeping a cool head about this awful job market is three-fold: I take a long bath at least once a week; I exercise at least three times a week; and I lift my mood with my iGoogle.

"What's iGoogle?" You say. iGoogle is the instant cure to feelings of anxiety or despair. Not quite, but it can help! iGoogle allows you to custom-

ize your Google page with all kinds of apps including inspirational quotes, your horoscope, historical facts, jokes, countdown to events, and so much more. My favorite part of iGoogle is the inspirational quotes, which by the way change every time you visit the page. I try to visit iGoogle at least three times a day just to read the inspirational quotes. It only takes a few seconds to read the quotes so I'm not wasting much time at all. Here are some of the quotes that I remembered to write down to share with you all:

"The indispensable first step to getting the things you want out of life is this: decide what you want." – Ben Stein.

"People rarely succeed unless they have fun in what they are doing." – Dale Carnegie. Maybe it's not what you are doing but who you are doing it with that makes it fun.

"It's never too late to become the person you might have been." – George Elliot. Phew! I still want to be a teacher at some point.

"If you don't have time to do it right, when will you have time to do it over?" – John Wooden.

To read other articles by our English Editor Jacqueline Quillen, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

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## COLD WAR WARRIORS

# “The Cold War wasn’t that cold”

Captain Mike Cuseo, USN, Ret.

Contrary to the term, it obviously wasn't that cold.

Upon completion of my command tour on the minesweeper USS Peregrine, I received orders to a nine-month intelligence Post-Grad course in Washington, D.C. There were some great jobs available upon completion of the course. The “plum-jobs” were as Naval Attache at various Foreign Embassies. Near the bottom were requirements for in-country Vietnam billets. I was offered an Embassy, but I felt if you're in the military you should be where the action so I volunteered, to the ire of my mother-in-law.

Prior to climbing aboard the big iron bird for the 22-hour flight to Vietnam, I was sent to a 3-week survival school with the Marines at Camp Pendleton. We shot every hand held weapon that would be used in Vietnam, plus 30 and 50 caliber machine guns. I even got to toss hand grenades and got so good at it I was allowed to throw all the left-overs at the end of the day (big boys with bigger toys). We went on forced marches, which the drill sergeants enjoyed as wimpy Naval Officers huffed and puffed.

The flight over was boring and uneventful. Hour after hour of brilliant sunshine on blue water 30,000 feet below. All that changed as we turned into our landing pattern at Tan Son Nuet airport. It was about 3am, very dark. Out-going artillery fire illuminated the darkness. Immediately around the sandbagged and barbed-wire periphery of the airfield there were flares constantly following each other, as one burned out and a follow-up flair “popped”.

Then I was thrust into my Vietnam saga at the height of its most intense turmoil (1967-68). Can you imagine a sea going sailor on the ground serving with the South Vietnamese Army (ARVN) out in the boonies? I don't believe I'd volunteered! What was I thinking?

My job was to serve as Military Assistance Command, Vietnam intelligence advisor - separated from U.S. Forces with my “home base” at the South Vietnamese Army (ARVN) Compound. My ARVN boss was the infamous Gen. Loan, who is most remembered for executing a Viet Kong gorilla fighter in front of TV camera during the height of the battle for Saigon during the Tet Offense of 1968.

My job was to analyze the problem for their failures at the most troubled and failure-prone Vietnamese Army outposts and see if we could affect a turnaround. My first mission kept me in the boonies about 8 days - of which I never dressed or bathed. I came back with a good beard growth - smelling to high heaven, so full of dirt and mud, you couldn't see the pattern on my camouflage uniform. I still had my flak jacket on - carrying an AK-47 (we used these as we went out of friendly control and our most available resupply of ammo was for the AK). My combat boots were caked with mud.

Having to report immediately to my superior, I strolled into the intensely clean US Army headquarters where officers wore starched and ironed uniforms with combat boots were so polished that you could see your reflection.

As I stumbled through the polished corridors, I was accosted by an Army Colonel. You could not see my rank for the mud all over me. He said “Hey Soldier! Brace! What the hell are you doing in HQ looking like that?” I ignored him, kept walking. He was right on my heels, barking at me all the way to the General's office. The General ushered me in and told the Col. to back off. After that, every time I had to report to Davidson, even if I wasn't dirty, I would throw water and mud all over me so I would look just as bad as the first visit. I never had so much fun with Army Colonels!

With hundreds of post to inspect,

I was bounced around on a variety of missions from the DMZ down to the Ca Mau peninsula, from the coast to the Laotian & Cambodian borders. I went everywhere in VN. I was in more parts and diverse environments (dry rice paddies to jungle, mountains, and swamps) than anyone that served in VN. My duties sent me to the most remote and hostile areas - several were nominally in control of the VC.

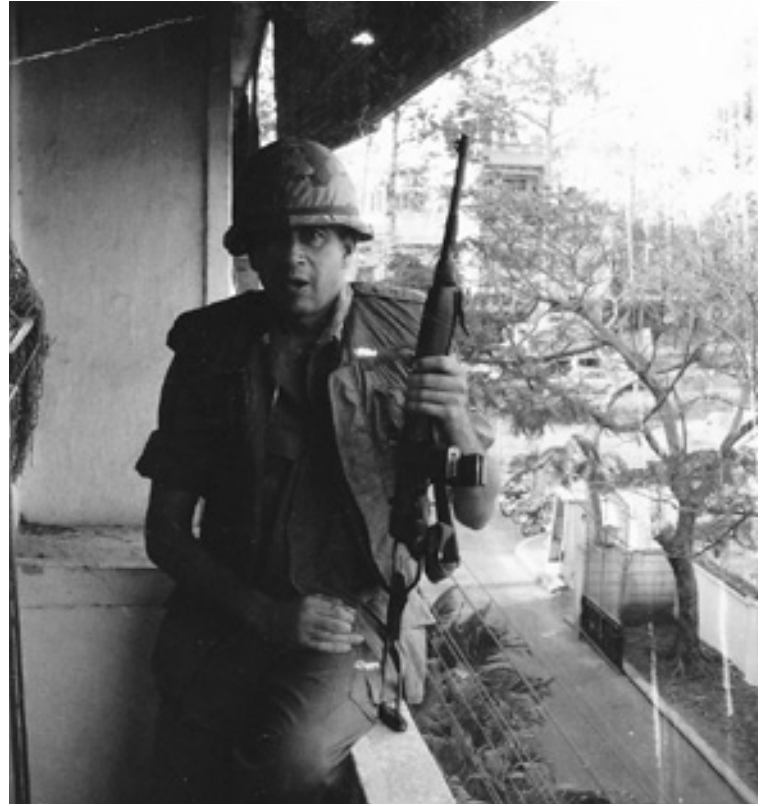
I more occasions than I care to admit I was shot, taking hits on the aircraft en route and back. Not intense fire, but several “plinks” and “twangs” resulting in holes in non-sensitive parts of the aircraft, mostly Hueys, plus several firefights on the ground.

I quickly learned to keep my head down and ass up, (hoping for a simple wound in my ass to send me home). Others saved my ass, I was no hero. I have the greatest respect for the combat marines and army grunts. I know they were exposed too much more danger than I ever experienced.

Try as we might, I'll confess now, our efforts were a complete failure. The Vietnamese didn't have their hearts in the war. One Vietnamese officer told me “You are here for 1 year and you want to go in harm's way and win as many medals as possible - jeopardizing me and my men. I have been here fighting for 20 years. Why should I die for your glory?”

There was blood spilled and I lost some of my team to wounds - no deaths. While I ended up getting the Bronze Star and combat action ribbon from my efforts, I often found myself asking myself “What the hell are you doing here?”

