

Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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Mother Seton celebrates its bicentennial

The chill in the February air couldn't cool down the enthusiasm the small group of children and adults felt. Elizabeth Ann's Seton's new order of sisters had been in Emmitsburg for eight months and they were on the verge of beginning the mission that had brought them from the comforts of city life in Baltimore to the rigors of country life in a small northern Maryland community.

The day was February 20, 1820 and the sisters were moving from the stone house that had been their home for most of their short time in Emmitsburg to a new white clapboard house that was large enough to house both the sisters and the Elizabeth's new school.

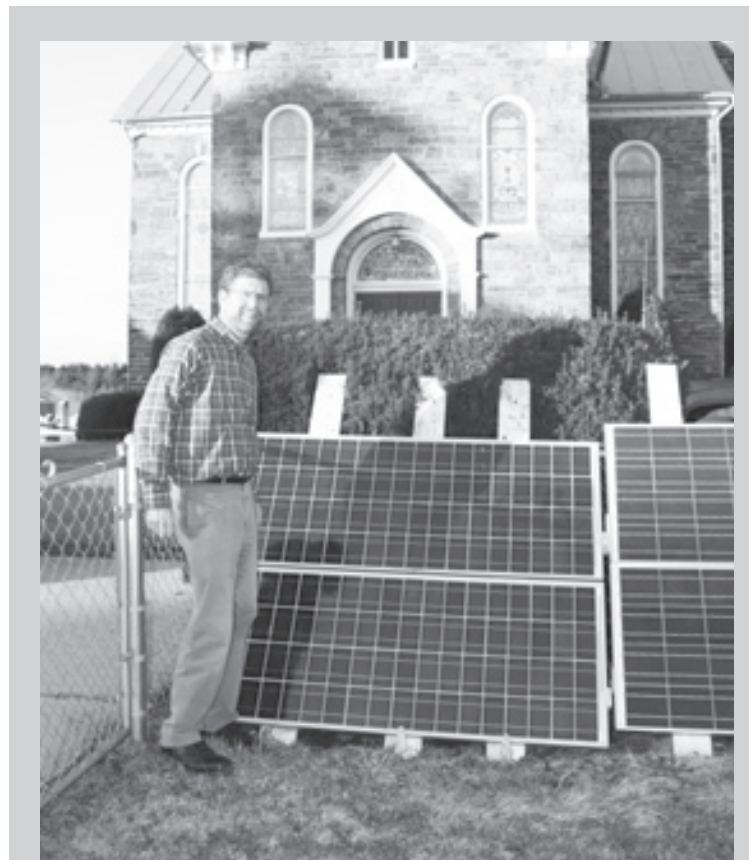
This month Mother Seton School is celebrating those events from 200 years ago to where it can trace its roots.

"We're the continuation of Mother Seton's legacy of Catholic education in St. Joseph's Valley," said Sister JoAnne Goecke, principal of Mother

Seton School. The school quickly grew to become St. Joseph's Free School and Academy. It was the first school in the country to provide a free Catholic education for girls.

The school continued to grow both in enrollment and in its educational offerings to the point where it was offering females an education from grade school through college. In 1878, the grade school portion of the school was separated from the rest and became St. Euphemia's School on DePaul Street. The secondary and college portion of the school became St. Joseph's College High School in 1890. St. Joseph's Academy was chartered as a college in 1902.

St. Euphemia's closed in 1956 and Mother Seton School opened on South Seton Avenue. This first site, now occupied by the Seton Center, was unique because it was one of the first prefabricated schools in the country. It also featured such innovations as a cafetorium and green black



No one is more eager to see the start of the Mount Solar Panel Farm than Pastor Jon Greenstone of Elias Lutheran Church who has created a small solar power system for the parish house on Main Street. See story on page 4.

boards that could be erased with a rag instead of an eraser.

The school was moved to its current building on Creamery Road in 1965. The original building had 16 classrooms, cafeteria, library, gym-auditorium, computer lab and resource lab. A 2002 addition to the school added a science lab, multi-purpose room, preschool classrooms, kindergarten classrooms, play-

ground, office area, staff room, health room and atrium entrance.

The other schools eventually closed leaving Mother School the only school that is a direct continuation of Seton's first school in Emmitsburg.

For information of Mother Seton School's bicentennial celebration events visit mothersetonschool.org.

License for Mason Dixon casino to be filed by April

The latest Battle of Gettysburg is going to be fought south of the town in Cumberland Township.

The Pennsylvania Legislature reopened the application process for the last slot's resort license, and Gettysburg businessman David LeVan wants to win it. If he does, he plans on building a gambling resort on the current location of the Eisenhower Hotel and Conference Center.

The resort LeVan and his partner are proposing would be the Mason Dixon Casino and include 600 slot machines and 50 table games. It would include around 275 rooms, restaurants, bars and other entertainment.

"Over the next several months, we'll be rolling out exciting new information about Mason-Dixon, including renderings that will show how the property will be

tastefully renovated, so that it respects the area's decor," LeVan said in a Gettysburg Times article. "We think people will be pleasantly surprised."

However, opposition is already forming against the Mason Dixon Casino. Opponents claim that the casino is not favored by visitors who come to see the historic battlefield and will hurt tourism which accounts for 7,500 jobs in Adams County. "The casino site is ½ mile from the National Military Park, which outrages heritage tourists, who love our family-friendly atmosphere," notes opponent Susan Paddocks.

Proponent of the casino, Jeff Klein, said, however: "People visit our area for a number of reasons; the National Military Park is the top attraction, but shopping, higher education, conventions and

gathering with family and friends are other destinations."

"The visitors that are die-hard Civil War buffs will always come back for this is their holy grail no matter what is built here. We have adult clubs along on the 'historic routes' into Gettysburg, yet over a million people visit us every year. I guess our visitors would not be that offended by a small casino."

A recent poll conducted by the Hanover Evening Sun showed 42 percent of respondents support the casino project and 35 percent oppose it. When only those who

either strongly oppose or strongly support are looked at 15 percent of respondents strongly support it while 22 percent strongly oppose the project.

The casino's closeness to battlefield and moral object accounted for 57 percent of opposition while jobs and economic benefits accounted for 69 percent of the support.

Once the application for the casino's license is filed, the state Gaming Control Board will hold hearings before making a final decision. No date has been set for the hearings.

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NEWS

Letter from the editor

With this issue, we formally mark the start of our second year of publication. As I look back upon the last twelve editions I can't but help note with pride just how far this paper has come. It truly has been a labor of love for many of our writers, advertiser, donors, subscribers, and corporate sponsors.

Unlike the traditional newspaper business model, the News-Journal operates on more of a National Public Radio model. By that I mean, while advertising does cover a significant portion of the cost of the paper, it doesn't cover it all. The difference is made up through corporate and private donation.

Had we to depend solely upon advertising, you would be holding a much different paper, a paper with signifi-

cantly less original content and many more ads. I think the area deserves better. Thankfully, through the beneficence of a few, espically Emmitsburg Glass, Taney Stairs, and Mount St. Mary's University we're able to produce the paper we do. To them I am eternally grateful.

For our Carroll Valley readers, you have Ski Liberty to thank for the paper now in your hands. Our new readers in Fairfield have the H&R Block's= tax office in Gettysburg to thank!

While we get lots of compliments about the paper, we're always looking for opportunities to improve. With this edition we begin a new column called 'Cold War Warriors' which will feature stores by local Cold War Veterans that were once only told behind closed doors. We also have

two new teen writers, Danielle and Liz Ryan who will join Kat Dart on keeping us apprized on whats on the minds of the 16 and under generation!

In this edition we are also moving to two pages for the pet section, and next month I'll wrap up my Old Tenant House column which will open up a page for a humor column.

For the fans of Christine Macabee, Laya Watkins, Lyn Holt, and Zenas Sykes, don't fret, they'll be back next month. After twelve months of producing one exceptional article after another, they deserved a vacation! Beneficence comes in many shapes and forms. In the case of these writers, their beneficence comes in the shape of words which I hope enrich your life. I know they do mine.

Emmitsburg
NEWS-JOURNAL

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

Around the town

Work replacing and relining water lines in town is expected to continue for another six months depending on the weather. The lines running along Lincoln Avenue from Vigilant Hose Company to the town maintenance shed have shown themselves to be particularly troublesome. According to Emmitsburg Town Manager Dave Haller while many areas of the town's water system show steady flow rates, that particularly section has been known to see spikes in flow up to 100,000 gallons. This is indicative of leaks in the system that need to be addressed.

The work is being done now so that the water lines are repaired before construction begins on the new water treatment plant is built on the east side of town.

Emmitsburg creates combined committee

Emmitsburg has decided to combine three of its citizen committees that typically have

poor attendance and few issues to talk about into a single citizens' advisory committee. The committees being combined are the water, streets and charter review committee.

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

Commissioner President Chris Staiger said the board of commissioners created the combined committee hoping to "create a forum where people can bring issues to us."

The Parks and Recreation Committee was originally going to be included as well, but it was removed because it generally has enough members to meet and the committee also has a budget that it allocates specifically for its parks and recreation items.

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

Council exempts town from portion of county APFO

The Emmitsburg Town Council unanimously voted to pass an ordinance exempting itself from a portion of the Frederick County Adequate Public Facilities Ordinance.

The Frederick County Commissioners voted late last year to extend a portion of its APFO to be enforceable in municipalities. The change would limit development inside of municipal boundaries when the schools that would educate students in the new developments are over capacity. This control of municipal development has caused Emmitsburg and other municipalities within Frederick County to appeal the decision.

The appeal means a judge will review the commissioners' vote and see if met the legal threshold that needs to be met.

The commissioners' explanation for the change is that since the county must provide schools for students, they should be able to stop them from being overcrowded. Municipal officials see it as the county usurping their elected authority.

Around the borough

The first official act of the newest Adams County judge Tom Campbell, the former Carroll Valley Borough attorney, was to swear in Carroll Valley Mayor Ron Harris for another term in office. Harris then swore in borough councilmen John Van Volkenburgh, Dan Patton and Ken Lundberg, who were re-elected last November.

Police calls in 2009

The Carroll Valley Police responded to 2,142 calls for service in

2009, up 19.3 percent over 2008. The top five types of calls were assisting other police agencies, information, thefts (not active), medical calls and traffic calls. Of the 2,142 calls, 130 were serious enough to be considered Part I crimes in the FBI's Uniform Crime Report. This represented more than a 20 percent increase in the UCR Part I crimes for the borough.

"A large number of those Part I crimes are ski thefts at Ski Liberty," said Carroll Valley Police Chief Richard Hileman.

Ski Liberty accounted for 53 of the 130 Part I crimes. When Ski Liberty numbers are removed from the borough's numbers, the borough remains below the state's rural crime index, according to Hileman.

"I noticed our crime averages are tracking below the state average and Carroll Valley is a very safe place to live," said Borough Councilman Bill Reinke.

Volunteers sought

Carroll Valley is seeking residents

The municipal ordinance change was needed to aid in the appeal.

Emmitsburg updates weapons ordinance

The Emmitsburg Town Council passed an ordinance to allow the council the ability to decide if a person should be allowed to fire a weapon within the town boundaries. This was a power formerly granted the Emmitsburg Chief of Police, which is a position that no longer exists.

Town staff recommended not allowing the firing of any weapons within town with no exceptions. However, resident Larry Little spoke to the council as one of a small group of hunters who are allowed to hunt on a large parcel of property within the town and asked them to

make an allowance for this.

The town commissioners discussed the matter and decided that by giving the council the authority that the chief of police had held, they would still be upholding the original intent of the ordinance while allowing for the hunters who have acted responsibly over the years.

Board of appeals appointment

Diane Walbrecker was unanimously appointed to serve on the Emmitsburg Board of Appeals. She will be resigning her positional as an Emmitsburg Planning Commission alternate member to take the new position.

For more information on town affairs visit the town government section of emmitsburg.net.

who would be willing to serve on the borough's planning commission. The commission helps the borough council plan for growth in the borough and how to serve it. They also consider zoning issues in the borough.

Volunteers are also being sought to serve on the Fairfield Regional Emergency Management Agency (FREMA). The regional group helps plan for multi-agency responses to area emergencies.

Carroll Valley Mayor Ron Harris said that experience is not necessary, "We have a lot of people more than willing to help you learn."

Anyone interested in serving with these organizations should contact the Carroll Valley Borough office at (717) 642-8269.

Ambulance calls in 2009

Fairfield Ambulance responded to 781 calls in 2009. This is up 15 percent, according to Carroll Valley Councilman Neal Abrams, who serves as the council liaison with Fairfield Fire and Rescue Service. Of the ambulance calls, 282 were in Carroll Valley, which is an increase of 36 over 2008. Abrams noted that many of those calls were at Ski Liberty.

Basement Coffee House begins 6th year celebrating God through music

The Basement Coffee House at Elias Lutheran Church is preparing to kick off its sixth year on Feb. 12.

Amos and Amos, a father and daughter duo, will be entertaining the audience with their Christian music beginning a 7 p.m. The Basement Coffee House is a popular venue for Christian bands that come from as far away as Nashville, TN, to play.

"Bands are contacting me because they want to play here," said Pastor Jon Greenstone of Elias Lutheran.

Two of the popular bands at the Basement Coffee House are Silver Lining and the Children's Praise Choir, both ministries of Elias Lutheran Church. Silver Lining features teenager musicians and the choir features younger children singing and dancing. Both groups are under the direction of Jenni Joy.

"We try to keep it as fun as we can," Greenstone said.

Silver Lining is also looking for new musicians to join the band. The make-up of the band often changes as members graduate high school and go off to college. Silver Lining



practices Thursday evenings at the church. If you would like to find out more about playing in the band, contact Greenstone at (301) 447-6239 or jsgreenstone@verizon.net.

"We started this with teenagers in mind," Greenstone said. "We wanted it to be a cool hangout for teens so they would have something to do."

Besides music, visitors can enjoy coffee, soda and snacks during the evening. Audiences can vary widely from six to 130 attendees, according to Greenstone.

The Basement Coffee House is open the second Friday of every month except January, July and August. It is located in the basement of Elias Lutheran Church at 100 W. North Street.

Two-and-a-half-hour car chase recovers \$2,000 in stolen property

James Rada Jr.

If you had items stolen from your car during the first week of January, you should probably contact the Carroll Valley Police. Police recovered around \$2,000 in stolen property after a 2 1/2 hour foot chase on Jan. 8.

The chase began when a resident of Treetop Trail called 911 around 2:30 a.m. to report that two white males were trying to get into her vehicle in her driveway.

"No one was on duty, but Det. (Clifford) Weikert was on call," said Chief Richard L. Hileman, II.

Weikert was on the scene within a few minutes and located one of the suspects. He began a foot chase that led into the woods. Weikert called for assistance and additional officers from Carroll Valley, Gettysburg, Cumberland Township and Washington Township in Franklin County responded.

The foot chase travelled northeast around the Fairfield Schools and through the woods and fields east of Fairfield during a snow storm. Police used Google satellite maps on an in-car laptop to try figure out where Weikert was and where he was heading.

"By looking at the satellite photos we could see the terrain Detective Weikert was describing, and could try to get units in front of him to intercept the chase," Hileman said, "We were hampered by radios issues as we tried to talk to him for updates."

The pursuit continued northeast of Fairfield on the Fairfield Quarry before turning back to town. Units converged on the front of the chase at 4350 Fairfield Road. Tracks lead to an upstairs apartment, where police forced entry and found Matthew James Deatherage, 45, trying to dispose of his wet clothes. He was taken into custody.

Police identified the second subject as Nathaniel Cramer, 27, and began to search for him as well. He was found and arrested across the street from the apartment at the Fairfield Minimart.

"We had posted an officer on the apartment to secure it until we could obtain a search warrant so he couldn't return to the apartment. I guess he thought he got away," Hileman said.

A search warrant was executed and about \$2,000 in property was found. "Some of the property, an iPod Touch and Magellan GPS

we recovered, we know were taken from a vehicle of a soldier home on leave who reported it to us on January 4th from 21 Black Bass Trail. We believe some of the other items including a laptop came from that same area but were not reported to police," Hileman said.

All of the stolen property is believed to have been taken from unlocked vehicles. Police are trying to find the owners of all of the property. If you had items stolen from a car in the Carroll Valley/Fairfield area at the beginning of January, contact Det. Weikert at 717-642-8269 x29.

Deatherage and Cramer were charged with 21 counts of attempted theft, loitering and prowling and night time and criminal conspiracy and sent to the Adams County Booking Center for arraignment. The men also had traffic warrants in York County. Additional charges of receiving stolen property, theft and drug possession as the investigation develops.

"Detective Weikert was tenacious; once he got on that suspect's trail he wasn't letting go. He ran through woods, fields and creeks in snow storm but he wouldn't quit and at the end he got his man. It was tremendous police work," Hileman said.

Survey provides a "snapshot" of Carroll Valley

Residents of Carroll Valley Borough would like to have more commercial businesses in the borough, but at the same time they don't want the borough to grow and would like to see more woodland. It's just one of the seeming contradictions in the most-recent Carroll Valley Community Survey that the borough council will need to make sense of as they plot a future course for the borough.

The survey was conducted in latter half of 2000 and the results were recently posted online at www.carrollvalley.org for public view.

"The goal of the survey was to gauge citizen attitudes regarding community services and attributes, customer service, citizen involvement and goals for the Borough of Carroll Valley," Borough Administrator Dave Hazlett wrote in the summary of the survey. "The information gathered by this survey provides a benchmark for resident opinion and solid data to measure changing perceptions."

The response rate for the survey was 15.6 percent of 236 responses, but it is not statistically accurate.

"The survey, although not conducted through standard statistical methods, is able to provide a quick snapshot of how the residents are feeling about what the

borough is doing for them, and what we need to improve upon," Hazlett said. "This survey is meant to be a tool for Borough leaders to plan more in the short term, as opposed to long term goals."

The survey was last conducted in the borough in 2006 and some issues have shifted importance with residents.

"The surveys were somewhat different in design, but generally speaking the major changes seemed to be related to what is important at that time," Hazlett said.

He gave the example with this survey that with the economy faring badly, residents are more concerned about things like taxes.