On the 4th of July, 1968 I finished my tour of duty and departed Vietnam for the United States or the “big PX” as we called it. (PX being the abbreviation for a commissary on a base where you could buy just about anything - the ‘Big PX’



Author poses with his Soviet made AK-47 in Saigon, 1968

thus was the US, were you literally could by anything!)

As we taxied for take-off one engine started making funny noises with lots of smoke and little spurts of flame. We limped off the tarmac to a repair shed, shut down all power, sat in the hot sun for five hours as they repaired the engine. We then had a normal takeoff.

As we crossed the VN coast-line,

the pilot banked the aircraft into a turn as he announced “Well, fellas, we gotta go back”, awful groans throughout the cabin. Then he banked back towards the Pacific, and continued “Yep, back to the good old USA.”

To read other Cold War tales by Captain Mike Cuseo visit the Authors section of Emmitsburg.net



★ Michael Kurtianyk is the only Democrat to earn a perfect score from the Frederick County Chamber of Commerce.

★ Michael was endorsed by *The Gazette*. They said, “Kurtianyk is a true leader who is willing to build consensus...”

★ Michael believes that we need elected leaders who will work with our municipalities and our citizens, not against them.

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## IN MY OWN WORDS

# A Thanksgiving Wish

Harry Au

I get excited each year for the holiday season. I think it's great. My pet seems to start to show signs of stress — planning for visits with family for Thanksgiving, getting holiday cards out (which she rarely does), and then searching for the perfect gifts she intends to give that are personalized for each recipient. Me—well, I find that as the leaves change colors and the air drops in humidity and the temperatures start to fall, I start to get excited for November because November means Thanksgiving and Thanksgiving means I get people food.

Each Thanksgiving my pet and her family make a big spread of food including cranberry relish, creamed corn, fried okra, green beans, oyster casserole, sweet potato casserole, pumpkin pie, pecan pie, sage stuffing, gravy, and, of course, turkey. Lots of turkey, which is my favorite part, and the food I beg for the most.

When November 1st rolls around, I start salivating for the last Thursday of the month because I know that means I will have a bowl of turkey scraps mixed in with my food, and if I'm lucky I'll have some gravy too. Now, for most of you, getting turkey may mean nothing since if you are human you can just go to your local supermarket to get turkey. I only get it at Thanksgiving.

Why do I choose to tell you about my expected turkey treat for this year? It's not about the fact that my pet refuses to give me human food on a daily basis and only chooses to do so Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter. No, it's not about that, although I do wish someone would change her mind about that rule she has. It's not about the fact that I am actually able to beg most of the day on Thanksgiving for bits of scraps throughout the dinner at the dinner table (unheard of on a daily basis). It's not that I get to stay in the kitchen throughout the entire cooking process and be in the way of all my human's footsteps without being told to leave the kitchen on Thanksgiving. Why I choose to tell you about this Thanksgiving is that I'm worried it won't be as wonderful as all the year's past for this year I think I might just have to share my turkey treat.

Don't get me wrong. I still am excited to watch the turkey cook. I plan to lay in front of the oven most of the day while it is cooking when I'm not touring around the house making sure my pet and her family are where they are supposed to be in the house. I feel my stomach growl even now when I think of the turkey that I will get passed to me "secretly" as dinner is eaten. (Although my pet gives me some turkey in my bowl on Thanksgiving and the day after she and her family 'secretly' steal some turkey my way during dinner. There are benefits to

laying under the table during dinner time). I'm still excited for the leftovers I will get after the dinner and the gravy that I'll have on my food. What I'm not excited about is that I think I will have to share my smorgasbord of treats with two kittens that my pet has adopted.

Memorial Day weekend my pet decided to rescue two kittens. She left for an appointment at the local rescue and gave me a little warning that she might be bringing me back a couple of new additions to our family. I didn't quite believe her as I assumed it would just be the two of us forever, but, sure enough, she came home with two kittens. Kalei and Paxton have since become my 'brother and sister,' and I have to say that I don't really like those terms of endearments she has given them in relation to me.

Why do I write to you about kittens joining our household? Well, I'm worried I won't have my full turkey treat and that I'll have to share the spoils of Thanksgiving. My pet is starting to tell me that she and her family will do with less and I'll still have the same amount, but I don't quite believe her. I know my pet and her family will eat what they want and then reserve certain amounts for leftovers for her and her family for after the big meal. Then, what is designated as being for me will ultimately be split between me and the two that she keeps referring to as my brother and sister. Meanwhile, the kittens have already started to get excited about the impending food to come. When my pet leaves for work, they tell me daily they keep hearing about a Thanksgiving feast and they are excited to get some of it. They haven't even lived through one Thanksgiving, and they are already calling dibs on some of the food! I personally think this is highly unfair.

I know Thanksgiving is all about sharing. It's all about family. It's all about sharing with others, especially



those less fortunate, but I have to say I'm having a hard time believing in the sharing this year, and I somehow think I'm going to be the less fortunate one in my household this year.

My pet already plays more with them than with me. Every night after dinner Kalei insists on playing with a silly golden fish tied to a string. If my pet is busy typing on the computer Kalei doesn't rest until she stops and plays with her. She keeps batting at my pet and meowing at her until she relents and plays. If I were to keep up such antics she would tell me to go lie down. Now, to be fair, she does toss my tennis balls in the house and throws whatever stuffed animal I bring her way; but, even then Paxton gets in on the game and runs after me chasing the toys, so it just doesn't seem as much fun.

The simple fact is that Thanksgiving is sacred to me. I get people food. And people food is the best food on the planet. And, now, all of a sudden I might have to share my spoils of Thanksgiving! I keep telling Kalei and Paxton that people food isn't very good and they won't like it. (Yes, I know this is

a lie, but it is one I am willing to tell to try to keep my amount of Thanksgiving food the same in my bowl). But, I get the sneaking suspicion they aren't buying my tall tale. Besides, my pet has already started talking to us all about how the holiday season is approaching and how we will get special treats soon.

So, for this holiday season, especially the one where the turkey is given out, my special wish is to get all my usual treats and that my

brother and sister get very little. I will share a bit, since I do even sort of like them, but I'm hoping my sharing is kept to a minimum and my pet remembers what a good dog I've been over the last thirteen years and that my brother and sister are just wee things who haven't been a part of our family very long at all.

To read more articles by Katherine Au visit the Authours' section of [emmitsburg.net](http://emmitsburg.net)

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*Thank You, Frederick County!*

Your continuing support is greatly appreciated.  
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Auth: J.S. Fifer, Treas

## CULTURE, FOOD AND ARTS

# Simple Servings

Sharon Racine

As the last Thursday in November approaches, I can't help but think back to my freshman year at the College of the Holy Cross in Worcester, Massachusetts. Thanksgiving vacation was the first real break for us freshmen since our timid arrival on "the Hill" as we fondly called it, and though I was excited for a respite from my intense workload, I was reluctant to leave my new friends.

Sadly anticipating the miles of highway that would soon separate us, we decided to have a Thanksgiving dinner of our own. Granted, this meal was no small undertaking; freshmen were not allowed to have cars on campus, so we had no choice but to take the college shuttle bus to the nearest grocery store for our supplies.

The grocery shopping was the easy part. Cooking an entire Thanksgiving dinner for thirteen people in our meager dorm kitchen required quick thinking and a little creativity; luckily, as well-trained liberal arts students, we were prepared. Ryan was in charge of the four rotisserie chickens that stood proxy for the turkey, and Tommy, ever mindful of his culinary shortcomings, proudly presented enough containers of Boston Market mashed potatoes for the whole gang. We eventually perfected the green bean casserole that Maureen insisted on contributing, and though the Pillsbury crescent rolls were a little darker than usual, they were edible. I won't mention the number of times the smoke detector went off.