"The majority of the residents are satisfied with the services provided by the Borough with few exceptions," Hazlett wrote in the summary.

Two of the exceptions are the borough's job at controlling speeding drivers (23 percent dissatisfied or very dissatisfied) and the use of tar and chip for road maintenance in the borough (29 percent dissatisfied or very dissatisfied).

Nearly two-thirds of respondents said taxes and cost of services were too high in Carroll Valley.

Asked about this, Hazlett said, "By digging a little deeper into



the results, you will see that most people are satisfied with their levels of service, or if they were not satisfied, their chief complaint was a service lacking. There were very few if any responses which say 'we do not need this service.' This correlates because services cost money, and citizens are well aware of that fact."

As for the conflict between commercial development and no growth, Hazlett said it reminds the council members that they can't completely dismiss growth in the borough. However, for any type of commercial development to take place, sewage facilities would need to become a priority.

Emmitsburg Elementary could feel impact from board budget deficit

James Rada Jr.

As the Frederick County Board of Education looks to close a budget deficit that could be \$20 million or more, Emmitsburg Elementary School could feel some of the impact.

The board is in the early stages of preparing its fiscal year 2011 budget, which board officials feel will have at least a \$14 million deficit and likely more. As part of the discussions, the board was presented a prioritized list of possible cuts that could be made and the savings associated with cuts. These included reducing central office staff (\$2 million in savings), closing Sabillasville Elementary (\$383,362 in savings) and increasing class sizes (\$2,255,006 in savings).

According to the board budget office projects, increasing the student:teacher ratio by one student

would save \$4.5 million a year. This would come through the elimination of 66.5 system wide.

If Sabillasville Elementary were closed, many of the 137 students would undoubtedly be redistricted to Emmitsburg Elementary increasing class sizes there.

"Nothing's been discussed about what could happen at our level," said Emmitsburg Principal Kathryn Golightly. "It's still too early. A lot of things can change."

Following Budget Director Hal Keller's presentation to the board of possible cuts, Board Member Donna Crook made a motion to remove closing Sabillasville Elementary as an option, but it did not receive a second.

The budget is not expected to be finalized until the end of the school year. It still has not been determined what the state and county governments will contribute to the board budget.

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NEWS

Emmitsburg becoming a model for municipal web sites

James Rada, Jr.

Emmitsburg's town government web site is becoming a model for small municipalities in the region. When Gettysburg redid its web site, it used Emmitsburg as the model and now the town of Woodsboro has done the same thing.

"In working with Woodsboro, the staff liked the content rich nature of the Emmitsburg town government site, but the look of the Gettysburg site," said Mike Hillman who created all three web sites.

Hillman designed Emmitsburg's web site back in 2001 and it was based on the design for Cumberland, Maryland's town government.

Hillman was contacted about a year ago about the possibility of helping Woodsboro redesign its web site. He said he would, but he wanted the town to assign someone whom Hillman could teach to keep the site up to date.

"One of the things I've learned from the working with the Emmitsburg Town Government site is the importance of having someone on the staff who is responsible for updating the site," Hillman said. "The minute updating is assigned to someone outside the organization, the web site starts going downhill."

He said that Emmitsburg's web site is update by Mary Jo Botham and Donna DesPres in the town office and they "are always of top of updates."

Hillman didn't hear back from that initial contact until about two months ago when Councilman Bill Rittlemeyer called him. Rittlemeyer was eager to undertake the project and said he would take charge of making sure the site was kept up to date.

"We felt our web site needed to look more polished and professional and present the town better for the residents," Rittlemeyer said.

Rittlemeyer said the former Woodsboro site was outdated without many of the functions many web sites have nowadays.

So Hillman created the new Woodsboro web site with the updated look of Gettysburg, but the underlying skeleton of Emmitsburg. "I worked with the staff at Woods-

boro to train them on how to populate the site," Hillman said. "The biggest issues was collecting paper documents and scanning them into text, or converting PDF documents into searchable text. Just before Christmas the site had enough content to be rolled out.

The new site has community events listed and recycling information, which weren't part of the former site. It will also have ordinances and town meeting minutes eventually. Rittlemeyer said the feedback he's gotten so far has been positive, but he still continues to look for content that can be added to improve the site.

"I want people to be able to go there and use it as a resource for Woodsboro," Rittlemeyer said.

Emmitsburg's web site continues to stand out from the

others because of its content and the ability to search that content for information.

"While Woodsboro and Gettysburg have by far a more-modern look and feel, they can't hold a candle to the content on the Emmitsburg web site," Hillman said. "Its index of meeting minutes is the most thorough of any small town site I know, dating back to 2001. You can also read past reports for the town manager and all the committees back to 2002, not to mention the town code. And if you can find what you're looking for, you can always use the site's search engine."

The new Woodsboro web site is www.woodsboro.org. The Emmitsburg Town Government web site is www.emmitsburgmd.gov.

Pastor Greenstone shows how solar power can work in the home

Pastor Jon Greenstone of Elias Lutheran Church likes to tinker. He has a license to operate a ham radio. He has also created a small solar power system in the parish house on Main Street.

"After Hurricane Katrina, I decided I wanted an emergency power back-up system," Greenstone said.

He began exploring how he could use solar power to do so. His first experiment with solar power was to convert his lawnmower to run on solar power. He was able to cut his lawn after charging a solar battery for about four hours.

Gradually, he expanded his system so that he now has solar panels set up that can generate 500 watts of electricity and two more

additional panels he can install to bring the total up to 650 watts.

"That's just an inkling of the power any of us consume in an ordinary household," Greenstone said.

Greenstone uses his solar power system to charge four solar batteries that can keep his refrigerator and some other appliances running should there be a power outage in the area. Though he doesn't use much solar power in the winter (since there's less sunlight to charge the batteries), in warmer weather he has a couple circuits in the parish house that run full-time on solar power.

Greenstone says his system is not the easiest way to use solar power.

"Batteries are just not a good investment," Greenstone said.

"They are expensive and they only last 7-10 years."

The best way to run a house on solar power currently would be using a system that sends the power the system generates to the power grid and getting credit for the power generated so that it can "zero out" your power bill. Though there is an expensive up-front cost to create the system, having no electric bill would be like getting around a 7 percent return, according to Greenstone.

Mount Saint Mary's University recently announced solar power farm will be a system that sends the power it generates onto the power grid. The \$60-million project with Constellation Energy of Baltimore will generate 15.9 megawatts and

produce 21 million kilowatt hours of electricity each year. The solar power farm will use thin-film photovoltaic solar panels situated on approximately 100 acres of university land.

"I'm very excited about the proj-

ect," Greenstone said. "It's amazing to think that such a huge facility will be built here."

Greenstone continues to hope that converting solar power will continue to drop in price so it becomes an attractive option for people.

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Racing Matinée on Snow-Covered Streets

The sporting blood of Emmitsburg was in evidence on Wednesday afternoon when a local horse driven and owned by Mr. Brooke Boyle carried off the honors in several impromptu races with horses from Frederick that are considered among the best in the county.

At one o'clock the streets were crowded with teams and people to see the fun. The race between Mr. Boyle driving "Dick" and the Frederick horse of were the main events but considerable interest was also shown in the other races. Mr. Morris Gillelan's horse driven by Robert Gillelan, carried off the honors with Mr. Walter's 'Peanut' closely contesting. Messers. Richard Zacharias, Nervine Eyer, Chester Ohler, John Creager, and Albert Adelsberger were also among the top notchers.

The streets were fairly well covered with snow and the sleighs slipped along at a rapid gait. The carnival was greatly enjoyed and while the races were closely and warmly contested, the best of spirits prevailed. It had been a long time since conditions have made such a day's sport possible and the permission given by the Burgess, Mr. Shuff, and the commissioners for all the races, was greatly appreciated by all. We are safe in saying that nowhere on such short notice could so much be done as here in Emmitsburg.

Sleigh Demolished

The snow on Friday and Saturday closed up the pie and several the roads. A horse driven by Mr. Ed Stansbury ran off Monday night and demolished the sleigh, throwing Mr. Stansbury and a young lady accompanying him into a snowbank. No one was hurt. The horse fell short distance out the Taneytown Road and was caught.

February 11

Coal Oil Goes Down

Yesterday morning the standard oil tank wagon driven by "Dynamite Dick" upset on the toll gate hill and one of the horses was hurt. "Coal Oil Johnny" or "Dynamite Dick" as the driver is variously styled, collected barrels in town and pumped the 470 gallons of oil from the tank and brought them to town.

Taneytown Horse Wins Second Carmel

The recent snow gave Emmitsburg an opportunity for a second sleighing carnival which was held all Monday afternoon. These contest drew a larger crowd to Emmitsburg than the previous ones and were more closely contested. Several hundred out-of-town people were here and the scene along Main Street was quite animated. Two sleighs got tied up during the races and for some distance the two ran on three runners. "Dick", driven by Mr. Boyle threw a shoe and cut himself during the speeding.

Monthly Q. R. S. Meeting

The February meeting of Q. R. S. was held at the home of Reverend Shulenberg on Tuesday evening. An excellent program was given. A paper on Alaska was prepared and read by Mrs. Henry Stokes. Talks on Washington and Lincoln were heard from various members. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Zimmerman. The subject will be Vianna.

February 18

Fight at Bowling Alley

Several men from Fairfield under the influence of booze mixed themselves up pretty promiscuously at Mr. Gelwicks bowling alley on Tuesday. There was no one killed.

Conditions of the Sidewalks

We have received a letter of



Horse & sleigh on Old Emmitsburg Road. Photo taken looking towards Emmitsburg.

complaint about the miserable conditions of some of our pavements on the south side of the street especially. Some of them have not come in contact with a snow shovel since the first snow and they are extremely dangerous for any person walking on them, and if our "City Fathers" have the welfare of our people and visitors at heart they would see that our highways are made passable. To enforce the law at once, or twice, probably would have the desired effect

Another Sleigh Upsets

A sleigh driven by Mr. Harry Bollinger, inn which two young ladies were riding, upset on McCarren's hill on Monday evening. The shafts of the sleigh were broken, but now one was injured.

Fairfield Considers Water Supply

On Tuesday the water question was submitted to the people of Fairfield to decide by ballot. The proposition is to have the town install plant which will bring water from mountain springs, and provides that the town shall pay for

the plant by a bond issue. The voters decide in favor of the proposition.

For some years the water question has been agitated and there are staunch advocates on both sides. The supporters of the water side point to the fire of last year as a strong argument while those who oppose the proposition claim that the source of the war supply is not adequate for the town needs.

February 25

Hotel Property for Rent

The Emmitt House, in Emmitsburg is a large three-story brick building, containing 38 rooms, with modern improvements including water, baths and toilets. Large barn, icehouse and necessary outbuildings on the premises. Possession will be given April 1, 1910.

Fifteen Pound Tumor Removed

Yesterday, Dr. Jamison, assisted by Dr. Brawner, removed the tumor, weighing 15 pounds from Annie Dorsey, colored,

employed at the Hotel Spangler. The operation was successful.

Isaac Beatty Dies

On Sunday the last of the Beatty family in Emmitsburg closed his eyes and death. "Uncle" Isaac Beatty, one of the old-time Negroes, at about the age of 84 years, died at the home of Mrs. Ellen Beatty. He was buried on Tuesday in the Presbyterian Cemetery. For years this old man has been a familiar figure in Emmitsburg where his sobriety and integrity made him many friends. His exact age unknown, but as far as can be ascertained he was not so old as many thought him.

Justice and Notaries for Emmitsburg

The governor has reappointed Messrs. Henry Stokes and Millard Shuff Justices of the Peace for Emmitsburg. Mr. William Troxell was reappointed Notary Public and Mr. Peter Burkett was also appointed.

The learn more about past events in the Emmitsburg area visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net

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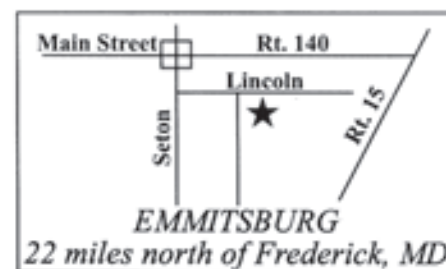


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GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the desk of County Commissioner Weikert

Adams County is again in the news spotlight with a new proposal for a resort slot machine facility at the Eisenhower Inn and Conference Center site in Cumberland Township. The facility has been on the market since the death of owner Richard Michael and is a beautiful, well maintained enterprise.

Some say it is under utilized and under achieving, however tourism, bike week and winter bus tour weekends seem to keep the facility thriving. The pro and anti casino groups have become rejuvenated by the latest proposal by local businessman David Levan. Cumberland Township land use ordinances may need to be amended to allow for this type of use. A lawmaker decision to legalize table games in Pennsylvania, has rekindled the hopes of investors that additional applications will become available or that the licenses of those facilities already approved

but not built will be available for their use.

Planning has begun for the 150th anniversary of The Civil War. Gettysburg and Adams County maybe expecting a four fold increase in visitation throughout the celebration and particularly in 2013. Main Street Gettysburg has been designated as the lead organization in assuring that events and visitation increases are handled and scheduled in a well planned manner. Emergency services, transportation, accommodations and site planning are top priorities as the planning process evolves.

James Robert Kirby has been named the new Superintendent at the Gettysburg National Military Park and Eisenhower Historic Site. Bob comes to us from the Petersburg National Battlefield in Virginia. We welcome him and look forward to his vision as we plan for the Sesquicentennial cel-

bration of the Civil War over the next few years.

The fields and orchards of Adams County are frozen but the activities of our agricultural community are in high gear. The Pennsylvania Farm Show has showcased many of our county residents as they have shown their animals, farm products and new innovative ways of making farming a thriving profitable business in these challenging economic times. Our fruit producing community is busy trimming, pruning and establishing new and innovative practices and procedures to help produce higher yields at less cost.

Winter time is also repair time as farmers utilize their mechanical skills to get equipment ready for spring planting.

The North Gettysburg Trail, a walking/biking trail beginning in the Borough of Gettysburg and winding north along Old Harrisburg Road to the Gettysburg Area Senior High School is nearing final design and

right of way approval. A DCNR design grant and Federal Highway Clean Air construction funding will complete the project with no local tax dollar requirement. Residents will be able to walk and bike, athletes can safely train and we will all be healthier all the while helping to reduce traffic in the area. Construction is planned for the 2010/2011 construction season.

An orphaned bridge on Belmont Road in Cumberland Township has been closed due to deterioration of abutments and erosion of the foundation. Adams County has been deemed responsible, under a PUC directive, to have the bridge replaced. Rights of way are being secured from several property owners so that the bridge can be raised and widened to meet PADOT bridge construction standards. Construction is also planned for the 2010/2011 timeframe.

Credit card payments for all licenses, fees and fines will soon be

accepted at all Adams County offices. This change will be more convenient for our customers and less labor intensive for county staff.

A Central Court has been established which operates weekly at the County Court House. This new offering will allow certain magistrate proceedings to be held at a central location. Central Court will be more efficient for attorneys, clients and law enforcement personnel by allowing everyone to attend multiple proceeding at one location while saving time, travel expense and constable support.

Home sales and construction show signs of improvement in parts of Adams County. The number of homes being sold is increasing and the selling prices for homes is beginning to rebound. We all look forward to 2010 as the beginning of a decade of increasing employment opportunities, a vibrant recovering economy and good health for us all.

From the desk of Carroll Valley Mayor Ron Board/Committee vacancies need to be filled

Volunteering means something different to each individual that gets involved in local activity. The simplest definition may be "an individual that becomes part of something without any expectation of receiving anything in return." I just know without the selflessness of our residents we could not accomplish many of the tasks that have made Carroll Valley a quality place to live and raise a family.

The Carroll Valley Borough is currently looking for resident volunteers to fill vacancies on several boards/committees. There are three vacancies on the Parks, Recreation & Environmental Advisory Committee. This committee's major area of responsibility is to guide the planning and development of a municipal parks system. It includes the creation and maintenance of a plan for present and future recreation opportunities or services.

There are two vacancies on the Planning Commission. One of the major responsibilities of the Planning Commission is to maintain a Comprehensive Plan that addresses the future growth and development in the Borough.

There is one vacancy on the Zoning Hearing Board and two vacancies on the Sewer and Water Authority. If you are interested, go to the Carroll Valley website. On the Home page, click on the application link, fill it out and send the application to the Borough. Please consider offering your professional skills and talents to have a positive influence on our community.

Need Blood Donors

It's that time again. The next Blood Drive will be on Feb. 8,

2010 from 3:00 pm to 7:00 pm at the Fairfield Fire House. The Central PA Blood Bank (CPABB) collected 15 pints in December and although that number was down from previous drives, they felt it was a success!

An effort is going to be made to have a Blood Drive in Fairfield every other month through 2010. The CPABB feels that Fairfield will become a GREAT ASSET to them as the year goes on. We have already shown them that we have a good donor base. Please spread the word. If there are any questions or you would like to make an appointment to donate, contact Junior Phillips at jphillips5191@embarqmail.com or 717-642-6232.

Update on Fire Sprinkler Systems Requirement

In 2004, Pennsylvania adopted its first statewide building code called the Uniform Construction Code (UCC). With the release of the new 2009 national model code, Pennsylvania amended the UCC accordingly. One significant change is that effective on January 1, all new townhouses in the Pennsylvania will require that fire sprinkler systems be installed. On January 1, 2011, the same require-

ment will apply to all new single- and multi-family homes. This change has no effect on Carroll Valley because our government passed a sprinkler ordinance in 2004. To learn more about sprinklers, visit the U. S. Fire Administration's webpage

Importance of Keeping Personal Property Records

During the early morning of January 8th, the 9-1-1 center was called to report a burglary in progress. Our Carroll Valley on-call police officer and on-duty units from surrounding municipalities responded. After a two and half hour chase, two suspects were arrested. Vehicles parked outside twenty-one different residences in the J-section were burglarized. The stolen property was recovered because of the immediate response from our police officers. The day's events show the need for us to a record information on our personal property.

If you have a cell phone, record the cell phone 15 digit serial number. This number is normally found under the battery of the cell phone. When you provide this number to the cell phone company they will deactivate the stolen phone. Record the serial number

on your GPS device. Also, you should not put your home address as a go-to site. If your car is broken into when you are away from home, the burglar now has your home address and knows you're not at home.

One of the best ways that you can assist the police in recovering your stolen property is having these serial numbers. Often the owners have no proof that the property is theirs. And unfortunately, we need to remember to lock our vehicles even when they are parked outside the residence. Anyone who had items stolen out of their vehicles during this burglar spree should contact Detec-

tive Weikert at (717) 642-8269 Ext 29.

July 4th Planning Group Has Started to Meet

The July 4th Planning Group is responsible for planning, organizing and managing all the events held during the July 4th celebration held in the Carroll Valley Commons. This includes soliciting and monitoring funds, inviting live entertainment to perform, working with food and other vendors, preparing news releases, and organizing events such as the car show, chili cook-off and Civil War encampment.

The group meets once a month to discuss the plans and participates in monitoring the events during the July 4th celebration. If you are interested in joining our group, please get in touch with me at mayor@carrollvalley.org or call (301) 606-2021.

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GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the desk of County Commissioner Gray

Frederick County Government has a fundamental commitment to its constituents to make decisions that protect the economic, social, and environmental health of the community. Making decisions and taking action that is sustainable recognizes the “big picture” and takes into account the impact on future generations as well as today’s pressing needs. Sustainability is a systematic, integrating principle that the Board of County Commissioners has endorsed to guide local decision-making. A sustainability framework requires that decisions are made that give equal consideration to the economy, society, and environment.

Frederick County Government is committed to lead by example, promote public participation, and engage in community partnerships that improve our quality of life and protect the natural systems that sustain life.

The Frederick County’s sustainability vision is that:

- The County leads by example through its own sustainable practices,
- The County implements policies that encourage sustainable development within the community, and
- The County engages in partnerships that promote sustainable living.

The Office of Environmental Sustainability (OES) was established in

2008 brings together community partners to build a sustainable future for the region. OES collaborates with County departments, businesses, citizens, and other organizations to advance practices, policies, and partnerships that:

- Protect and restore our critical natural resources;
- Minimize the environmental impact of the built environment;
- Reduce overall energy consumption and;
- Strengthen the social and economic health of the County.

This month, the OES celebrates its first year anniversary. The Office is leading sustainability efforts within county government; coordinating and collaborating on community sustainability goals - including serving as the liaison to the Frederick County Sustainability Commission, and establishing meaningful partnerships that move the County forward on achieving its vision of a more sustainable Frederick County.

Recently, the Office was awarded \$659,800 from the U.S. Department of Energy to initiate green building, energy conservation, and renewable energy programs. The grant supports a Greenhouse Gas Emissions Inventory, an energy efficiency retrofit program for county buildings and facilities; a residential home energy audit program; energy audits for county buildings; a renewable

energy demonstration project at the Adult Detention Center; and creation of the Energy and Green Building Program in the OES. Education and outreach to Frederick County residents and businesses is a key component of the overall initiative.

To effectively lead by example through our own sustainable practices, the OES coordinates an internal staff team called the Sustainable Action Team comprised of 33 members representing 23 Divisions/Agencies. The Sustainable Action Teams’ mission is to integrate sustainable practices into county operations and is currently developing a Sustainable Action Plan for County Operations that proposes a coordinated strategy and direction for these six program areas:

- Transportation Alternatives
- Renewable Energy and Energy Conservation
- Natural Systems and Green Infrastructure
- Building Standards and Sustainable Design
- Green Purchasing
- Waste Reduction and Recycling

Currently, they are prioritizing action items that will go to the BOCC for their guidance and hopeful endorsement. The action plan process will wrap up in late March with a presentation to the BOCC in April.

In March of 2009, the BOCC formally established the Frederick



County Sustainability Commission as a way to engage the broader community in the county’s sustainability efforts. Building a sustainable future for Frederick County is not solely the work of government. There is a role for every member of the community, whether they are an individual, business, or organization, to engage in sustainability and stewardship efforts. The County cannot do it alone, but intends to provide leadership to the community as we move forward.

In order to hear the collective voices of the community, the BOCC appointed 13 citizens with expertise in energy, agriculture, local foods, land use, land preservation, green building practices, water quality, recycling/waste re-

duction, small/local business, human/environmental health, and community/grassroots environmental efforts.

The Commission’s vision is a healthy Frederick County community sustained by a culture of collaborative action that ensures the prosperity of our people and the natural world on which we depend. The Sustainability Commission meets on the 3rd Wednesday of the month at 3 p.m. Winchester Hall. Their meetings are open to the public and their agenda includes a public comment period. Browse the OES website at frederickcountymd.gov/sustainability to get a sense for the breadth and scope of work being coordinated by the county.

From the desk of Town Council President Chris Staiger

February already and my Christmas lights are still up outside. Oh well, another project for a “warm” forty degree day... At least we escaped January without major winter weather. I guess we’ll see what the next couple of months bring! I’d like to take an opportunity this month to review a mixed bag of issues. Along those same lines, I welcome any input or requests for information that anyone feels would be worthwhile for this space! And, as always, I am available for any inquiries - anytime - either by e-mail or phone.

We did see some roadway flooding in and around town due to heavy rainfall on January 25. Most times it’s hard to envision Tom’s Creek and Flat Run as ‘raging torrents’ – much less the possibility of Little Run overflowing MD140 west of town... At these times, the entire North County area is challenged by the runoff funneling down from higher elevations to the north and west, both near and far, which forces road closures from Emmitsburg down to Thurmont. Beyond roadway flooding, the next biggest challenge to the Town during these events is handling the “wild water” that finds its way into the sewer treatment system.

The Town produces less than 300,000 gallons per day of treated water for delivery to system users,

but in December (another very “wet” month) we treated over one million gallons of wastewater on eleven days out of thirty-one. One of those days, December 23, even topped 4.6 million gallons – or 5.75X the wastewater treatment plant’s rated, daily capacity! The difference between what the town produces and what it treats at the sewer plant is surface water from rain or snow melt, “wild water,” that infiltrates what should be a closed system. Over the last decade, the Town has begun to take action to reduce these inflows through sewer and water infrastructure rehabilitation projects prioritized by the condition of each line. We are now involved in our third major project on Lincoln Avenue from the Emmit House all the way to (and under) Flat Run.

While the town staff has become proficient at managing huge inflows

so as to minimize spills of untreated wastewater (“only” 0.004% spilled on 12-23); I have to admit to being disappointed that we haven’t had more success reducing the huge infiltration in the first place. The current work along Lincoln Avenue is meant to repair and extend water lines to a new well water treatment plant in the Emmit Gardens area, repair the existing sewer lines along the way, and address storm drains that are tied into the sewer lines when, obviously, they should not be... This work is expected to be completed in the next four to six months. As a side note, a final decision has not been made on moving the telephone poles on East Lincoln Avenue and widening the road to allow for unimpeded two way traffic – this would be a separate project with its own benefits and detractions.

There are some other issues I would have liked to discuss, such as

proposed changes to town committees, the pros and cons of hunting on land within the town’s limits, and various zoning change recommendations working their way through the system. Yes, all exciting stuff, I


know! In the meantime, make sure your snow blowers are in top working order! And, as I said above, feel free to contact me anytime at cstaiger@emmitsburgmd.gov or 447-3757 with issues or question of concern.

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COMMENTARY

Words from Winterbilt

February, Love and Politics

Shannon Bohrer

The month of February has always been one of my favorite months. I was born in February so I have many good memories from previous birthdays. My birthday aside, the month of February is also celebrated for Valentine's Day and President's Day: Valentine's Day being a day of love, or at the very least a reminder that we should think of those we love; then President's Day, a day to celebrate our presidents! Love and politics – what a month!

While we have many holidays, Valentine's Day is unique in that it is a day that most people celebrate, and the center of the celebration is love. Candy, flowers and cards with devotion of love, what's not to like about it. Valentine's Day is like your birthday and/or anniversary – you're special and the people you are close to are also special. I wonder if Congress celebrates Valentine's Day by exchanging cards with the other members? I also wonder if the political parties (why do they call them parties?) celebrate the day in different ways. I feel certain that if one par-

ty wanted to change something about Valentine's Day – the other party would object. Also, I don't believe it would matter which side either party would be on; they would just know they should object. *The recent bill to include Valentine's Day in the congressional record is opposed by...*

President's Day is a national holiday and celebrated altogether differently from Valentine's Day. President's Day is one of the most patriotic days of the year. Every automobile dealership flies numerous American flags, while promoting the "President's Day Sales." Every retail business uses red, white and blue colors and often likenesses of former Presidents in their advertisements for President's Day sales. Of course, all of the furniture and mattress dealers also have President's Day sales, but I don't ever remember furniture and mattresses not being on sale? It is just amazing how patriotic we Americans become during President's Day.

President's Day is one of the most patriotic days of the year. Every automobile dealership flies numerous American flags, while promoting the "Presi-

dent's Day Sales."

Also, it is only fitting that we celebrate President's Day in February, since President George Washington was born on February 22, and President Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12. Two of our most famous, if not our best, Presidents were born in the same month that we honor all of our Presidents by having automobile and retail sales. Kind of brings a little tear to your eye, doesn't it?

George Washington was our first president, the General in charge of the Colonial army that defeated the British. He was reported to have said that he could not tell a lie, which means he might be unelectable today. He also stepped down from the President's office after just two terms, setting in motion a continuum of government not dependent upon one person, or party. Listening to both parties today, it is obvious that both parties agree that their party is the only party that can save the country.

It was George Washington that gave the orders that "Captive British soldiers were to be treated with humanity, regard-

less of how Colonial soldiers captured in battle might be treated," a message that has created conflict in today's politics. President Washington set the bar high which is why he is held in high regard and rightfully so. I wonder what he would think of the county today.

President Washington was reported to have said that he could not tell a lie, which means he might be unelectable today

President Abraham Lincoln is widely known for the civil war, freeing the slaves, and his Gettysburg address. However, many would argue that President Abraham Lincoln was the ultimate force in keeping the country together during the civil war. What would our country look like if we had not succeeded? Would we have two, three or more separate countries? On President's Day, what president from what country would we celebrate? Of course, with a few countries we could have more sales.... A story that impressed me as to Lincoln's character was that early in his life Abraham Lincoln walked miles – just to return a few pennies. The few pennies that he walked miles to return probably resulted from someone being overcharged at a President's Day sale! Honest Abe, I wonder

what he would think of the Wall Street bonuses?

How one celebrates a holiday is very much dependent upon one's perspective and things such as "do I need a new car" or "do I need a new mattress" or "what can I do for my spouse to show her how much I love her." Personally, I like to think of the Presidents, especially Washington and Lincoln, as very good examples. It is a time of reflection for not just their service, but their values, what they accomplished for our country and their contribution to who we are. When you reflect upon our past presidents, it is amazing how much they influenced our lives centuries later. It is also amazing how high they set the bar....

This year Valentine's Day is on Sunday the 14th and President's Day is on Monday the 15th. A day of celebrating your love, followed by a day of thinking about our Presidents! We have had some great leaders in our country's history. The impact and influence these leaders had on our country affects us to this day. The freedoms we enjoy are a direct result of many of our former Presidents. It is also a time to be thankful that we don't have a Congress Day. I also wonder how our recent Presidents will be remembered in the future.

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

Pondering the Puzzlement

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

February, the second longest month of the year, March being the longest. Both months are unpredictable. Warm weather, tempting gardeners to plant onions and peas, is not unheard of. Nor are snowfalls measured in feet, or temperatures below zero "F" accompanied by nasty biting winds. In my mind there is only one month encompassing this 59 or 60 day time period – Farch. My pagan friends have a different name for this time but I never remember what it is. They also have celebrations I don't attend, as it's usually too blasted cold, or muddy and miserable for me to venture out onto their hill with its circle and altar. (I'm unlikely to ever be a Nature worshiper.)

Farch is a pain, at least at the beginning. I've usually long settled my garden seed orders and have mapped out the next season's gardens (though they never end up as I picture them in January.) The meads are refusing to clear if they've stopped bubbling at all. The one bottle I have ready to sip is promised to a friend who is bigger than I am so I'm left sipping commercial wines which Wanda complains I'm spending too much money on. (Mostly she complains when I buy one she doesn't like.)

Once Farch has settled in, it's a fine time to heat the oven! I start building breads to fill the house with yeasty aromas and moist warm air as the breads bake golden brown on their stone. Homemade pizzas become more common as I can't find one for sale anywhere that suits my tastes. Homemade egg noodles, dried on their mahogany and maple rack, end up in soups that also fill the house with fragrant warmth. Nontraditional lasagnas are suddenly on the menu here! Made in a Polish dish we bought from our friends at McKesson House in Fairfield, we layer meats, rice and/or egg noodles, tomato sauces, dried tomatoes and cheeses no true lasagna lover would dream of using!

Wanda and Raiza take to watching movies while they crochet scarves, blankets and caps. I make runs to the library for books on gardening, jewelry making, Bushido, and of course bread building! The Post Office is always a stop on route to the library. Every day I expect seeds, or books, or tools and materials for the cottage industry I'm struggling to get off the ground. Some days I get cool stuff like a coyote skull and a rattlesnake tail along with pounds of seeds from a friend in Texas. (She's promised me an armadillo's skull as soon as she manages to kill one

digging in her garden.) A friend in Minnesota sometimes sends homemade balm for my work-chapped hands, or soaps she's made for the coming garden season.

When we can't take being cooped up we run over to York to a farmers market we've been using for years. We stock up on our favorite veggies and meats, buy breakfast or lunch from our favorite vendors and go home by way of route 234, a pleasant drive through PA farmland. This year I started shopping a little Asian seafood store next to the farmers market. It has a good selection of seaweeds I use to make my lunch soup!

When the weather is too uncomfortable and no one feels like cooking, routines begun in January flow into Farch. We'll call a take-out order in to Smokehouse Alley. As I tend to be the one who has to pick the order up, I'll swing by Paul's Pit Stop for a bottle of wine on the way to the restaurant. Such meals are an event made more enjoyable if the Mad Bulgarian and my cousin Luke happen to be visiting. Talk ranges over politics to business to the home the Mad Bulgarian and Luke plan to build someday. We talk of our lives in this place and hear stories of Luke's adventures in Europe and the Mad One's life under communism and how her people struggle

with freedom while she sees Americans losing it. Gardens are planned, books discussed, jokes told, glasses lifted in kinship. Winter is griped about!

I despise Farch, but recognize it as a necessary downtime for not only my garden but also my family. We are in each other's compa-

ny now more than we will be any other time of the year. Like the garlic I planted in October, we over-winter to grow strong and productive come the warmth.

To read other article by Jack Deatherage visit the Authors section of Emmitsburg.net



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George Washington

“George Washington, without the genius of Julius Caesar or Napoleon Bonaparte, has a far purer fame, as his ambition was of a higher and holier nature. Instead of seeking to raise his own name, or seize supreme power, he devoted his whole talents, military and civil, to the establishment of the independence and the perpetuity of the liberties of his own country.

In modern history no man has done such great things without the soil of selfishness or the stain of a groveling ambition. Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon attained a higher elevation, but the love of dominion was the spur that drove them on.

To George Washington alone in modern times has it been given to accomplish a wonderful revolution, and yet to remain to all future times the theme of a people's gratitude, and an example of virtuous and beneficent power.—Earl Russell: *Life and Times of Charles James Fox*.

The scene at the parting of Washington with his officers at the conclusion of the war of Independence, is feelingly described by Mr. Irving:

‘In the course of a few days Washington prepared to depart for Annapolis, where Congress was assembling, with the intention of asking leave to resign his command. A barge was in waiting about noon on the 4th of December at ‘Whitehall ferry,

to convey him across the Hudson to Paulus Hook. The principal officers of the army assembled at Fraunces’ tavern in the neighbourhood of the ferry, to take a final leave of him.

On entering the room, and finding himself surrounded by his old companions in arms, who had shared with him so many scenes of hardship, difficulty, and danger, his agitated feelings overcame his usual self-command. Filling a glass of wine, and turning upon them his benignant but saddened countenance, “With a heart full of love and gratitude,” said he, “I now take leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.”

Having drunk this farewell benediction, he added with emotion, “I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but I shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.”

General Knox, who was the nearest, was the first to advance. Washington, affected even to tears, grasped his hand and gave him a brother's embrace. In the same affectionate manner he took leave severally of the rest. Not a word was spoken.

The deep feeling and manly tenderness of these veterans in the parting moment could not find utterance in words. Silent

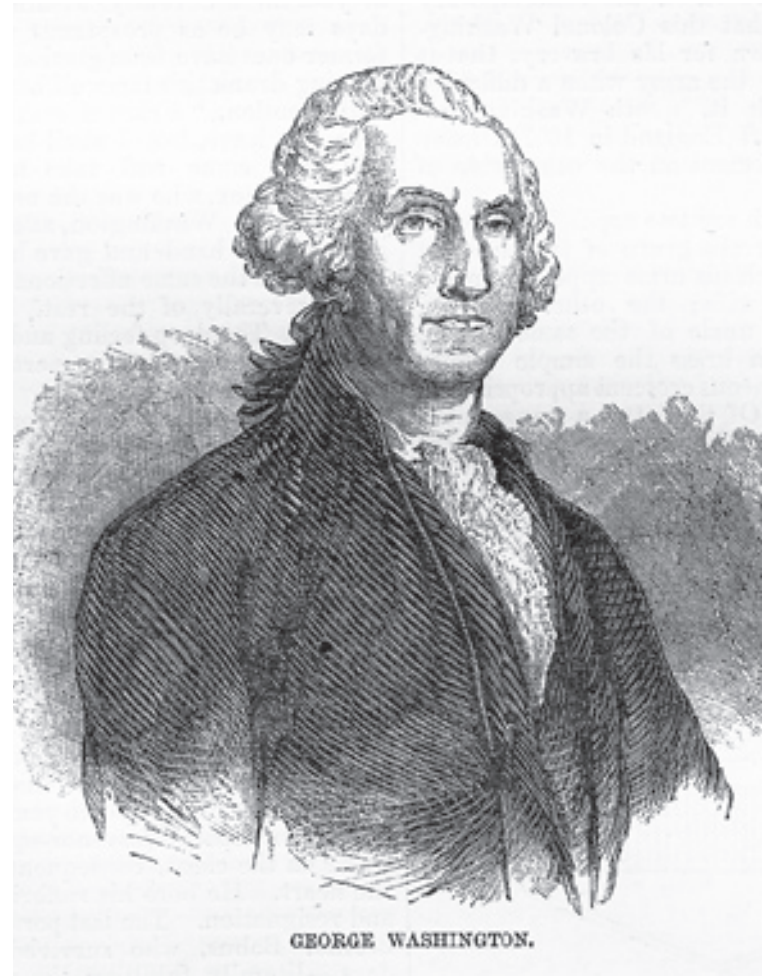
and solemn they followed their loved commander as he left the room, passed through a corps of light infantry, and proceeded on foot to Whitehall ferry.