Fortunately, by the time our haphazard feast was complete, the building was still standing and we were all in high spirits. I honestly can't remember how we convinced the guys to abandon their Bud Lights and video games for a few hours, and I'm fairly certain that our pre-cooked "turkeys" and processed potatoes were lukewarm by the time we were all gathered around the mismatched tables that we had shoved together. The state of affairs in our dorm kitchen on that night was enough to make any self-respecting Thanksgiving dinner host cringe, but I didn't care; all of my best friends were together, and I was thankful.

\*\*\*

My friends and I continued our "family dinner" tradition every Thanksgiving throughout college, and plan to continue the ritual this year. I feel fortunate to have two Thanksgiving celebrations to look forward to each year and have much to be thankful for, which is why I would like to share a piece of my good fortune with you. The recipes and tips included in this section were gathered from some of the people that I am most thankful for so enjoy, and remember to count your blessings this Thanksgiving!

### STARTERS

#### Nana's Harvest Dip

My good friend Maureen contributed her Nana's delicious pumpkin dip recipe, a perfect antidote for those pre-dinner hunger pangs. Here's her story: "Ever since I can remember, my Nana has made this dip as an appetizer during the fall for football games, fall birthdays, and other festive events. It's delicious on crackers, and tastes great as a spread on a day-after-Thanksgiving turkey sandwich. I can't imagine Thanksgiving without it." Enjoy!

### INGREDIENTS

One 15 oz. can of pumpkin (NOT pie filling)  
8 oz. cream cheese  
2 cups confectioner's sugar  
2 tsp. ground cinnamon  
1 tsp. nutmeg  
1 tsp. pumpkin pie spice  
Instructions

Combine all ingredients and beat with hand mixer until smooth. Place in a small bowl or, if you're feeling festive, serve in a small hollowed-out pumpkin or squash. Serve with ginger snap cookies, crackers, and apple wedges.

### DINNER

#### Ryan's Turkey Tip

I have my friend Ryan to thank for this piece of Thanksgiving dinner wisdom. It's a tried-and-true secret, and while your turkey may not emerge from the oven looking like a spread from Cooking Light, the flavor will not disappoint. Ryan advises to "cook your Thanksgiving turkey upside down. This keeps more of the juices in the turkey breast, resulting in a better flavor and moister slices. I wouldn't recommend this option for families who traditionally display the turkey on the table before carving, though. It might get

messy." Thanks Ryan, we'll keep that in mind.

#### Mem's Homemade Bread Stuffing

My grandmother (Memere) has been making the same stuffing from scratch ever since I can remember. When I asked her to contribute her recipe (which also happens to be my favorite), she said, "It's part in my head and part cookbook, but I'll try my best!" She sent me the following instructions for her stuffing—here's to hoping it becomes a staple in your family's Thanksgiving tradition as well!

Instructions - Makes 8 to 10 cups; stuffs a 14 to 17 lb. turkey

Position a rack in the center of the oven. Preheat the oven to 400 degrees

Toast until golden brown:  
1 lb. sliced firm white sandwich bread, cut into ½ inch cubes, or 10 cups lightly packed bread cubes (Use the crust too).

After toasting, gently transfer to a large bowl.

Heat 1 stick of butter in a large skillet over medium-high heat until melted. Add:

2 cups minced onion  
1 ½ cups chopped celery (stalks and leaves)

Stir until tender, about 5 minutes.

Remove from heat and stir in:  
1 tsp. dried sage, or 1 Tbsp. minced fresh sage

1 tsp. dried thyme, or 1 Tbsp. minced fresh thyme

(Note: 2 tsp. Bell's seasoning can be used as a substitute for sage and thyme)

1 tsp. salt  
½ tsp. pepper

Stir mixture into toasted bread cubes and toss until well combined.

To moisten stuffing, stir in:  
1/3 to 1 cup turkey or chicken stock  
1 to 2 large eggs, well beaten

If stuffing needs further moistening, warm milk can be used. Pour in one tablespoon at a time until desired consistency is reached.

Adjust the seasoning to your liking. Stuff the turkey just before putting it into the oven. Do not stuff ahead of time, as this can be dangerous.

### Variations:

**Giblet Stuffing:** Simmer heart, gizzard and neck from turkey in seasoned water 1 to 2 hours or until tender. Add the liver the last 5 to 15 minutes of cooking. Drain giblet (use broth in the stuffing): chop or put into food processor heart, gizzard and liver and add to stuffing.

**Sausage Stuffing:** Decrease bread cubes to 8 cups and omit salt. Add 1 lb. bulk pork sausage, crumbled and browned, with the remaining ingredients.

### DESSERT

#### Sour Cream Apple Pie featuring Dave's Famous Pastry

This recipe is special to me because it's the first apple pie that I ever learned to bake, and let's suffice it to say that it is also the last. I was initially thrown off by the unorthodox addition of sour cream, but as soon as I snuck a taste of the filling, my doubts were put to rest. Then there's the pastry. Though Dave was initially reluctant to share his top-secret pie pastry-baking techniques, he eventually caved, and I'm glad he did. His flaky, delicate pastry recipe makes the pie—the filling doesn't taste the same without it! There is nothing about this apple pie that I don't love, and I can assure you that you and your dinner guests will feel the same way.

Dave's Pastry  
INGREDIENTS—  
Makes 2 pastry shells

2 c. sifted all-purpose flour  
1/2 tsp. salt

3/4 c. shortening  
6 tbsp. ice cold water

IMPORTANT: Make sure to place ice cubes in the 6 tbsp. of water to make it ice cold.

### Instructions

Sift flour and salt into mixing bowl. Cut in shortening with pastry blender until mixture resembles corn meal. Sprinkle cold water evenly over surface; stir with fork until all dry particles are moistened and pastry clings together.

Shape dough into ball; divide in half. Roll out one half to 12-inch circle on floured surface, using a light motion from center to edge. Be sure pastry is free-moving at all times. If it sticks, loosen with spatula and sprinkle a little flour underneath.

To make it 12 inches round, invert pie plate over pastry; mark 1 1/2 inches larger all around plate. Cut through mark with sharp knife; remove plate. Fold pastry in half; lift into 9-inch pie plate; unfold. Fit gently into contours of plate. Do not stretch. Spoon or pour in filling:

Sour Cream Apple Pie Filling  
INGREDIENTS— Makes one pie Filling

1 cup sour cream  
2/3 cup sugar  
2 Tablespoons flour  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 egg  
3 cups peeled, sliced tart apples (about 1 1/4 pounds of slices)

### Topping (optional)

½ cup brown sugar, packed  
1/3 cup flour  
¼ cup butter, room temperature  
½ teaspoon cinnamon  
Mix together all ingredients until the mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Chill until needed in the recipe.

### Instructions

1 Preheat oven to 400°F.  
2 Combine sour cream, sugar, flour, salt, vanilla and egg. Add apples, mixing carefully to coat well.  
3 Pour filling into pie shell and bake at 400°F for 25 minutes  
4 Remove pie from oven and sprinkle with Cinnamon Crumb Topping. Bake for an additional 20 minutes.  
Remove pie from oven and let cool for one hour before serving. Serves 8.