Having entered the barge, he turned to them, took off his hat, and waved a silent adieu. They replied in the same manner, and having watched the barge until the intervening point of the battery shut it from sight, returned still solemn and silent to the place where they had assembled.’

The pre-eminence here accorded to Washington will meet with universal approval. He clearly and unchallengeably stands out as the purest great man in universal history. While America feels a just pride in having given him birth, it is something for England to know that his ancestors lived for generations upon her soil.

The Washingtons came from Lancashire and settled in Northamptonshire. Sir Thomas Kitson was the uncle of the first Lawrence Washington and was one of the great merchants in the time of Henry VII and Henry VIII. Allied with Henry VIII in his battle against the Catholic Church, for three generations the Washingtons rose in rank among the nobility and gentry of the county.

At the end of three generations their fortunes failed and they were obliged to sell their



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

lands. The Washingtons recovered by a singular marriage. The eldest son of the family married the half-sister of the Duke of Buckingham, the closest confidant of king James I. Allied with the King again, the Washingtons once again the family rose into great prosperity.

George Washington's grandfather was knighted by James I in 1623. When the English civil war broke out, the Washingtons took the side of the King. Sir Henry Washington led the storming party at Bristol, and

defended Worcester. Following the defeat of the Royalist cause, the Washingtons left England in 1657, along with other supports of the royalist cause, and settled in the Virginia Colony. In doing so, the family set in motion events that would eventually lead to the independence of the colonies and the creation of the great nation that is now the United States of America.

From Robert Chambers' The Book of Days, 1864.

Down Under! “How come you got us into this mess?”

Submitted by Lindsay Melbourne Australia!

Laurel and Hardy were one of the great comic duos of the mid-20th century. I remember the buzz of excitement in our house if a new film of theirs was advertised, and the gales of laughter that it always produced in the audience. The above quote was one of Hardy's tag lines, for after getting them both into a bad situation with no way out, he'd turn to poor little Stan Laurel and snarl it.

I understand that you will be celebrating President's day soon, and thought I'd pay my own respects with the above. ‘You're the president, how come you got us into this mess?’ We say it about our prime minister, and I have no doubt that everyone with an elected leader does too. Under their breath, possibly, because not everyone enjoys the freedom to say out

loud what they think, but we can.

Which is possibly the greatest benefit that our democratic system has given us, for if we cannot complain, poke fun, or ridicule our leaders, (or, as one of our former would-be leaders put it, ‘keep the bastards honest,’) then we haven't got much. There's another saying, however, that comes to mind at this point: A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house. Sure, we complain about our leaders. They're ignorant, stupid and venal. But we put them there, so we don't complain too righteously, but they are often seen quite differently overseas.

Now here's the rub: No leader is ever in isolation. They are on a world stage as well as a domestic one. What they say in one situation may be very different in the other, because while they are beholden to their populace

for their office, they also need to find a level of cooperation or harmony with their counterparts around the world. To neglect the domestic scene is to court dismissal. To be out of touch with the world scene is to court loss of influence at least. There's also the all too possible result that such bias, whether it is actual or only perceived, can lead to animosity, betrayal, and terrorism. Innumerable examples of this abound, and not to be laboured in this column, but the world is in a fairly parlous state right now, and needs a leader as never before.

Which leads me to my theme this month: What's the difference between a politician and a statesman?

Surprisingly, it was Mikhail Gorbachev who made this salient observation: ‘A statesman does what he believes is best for his country, a politician does what best gets him reelected.’

James Freeman Clarke said even more tellingly, ‘A politician thinks about the next election - the statesman thinks about the next generations,’ while Henry Kissinger chimed in with ‘The task of statesmen is to resolve complexity, not to contemplate it.’

So who are the great states-

men? Some names spring to mind immediately: Without a doubt, Marcus Aurelius Claudius and Abraham Lincoln are among the greats, John Adams must be there, as do FD and Theodore Roosevelt, Ghandi, Nelson Mandela, and, for all his faults, Winston Churchill. Some never were political leaders, people like Samuel Adams and Martin Luther King, but the list is quite small considering the number of leaders who have been on stage over the past several hundred years.

All of them have one thing in common, ‘I have a dream’. They are visionaries, caring less about their own power and political life than the progress of their nation, their people, and the good of the whole. They acted for the long term good and continuance of the people in their country, and in many cases of other countries as well. As the world keeps shrinking, as communication between nations, leaders, and citizens becomes very nearly instantaneous, we surely again need someone who will stand at the peak and give a clarion call.

You might say it is easy for me to sit in my office, thousands of miles away from America, and make observations on the state

of your nation, but it does give me a perspective that is harder to find close to home. The latest polls show you almost revere Ronald Regan, with G W Bush not far behind - but, to be honest, from my side of the ocean they appear to be self-serving folk whose disregard for the outcome of their decisions has left you all, and the world in general, in a pretty parlous state.

What we all need, right now, is a statesperson (easily, and hopefully this will be a woman) who has the conviction, the magnetism, and so pressing a dream that they can step onto the world stage, unite the peoples (I nearly wrote ‘oppressed masses’) of every nation and achieve the reversal of our self-serving leaders - and they seem to be entrenched in many parts of the globe - who can see no further than the next election.

So, who is going to win your ‘president's day’ contest this year? I'll wait with great interest. Perhaps some one who agrees with Aristotle: ‘What the statesman is most anxious to produce is a certain moral character in his fellow citizens, namely a disposition to virtue and the performance of virtuous actions.’

FROM THE PASTORS DESK

Wii Drink Coffee

Rev. John B. Rudolph
Trinity United Methodist Church

I am sick and tired of losing! I am an ultra competitive person who thrives on competition and plays everything to win. This presents a problem for me in my home; my wife, Melissa, is just as athletic and competitive. In fact, I won't even play tennis with her because she can even beat me at 7 months pregnant. My competitive streak has met an all-time crisis level. Recently, my 5-year-old son, Asher, has begun to whip me in various Wii video games. Right out of the box, Asher was the house champion in bowling at age 4. Now in 2010, he has no trouble crushing me in football even to the point where he talks trash. If you visited our living room, you may hear him saying things like "who's your daddy now?" following his third consecutive touchdown. Hey, that used to be my line! I don't know where he gets it. Actually, since I am a pastor I shouldn't lie; he gets his eye-hand coordination from his mother, and his trash-talking from me.

A man can only take so much defeat. It was time to find some new friends. I needed a change of venue for my Wii playing, some new competition. I thought if I can't beat a 5 year old, maybe I should try a different age bracket. I thought, maybe I would try retirees? I knew just the group, Trinity United Methodist Church's Coffee and Conversation group. I liked my chances against Bo Bushman, Gene Eyler, Dale Sillyman and others. I had heard them talking of their Wii playing adventures, and how much fun they were having, and I even heard Bo talking about how good he was at bowling. I thought to myself, I could hang with them, and even better, they would not see the trash-talking coming. I would have a fresh audience for my "who's your daddy?" and my "back up off me" jive; however, there is a slight twist, these men along with Marshal Dawson, Sara Sillyman, Sylvia Bushman, and Kitty Cheeks are all part of a small group that meets at our church, and I am their pastor.

That puts me in a tough position; do I allow them to see my

competitive nature? I already know what happens, but they don't. When I lace up my cleats, put on my basketball shoes, strap on my shoulder pads, and yes, even when I put a video game controller in my hand I am transformed, and lets not say in the Biblical way. The blood starts flowing, the juices warm up, and my mind is transported to a whole new dimension. In the heat of competition, I lose myself. Is this really the picture of me I want to give this group? Well, the Bible does teach us not to be ashamed to be yourself so ashamed I shall be. It is also true that parishioners are looking for authentic leadership. But, wow, if I start to lose they are going to see something really authentic; I am just not sure it's leadership. On top of that, there is something worse to worry about than losing, and that is winning. The group would not recognize their pastor during a win streak. All that trash talking and jabber couldn't be good for pastor parish relations, could it? Besides that, it reminds me of another tenant from the Bible, pride comes before the fall. That would be a long fall indeed, especially with the height of my pride over my Wii bowling skills. And so the dilemma continued, do I take them on in an attempt to build up my self-esteem, or do I pass it up to maintain my image of a spiritual leader who models humbleness and servitude? Image is overrated, I thought, so I put out the challenge.

During our first coffee and conversation of the New Year, we met as usual and had an opportunity to catch up and drink some freshly brewed coffee. We talked about world affairs, weather, and sports and had a few musings on Scripture and tradition. I tried to be present while listening to everyone's story, but all the while my competitive itch needed to be scratched. Dale asked a question about Abraham and circumcision, and while he spoke, I was thinking less about covenants and more about whether Dale could bowl a 125. As Gene contributed to the Biblical dialogue, I was measuring him up and guessed he would bowl about a 150. Now any good pastor would have been deeply engaged, but on this day I was any-

thing but. I had a one-track mind. Lets get it on!

As soon as there was a lull in the chatter, I put my Bible down and jumped up from the table. I began to prepare the system for play. I started by clearing space by hurriedly moving tables and chairs. I quickly turned the game on. There was no turning back now. As I strapped on the Wii remote, it started to happen. The hair rose on the back of my neck, my muscles began to tighten up, and my skin started to moisten in anticipation. I was no longer the pastor; I was bowler number one.

Oh where, oh where did my humbleness go? Why did my servant's attitude vanish? As my grace and patience faded, forcefully and confidently I called for challengers. "Who wants a piece of me?" Silence covered the room, as participants could not believe that their pastor just summoned challengers in that manner. On that day, Gene and Dale hesitantly stepped forward, while others covered in the back of the room. There we had it; a new beginning for me. No more defeat at the hands of a boy, only strikes, spares and picking up splits in 2010.

We set up the order and went over some last minute instructions and ground rules. I'm not sure I did what Jesus would do, but I went first nonetheless. I had to set the tone and right on schedule, my first ball was a strike, and I let the whole room know that there was more where that came from. Dale and Gene bowled just fine, but they were definitely affected by the shocking behavior of their pastor. After every strike, I had to say something; after every opponent's miscue, I had more to say. Finally, after building an insurmountable lead, I think I did a little dance. As the morning competition came to a close, I detected puzzlement in the room. Dale and Gene looked dazed and confused. As for me, once again I felt good about my bowling skills, and I felt the thrill of victory that had escaped me for several months. Although the guys proved to be capable rivals, I had won both games that first morning. Feeling much more relaxed and relieved, I set my Wii remote to the side and instantly came back down

to earth. I was Pastor John once again.

We ended that morning as we do every week by calling the group back together for a final prayer. It is remarkable and refreshing that it did not take long for us to remember the important lessons of the gathering. It is not about winning or losing after all, and it is certainly not all about me. It is about forming and being a community, a group that has come from different places and found unity in coffee, conversation, competition and Christ. It is a beautiful thing – even more so than winning. We had a few chuckles and shared a prayer then sent everyone home for well-deserved rest.

So to Gene and Dale, I say I am sorry for my behavior that morning. And, by the way, you all are great bowlers too. To God I ask for forgiveness for boasting and putting my needs before others, and to the church I say a huge thank you. Thank you for being a place where we can come as we are. Thank you for providing a space that is accepting of our bad habits and hang-ups. Thank you for being a church where I can be authentic and real and not have to pretend to be perfect. I am thankful that I don't have to have the picture of me airbrushed in order to be accepted by the group. I am thankful that our church is a place where we don't have to know all the answers or have it figured out, but can grow and encourage one another along the way. I am also thankful that I have found a place where I can make new friends and it doesn't matter how old I am or how good I am at bowling. Finally, I am thankful that I have found a church that likes to have fun because having fun is when I can be the most authentic.

So each Wednesday morning, I will have an opportunity to grow and mature and work on my attitude when it comes to winning and losing. Over the coming



months, I will have an opportunity to work on my fitness and eye-hand coordination while having fun and competing. I also look forward to building community as my friendship grows with Bo, Sylvia, Gene, Dale, Marshall, Sara, Kitty and any others that join us on Wednesday mornings at 10. I know that whether we are praying together or bowling against one another God will be present, and that is enough for me.

And by the way, my behavior must be improving, because the group keeps coming back every week. We have even changed the name to Wii Drink Coffee. We would love to have you stop in and try us out. Everyone will be welcomed regardless of age, gender, or religious participation; the only requirements are that you come as you are and that you are ready to have fun. I can't promise you that you will beat me in bowling, but I can tell you that if you find yourself at Trinity one Wednesday morning, you will have a place to pray with others, and you will find an opportunity for good conversation. You will definitely experience joy and laughter, and yes, you will even hear a little trash talk.

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The Book of Days

A history of St. Valentine's Day



Valentine's Day is now almost everywhere a much degenerated festival, the only observance of any note consisting merely of the sending of jocular anonymous letters to parties whom one wishes to quiz, and this confined very much to the humbler classes.

The approach of the day is now heralded by the appearance in the print-sellers' shop windows of vast numbers of missives calculated for use on this occasion, each generally consisting of a single sheet of post paper, on the first page of which is seen some ridiculous coloured caricature of the male or female figure, with a few burlesque verses below.

More rarely, the print is of a sentimental kind, such as a view of Hymen's altar, with a pair undergoing initiation into wedded happiness before it, while Cupid flutters above, and hearts transfixed with his darts decorate the corners.

Maid-servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other on the 14th of February, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good: and, generally, the newspapers do not fail to record that the London postmen delivered so many hundred thousand more letters on that day than they do in general. Such is nearly the whole extent of the observances now peculiar to St. Valentine's Day.

At no remote period it was very different. Ridiculous letters were unknown: and, if letters of any kind were sent, they contained only a courteous profession of attachment from some young man to some young maiden, honeyed with a few compliments to her various perfections, and expressive of a hope that his love might meet with return.

But the true proper ceremony of St. Valentine's Day was the drawing of a kind of lottery, followed by ceremonies not much unlike what is generally called the game of forfeits.

Misson, a learned traveler, of the

early part of the last century, gives apparently a correct account of the principal ceremonial of the day.

'On the eve of St. Valentine's Day,' he says, 'the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together: each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids': so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines: but the man sticks faster to the valentine that has fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love.'

There seems to have been a disposition to believe that the person

drawn as a valentine had some considerable likelihood of becoming the associate of the party in wedding. At least, we may suppose that this idea would be gladly and easily arrived at, where the party so drawn was at all eligible from other considerations.

There was, it appears, a prevalent notion amongst the common people, that this was the day on which the birds selected their mates. They seem to have imagined that an influence was inherent in the day, which rendered in some degree binding the lot or chance by which any youth or maid was now led to fix his attention on a person of the opposite sex. It was supposed, for instance, that the first unmarried person of the other sex whom one met on St. Valentine's morning in walking abroad, was a destined wife or a destined husband.

A series of essays published in 1751-6, thus adverts to other notions with respect to the day:

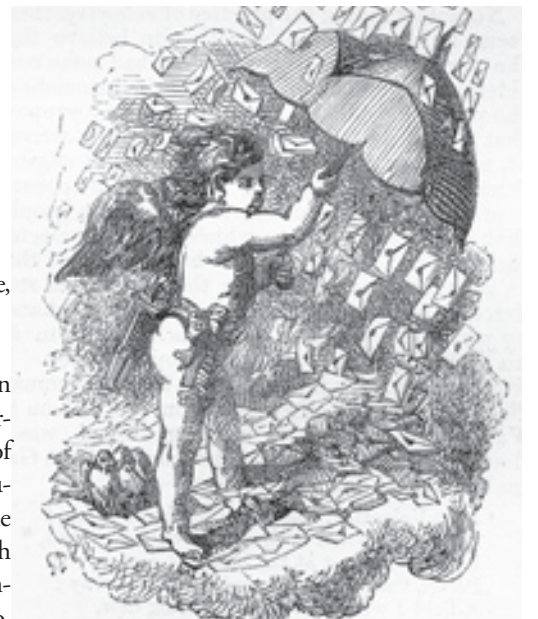
'Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before, I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle: and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt: and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it?—Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house: for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.'

The origin of these peculiar observances of St. Valentine's Day is a subject of some obscurity. The saint himself, who was a priest of Rome, martyred in the third century, seems to have had nothing to do with the matter, beyond the accident of his day being used for the purpose. Mr. Douce, in his Illus-

trations of Shakspeare, says:

'It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februata, Februalis, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed.

The pastors of the early Christian church, who, by every possible means, endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women: and as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time.



It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed—a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions. And, accordingly, the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose, that the above practice of choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes, and that all persons so chosen would be called Valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place.'

'From Robert Chambers' The Book of Days, published in 1864'

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THE (retired) ECOLOGIST

Why We Have Robins in the Cold

Bill Meredith

"You get old and you realize there are no answers, just stories." Garrison Keillor, *Pontoon*, 2008

Cold weather set in early this winter, as one ought to expect. There were only four days last December when the temperatures reported in the *Frederick Post* were above average, and as I write this in mid-January, we haven't had a day above average yet this year. The freeze line made headlines when it reached Florida, and it seemed to hang on forever; some of the snow from the December 19 storm is still visible in places where the sun doesn't hit directly. To make it worse, we had prolonged high winds that made it seem even chillier than it really was. I felt like I was on Garrison Keillor's radio show, where for the past 35 years the "News from Lake Wobegon" has started out with lines like "It's been cold here in Minnesota, out on the edge or the prairie... last week there were a couple of days it got almost up to freezing, but..."

The truth is, of course, that it really isn't as cold as it used to be. While our local temperatures were below average for the past six weeks, they weren't extreme; only one day in that time span was below 10° F. A lot of my friends, as well as many in the news media, claim they don't believe in global warming, but at the same time they seemed surprised by the cold snap. Part of it is that most of us aren't as tough as we used to be... as a child, I regularly had to chop the ice from the watering trough and lead the livestock out of the barn to drink before leaving for school... and part of it is simply that a lot of us are older.

I avoided the cold this year by staying indoors and working in my shop. I told my wife I was creating useful objects and works of art (the cordless jump-ropes I made for her didn't seem to fit either category), but in fact I was mainly producing wood chips and sawdust. The dustbin eventually filled up, so one day I bundled up and waded through the snow to empty it among last fall's leaves in the compost pile. On the way I was stopped by a familiar chirp; and scanning around, I spotted a robin. It was eating crab-apples in a tree by the compost heap.

There was over a foot of snow on the ground at the time and the temperature was in the lower 20s, but I was not surprised to see it. The folklore that robins go south in winter began with the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, where it really did get cold in the early 1600s. Biologists in those days recognized that the robin was a member of

the Thrush family, and the Latin word for thrush is "*Turdus*," so they named it *Turdus migratorius*... "the thrush that migrates." The conventional wisdom handed down to us is that they all go south in the fall, and in New England that is still true; but around here a few of them can almost always be found unless the weather is unusually cold. This is partly because, from the standpoint of New England, we are "the south," but it is also because winters really are getting warmer. Each year, as shown by records such as the annual Christmas Counts, robins extend their range a bit further north.

As I walked back to the shop with the empty dustbin, my mind wandered back to the time when I first began to understand why animals live where they do. It was in 1955, when I was taking my first seminar course in Ecology. The instructor began the course by having several other professors come in and present different models of ecology. This was intimidating... I had never had a seminar before, and was not used to having more than one professor at a time... and it also was also mystifying, for I didn't know what a model was in that context. I was surprised to learn that the word was used to describe a central unifying idea in science, and I was really stunned to be told that there could be many models to explain one particular thing. It was from that one afternoon that I began to understand how science really works... that it involves groping for explanations rather than memorizing facts.

One of the models presented that day was from a new book, *The Distribution and Abundance of Animals*, by two Austra-

lian ecologists. Ecology, as even I knew at the time, is the study of interactions between living things and the environment. The model said the environment could be understood best by dividing it into four components which must exist within tolerable limits if an animal is to survive. Those components were weather, food, other organisms, and a place in which to live. The conclusion to be drawn was that if you find a particular animal living somewhere, this means it can tolerate all four of those components of the environment; or, if an animal is absent, it must not be able to tolerate one or more of them. I didn't realize it at the time, but this model was to become the central pillar of my doctoral thesis some six years later.

Back in the shop, I could look out of the window at the snow and the crab-apple tree as I resumed the task of making wood chips. I thought of a line from a book by that champion of storytelling, Garrison Keillor: "You get old and you realize there are no answers, just stories." He was partly right: there I was, an old, retired man in a warm place doing nothing of lasting importance, while the robin was out there in a cold place, at work making a living. Then my memory began playing the story, like an ancient tape recording: there were Drs. Schwartz, Taylor, Core, and Baer presenting their ideas, arguing about which was best, and in the process, explaining to me why, 55 years later, I would understand how a robin could be chirping happily in Emmitsburg when it was January and there was a foot of snow on the ground. So Keillor was partly wrong; there was an answer.



Weather is not the problem; birds produce a lot of metabolic heat, and feathers are one of the world's best natural insulating materials. As long as they are kept dry they will protect a bird from 20° temperatures. Survival for a robin depends more on finding food to maintain that metabolic heat; and the food is supplied by another organism, the crab-apple tree. So where there are trees and shrubs that produce

winter fruits and berries, birds like robins can survive... provided, of course, that the temperatures are in the range found in Maryland rather than Massachusetts. It wasn't remarkable; it was according to the rules of nature. And those rules apply to humans too.

To read past editions of the *Retired Ecologist*, visit the *Authors section* of Emmitsburg.net.

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by *Rebecca Pearl*

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THE MASTER GARDENERS

Becoming a Master Gardener

The Master Gardener program began in Adams County in 1990 with two Master Gardeners in the program. It is now 65 volunteers strong! As a Penn State Master Gardener, volunteers commit their time and knowledge to assist Penn State Cooperative Extension in educating groups as well as individuals on proper horticultural practices and environmental stewardship. They are trained in horticulture by Penn State Cooperative Extension educators from across the state.

To become a Penn State Master Gardener, one must complete a sixteen week course that covers information on botany, plant propagation, insects and diseases, plant identification, diagnostics, native plants and much more. Upon completion of this sixteen week course, the Master Gardener trainee must dedicate 50 hours of volunteer time to the Master Gardener program throughout the following year. There is a small fee of \$95 for the training to cover costs of the manual, handouts and instructors.

There is great pride and community service involved when becoming a Master Gardener. The Master Gardener training program will begin this fall. It will be held in Gettysburg at the Agricultural and Natural Resource Center, 670 Old Harrisburg Road beginning Wednesday, August 18, 2010 to Wednesday, October 6, 2010 for the first half of the classes, then finishing up the second half at the Cumberland County Extension Center in Carlisle from Wednesday, October 13, 2010 and ending Wednesday, December 8, 2010. These classes will take place every week from 4pm-7pm. If you are interested in participating in these classes and becoming a Penn State Master Gardener, please e-mail Mary Ann Ryan at mar35@psu.edu for an application. The application and additional information will be sent to you. After we receive your completed application, an interview will be scheduled in July. When you are accepted into the program, an orientation will be scheduled in August.

The Master Gardeners of Adams County are involved in many programs and projects.

Throughout the summer, the Master Gardeners work on four garden demonstration projects: the trial gardens, the native plant garden, the rain garden at the Agricultural and Natural Resource Center, Gettysburg and the small fruit garden at the Fruit Research and Extension Center in Biglerville. All projects run from May through September and are used as tools to teach the residents of our county and surrounding areas about horticulture, gardening, environmental gardening strategies, pollinators, and plant selection.

Master Gardeners teach children about horticulture. This is done through demonstrations, lectures, and hands-on presentations. After school programs and Ag Explorers Day Camp on June 21-25, 2010 are just a few activities we use to reach our children and edu-

cate them on today's environmental issues.

Master Gardeners are available at the extension office to answer your gardening questions on Mondays and Fridays from 10 am – 2 pm beginning in April. For any gardening related questions, call 717-334-6271 or stop by the office at 670 Old Harrisburg Road, Gettysburg with samples of the problem during these hours and you will be directed to a Master Gardener.

Gardening in Your Environment is an eight week series offered at three sites: Gettysburg YWCA on Monday evenings, Eichelberger Performing Arts Center, Hanover on Wednesday evenings and East Berlin Community Center on Thursday evenings beginning the week of March 1, 2010 and are presented by our trained Master Gardeners. Class times are 6:30pm-8pm. Following is a list of class topics each week:

- Gardening 101 (Basic gardening knowledge from the ground up: soils, compost, annuals, perennials, veggies and more)
- Bugs and Other Problems (How to safely apply modern approaches to garden pests and diseases – it's easier than you think!)
- Landscaping Basics (Before your next project, understand site preparation, how to choose and then care for the correct plants, plus ongoing maintenance of planting beds.)
- Native Plants and Invasives (Make your gardening life easier! Learn about the tremendous variety of plants that naturally grow in this area of PA and how to use them in your landscape.)
- Planting and Pruning Trees and Shrubs (Become familiar with the basics of shrubs, trees, vines, and ground covers: how to use them in a landscape, and how to plant, prune, and care for them)
- Vegetable Growing I (Successful vegetable gardening begins with soil testing, improving the soil, crop rotation, and choosing the right plant for the right place. We'll also cover container grown vegetables.)
- Vegetable Growing II (Understand some of the problems that go with vegetable gardening, specifically insect and disease problems.)
- Perennials (How to select, care for, and maintain perennial flowers)

Register at the location you wish to take the classes. Call: the Eichelberger Performing Arts Center at

717-632-9356, East Berlin Community Center at 717-259-8848 or Gettysburg YWCA at 717-334-9171 for more information.

Other educational workshops include garden walks throughout the summer, our Green Thumb Series in May, a bus trip to Scotts Arboretum and Chanticleer, and a fall gardening series. Contact Penn State Cooperative Extension for the 2010 schedule available after February 1.

As you can see, the Penn State Master Gardeners of Adams County are a very active group. Lots of educational opportunities for the home gardener are offered through this program as well as additional opportunities for the Master Gardener volunteer. It's an exciting volunteer program centered on gardening and education. If interested in more information on becoming a Master Gardener in Adams County, please contact Mary Ann Ryan: mar35@psu.edu stop by the extension office at 670 Old Harrisburg Road, Suite 204, Gettysburg, PA.

The University of Maryland Cooperative Extension, Frederick County, will be training Master Gardener volunteers this winter as well as in the summer of 2010. The winter series begins February 2 and runs through April 15. Classes are Tuesdays and Thursdays from 9 am – noon. The summer series begins July 7 and ends on August 28. These classes will be Wednesday evenings and Saturdays. Instructors are University of Maryland professionals, Master Gardeners as well as other experts in their fields.

In return for this training, the University of Maryland requires the volunteer to give 40 hours of volunteer service their first year. Some activities include plant clinics at the farmer's market identifying plants, plant diseases, and insects, sharing environmentally beneficial landscaping methods through the Bay-Wise program, speaking to community



Master Gardeners in Trial Garden working with youth

groups, teaching children about gardening, testing and sharing gardening ideas in the demonstration gardens on the Maryland Cooperative Extension site in Frederick County, leading hand-on therapeutic horticultural activities, and writing articles for local newspapers.

The first step in the application process to become a Frederick County Master Gardener is to write a short letter about why you want to be a Master Gardener in Frederick County and mention some of your volunteer interests. Send the letter to Frederick County Master Gardeners, Attn: Susan Trice, 330 Montevue Lane, Frederick, MD 21702 or email it to: trice@umd.edu. Once your letter is received, a full application packet will be sent to you and an interview will be scheduled. The registration fee is \$200 and class size is limited, so send the letter of inter-

est as soon as possible.

The Penn State Master Gardeners of Adams County and the University of Maryland Master Gardeners of Frederick County all have the same goal: to teach environmentally friendly gardening practices to residents of their counties and surrounding counties. Participating in any of the Master Gardener educational activities can only enhance your gardening knowledge while making our waterways cleaner, our food safer, while maintaining environmental balance.

Becoming a Master Gardener gives you the opportunity to learn and share this knowledge to residents of your communities. If you would like to learn more, please contact Mary Ann Ryan, mar35@psu.edu for PA, and Susan Trice, trice@umd.edu for MD.

For more gardening articles visit the Gardening section of Emmitsburg.net

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

“Michael, Riker is colicing”

Michael Hillman

As I read last month's Pets columns by Dr. Brokaw, it occurred to me that this month will mark the one year anniversary of our first meeting. While I'm glad I've met her, I wish it had been under better terms.

Probably the worst words a horse owner can hear are: “Your horse is colicing.”

Colic is a term used to describe an abdominal pain in horses and is a major cause of premature death of horses. Fortunately, horse owners have it within their power to reduce the frequency of colics by ensuring horses have adequate pasture space, are regularly dewormed, are given the best quality hay and feed, and always have access to clean water. While these steps will reduce the frequency of colic, it will not eliminate it completely. And like the rolling of a roulette wheel, sometimes your horse's number comes up. Such was the case last winter for my old Event horse Commander Riker.

Riker was a remarkably talented and strikingly handsome horse in his day. But his various equestrian careers - racing, jumpers, fox hunting, and finally, Three-day Eventing - took their toll on him. At the age of 15, he was finally rewarded retirement for his faithful service. The past seven years have been one of peaceful bliss for Riker, spent doing nothing more than grazing in the field while watching the next generation of Event horses earn their retirement.

A worry wart, Riker liked his routine. Mornings always started with a feeding precisely at 7 am. As the oldest horse, he always got put out first. At sunset, he was always first to be taken in, and the first to be fed. Any deviation from this routine was sure to bring out his long dormant weaving habit. Fortunately, my wife Audrey is as wedded to her routines as Riker, so life for Riker was about as good as it gets for a horse.

Deviation from the Routine

I, too, had become accustomed to my wife's routine. In the morning she would gently touch me to let me know she was headed out to the barn. It was my signal that I had a half hour while she fed and turned out the horses before I was expected to appear for stall cleaning duties. While the horses ate, she would always return to the house and make herself a cup of tea, then return to the barn. That day she deviated from her routine.

Semiconscious, I heard the back door open quickly and her hurried footsteps start up the stairs. Her words, “Michael - Riker is colicing,” brought me to my feet.

Over the years we've been fortunate. In the 30-plus years we've owned horses, we could count the number of colics we've had on two hands, and all but one had been resolved with simple hand walking. But it's the one that required surgery that ran through my mind as I rushed to the barn.

“How's he doing?” I asked my wife as I turned the corner.

“OK right now. I gave him some Banamine (a pain killer) before I came in to get you, and it seems to be taking effect. He's got gut sounds, but not much.”

“Great.” I thought. It was at a time like this that having a wife who is an Equine Veterinary Nurse came in handy.

I looked at Riker. Since this was clearly outside of his routine, I expected him to be in full weaving mode, but he was not. Instead, he stood quietly on the cross ties with a worried look on his face. As I watched, he turned to look at his side and then at me - as if asking, “What's going on?”

“Do you want to call the vet?” I asked.

“No, not yet. Let's see how he responds to Banamine and some hand walking.”

With lead shank in hand, Riker and I headed out to the arena. It was only then that I realized that

the weather had turned remarkably colder during the night and with 20-mile per hour gusts of wind, the 25-degree temperature outside was going to feel rather cold. “Why do horses always choose to colic on the worst days of winter?” I found myself muttering to myself.

Chagrined, I knew that it had been within my powers to prevent the events that would take place this day. The day before had been cold, windy, and wet. Historically I always chosen to give the horses bran mashes on days like this knowing only too well that they probably had not taken in much water and the bran mash would keep them from getting constipated. But I had been distracted that evening and broke my own routine. I mentally kicked myself over and over.

For the next two hours I walked Riker around and around the arena looking for signs of improvement, but saw none. At nine, chilled to the bone, I brought him back into the barn where my wife and I regrouped.

Once again on the cross ties, we watched Riker turn to look at his flank. First right, then left, then right again. With no end in sight, it was time to call in the vet.

The call to the vet

As any horse owner can tell you, the longest 30 minutes in your life is the time between when you call the vet and when the vet actually shows up. Minutes just crawl by. I resumed hand walking, all the while keeping a weary eye on the road for the vet.

Just as my watch passed the 30 minute mark, Dr. Kim Brokaw of the Walkersville Veterinary Clinic pulled into the driveway. I was a little taken aback by her age ... she was rather young, but at my age, so is just about everyone.

“He's not a surgical candidate,” were the first words out of my mouth. Not a “hello,” not a “thanks for coming.” Some might think that was abrupt, but not a vet. I had established the boundaries for her and taken some dif-



ficult decisions off the table for her. Now she could concentrate on what she could do.

Had I all the money in the world and had Riker a record of being a good patient, I would have considered surgery. But I didn't, and of all our horses, he was the worst patient. While he would have survived a surgery, the three months of stall confinement would have killed him. Riker had lived a good life, but at 22 he was nearing the end of his natural life. If he had to go, it was best he went quickly.

Sizing up the situation

After completing the rectal exam, and comparing notes with my wife, the conclusion was made that Riker had a ‘soft’ impaction, but given time, and lots of hand walking, he would eventually pass it and be ok. “However, it's going to be a very long 24 hours for you guys,” Dr. Brokaw informed us.

Dr. Brokaw and my wife discussed the pros and cons of ‘tubing’ the horse, i.e., forcing mineral oil and water into his stomach to help break up the impaction and get it moving. Eager to get my horse well, I wanted to do everything we could right then and there.

“The only downside to tubing

him,” I was told, “is that if his stomach is ‘twisted’ tubing him could make things much, much, worse as it will just put more content into an already stressed stomach. It's best to let nature and a lot of hand walking take its own course first. If that doesn't work, then you always have tubing. But if you tube him now, and it doesn't work, then you'll have to put him down.” My wife nodded in agreement.

And After providing a detailed list of things to look for, Riker was once again in our care. Once again I bundled up to face the elements and begin what would be nearly twelve hours of non-stop hand walking in the coldest of winter winds.

To pass the time as I walked, I talked to Riker, recounting all our adventures. While I know he didn't understand a word I said, I do know that he appreciated the tone of the words, just as he did when coming into a big fence that backed him off. For Riker, kind words of encouragement always worked the trick.

Horseman's Lore

Around one, weary from walking, I pulled a page out of the old horseman's manual and hooked

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

up the trailer. Fable has it that one can sometimes get a colicky horse to stop colicing by putting them on a trailer. Anyone who's ever put a horse on a trailer knows the first thing they do when they get on is "poop," and Riker was no exception to the rule. Even just the sound of the trailer being hooked up is often enough to give him diarrhea. But not today.

While the hour of driving did not resolve Riker's colic, it did allow me to bring my body temperature back to near normal, and once again resume hand walking. But I no sooner had begun to hand walk than it became apparent things were beginning to go downhill.

Whereas in the morning and early afternoon Riker would walk quietly, he now increasingly was jerking the lead shank out of my hands and every few minutes would try to lie down. So with nothing to lose, we gave him another dose of Banamine and resumed the hand walking.

Around two, my wife relieved me. The Banamine had kicked in and Riker was clearly more comfortable.

"I was going to pull his mane this weekend," she said, "but if he's going to go to his maker today, I want him turned out properly. If we're lucky, he might just think I'm getting him ready to go to event. That should turn his nerves and bowels into overdrive!"

What she said to him while she pulled his mane I'll never know. But as she was always the comfort giver, I'm sure it was soothing words of encouragement.

At 3:30, I returned to the barn. While Riker's appearance was far improved, his demeanor said differently.