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## CULTURE, FOOD AND ARTS

# The Majestic Theater – theater done right!

Eighty years ago, the doors of the Majestic Theater opened for the first time, welcoming audiences to the largest vaudeville and silent movie theater in south-central Pennsylvania. Built by Henry Scharf as an annex to the historic Gettysburg Hotel, the theater seated 1,200 patrons and proudly served as the cultural crossroads of commerce, college, and community.

For the last 80 years, the Majestic is where the Adams County community has gathered to watch its favorite Hollywood stars, win free prizes on Bank Night, smooch in the balcony, and sip a Coke at the Majestic Grill.

In the 1950's, the Majestic Theater stepped onto the world stage when President Dwight D. Eisenhower and First Lady Mamie Eisenhower regularly attended performances, often in the company of world leaders.

The theater's ballroom/gymnasium, always a popular spot for young people, was often used by the White House press corps for news conferences whenever President Eisenhower was in residence at his Gettysburg farm.

For a small-town theater, the Majestic has had more than its share of movie premieres, including the North American premiere of Federico Fellini's masterpiece, *Satyricon*, in 1970, and the world premiere of Ted Turner's *Civil War* epic, *Gettysburg*, in 1993.

In November 2005, the Majestic now beautifully restored to its original grandeur once again welcomed audiences with an extraordinary showcase of the performing arts and cinema. Join us at the Majestic, the grandest small-town theater in America!

Now celebrating its sixth season, the Majestic Theater recently announced an international line-up of entertainment that will keep audiences applauding through May. The celebrity-filled season brings a host of award-winning musicians including Roy Clark as well as Broadway and television stars, world renowned drummers from China, performing cats, tributes Doo-Wop and sexy tango dancers from Argentina and much more to the historic Gettysburg stage.

"This just may be the most exciting line-up of stars we've ever presented. The Majestic is a wonderful theater to perform in and artists are eager to play here!" mused Jeffrey Gabel, Founding Executive Director of the Majestic Theater. "Artists also love to tour the battlefield with one of our licensed guides."

Take a nostalgic musical journey and enjoy three great shows rock 'n' rolled into one low price with *A Tribute to the Platters, Coasters & Marvelettes* (April 13, 2011) as they take you on a sentimental journey through the early years of rock 'n' roll. From Doo Wop to Motown, this show features all the unforgettable classics including "Only You," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Twilight Time," "My Prayer." "Please



Mr. Postman", "Don't Mess With Bill", "Yakety Yak," and "Charlie Brown."

In celebration of nostalgia, join us for *The Wonder Bread Years* (Jan. 14), a salute to the Baby Boomer Generation. This fast-paced, hilarious production written and performed by Pat Hazell -- head writer of the mega TV hit series "Seinfeld" - will have you laughing and savoring childhood memories about Davy Crockett - King of the Wild Frontier, Milk Money, Barbie Dolls, Kool-Aid Stands, Show & Tell, Pop Rocks, Rock'em Sock'em Robots.

The Majestic will make you "laugh until you cry" with shows such as *The Blanks* (Oct. 30), those funny guys on the hit NBC TV series "Scrubs". A cappella music is suddenly cool, hip and funny, thanks to "The Blanks," best known as "Ted's Band" as they play a quartet of funny singing friends.

And for a "Girl's Night Out" enjoy *The Four Bitchin' Babes in Diva Nation*, *Where Music, Laughter, and Girlfriends Reign!*™ (Mar. 11) These hysterically funny and multi-talented musicians let loose on how

the new millennium has, in some cases literally, changed the face of *The Diva!* You can find her everywhere; in your office, your mall, your grocery store, she's cleaning up messes, and putting out fires, possibly from her own hot flashes!

Howl with laughter with *Queen of Bingo* (Apr. 1), as two zany GUYS, playing two crazy GALS, light up the stage in the hit Off-Broadway comedy about Bingo, family bonds, widowhood, diet crazes, winning and losing and sibling rivalry. Just before intermission, the audience gets to join in the fun with a bingo game of its own and the winner gets a 10lb frozen turkey. (Presented by the St. Francis Xavier Catholic Church of Gettysburg as a fundraiser for their school).

The holiday season promises to be uplifting with the Nebraska Theatre's *A Christmas Carol* (Dec. 11, 2010 at 2p.m. & 7:30p.m.). Watch as miserly Ebenezer Scrooge is magically transported through time and given the chance to reunite with his estranged family.

Ring in the New Year at the Ma-

jestic as the Broadway Pops International presents "Swinging New Year's Eve Celebration" (Dec 31st) with two of Broadway's most talented stars, Nat Chandler (*Phantom of the Opera*) and Teri Dale Hansen (*Show Boat*). This program has something for everyone including holiday favorites, Broadway show stoppers, and wonderful swing tunes from Henry Mancini, Cole Porter and Duke Ellington.

Bring the whole family to these affordable favorites including *Jig! Thunder Drums of China* (Nov. 16). JIGU! In Chinese it means to 'beat the drum' and you will clamor for more as you are thrilled by the powerful *Thunder Drums of China*. Hailing from the Shanxi province, this world-renowned company of 30 drummers, percussionists and musicians will astound you in this ultra-sensory entertainment experience.

On Jan 22, see Thaddeus Rex, award winning musician, Rex and his best friend, a 7 foot dinosaur named 'Rock' present this high energy show with marvelous mischief and interactive antics you'll never forget. And don't miss this finalist on America's Got Talent, Gregory Popovich in his *Popovich Comedy Pet Theater* (Mar. 12), a family show of the unique com-

edy and juggling skills of his performing pets. Gregory and his cast of jugglers, clowns, 15 house cats, 10 dogs, 4 geese, 8 white doves, and 2 parrots love to show off onstage - performing a variety of stunts and skits! (Presented by the Gettysburg Rotary Club as a fundraiser for their community charitable efforts)

Finally the season wraps up with a living legend in country music, Roy Clark on May 13, 2011. Perhaps best known for his decades-long stint as the "pickin' & grinin'" of the country-music TV show "Hee Haw," Clark is a multi-award winning virtuoso, actor, vocalist and philanthropist who for the last 40 years has headlined some of the world's most prestigious venues including Carnegie Hall. With a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, Roy comes to the Majestic Theater with his multi-instrumental band ready to wow the audience with his incomparable talents and fun-loving down-home spirit.

For tickets visit [www.gettysburg-majestic.org](http://www.gettysburg-majestic.org), call 717-337-8200, or stop by the Box Office, 25 Carlisle Street, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Box Office hours are Monday through Saturday from 12 Noon until 7:30 p.m. and on Sunday from 1:00 until 5:30 p.m.



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## COMPLEMENTARY CORNER

# Chinese Medicine and the Five Elements

## The Metal Element, Part 2

Renee Lehman

The Five Elements is the cyclical pattern of expression in nature as observed by the ancient Chinese. These Elements or energies are felt to be the prime energetic building blocks from which everything in the material world is composed, and were never seen as five “distinct things”. So, every living thing and every person is a unique embodiment and combination of these Five Elements. The Five Elements are Water, Wood, Fire, Earth, and Metal (see the figure below). In the first part of last month’s article on the Metal Element, the associations of the season of Fall, and the Yin and Yang Organs (Lungs and Large Intestine) were discussed (see [www.emmitsburg.net](http://www.emmitsburg.net) for the October 2010 article).

Remember that each Element describes a particular movement and the particular qualities which belong to a specific state of the changing energy seen in the universe. Together, the Five Elements help us to understand the process of dynamic harmony and balance in the whole system of energy. Therefore, when it comes to our health, if all Five Elements are in balance within us, then we are at a state of optimal health/wellness. So, as you read this article on the Metal Element, Part 2, keep in mind that you are reading only about one part of a much bigger picture!

Fall is a time in which the cycle of energy (that you have been reading about all year) begins to decline and turn inward, thus demonstrating how nature is coming full circle. We have gone through the seasons of growth (Spring), maturity (Summer), and harvest (Late Summer), and now we see the leaves beginning to change color and fall to the earth. This will enrich the soil, and will allow for new growth in the Spring. The beautiful colors of the leaves also give us the opportunity to acknowledge nature’s awe.

Along with being associated with the season of Fall, the Metal element is also defined as having other associations. In this article the following associations will be discussed: a body tissue (Skin), an external manifestation (Body Hair), a sound in the voice (Weeping), an emotion (Grief), a color (White), a direction (West), a taste (Pungent), and a climate (Dry).

### Body Tissue and External Manifestation Correspondences

The body tissue associated with the Metal element is your skin. In Chinese medicine, the skin is considered to be the “third lung.” The skin has pores through which your body “breathes.” The appropriate

opening and closing of the pores allow for perspiration to leave the body, to excrete waste products from the body, and to provide a defensive barrier to the external environment. Finally, in western medicine there are diseases where someone has both skin and lung problems. For example, scleroderma, lupus, and infantile eczema that progresses to asthma.

The external manifestation of the Metal element is your body hair. The body hair is just an extension of the skin pores. It increases the surface area of your skin to help with evaporation of perspiration. It helps to keep you warm, and is also part of the first line of defense against the external environment. Just think about how your body hair protects you from the sun and rain, and how it “stands on end” when you may be scared or in danger.

Below is a list of questions that I would like you to ask yourself. Think about what shows up for you when you answer each question. You may need to “nourish” your Metal element to bring it into better balance.

Do you have any skin diseases like eczema, psoriasis, or acne?

Do you have excessive or minimal body hair?

Do you have “thin skin” when dealing with people and situations around you?

### Sound and Emotion Correspondences

The sound that corresponds with the Metal element is weeping, and you can hear this when someone is expressing grief, the emotion that corresponds with the Metal element. Can you hear how when someone has experienced the loss of a loved one or is speaking about death, they may sound like they

are going to cry? Have you ever gotten a “lump” or “catch in your throat” when witnessing something awe inspiring? Also, when experiencing grief have you ever felt heaviness in your chest/lungs?

Ask yourself the following questions. Think about what shows up for you when you answer each question. You may need to “nourish” your Metal element to bring it into better balance.

How often do you get stuck in grief and say “If only...?”

How often does your voice become weak?

How clear is your voice?

### Color, Direction, Taste, and Climate Correspondences

The color correspondence of the Metal element is white. It symbolizes spirituality, brightness, perfection, and purity; things associated with the “letting go of the rubbish” and “taking in the pure energy of the heavenly qi.” Finally, unlike the Western Cultures, the Chinese associate the color of white with mourning and death.

The direction of the Metal element is west. Buddhists associate the direction of west with enlightenment. In Ancient Egypt, the west was the portal to the afterlife. English pilots during WWII would use the euphemism “gone west” when a pilot died. You can see how in many cultures the direction of west is associated with death. Finally, think about how the sun sets in the west to mark the end of a day; thus, giving you a chance to slow down, move your energy inward, and fall asleep.

The taste associated with the Metal element is pungent. Pungent foods are acrid, bitty, and sharp. Aromatic foods like garlic, green onion, ginger, chili pepper, black pepper, radish, and mustard

all are pungent. Think about how your sinuses open up after you have eaten garlic or used black pepper. These types of foods can open up the pores of the skin and cause sweating to release toxins. Extra hot, hot wings, anyone?

The climate of the Earth element is dry. Take a walk in the woods right now and under your feet you will hear the twigs snapping, and the fallen leaves crunching. Weeds that were lush one month ago are now lackluster. The Autumn air is drying out the vegetation, giving them a chance to decompose and provide nutrients to the soil.

### Nourishing your Metal Element

So, if you are interested in nourishing and keeping your Metal element in balance, try some of the following things:

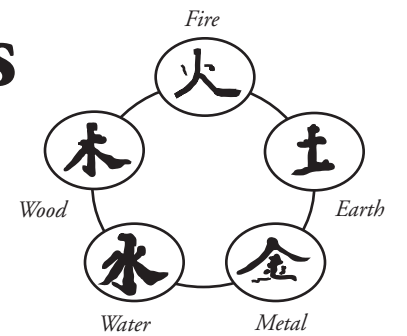
On a physical level, BREATHE! Consciously bring your awareness to your breath. Practice diaphragmatic breathing (see article on Breathing from July 2009).

Perform exercises the open the chest, for example, stretching and singing.

Brush or scrub your skin. This can help to remove the dead skin cells, clean your pores, and leave your skin smooth.

Clean out the “stale corners” of your life and house. This will give room for new growth.

Eat foods that are pungent flavored foods/spices like onions, ginger, horseradish, and cayenne pepper. Decrease rich, fatty foods and processed foods because they create phlegm in your respiratory system.



Learn to value yourself and respect yourself.

Create rituals with eating, like creating a family dinner night at home, or have a prestigious position at the table for an elder in your family.

Make your home aesthetically pleasing. Even better, create an aesthetic life for yourself.

To do this, you may need a professional to work with you (a physician, nutritionist, acupuncturist, personal trainer, massage therapist, counselor, spiritual director, or other wellness professionals).

Until then, keep observing your movement through Fall, and how well your Metal element is balanced. And remember: It is tempting to say that the ‘Metal is this or that,’ or declare ‘I am only Metal,’ but this is NOT how the Elements are meant to be described. There are aspects of the Metal element that resonate for each individual, and it should! The Metal element is an integral piece of describing the ONENESS of the universe (including our own body/mind/spirit) that is constantly changing and transforming!

Renee Lehman is a licensed acupuncturist, physical therapist, and Reiki Master with over 20 years of health care experience. Her office is located at 249B York Street in Gettysburg, PA.

She can be reached at 717-752-5728.

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## ASTRONOMY

# The November night sky

For November, the Moon will be new on November 6th, so the first week of November will thus find the Moon a waning crescent in the dawn skies. The crescent moon lies 7 degrees south of Saturn on the morning of November 4th, and very close to Venus, now also a thin crescent in the morning sky, on November 5th, but they are only 12 degrees west of the rising Sun, and so hard to spot. The waxing crescent moon passes south of both Mercury and Mars in evening twilight on November 7th (don't forget to change the clocks back to standard time that Sunday, by the way!) but again, all lie close to the sun, just setting 30 minutes before.

The moon is first quarter moon on November 13th, and the waxing gibbous moon passes six degrees north of Jupiter in the SE evening sky on November 16th. As it sets before midnight, the peak for the Leonid Meteor Shower in the dawn hours of November 17th may give us several meteors per hour, coming swiftly out of the east. The full moon for November is the Frosty Moon, and falls on November 21st, and the last quarter moon on November 29th.

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 Halloween visit the [www.skymaps.com](http://www.skymaps.com) website and download the map for November 2010; it will have a more extensive calen-

dar, 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 November 2010 sky, featuring many different objects, available from the Hubble Space Telescope website at: [http://hubblesite.org/explore\\_astronomy/tonights\\_sky/](http://hubblesite.org/explore_astronomy/tonights_sky/).

Except for Jupiter, the other naked eye planets all lie close to the Sun this month and are hard to observe. Giant Jupiter dominates the SW sky in Pisces at the beginning of November. Any small scope will reveal what Galileo marveled at four hundred years ago; 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. Larger scopes will still show detail on the disk, but observe early in the evening to catch the famed Great Red Spot...the South Equatorial belt that normally sit atop the GRS faded away last April for reasons not understood, but may be redeveloping currently.