"He stood pretty well for me while I pulled his mane - none of his usual head tossing or moving around. But the Banamine ap-

pears to be wearing off, and I'm not crazy about that. As she spoke, I watched as Riker once again resumed looking at his sides.

"No poop, huh?" I asked as I looked for tell-tale signs of fresh manure on the floor.

"No," my wife replied dejectedly. Time to resume hand walking.

But before long he was once again jerking the lead shank out of my hands and trying to lie down. The Banamine was no longer working. It was time to get the vet out again.

Return of the Vet

At 5:30, I was greeted by the sight of our regular vet pulling into the driveway. Familiar with Riker, he bypassed all the preliminaries and went right to work. He quickly confirmed Dr. Brokaw's analysis but recommended that, given Riker had showed no signs of improvement, it was time to help get things going. My wife concurred.

He gave Riker muscle relaxers to ease the pain, and with the touch that comes from years of experience, he had the stomach tube down Riker before I knew it and began to pump mineral oil and water into his stomach.

"There, that should help get things moving. You'll need to keep a close eye on him for the next twelve hours. If he starts to act like he's in a lot of pain, that's an indication he might have a twist, which means we'll have to put him down. But I think he's going to be OK. Just keep hand walking. If he starts to get uncomfortable, here are two syringes for pain. But if at all possible, don't use the second - use it as a last resort to keep him as comfortable should need to put him down."

With the muscle relaxers finally kicking in, Riker took a deep breath and began to fall asleep. With a one hour window before the muscle relaxers wore off, I put Riker in his stall where he prompt-

ly laid down and fell asleep. My wife once again resumed watch, and I headed inside to eat and warm up.

At seven I stepped outside the house into the dark and was nearly knocked over by the wind. The cold stung like needles. It was going to be a long night, I thought. I headed toward the barn to relieve my wife, hoping against hope that Riker would be better. But my illusion was dashed to the winds when I turned the corner of the barn and saw her struggling to get him back on his feet.

"He's going down hill fast." She said, "We need to get him out of this stall and walking again."

Maybe it's his time

With every imaginable part of my body covered up, I opened the barn door and headed back out to the arena. But it took less than ten minutes to convince myself that was a foolhardy venture. Retreating to the protected run-in shed, I began to walk Riker in tight 30-foot ovals. It wasn't the arena, but he was moving and I was protected.

Every five minutes I would stop to see if the walking was having any effect. Sometimes Riker could stand for ten minutes without looking at his sides; other times he would paw immediately upon stopping. With each step my hopes for puling Riker through grew more and more distant.

At 8:00, weary with cold and seeing no improvement, I called my wife. While we never actually said it, our eyes said it all, "Maybe it's time."

"I really hate to give him the second syringe, but I don't see any other option," she said. "If we give it to him, and it doesn't work, that's it." I agreed.

I crossed my fingers and hoped that for Riker the third time would be the charm. But as the minutes ticked by the expected response to the drug was not forthcoming. While Riker's gut sounds had improved over the past two hours, his colic was still violently painful.

At 8:15 my wife called the vet. After bringing him up to date, he offered a more hopeful possibility.

"I think what we're dealing with here is that the impaction is finally beginning to move and that's what causing the pain." All we had to do was keep him up and going till the impaction had broken down enough so it no longer caused pain. If you can get him to 10:00, then give him more Banamine, and that should hold him till morning, and then we can re-evaluate him then."

The race against time

It was now a race against time, and 10:00 seemed an eternity away. All three of us were clearly exhausted. Riker was struggling to keep on his feet, as was I. My wife kept offering to take over the walking, but I refused. Riker was my horse.

When I first got Riker I promised him I would go the extra mile for him if he would go the extra mile



for me. He had more than kept his side of the deal, giving me memories of rides that will bring a smile to my face when I'm old and gray. Now it was time for me to go the extra mile for him.

I've often heard it said that horses have a sixth sense. Riker must have sensed the sadness that clearly permeated our conversation. He was very quiet. He kept his head next to my shoulder as we walked in circles as if to let me know he appreciated all we were doing for him.

At 9:00, with the winds now howling, even the run-in shed no longer offered any protection. Knowing it was the last straw, I retreated into the barn, turned the arena lights out for the last time, and set up camp in the wash stall.

"Come on, Riker, help us out here." I said dejectedly to him as I sat down exhausted. You were supposed to die a peaceful death at a ripe old age on a nice sunny spring day, not die of colic on a miserable cold winter night. Help us out here, will you? Don't die tonight. Don't die this way. Fight it."

I sat silently as Riker jerked his head left and right, looking in desperation for the source of the pain. Each time he turned, a gurgling sound from his gut followed. At first I didn't notice it, but eventually I began to detect a pattern. I stood up. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the extent of Riker's turning to look at his side was diminishing, while at the same time, the time period between his turns and the gurgling was increasing, while the length of each gurgle increased.

I held my breath. I dared to hope.

By 10:00 the gurgle pattern was becoming more pronounced. By 10:15, Riker had ceased looking at his side and was standing quietly as the rumbling in his gut rose to a crescendo. At 10:30 on the dot, his gut let out a gurgle that would

have been audible across a noisy grade-school cafeteria, and when it was done, Riker let out a deep long sigh as if to say 'thank God!'

For thirty minutes I held my breath. Riker's stomach sounded like a boiler that had just been fired up. With his eyes now closed, the only thing that was keeping him standing was the cross ties.

A 10:30, I moved him back into his stall. After taking his first drink of the day, he laid down and promptly fell asleep.

As he slept, I set up watch outside his stall. Eleven soon became midnight, and with Riker now up and munching happily on his hay, I headed back into the house.

"Is he ready for the Banamine?" my wife asked groggily, rubbing her eyes as she looked towards the clock.

"I don't think he'll need it." I said with a smile.

As I recounted the events of the past two hours, she smiled broadly. "Thank God. I wasn't ready to lose him."

After divvying up the night watch schedule, she resumed her restless sleep on the couch.

My 1:00 check found Riker standing quietly. However, the gurgling from his gut was keeping all his buddies awake.

My wife's 2:00 check found the same. Confident in his improving condition, she let me sleep through my 3:00 check. I faintly remember hearing her return from the 4:00 check, hoping against hope that I would not hear her steps on the stair. I didn't.

At 7:30 the next morning, 24 hours after the colic had begun, my wife entered the barn to a weeping Riker. His routine had clearly been upset and he wanted out.

He got his wish, as had we.

To read other articles about horse visit the horse section of emmitsburg.net.



IN MY OWN WORDS

Hearts and Flowers or Food and Water?

Katherine Au

From the courtly love tradition expressed by Chaucer in the Middle Ages to second-graders printing cut out "Will You Be Mine?" cards for all their classmates, many people throughout the world have the long-standing tradition of taking special note of February 14 with cards, candy, flowers, special dinners—special recognition of people they love in their lives.

On January 12, 2010, a seven-point earthquake decimated the island of Haiti. Relief efforts from across the world have been pouring in to the island, but the need is so great and the infrastructure is so weakened that all the best efforts seem paltry in the face of the nation's need.

I believe there is a connection between the two subjects, and the connection asks us to think about both events in a different way. The connection is the human dependence on caring and on loving, and the "message" inherent in looking at both topics is the need for more than either a one-day observation of a holiday or a one-time response to a natural disaster.

Why do we celebrate Valentine's Day? Why do we think it is important to set aside a day to call attention to those we love, to "mark" that day with cards, with chocolate candy sent in heart-

shaped boxes, with red roses? Like many traditions, the continuation of the tradition tends to obscure its meaning. We mark the tradition and assume that everyone involved knows and understands what it means. But what does it mean—really? Obviously, it can mean many things, but central to all of them, I suspect, these marks of the holiday mean "I care about you; I hope you care about me." That is the human connection, without which we would die.

Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if Valentine's Day could be a true celebration of our need for love and caring and a true appreciation of those people in our lives who give us joy? We could make the holiday a reminder to us of who those people are, what they mean to us, why we value them. If we use the specific holiday as a reminder of that future response, our lives will be richer and our loves deeper.

Is there a connection here to the tragedy in Haiti? I think there is. When disasters happen we look for accounts of the event, we watch the evening news channels for details of the tragedy. What is our connection to the event? Why do we care? I'm not talking about people who, for example, have family members in Haiti or who know people who live on the island. I'm talking about the vast majority of us who don't know anyone there, who have no direct

connection to the people who are affected. Why do we send money to the Red Cross? Why do we take bottles of water and canned food to neighborhood collection centers? Is it "there but for the grace of God. . ."? Perhaps we are reminded, at least in part, of the fragility of human life, of the thin line between life and death, of the numerous events in the world, either natural or man-made, which happen in an instant and over which we have no control. We are reminded of all these things, I suspect, but we also feel a human "connection." It is the human condition to have the capacity to care about those whom we have never met but who share with us in the human condition. It is why we have a holiday called Valentine's Day. It says, "I care about you; I hope you care about me."

Another connection exists as well, however. Just as we should wish that the emotion that fills Valentine's Day would extend beyond the celebration of the day, so we should wish that our care and concern for victims of disasters would extend beyond the initial shock and awe that propels us in the early days of our disaster response. Don't misunderstand me: that early response and the aid it provides is essential and important. People who are left without water and without food don't need it next week—they need



it immediately. The response from us all needs to be as immediate and as coordinated as we can make it.

An immediate response alone, however, important as it is, doesn't mean that a response next week, next month, next year is not also important. In the case of Haiti, in particular, the need will not go away next week, next month, next year. People will still be hungry, fresh water will still be needed, housing will barely have begun to be rebuilt. Will we, though, in that time have turned to other, more current problems? Will we have forgotten our first concerns? One of the more powerful of Robert Frost's poems is entitled, "Out, Out." It recounts the event of a young man who has an accident while cutting wood and ends up bleeding to death. The poem concludes with the stark and shocking lines, "And they, since they were not the one dead, turned to their affairs."

Shocking though the line is, in one sense it is the nature of life. Just as Valentine's Day does not exist every day of the year, neither can our awareness and response to tragedy maintain its

initial response. However, the connection we hope for with Valentine celebrations can also be the connection we strive to achieve with our response to tragedy. We can remember rather than forget. We can connect rather than turn away. We can continue to remind ourselves that we are a part of the human story, that we are touched by all of that story, both near and far away. John Donne got it right: "No man is an island, entire of itself. Every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. . . Every man's death diminishes me because I am involved in all mankind. Therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

A connection does exist between "hearts and flowers" and "food and water." Both point to our place in the human story, to our need for connection to other human beings, both near and far away, and to our involvement in the larger human community.

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



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CIVIL WAR DIARY

To Beloved during the Victorian Era

John Miller
Emmitsburg Historical Society
Civil War Historian

St. Valentine's Day during the Victorian Era was very much as romantic then as it is today, if not more so. During the time of the Civil War, soldiers and their special ladies on this day would share their Valentines. Civil War valentines were very different than the valentines we share with our wives or girlfriends; they were more personal, eloquently written and elaborately drawn. A valentine novelty from the woman to her loved one on the front lines would include a locket of her hair. While missing their loved ones, ladies would create what is called a window valentine which showed couples parting ways or a tent with the flaps wide open to reveal a soldier inside. Another popular valentine of the time was known as the paper valentine doll. This doll was made from paper and featured a printed face and feet dressed with paper or cloth for clothes.

Although I have currently have no first hand accounts of Emmitsburg soldiers participating in Valentine's Day, that does not mean that they didn't experience love or greatly miss their loved ones back home. As time allowed, when they were not on duty or skirmishing with their enemy, many soldiers spent Valentine's Day writing letters home. With no newspaper in Emmitsburg during the time of the Civil War, we do not have any articles about Valentine's Day in Emmitsburg during the Civil War.

Instead of abandoning all hopes of bringing to life how people who lived during the Victorian era and the time of the Civil War celebrated Valentine's Day and their thoughts of love, I would like to share with you editorials from the citizens of the nearby town of Waynesboro. Using their words; one can imagine how the people of Emmitsburg lived and what their thoughts may have been when it came down to the issue of love in everyday society. Some of the editorials are very comical, yet very true to this day. The following accounts were researched through the "Valley of the Shadow" website, a research project that compares two areas within the same geography region separated by the Mason & Dixon Line.

This editorial is entitled "On the Choice of a Wife" and was

first published February 20, 1863, in the Waynesboro Village Record. "Go my son," said the Eastern sage to Talmore, 'go forth to the world, be wise in the pursuit of knowledge—be wise in the accumulation of riches—be wise in the choice of friends; yet little will avail thee, if thou chooseth not wisely the wife of thy bosom."

"A wife! what a sacred name—what a responsible office? She must be the unspotted sanctuary to which wearied man may flee from the crimes or the world, and feel that no sin dare enter there. A wife? She must be the guardian angel of his footsteps, on earth, and guide them to Heaven; so firm in virtue that should he for a moment waver, she can yield him support, and replace him upon his firm foundation: so happy in conscious innocence, that when from the perplexities of the world he turns to his home, he may never find a frown where he sought a smile. Such, my son, thou seekest in a wife—and reflect well ere thou chooseth."

"Open not thy bosom to the trifler; repose not thy head on the breast that nurseth envy and folly and vanity. Hope not for obedience where the passions are untamed; and expect not honor from her who honoreth not the God who made her."

"Though thy place be next to the throne of princes and the countenance of loyalty, beam upon thee—though thy riches be as the pearls of Omar, and thy name honored from the East to the West, little will avail thee if darkness and disappointment, and strife be in thine own habitation. There must be passed thine hours in solitude and sickness—and there must thou die. Reflect then, my son, ere thou chooseth, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love; for though thou be wise in other things—little will it avail thee if thou chooseth not wisely the wife of thy bosom."

Another editorial appeared in the Franklin Repository on May 4, 1864 entitled "Wisdom in Making Love" in which the piece offers advice for men about picking a wife: "one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble woman, is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them."

On August 14, 1867, two years

after the Civil War the Valley Spirit featured another column titled "Truths For Wives" that discussed the role a wife maintained: domestic happiness and safeguarding their husbands' respectability and credit. The article states: "In domestic happiness, the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's for the one, the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small sums, her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extravagance and mismanagement, and more is spent in trifles than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on, and the income is prepared to meet it; but it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which do mischief; and this the wife alone can stop, for it does not come within man's province. There is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in every household."

"It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those niceties which make a well regulated house. An unfurnished cruet-stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled table-cloth, a mustard-pot with its old, cold contents shaking down about it, are really nothings; but each can raise an angry word and cause discomfort. Depend upon it, there is a great deal of domestic happiness about a well dressed mutton chop, or a tidy breakfast table. Men grow sated of beauty, tired of music, are often too weary for conversation, however intellectual; but they can always appreciate a well kept hearth and smiling comfort."

"A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country, for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanted beauties of an Armida, but—melancholy fact—if with these she fails to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections that without love their existence is void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of a higher order of mind will not run this risk; they know that the feminine, their domestic, are their first duties."


Two weeks later in the Valley Spirit on August 28, 1867, an article was published entitled "The Wife" and contained a brief homily to men admonishing them to cherish their wives. "Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attention, let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated and returned, let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let only be loved, honored and cherished, in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil and anxiety, for her husband's love to her is a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed in words, in looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in love that nev-



er crops out—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine; one is life, the other is mechanism—the unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, and aggressive, penetrating and pervading brightness to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She gleams over it. It is airy, and graceful, and warm and welcoming with her presence; she is full in devices and plots, and sweet surprise for husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She herself is a lyric poem setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high, and the end sanctifies the means, 'Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love.'"

To read more about the Emmitsburg area in the civil war, visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net

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HISTORY

The history of the Toms Creek Hundred

Part 2

As noted in last month's article, the settlers who came to the Toms Creek Hundred during the time period of 1743 to 1760 had their pick of land. All they had to do was walk the land they wanted, mark corners with a pile of stones and after paying a small price, it was deeded over to them.

Unlike today, where deeds are tracked by numbers, back in the 1700s and well into the early 1800s, deeds were tracked by the names given to the land by the owners. For example, in 1745, in one of the first deeds recorded in the new county of Frederick, Thomas Harris claimed ownership to 50 acres of land where Route 15 crossed Toms Creek which he called Harris's Delight.

'Silver Fancy' was the name given to 100 acres of land bought in 1742 by Daniel Delaney, the future founder of Frederick, that now makes up most of central and northern Emmitsburg.

'Hamilton's Recovery' was the name given by John Hamilton in 1748 to his 100 acres of land at the junction of Tom's Creek and the Monocacy. His neighbor to the north, Thomas Wilson, named his 150 acres purchased in 1750 after his wife: 'Mary's Fancy.'

The names selected for tracks of land tell much about the land. 'Rich Level,' for example, which was claimed by Benjamin Tasker, is a broad flat flood plain, which, because of its frequent inundations, is heavily silted and thus richly fertile.

Prior to European Settlement, the Indians are known to have built dams in streams and rivers to create pools for fish. One such dam is still evident on the 'Fish Dam' track of land just north of Mumma's Ford on the Monocacy.

'Stony Hill,' claimed by Jacob Shiyer in 1766, was aptly named by anyone who has ever walked it. Lucas Flack's logic in naming his grant 'Long Field' becomes obvious when one stands upon the land and grazes across it as Lucas must have. His son's naming of a small track of rocky hilly land 'Hard Planting' needs no interpretation.

Similarly, anyone who has seen the old Hays family farm with all its Sycamore trees understands why it was called 'Sycamore Bottom.' Why in 1741 Nathaniel Whickem named his land 'Black Walnut Bottom;' in 1746 George Smith named his 100 acres 'Cat Tell Branch;' in 1762 John Miller named his 100 acres on Friends' Creek 'Grazing Ground,' and in 1767 John Everett named his 100 acres 'Goose Quarters.'

The choice of some names

however leaves one scratching one's head. Why for example, did the William Diggs, owner of 3,012 acres stretching from just west of Emmitsburg to Blue Ridge Summit, call the land 'Carolina?' What caused Christian Smith to name his land on a mountain now known as Carrick's Nob 'Enlargement?' And God only knows what was going through John Darnel's mind in 1756 when he named his land 'Whiskey Bottle!'