Setting in the southwest is the teapot shape of Sagittarius, which marks the heart of our Milky Way Galaxy, but the best view of our Galaxy lies overhead now. The brightest star of the northern hemisphere, Vega dominates the sky in the northwest. To the northeast of Vega is Deneb, the brightest star of Cygnus the Swan. To the south is Altair, the brightest star of Aquila the Eagle, the third member of the three bright stars that make the Summer Triangle so obvious in



The planetary nebulae, NGC 7293 or "the Helix", about 650 light years distant. Sometimes called "The Eye of God".

the NE these clear autumn evenings. Use binocs and your sky map to spot many clusters.

Overhead the square of Pegasus is a beacon of fall. South of it lies Jupiter currently, but still farther south the only bright star of Fall, Fomalhaut. If the southern skies of Fall look sparse, it is because we are looking away from our Galaxy into the depths of intergalactic space. It is just north of Fomalhaut that you will find the closest and largest of the planetary nebulae, NGC 7293 or "the Helix", about 650 light years distant. It appears as a faint ring, half as big as the full moon, and visible with binocs from a dark, clear observing site, using your sky map. Our photo this month reminds us why this stellar striptease has some-

times been called "the eye of God" by the press. When our own Sun swells to a red giant perhaps six billion years from now, it too will probably shed its outer layers as such a nebula, before its core collapses to an earth sized white dwarf, like the faint central star shown in Bob's photo.

The constellation Cassiopeia makes a striking W, rising in the NE as the Big Dipper sets in the NW. Polaris lies about midway between them. She contains many nice star clusters for binocular users in her outer arm of our Milky Way, extending to the NE now. Her daughter, Andromeda, starts with the NE corner star of Pegasus' Square, and goes NE with two more bright stars in a row. It is from the middle star, beta Andromeda, that we proceed about a quarter the way to the top star in the W of Cassiopeia, and look for a faint blur with the naked eye. M-31, the Andromeda Galaxy, is the most distant object visible with the naked eye, lying about 2.5 million light years distant. It appears

as an oval blur with the naked eyes alone.

To the northeast, Andromeda's hero, Perseus, rises. Between him and Cassiopeia is the fine Double Cluster, faintly visible with the naked eye and two fine binocular objects in the same field. Perseus contains the famed eclipsing binary star Algol, where the Arabs imagined the eye of the gorgon Medusa would lie. It fades to a third its normal brightness for six out of every 70 hours, as a larger but cooler orange giant covers about 80% of the smaller but hotter and thus brighter companion as seen from Earth.

Check it out on a clear November evening, and see it the gorgon is winking at you. If so, then instead of being as bright as Polaris, Algol fade to be only as bright as kappa Persei, the star just to its south. Look at Perseus' feet for the famed Pleiades cluster to rise, a sure sign of bright winter stars to come. In fact, yellow Capella, a giant star the same temperature and color as our much smaller Sun, rises at 7 PM as November begins.



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## COMPUTER Q&A

# How to talk to a computer tech: 101

Ayse Jester

The most often heard phrases from our customers are "I don't know anything about computers." or "I am computer illiterate." While in most cases this is untrue, it may help to know what you can tell your computer tech when you have a problem. Much like when you take your car to the shop; you may feel overwhelmed with questions.

### Basic Information

Your computer tech will want to know some basic personal information as well as some basic technical information. You should know your internet company, any passwords, and some information about the problem. More than likely you will be asked to describe what happened when your problem occurred. It is helpful if the person dropping the computer off has some knowledge of the computer. If that is not possible, you can usually call ahead and have any questions answered ahead of time.

### Knowing the difference between here and there

Many times it is much cheaper to have your computer worked on off-site. When you have this done there are some important things to consider.

1. You will want to make sure that your problem is not related to a device attached to your computer such as a printer. If you do, call ahead to see if you need to bring the devices or any software with you.
2. Sometimes a problem can occur from a device attached which may be undetectable when you have your computer serviced. Remember to make your tech aware of any new hardware changes or new devices that were installed.

**Know what your complaint is**  
Of course you want your problem resolved. Once you know what your problem is be sure to remember as much detail as possible about the problem. Here are an example of how including details can help a customer with faster service.

*Complaint: Computer is slow*  
After checking the computer out the tech finds that nothing appears to be slow. After investigating further the customer describes the slowness as occurring only when they are online. Since the problem is not occurring for the tech off-site they tech now knows the problem has to do with the internet connection at the customers home.  
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### Be prepared to answer the following

When did your problem first occur? Did you receive any error messages? (Write any errors down and when they appear)

Have you installed any new hardware or software? (This includes devices such as printers and software such as microsoft office) Did anything else on the com-

puter change when the problem began?

### Don't get upset!

Dealing with a computer problem can be less of a nightmare than you think when dealing with the right technician. Remember to ask questions about the cost of your services before you authorize anywork. Be

sure that you are getting what you pay for but also be courteous and remember that time is money. You tech should offer answers to any basic questions that you have regarding services that were preformed. If you have any problems or complaints with your service be sure to be prompt when contacting your tech. Many things such as

a computer virus can happen very quickly so it is important to reach your tech right away if you still have a problem.

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## LIBRARY NOTES &amp; SENIOR NEWS

## Maturity Among the Stacks

Caroline Rock

If you have read Saul Bellow's *Seize the Day*, maybe you, like I, had a moment or two when you saw yourself in the main character, Wilhelm Adler. For the sake of your self-esteem, I hope not. I hope you were able to sit back and enjoy this little novel because of the fact that Wilhelm's gloom is so far removed from your own life's happy story.

I read *Seize the Day* in college in my American Literature class. I was very young then, just twenty years old, unschooled in the lessons of hard knocks, still full of my ideals and optimism. I could not relate to Wilhelm Adler, who changed his name to Tommy Wilhelm when he moved out to Hollywood to try to become an actor. I could not relate to dropping out of school, being fired from a job, separating from a spouse, reaching financial desperation, or, worst of all, being in my forties.

But I could relate to the word my astute professor used to describe Tommy Wilhelm:

Immature

This was an adjective I had feared since fifth grade. Mrs. Mahoney, on the first day of school, instructed us that we were no longer allowed to be immature. We were fifth graders, after all, and halfway to adulthood. Maturity, by her definition, meant we were not to speak out in class. We were to learn that we did not have to say everything as soon as it came into our minds. We were to train our bladders to wait until lunch time. We were not to laugh at jokes involving normal bodily functions,

including the loss of bladder control. And mostly, we were never EVER to be without a book. A person who has reached maturity always has something to read.

Therefore, when my literature professor began to cite examples of Tommy Wilhelm's immaturity, I was surprised at the evidence she gleaned from the story.

1. Tommy borrowed money from his father.
2. He was unkempt, his pockets full of bits of trash and pennies, like a little boy carries twine and marbles.
3. He changed his name from Wilhelm, not to Thomas or even Tom, but to the diminutive "Tommy", the name of child, not a man.
4. He didn't like to wash his hands and often had dirty fingernails.

Yes, all of these are good affirmations of immaturity, especially in a forty-year-old man. From my youthful ivory tower, however, I felt sorry for Tommy. I imagined that if I ever reached the dire and hopeless age of 40, there on the brink of death, I might try to find ways to cling to a shadow of my childhood. Play on the swings at the park, for example. Let go of grown-up conventions, like matching one's socks, tying one's shoelaces, or pulling one's pants all the way up to the hips. I might even carry bits of trash in my pockets.

Also, I felt as though I were an exception to the rule.

1. I borrowed money from my

father. However, what college sophomore did not borrow money from her father?

2. My dorm room was less than pristine. But I was carrying a heavy course load, and matters of the mind outweighed material concerns. In fact, the only reason the room was ever swept or dusted was because my roommate has asthma.
3. At the time, I was calling myself "Carrie." Cute, don't you think?
4. Okay, I washed my hands pretty regularly in college.

The point is that I demonstrated many of the same traits my professor saw as immature in Tommy Wilhelm, and I was not the least bit immature. But to this list of juvenile behaviors, my professor added one more. It was the point of climax, the clue above all others that Tommy was treading water in a sea of puerility.

Tommy Wilhelm was immature because, instead of coffee or orange juice for breakfast, Tommy drank Coca-cola.

My professor must have noticed that the majority of her students in that eight A.M. class carried soft drinks instead of coffee mugs. Oh, there were a few whose morning drinking buckets steamed. But mine sweated and fizzed. Even on those bitter February mornings in Baltimore, nothing would get me out of bed faster than the thought of rinsing out my forty-ounce plastic cup, a souvenir from last May's visit to Memorial Stadium to watch Jim Palmer pitch his final season with the Orioles, and carrying it to the dining hall to fill it to the brim with ice cold Coca-co-

la.

Now, that very act was accusing me of being immature. Never mind that I did not go anywhere without a copy of Rilke's *Letters to a Young Poet* in my purse. Never mind that I could almost always keep my opinions to myself. Never mind that I could go weeks at a time without having to empty my bladder. My preference for Coca-cola over coffee made me immature.

It stands to reason, my literature professor continued, that someone who drinks soda instead of coffee does so because he (or she) does not have the maturity to wait for the coffee to brew, and so drinks an easier, cold beverage. This is the same kind of person who, for example, eats cookie dough instead of waiting for the cookies to bake.

Are your hackles up now? Because mine were. Some of us simply prefer the taste and texture of cookie dough to the taste and texture of a cookie. Don't get me wrong. I never met a cookie I didn't like. But a bowl of cookie dough in the fridge is a staple in my home more than a bowl of leafy greens or a bowl of ripe fruit. Does that make me immature? I think not.

I decided in that American Literature class, that, if maturity meant learning to drink coffee, or giving up cookie dough, I would forever carry scraps of paper in my pocket. I would continue to pick the onions off my sandwich. I would not pretend I like Brussels sprouts or broccoli without copious amounts of cheese sauce. I would forever choose chocolate over fruit for dessert.

Fruit for dessert? Now there's immaturity for you. Why not wait for the pie to bake, is what I want to know?

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## SENIOR NEWS

Susan Allen

Ah, November! The days and nights are colder, whispering in frosty tones that winter isn't far away. Children watch expectantly for the first snow flurries, while creating colorful turkeys and pilgrim hats for their Thanksgiving centerpieces. Families plan to gather for our all-American celebration of pioneers' survival, hearts and minds filled with gratitude for many blessings. Please remember our local food bank and the Seton Center at this special time; give generously, if you can, so they may give to others. HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

## SPECIAL PROGRAMS:

Thursday, Nov. 4 - Honor our Veterans display; Tuesday, Nov. 9 - FLU CLINIC, 3-6 p.m.; Thursday, Nov. 11 - Center CLOSED for Veterans' Day; Thursday, Nov. 18 - Thanksgiving dinner, noon; Wednesday, Nov. 24 - Evening 500 card party, 7 p.m.; Thursday-Friday, Nov. 25-26 - Center CLOSED for Thanksgiving.

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, or email lumbel@frederickcountymd.gov.

## REGULAR ACTIVITIES

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

## Strength Training &amp;

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

**Bingo:** Nov. 17.

**Cards, 500, and Bridge Group:** Nov. 10 & 24.

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

**Pinochle & 13:** Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

**Canasta:** Fridays at 12:30 p.m.

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# UPCOMING EVENTS

## Tuesdays

Catoctin-Aires Majorette Corps is set to begin its FREE, 4-week baton twirling course for beginners age 5 and up. Classes will start in November on Tuesday evenings and will be held at the Emmitsburg Elementary School. This is an excellent opportunity to determine your child's interest in twirling with no costs whatsoever! For registration or more information, please call 301-271-4326 or 717-334-5567.

## Saturdays

Bingo at the Rocky Ridge Volunteer Fire Company's Activity building. Doors open at 4:30pm and games start at 7pm.

## Nov 6

Mountaintop Community Fall Fair and Art Showcase - A great way to start your Christmas shopping or to shop for yourself is to visit the second annual Mountaintop Community Fall Fair and Art Showcase. This year's event will be held at the Blue Ridge Volunteer Fire and Rescue Co., 13063 Monterey Lane, Blue Ridge Summit. The popular Collectibles Road Show will again take place, with several appraisers available to inspect your "treasures from the attic" and give you an estimated value. For additional information call Lynn or Duke Martin at 717-642-5645 and 717-729-0188.

Lewistown Volunteer Fire Department Turkey, Ham and Oys-

ter Suppers - with the new family buffer-style service. 11101 Hession Bridge Road, Thurmont.

Adams County Arts Council Annual Masquerade Party at the Gettysburg Hotel. Dinner & Party or Party-only tickets are available online at [www.adamsarts.org](http://www.adamsarts.org) or by calling 717-334-5006.

## Nov 9 - 12

50th International Gift and Rug Festival - Celebrate 50 Years of Gift Festival Sales Fairfield Mennonite Church. Items include jewelry, toys, musical instruments, holiday decorations, and hand-knotted Oriental rugs from Ten Thousand Villages. Find the quality you desire and support the fairness artisans deserve. Your purchases will provide continuing work for artisans, enabling them to dream and plan for a better future. 201 West Main Street, Fairfield. 717-642-8936

## Nov 12

Seasonally Artistic Crafts Sale

featuring: New distinctive hand made gifts at best prices for your Holiday shopping. Peruse the Book Nook, Collectibles, & Gently Used Christmas decorations. Warm cider awaits your arrival! Unitarian Universalists of Gettysburg, 136 S. Stratton St.

Elias Lutheran Church's The Basement, Elias' Coffee House Ministry Featuring: 7 Mile Road from Gettysburg Presbyterian Church, and our own Silver Lining Band.

## Nov 13

Mother Seton School's 2nd Annual Fall Fun Run/Walk. For more information: [www.mothersetonschool.org](http://www.mothersetonschool.org) or email [bridgemccarthy@hotmail.com](mailto:bridgemccarthy@hotmail.com)

Monocacy Valley Memorial VFW Post 6918, located in Harney annual Veteran Day Observance at the Post at 2 pm. The public and all veterans and their families are invited to attend. Food and drinks will be available for all attending

at the completion of the program. Please contact the Post at 410-756-6866 or Frank M. Rauschenberg at 410-756-5444 for further information.

9th Annual Tree Lighting Celebration Join the folks at Boyds Bear Country as they officially launch the holiday festivities for 2010! Boyds Bear Country, 75 Cunningham Road, Gettysburg. Holiday themed activities throughout the day. Fun for the entire family!

## Nov 18

"Making Holiday Arrangements" Demonstration at Trinity Lutheran Church in Taneytown. The Silver Fancy Garden Club of Emmitsburg & Taneytown will have several members making holiday arrangements. For more information please contact Susie Heck 410-756-1113.

## Nov 19

Dedication Day - 147th Anniversary of the Gettysburg Address

9:30 am Wreath Laying Ceremony at the Soldiers' National Monument, Soldiers' National Cemetery Soldiers' National Cemetery.