Selecting the best

With so much open land available, both land speculators as well as settlers selected only the prime ground that consisted of the open fields and meadows which could be readily turned into productive farms. Rocky hills, marshy areas and thick woods were often ignored, and untitled for several decades. In many cases, the borders of these prime land tracks are still denoted by the farms and wooded lots that now grace the area.

Thickly wooded, early transposition in the area depended upon easy access to creeks and streams. As such, the first deeded land in the Toms Creek Hundred were along its principle tributary - the Monocacy River. Once all the Monocacy River frontage was taken, settlers slowly moved up its tributaries: Toms Creek, Friends Creek, and Stony Branch. As they moved inland. Once land adjacent to Toms Creek was claimed, land along its tributaries: Middle Creek and Flat Run were claimed. Land without easy access to water frontage was the last to be claimed.

In many ways it was like the Oklahoma land rush of 1889. With so much land to pick from, there was no need to worry about making sure one's boundaries abutted another property owner.

As the land was carved up, and more and more settlers came to the area, homesteads were soon surrounded by vast amounts on less than desirable unclaimed land. As the population of the Toms Creek Hundred grew these 'less than desirable' tracks became desirable. Recognizing the profit opportunity the unclaimed land presented, homesteaders rushed to claim adjacent tracks that they had failed to claim when they first settled the area.

But claiming land didn't always go as planned, as neighbors Benjamin Biggs and Jonathan Hays would discovered.

Benjamin's Good Luck

Benjamin Biggs had settled in the area 1745, Jonathan Hays in 1754. Both owned small (300 acre) farms near the mouth of Toms Creek. In 1762 the pair

took notice of the large tract of untitled land between their estates.

As the Biggs' family version of the stories goes, Biggs and Hays split the cost of the land survey. Being the sporting type, they then waged a bet whereby the first to reach Annapolis, where the grant for the land from the royal governor would be made, would "win" the land. Benjamin Biggs, having the faster horse, won, and in celebration of his good luck called the land 'Benjamin's Good Luck.'

However, in the Hays' family version, Hays commissioned the survey, intending to have any untitled land entered in his name. For a reason now lost to time, the surveyor offered the survey records to Benjamin Biggs.

Biggs accepted the ill-gained survey and 'hightailed' it to Annapolis, where he had the land deeded under his name. Hays, having paid for the survey, did not look favorably on this act. He called the land 'Benjamin's Treachery' and predicted destruction for all generations of Biggs.

The Hays' family version of the story has been passed down from generation to generation. Following the departure of the last of the Biggs in the late 1800, the Hays' version of the story morphed from folklore into fact.

Sadly for lovers of folklore, neither story appears to be true. The name 'Benjamin's Good Luck' dates back to 1745, 17 years before the incident, which means the name of the track did not originate from Biggs' luck in running across the surveyor. Unfortunately, the exact details of what happened in 1762 have been lost, all we do know is Biggs and Hays both settled the with very different intents.

Jonathan Hays came to the Tom's Creek Hundred with a vision of settling down with his family and creating a farm that his family could cultivate and for many generations. On the other hand, Benjamin Biggs used his wealth and royal connections to acquire vast tracks of land with the intention of dividing it into smaller parcels.

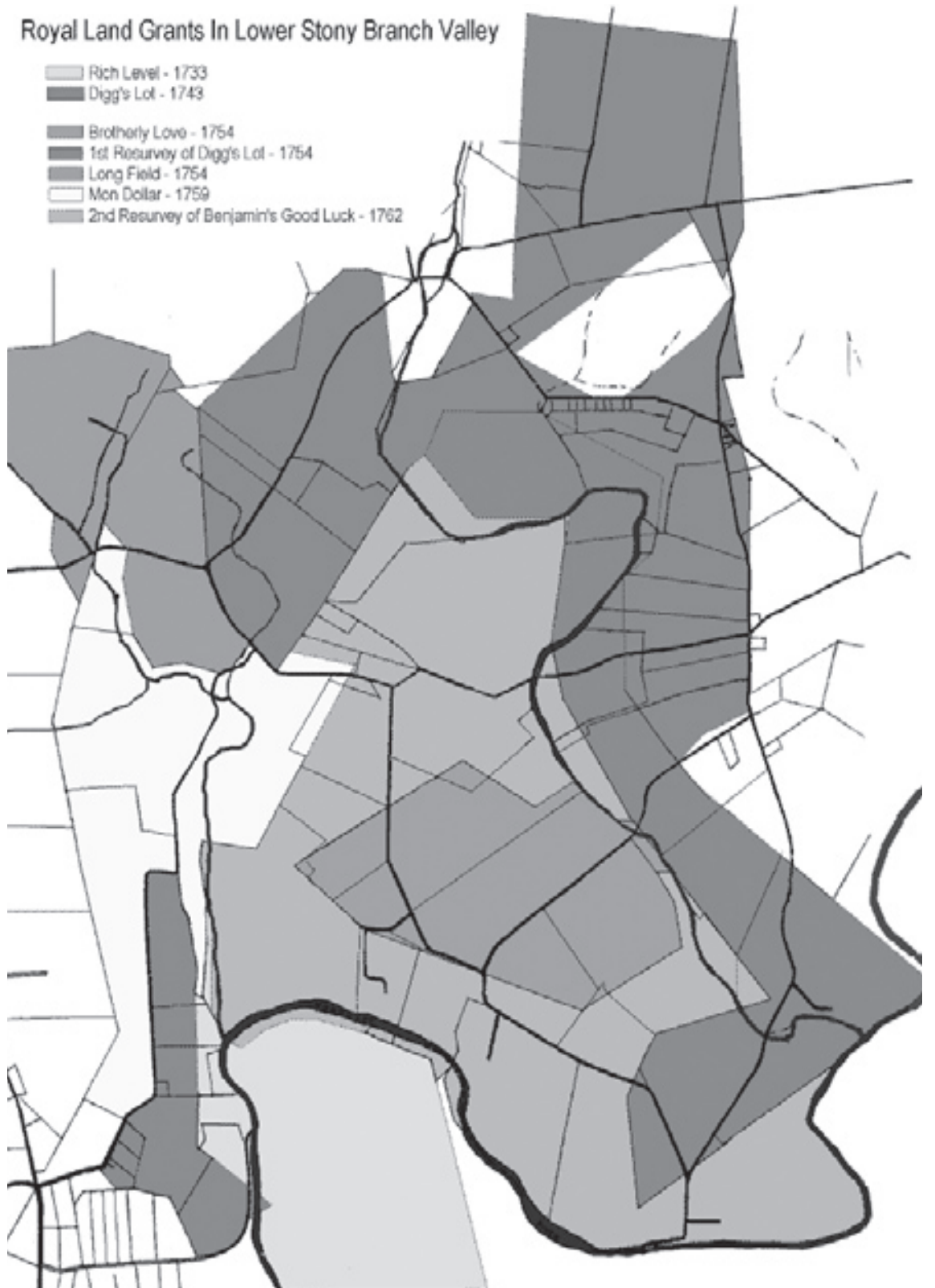
The Royal Colonial Gov-

ernment preferred to sell larger tracks to wealthy individuals, letting them deal with the headaches of subdividing the land into smaller, more affordable lots which they then sold for a profit to settlers. In doing so, the Biggs, Diggs, and Dulany have the distinction of being the first land developers of the valley.

The cost of land

The settlers of Toms Creek Hundred had several options open to them for acquiring land. Daniel Dulany for example offered 100 acre tracks in his 3,000 acre 'Buck Forest' at five pounds per year. There were a few stipulations, however, including requirements to clear the land, install fencing, and plant 100 apple trees.

Now if you're wondering whether this was a good or bad deal, a little basic math can provide the answer. In the mid 1700s an average day laborer earned about 2½ shillings a day. At twenty shillings a pound, a 5 pound lease payment could be worked off in forty days.



HISTORY

In other words, in the mid 1700s, settlers could acquire land at little over 15% of their yearly earnings. Compare that to today where the average rent on a home or apartment often consumes upwards to 40% of one yearly income. Laborers got cheap rent on land; Dulany retained the title while his land was cleared, planted, and fenced. It was a good deal all around.

However appealing the lease route seemed to some; there were others who wanted clear title to their land. Benjamin Biggs and William Diggs catered to these individuals, selling their land holdings outright and pocketing the profit.

In 1770, land in the Toms Creek Hundred could be bought for about half a pound per acre or four days of work. Today, this same farm land is appraised at \$10,000 to \$20,000 per acre, or roughly 250 days of work at minimum wage.

To really put the cost of land to the first settlers into perspective, consider this: suppose you were offered as much land as you wanted at only \$200 per acre today, would you think it a bargain? Adjusted for inflation, this is basically the same offer giv-

en the original settlers. They answered the question by snapping up as much land as they could reasonably afford.

Sowing seeds of revolution

The seeds of prosperity that were being sown by the settlers in the valley, however, were being carried on the winds of revolution. The French and Indian War had caused Britain to go deeply into debt. Keeping an army on the frontier meant additional cost to the British Empire. To pay for these additional costs, the British government passed the Stamp Act. This act required that each sheet of every legal document carry a stamp showing that a tax had been paid. It was the first attempt by the British government to directly tax the American colonies.

The colonists reacted with rage, for them, the issue was clear. The colonies had no representation in the English Parliament, and therefore, under English law, they could not be taxed. "No taxation without representation" became a rallying cry which would echo across the land, from ale houses in Boston to John Troxell's Mill on Toms Creek where the residents of the

Toms Creek Hundred met and voted to join the rebellion.

In 1775, the Toms Creek Hundred raised a militia regiment that consisted of two companies. The first, called the Game Cock Company, was under the command of Captain William Blair whose farm, called 'Kitchen Garden,' lay just north of Harney Road near present day Kemp Dam. The second company was under the command of Captain William Shields, who in 1786 would expand westward William Emmit's newly founded town.

Together the two companies produced more than a hundred soldiers which would see action in many of the key battles of the war, including Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine and Germantown, and with fellow patriots, they encamped at Valley Forge and bore witness to that harsh winter.

[There are no records of any inhabitants of Tom's Creek Hundred serving in the Loyalist 1st Maryland Battalion that fought for the crown.]

It was in the hottest of the fight at Brooklyn Heights, Long Island, New York, where the Game Cock Company's com-

mander, Captain Blair, fell wounded. Second Lieutenant Henry Williams, who owned a farm on what is now Silo Hill, assumed command of the Game Cock Company until he was relieved by First Lieutenant George Hockersmith.

[To learn more about the patriots of the Toms Creek Hundred visit the Revolutionary War section of the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net]

Lt. Hockersmith's father Conrad owned a 650 acre farm called 'Long Mile and Low Mill,' located just South and East of present day Harney Road and North of Rt 140. According to folklore, it was in Conrad's Tavern that the residents of the Toms Creek Hundred came together and agreed to the formation of a new town to would bear the name of the owners of the land the town was to be laid out on — the Emmits.

After the War for Independence, the veterans of the Tom's Creek Hundred returned to normal life. Captain Henry Williams returned home to his 159 acre estate next to Flat Run which he had inherited from his uncle William Porter in 1767. In a rare departure with traditions of the times, Porter also deeded 50 acres to both of Henry's sisters, Eleanor and Ester. Upon his return home, Henry set about raising the capital to purchase his sister's lands and consolidate them into one massive track which he would eventually call 'Fort Henry.'

frontier, it was by no means uninhabited. By 1770, there were at least 200 homesteads in the valley. Though close together by today's standards of commuting by car, when one considers that travel was by foot or horse, families were far enough away to offer a true sense of isolation. The closest organized town to those living in the Toms Creek Hundred was Frederick, then known as Fredricktowne, was good day's horseback ride away.

With the end of the Revolutionary War, the prohibition put in place following the French and Indian War by the English Government with Indian tribes to limit settlement west of the Appalachian Mountains was removed, resulting in the mass migration from the coastal areas to the frontier.

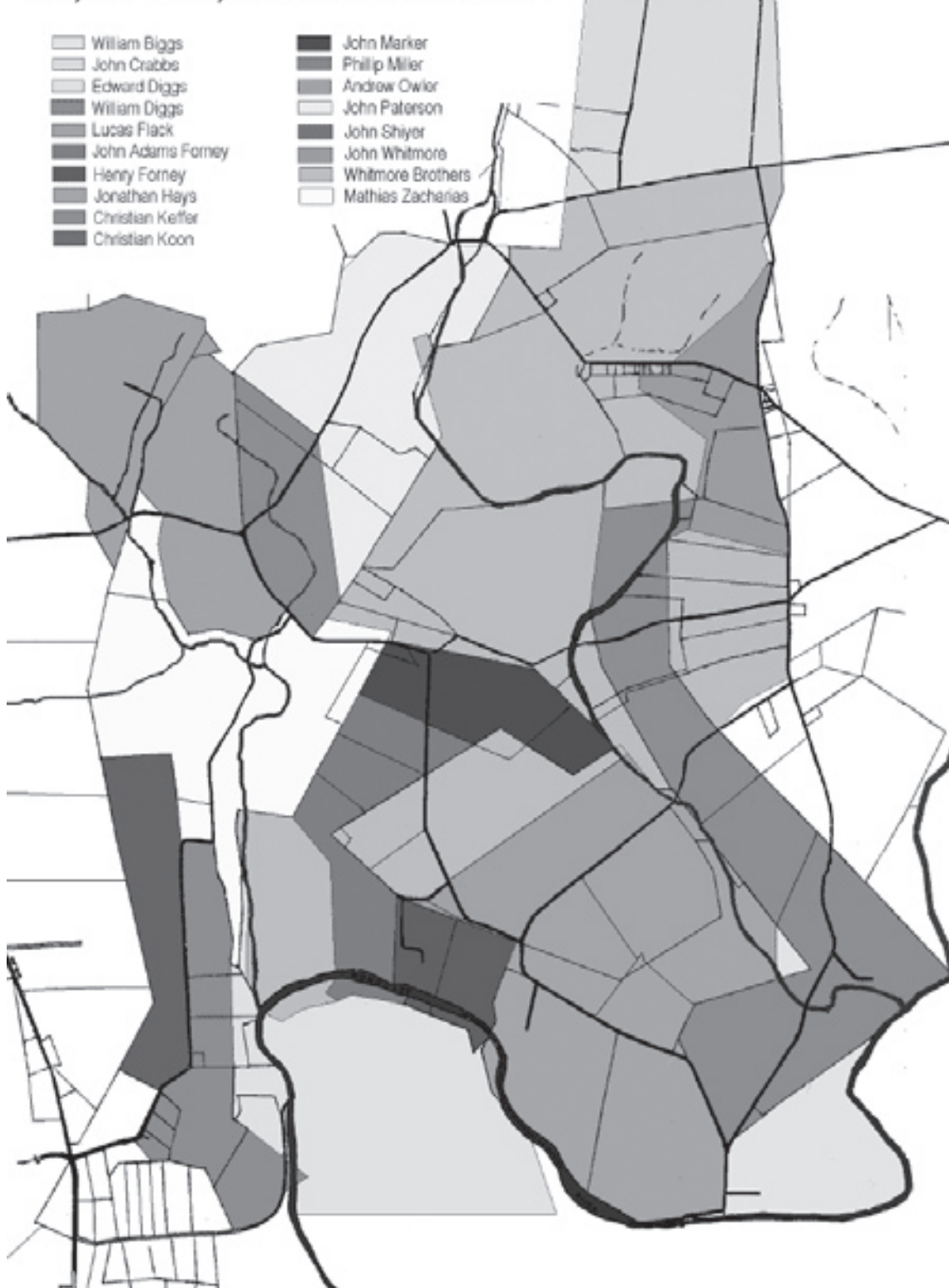
As the Toms Creek Valley filled with settlers, the inconvenience posed by having to travel a day for basic supplies and services drove the need for a more local option. While we have no record of conversations that led the Emmit family to taking the lead on resolving this issue, we do know that on March 5th 1785, somewhere in the valley, most likely at Samuel Emmit's northern neighbor Conrad Hockensmith's tavern, letters of agreement were signed to form a new town that would become the hub of the growing Toms Creek Hundred community.

Next month. The Founding of Emmitsburg.

The Need for a Town

Even though the Tom's Creek Hundred was considered the

Stony Branch Valley On The Eve Of The Revolution



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In 1762 seven individuals controlled over 4,000 acres in the Stony Branch area of the Toms Creek Hundred. By 1776, ownership of the land was divided between 18 individuals. The rapid influx of settlers following the end of the revolutionary war created the need for a town closer than Frederick in which settlers could buy and sell goods. This need was answered in 1785 with the founding of Emmitsburg.

To obtain a color copies of these maps visit CJs Embroidery, East Main Street, Emmitsburg, MD.

MOUNT CREATIVE WRITERS

In the friend zone

Part 2

Brittany Morris

As the weeks went by at NYU, I got adjusted to college life: classes, homework, eating in the dining hall, making friends, and surprisingly becoming close friends with Emma. I was always running into her, considering she lived on the bottom floor of my building, and I had two classes with her; so we would walk to classes together, sit next to each other, do homework and study together, and sometimes we would even eat lunch together. Some people, if they didn't know any better, might think that we were dating, but no; we were just friends.

I got asked all the time if she was my girlfriend, and I wanted to say yes so badly, but that would break the code of the friend zone. I had to live my life by this code daily, treading the fine line between friendship and wishing it was more: it was like walking on a tightrope suspended forty feet in the air.

This line was tested one evening when we just happened to be at the same party together.

I didn't see a single person I knew and was about to return to my room when I heard some girl behind me ask, "Hey aren't you Michael, Emma's boyfriend?"

My heart skipped a beat, causing my breath to get caught in the back of my throat for a couple seconds, rendering me speechless. My brain kicked into cruise control, and the only intelligible word that I could form was, "What?"

Her brain was running at full speed though because I swear she rattled this answer off without taking one breath. "I-heard-from-Casey's-best-friend's-boyfriend's-cousin-Megan-that-she-heard-from-Kevin's-sister's-boyfriend-Brain-that-there-was-possibly-a-rumor-that-you-and-Emma-were-possibly-dating-but-I-could-be-wrong-but-I-don't-think-so-because-you-two-are-always-together-and-always-look-so-happy-together-and-it's-just-SO-CUTE!"