## Nov 20-21

Third Annual Fairfield - Carroll Valley Holiday open house and Foothills Artists studio tour. - The Tour begins at Willow Pond Farm, where maps will be available for pick up. Read about the artists here and see samples of their work.

## Nov 20

8th Annual Remembrance Illumination - Each year, the Gettysburg Foundation and the Friends of Gettysburg lights over 3,500 luminary candles - one on each soldier's grave in the Soldiers National Cemetery to remember and honor the sacrifices made by those who fought at Gettysburg. For information contact the Gettysburg Foundation at 717-338-1243.

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 To Place An Order Call:  
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**Seton Center Thrift Shop**  
  
**\$5 BAG SALE**  
 Fri., Nov. 12th - 10 am to 4 pm  
 Sat., Nov. 13th - 8 am to 4 pm  
 16840 South Seton Avenue, Emmitsburg, MD 21727  
 The Thrift Shop of Seton Center, Inc. is a non-profit ministry of the Daughters of Charity. For more info or to make donations please call: **301-447-6102**



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## NOVEMBER IS A BUSY TIME AT THE MOUNT.

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### Classical Music in the Age of Globalization: An interdisciplinary conference November 5-7, 2010

The conference is organized by the American Tribute to Chopin Consortium in arrangement with Intermuse Performing Artists Bureau, and hosted by the Department of Visual and Performing Arts at Mount St. Mary's University.

#### Features acclaimed speakers and musicians:

- The American Virtuosi (internationally-acclaimed musical family)
- Cecylia Barczyk (performing and recording cellist, Artistic Director of the International Music Institute and Festival USA, and Professor of Cello at Towson University)
- Charles H. Borowsky (author, concert manager, and social-scientist; founding director of the International Music Institute and Festival USA, editor of *Local Music Heritage in the Age of Globalization and Creativity and Innovation in Music* published by UNESCO)
- Maxim Gershunoff (director of Gershunoff Artists and author of *It's Not All Song and Dance: A Life Behind the Scenes*)
- Mount St. Mary's University Chorale
- Andrew Rosenfeld (Chairman of the Visual and Performing Arts Department at Mount St. Mary's University)
- Ann Schein (concert pianist and pedagogue, Professor Emeritus of Peabody Conservatory)

The conference is open to the public. Single- and multiple-day registrations are available.

#### Evening Performances

Tickets to evening performances are included in registration, or may be purchased at the door (\$25 general, \$15 students). Children up to age 14 may attend performances free.

- Friday, November 5 at 7:30 p.m. - Ann Schein, pianist
- Saturday, November 6 at 7:30 p.m. - American Virtuosi and Mount St. Mary's University Chorale

For more information contact: Dr. Andrew Rosenfeld at [arosenfe@msmary.edu](mailto:arosenfe@msmary.edu) or 301-447-5308

## DID YOU KNOW?

First Things Survey of America's Colleges and Universities ranks Mount St. Mary's University in its top ten "Most Catholic Catholic Schools."

Read more at [www.msmary.edu/FirstThings](http://www.msmary.edu/FirstThings)



### Veterans Day Lecture

Nov 11, 7:30 p.m.

Horning Theatre in the Delaplaine Fine Arts Center



Secretary Edward Chow, Jr., Maryland's Secretary of Veterans Affairs, will give a special Veterans Day lecture. Chow serves in the Governor's cabinet as the state's key advisor for veteran issues.

Be sure to also stop by and visit our new Veterans' Walkway, dedicated this past summer.

### Sister Helen Prejean, "The Death Penalty in America"

November 14, 6:00 p.m.

Knott Auditorium



Sister Helen Prejean will discuss the death penalty and why it should no longer be practiced. Her talks emphasize her passionate commitment to end the death penalty. She began her prison ministry in 1981 when she

dedicated her life to the poor of New Orleans. While living in the St. Thomas housing project, she became pen pals with Patrick Sonnier, the convicted killer of two teenagers, sentenced to die in the electric chair of Louisiana's Angola State Prison. Sister Prejean turned her experiences into the book *Dead Man Walking: An Eyewitness Account of the Death Penalty*. An international best seller, it was developed in 1996 into a major motion picture starring Susan Sarandon as Sister Helen and Sean Penn as a death row inmate.

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

### NATIVE AMERICAN SONG AND LECTURE

Nov. 3, 6:30 p.m., Knott Auditorium

Clayton Old Elk Sr., a Nation Elder and Cultural Advisor of the Crow tribe of Montana will give a performance of Native American music and culture.

### TRANSFER DAYS

Nov. 4, 10 a.m.-Noon, Admissions Office

This program is designed for currently enrolled students at another institution of higher learning and looking to transfer to the Mount. Take a student-led campus tour and information session with our Transfer Coordinator.

### MONUMENTAL IDEAS IN MINIATURE

#### BOOKS EXHIBIT

Nov. 4 - Nov. 30, Williams Art Gallery

Come see the art show in the newly renovated Delaplaine Fine Arts Center, formerly Flynn Hall.

Buy your tickets online  
[www.mountathletics.com](http://www.mountathletics.com)

### 2010-11 MEN'S BASKETBALL HOME SCHEDULE

SAVANNAH ST. Sat., Nov. 20, 7 p.m.	*QUINNIPIAC Sat., Jan. 22, 7 p.m.
FLORIDA A&M Sat., Nov. 27, 1 p.m.	*MONMOUTH Thu., Feb. 3, 7 p.m.
NAVY Mon., Nov. 29, 7 p.m.	*FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON Sat., Feb. 5, 7 p.m. (Homecoming)
AMERICAN Mon., Dec. 20, 7 p.m.	*WAGNER Wed., Feb. 9, 7 p.m.
*SAINT FRANCIS (PA.) Thu., Jan. 6, 7 p.m.	*LONG ISLAND Thu., Feb. 17, 7 p.m.
*ROBERT MORRIS Sat., Jan. 8, 1 p.m.	*ST. FRANCIS (N.Y.) Sat., Feb. 19, 7 p.m.
*SACRED HEART Thu., Jan. 20, 7 p.m.	

### 2010-11 WOMEN'S BASKETBALL HOME SCHEDULE

AMERICAN Wed., Nov. 17, 7 p.m.	SACRED HEART * Mon., Jan. 24, 7 p.m.
UMES Sat., Nov. 20, 3:30 p.m.	FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON * Sat., Feb. 5, 3 p.m.
TOWSON Wed., Dec. 1, 7 p.m.	MONMOUTH * Mon., Feb. 7, 7 p.m.
BINGHAMTON Sat., Dec. 18, 3 p.m.	WAGNER * Mon., Feb. 14, 7 p.m.
ROBERT MORRIS * Sat., Jan. 8, 3:30 p.m.	ST. FRANCIS (N.Y.) * Sat., Feb. 19, 3 p.m.
SAINT FRANCIS (PA.) * Mon., Jan. 10, 7 p.m.	LONG ISLAND * Mon., Feb. 21, 7 p.m.
QUINNIPIAC * Sat., Jan. 22, 3 p.m.	



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— Dan Kelly, C'12, recent transfer

## LEARN MORE AT A TRANSFER DAY

This program is designed to allow you to interact with other students who are also considering transferring through a student-led campus tour and information session with our Transfer Coordinator.

- Thursday, Nov. 4, 2010 (10 a.m.-Noon)
- Tues., Nov. 16, 2010 (4-6 p.m.)
- Wed., Dec. 8, 2010 (10 a.m.-Noon)

To register or see transfer days in 2011, visit [www.msmary.edu/transfer](http://www.msmary.edu/transfer)