I stood there speechless, trying to process her rapid-fire explanation, so she took this opportunity to stop, take a breath, and say, "Besides, don't you see the way she looks at you, and the way you make her eyes light up when she smiles at you."

I tried to make myself form words, as a gesture of politeness, but my mouth felt as if it was lined with sandpaper, and my brain had nothing to offer me but cobwebs that had formed around the outsides of my actual thoughts. After making a complete fool of myself, I began to squeeze my way across the room when I felt my cell phone start to vibrate in my back pocket. I pulled it out and saw it was Kate calling.

I decided this was a good excuse to leave so I started winding my way back toward the door to talk to Kate. But as I approached the door, I saw Emma standing in the corner, talking to a few people, including the

girl who accused us of dating. I tried to sneak out without her seeing me, but she ended up spotting me and waved me over with a huge smile on her perfectly made up face.

"Hey Michael!" she called over the pumping stereo behind us, and pulled me into a warm hug, as the eyes of the brunette who had talked to me earlier locked onto us. "How are you?"

"I'm good... kind of deaf though." I half-laughed.

She genuinely laughed back. "Yea, I know the feeling! Do you want to go somewhere quieter?"

"Sure." I practically screamed into her ear just to be heard. As soon as we got outside of the apartment building, far enough to hear each other if we talked in normal voices, I started to hear "The Great Escape" and Emma reached into her purse, and said "Sorry, that's my phone..."

She pulled it out and smiled as she flipped it open. "Hey Baby!"

My heart felt like it had been stepped on... again. I shouldn't have even gotten my hopes up that Emma would really want to spend time alone with me; she was taken-I had to get this through my head. That other girl didn't know what she was talking about.

I touched her on the shoulder, and she motioned to give her a second. "Can you give me one minute, Babe?" She put her hand over the phone's speaker and turned to face me, with apology in her eyes.

"I'm just going to go back to my room. I'll talk to you later." I turned to head toward my building.

"Michael," she grabbed my shoulder in slight protest. "I'm so sorry. I did want to hang out with you. I didn't know that Greg was going to call..."

"You don't have to apologize for your boyfriend calling. Don't worry about me; I'm fine. Have a good night Emma."

"Thanks Michael, you too." And she gave me a gentle kiss on my cheek, nothing romantic.

I walked away, without looking back, thinking about the irony of the past couple weeks: the two most important girls in my life only wanted to be friends with me, but I wanted relationships with both of them. What did I ever do to permanently land myself in the friend zone?

* * *

One evening we were having one of our normal study sessions (never study dates) for history, sitting in her room going over the Bill of Rights. About twenty minutes into our studying, her cell phone went off, screaming "The Great Escape." I immediately thought it was her boyfriend (as my luck would have it), so I pretended to be completely immersed in the Third Amendment—though for the life of me I couldn't begin to say what it consisted of.

But after I heard the normal exchange of greetings, something

changed in Emma's tone of voice. She didn't have the usual added hint of happiness she always put on when she talked on the phone. When I looked at her closer, I could see tears welling up in her eyes. It seemed like she couldn't even form real words because the only response that she was giving was "Uh huh." Then finally, after what seemed like an eternity of having to watch her choke back her pain and not being able to do anything for her, she finally said "Ok. Bye" in a robotic voice. Instantly she burst into tears.

When Emma had finally calmed down a few minutes later, she told me her grandmother had a heart attack. "She... she...d...di..." She couldn't finish her sentence.

"When's the funeral?" I asked.

"Saturday. But I can't go because I don't have a car up here." And the tears started to flow again as she buried her head in my chest.

"What if I told you I could drive you home for your funeral...?" I don't know where that came from; I didn't even have a car on campus!

"Really?" She looked up at me again with hope in her beautiful blue eyes. "You would do that for me?"

"Of course, what are friends for?" As I said this I forced a smile, since I knew it would keep me in the friend zone forever.

"Oh my gosh! Thank you Michael! You are the best!"

Then my phone went off. And who was it? None other than Kate...

"Go ahead, you can answer it," Emma assured me, so now I had to.

"Hey Kate."

"Hey Michael! I haven't talked to you in so long! How are you?"

"I'm good, and I have some news for you—I'll be home this weekend."

"Oh my gosh, that's the best news ever! I miss you so much!"

"Me too Kate, but I have to go. One of my friends needs me right now."

"Oh... okay. But I can't wait to see you this weekend!"

"Same here. Bye Kate."

"Bye Michael!"

When I hung up the phone it seemed like Emma had calmed down a little bit, probably because the reality of being able to go home and say goodbye to her grandmother was in the immediate future.

"I love you Michael; you're my best friend!" she said.

I couldn't even find words to respond to what anyone else would consider a compliment, but what I could only see as a rejection. That, and I was distracted with the thought of having to figure out a way to commandeer a car in the next two days...

* * *

On Friday, Emma was waiting for me down at the car like we had planned, all packed and looking eager to get started on our four-hour drive. We threw our stuff in the trunk, but just as I was heading around to get in the driver's side door, Emma gently grabbed my arm to stop me.

She stared into my eyes as if searching my soul and said, "Thank you again for doing this. You have no idea what it means to me. My grandmother was the person who took care of me for most of my childhood while my parents were going through an ugly divorce. She didn't want me to grow up in a broken home, so she took me in." She told me all of this in a voice barely above a whisper, as a few tears slipped down her slightly pink cheeks. "You are one of two people who know this. Greg is the other."

"Wow, Emma. I feel special that you trust me with such personal information. And you know it's no problem."

Neither one of us said much after that for the first couple of hours of the ride; we just let the music drift out of the speakers and consume the slight unease in the air of the borrowed green Saturn.

One of the times that I glanced over at Emma, out of concern that she hadn't said anything in possibly two and a half hours, I saw that her head was resting between the window and the back of the seat, her eyes closed, breathing gently.

* * *

Emma woke up as we were pulling onto my street. "Well, hey there. Thanks for joining me," I joked with her.

"Hi," she said and kind of half laughed through her just-waking-up state.

But when I got to my house there were two other cars there: one that I recognized and one that I didn't. As soon as I stepped out of the car, Kate came flying out of one car and was already in my arms before I had a chance to shut my door.

"Michael! I missed you!"

I didn't know how to react: it felt great to have her in my arms again, but then there was Emma...

But my feelings changed slight-

ly when I saw who got out of the next car. It was a tall, dark haired guy. I had never seen him before, but I was certain this was Greg. He saw Emma get out of the car and ran over to her and pulled her into a tight hug. But as he did this, her eyes locked with mine. I felt there was a pleading there that made it seem like she would rather be in my arms...

But as soon as he released Emma and looked in my direction, I grabbed Kate even closer and told her (a little louder than necessary), "I missed you too, Kate," and kissed her forehead.

I released her a moment later when I realized that Greg and Emma had joined us on our side of the car. Emma and Greg were loosely holding hands, so I grabbed Kate's hand to show that I could play that game too. I was so consumed with trying to prove something to Greg that I tried not to notice Kate's sharp intake of breath, the added pressure from her hand, and her widening smile.

Emma was the one who decided to break the tension that I thought diamonds couldn't even pierce. "Michael, this is Greg. And Greg, this is Michael, the boy I've been telling you about."

I guess I had to say something then, too. "And Emma this is Kate, my best friend. Kate, this is Emma, the girl I was helping the other night."

Each of us let go of the hand we held, and extended it to the person we were introduced to, locking eyes, daring the other to look away.

In addition to be the English Editor of the Emmitsburg News-Journal, Brittany Morris is a senior at Mt. St. Mary's majoring in English.

To read other articles by Brittany visit the Author's section of Emmitsburg.net



MOUNT SPORTS

Mount women's basketball

Practice and talent makes this team perfect

Many Mount St. Mary's athletes may be on the go to make time for athletics and their education. But the amount of practice devoted to the team not be as easy as it may seem and actually required a lot of dedication to the Division I team.

During season, the average day of a Women's basketball player consists of a lifting session with the team at seven in the morning, classes during the day, short individual shooting with one of the coaches and then an afternoon/evening practice for about two and a half hours, concluding two hours of study hall after dinner. This schedule may seem hectic, but it is what has made the Mount St. Mary's University women's basketball team such a success.

It is obvious if one was to watch a game in the Mount St. Mary's ARCC facility, that the team holds great talent. One of them is Leah Westbrooks, a Junior at Mount St. Mary's, that joined the women's basketball team in the fall of 2007. In her high school campaign, she was named the U-19 National Cup Most Valuable Player in 2006 and nabbed the Irish Basketball Association Junior Player of the Year in 2004. She was also nominated for the Irish Examiner Junior Sports-Star of the Year in 2007.

It was inevitable that junior Leah Westbrooks an Ireland native would end up playing basketball due to her family's background. Her three older brothers played college basketball in the United States and her youngest brother, a senior in high school, will soon be following the same route as his older siblings. Her father played basketball in college and was recruited to play in Ireland after he graduated.

"His plan was to go for a year and that turned into 2 and then 10 and pretty much the rest is history!" stated Westbrooks.

Westbrooks's basketball career started at the tender age of four, when most kids were just enjoying . Her dad had been running basketball camps in Ireland for over 25 years and at four she attended her first one.

Westbrooks was recruited from her old head coach, Vanessa Blair. Blair's brother had played overseas in Ireland and saw Westbrooks talent through play and from there became interested in the future collegiate player.

"I visited during my senior year and after praying about it, I decided the Mount was for me," stated Westbrooks. "Emmitsburg is what I call small town America but I love it!" Westbrooks comes from the suburbs of Dublin where everything is easily accessible to. However living in Emmitsburg has allowed Westbrooks to appreciate the place and the people that are a bit different to her home life.

During the previous season of 2008-09, Westbrooks made an impressive impact to the team. She

started in all thirty games as a sophomore with an average of about nine points with about seven rebounds per game.

For another Mount Saint Mary's women's basketball player, her path was a tad different. Mary Dunn comes from Belleville, N.J. Dunn started playing the sport in the third grade. Her family remained extremely influential in her playing basketball in college. Both of her sisters played college basketball and have helped her with the college basketball process and how to deal with some situations within in. Her dad was also a collegiate athlete playing baseball in college who actually helped her on her path to the Mount today.

"I've played for my dad as my coach for my entire life, whether it be for CYO (catholic youth), AAU tournaments, or fall ball leagues," stated Dunn. "My dad never gave me special treatment on the court, actually, he was my harshest critic. He always expected me to play as best as I could at all times."

In high school, Dunn was named a candidate for the McDonald's All American All-Star Classic and also named Morris County Coachers Player of the Year honors in her senior year. She also left her high school as the all-time leading scorer with 1,804 points, with this she became the first player in her school team's history to have her jersey number retired.

Dunn came to Mount St. Mary's because of the small school atmosphere and also enjoyed the fact it was similar to the high school she came from. As for the town the school is in, she was not too sure at first about Emmitsburg. But realized how much she enjoys the closeness of the community after being in it for the past few years.

"The town kind of revolves around the school, and that's a cool feeling

to run into people at Otts, Smoke House Alley, or the Jubilee and have someone from town ask how the seasons going, or congratulate us on a win," stated Dunn. Despite the most recent game loss against Long Island, Dunn still posted nine points to the score.

Other than some juniors making an impact to the team there are also five new freshmen additions to the Mount St. Mary's University women's basketball team. Selina Mann is one of these freshmen. In high school, she scored 1,398 points during her years, leaving as an impressive all-time leader in points, assists, steals, and rebounds. She most recently paced the Mount in the game against Long Island despite the loss.

While another freshman, Cassie Cooke made an impact during the beginning of the season for the team as well. She comes from the Maryland area of Westminster. Despite the defeat against Pittsburg in late December of 2009, Cooke still scored nineteen of her career-high two pointers. Cooke also helped lead the team in the January game against a Northeast Conference team Quinnipiac. She also lead the Mount with her 13 points and seven rebounds in the first 21 minutes of that game. Cooke was also not only a star basketball player during her high school campaign, but also in the sport of soccer as well. Cooke was named the Carroll County Girl's Soccer Player of the Year.

During this season, the Mount Women's basketball team has had seven wins thus far. The latest win was in Brooklyn Heights, N.Y. against St. Francis (NY). Dunn helped the win by scoring 17 points with 12 rebounds.

The team is coached by Bryan Witten who enters his third season at the Mount this 2009-10 year. He is the fifth head coach in the program his-



Leah Westbrooks shows her winning form as she scores from under the basket

tory. Lisa Steele begins her first season at the Mount for this year. She comes after finishing her basketball collegiate career at George Washington University.

Denise King and Jada Pierce also begin their first year as Assistant Coaches for Mount St. Mary's Women's basketball. Pierce comes to the Mount with immense knowledge of college basketball with 12 years of coaching experience, while three of those teams advancing to the NCAA

Tournament. King comes as an assistant coach after serving as an assistant coach at Rhode Island for the last four seasons.

Their next game will be in Emmitsburg against Wagner on February 4. Come on out and cheer the team on!

For the schedule of upcoming Mount women's basketball games, as well as other Mount sport events, visit www.msmary.edu.

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A MOUNTAIN PERSPECTIVE

Getting Ready for Florence

Katelyn Phelan

The thought of packing everything I will need to live in a foreign country for three months into a single suitcase weighing less than 50 pounds is mildly terrifying. It is the most important thing I still have left to do before I leave for my semester abroad in Florence, Italy.

I don't remember the first time I really considered studying abroad. It's something that nearly everyone urged me to do if I had the chance. When I entered the Mount as a freshman, I learned that the Mount offered 4 different semester-long programs: Prague, Czech Republic; London, England; Dublin, Ireland; and Florence, Italy.

Each program has certain similarities. They all use the American Institute of Foreign Study, or AIFS, to help with living accommodations, classroom facilities, and instructors for various classes. Another similarity between programs is that a Mount professor always accompanies the students studying abroad and teaches two courses. The courses offered are ones that correspond with the country the students and professor are living in for three months. For example, one of my classes is on the Italian Renaissance.

The courses change though with

each professor who leads a study-abroad trip. The last time the Florence trip was offered (Spring '08) a chemistry professor led the program. His courses had to do with restoring old artworks that have faded over time, a problem that is facing many of the old artworks located in Florence and all over Italy.

The professor leading my Florence trip, though, is an economics professor. So his courses have to do with Italy and economics. He is teaching one course titled "The Economics of Renaissance Italy," which will deal with the art of the Florence Renaissance, who sponsored it, and why. The second class is called "Economics of Modern Italy," which will deal with how Italy fits into the European Union and other aspects of Italy's economy.

Mount students do take more than two classes while studying abroad, though. Again, there are certain similarities across programs. In each country a "life and culture" class is offered. One of the most important parts of studying abroad is to be immersed in a foreign country. This class helps that immersion by introducing students to different aspects of the culture of that country.

My Life and Culture class in Florence will address different topics each week. We will have a wine tasting,

learn about the Italian mob, and experiment with Italian recipes and cooking. Other weeks we will take field trips to nearby areas for some hands-on exploration.

The fourth class that is offered in Florence is an Italian language course. A language course would obviously be unnecessary in Dublin or London because the people there also speak English. In Italy, though, the language difference scares me. It's daunting to be going to a country where not everyone speaks my language. Mount students going to Italy are required to take Italian 101 at some point before going to Florence. Then while in Florence, Italian 102 is offered.

I took Italian 101 and 102 during my freshman year to fulfill my language requirement. But I will still be taking Italian 102 while in Florence because it focuses on conversation. I'm hoping that the Italian classes I took two years ago will come back to me quickly when I'm surrounded by the language!

So a student could take the four courses I have just described, for a total of 12 credits, and that would be the semester. But, there are other options. One such option is to do an independent study. All a student needs to do is find a professor who will agree to oversee the student as he or she completes most of the course work inde-

pendently. The student would then report to the professor to discuss the material and the student's progress. Students studying abroad have the same option, but instead of meeting face-to-face, the student and professor can communicate electronically.

A final option students have is to do an internship while in Florence. Our AIFS coordinator Sophie Monkman has helped several students to get internships. One organization Mount students often work with is a newspaper called The Florentine. The newspaper is primarily for English-speaking people living in Florence. Internships allow students to make business connections in foreign countries.

Students can elect to take any combination of these options, though the Life and Culture class and Italian language class are very strongly recommended. With the other two spots, students could take the two course offered by the Mount professor, or one Mount class and an internship, or an internship and an independent study. I am taking the two recommended courses, as well as the "Economics of Renaissance Italy," and the independent study on Italian literature. This amounts to a total of 12 credits, three less than a regular course load back at the Mount. All study abroad students are encouraged to take 12 credits to allow them to have the time to explore the city and coun-

try they are living in for three months. The emphasis of a study abroad program is to experience a different culture, an easier task if students are not bogged down by a lot of work.

Along with that idea, there are a few scheduled trips that are included with my Florence program. Two are short day trips, one to Pisa and one to Sienna, both of which are very close of Florence. Two are four-day weekends. One is in Rome, where we will have a tour of the Vatican and see other sights like the Coliseum. The other long trip is to Venice. With the rest of our time, we will be free to stay in Florence, visit other Italian cities, or travel across Europe. I've already marked some cities I would like to see, including Barcelona, Spain and Athens, Greece.

I am most looking forward to seeing the art that Florence houses. My majors are English and Fine Arts, so seeing the art I've learned about will be amazing. Florence happens to be the center of the Italian Renaissance. It's where the Medici family sponsored artists like Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci. It is home to the Uffizi gallery which contains famous artworks by these artists as well as by many others. There's not a better place to see art than in Italy!

Though I am nervous about being homesick and also the language, I am also very excited. I am sure I will learn so much about art, Italy, and Europe. It will be an unforgettable experience for sure and I look forward to sharing it with you each month!

Until next month. Vai bene!

Four years at the Mount

Samantha Strub

Relaxation time! As exams are completed, the cars speed out of the University's parking lot, as students pack their bags and high-tail it home. Everyone is in the Christmas spirit, having help from all the decorations around school. Students are ready and more than willing to go home to their family, friends, and the all-important food.

My drive was looming before me. I dreaded getting into my green Honda Accord for the fourteen-hour drive back to Wisconsin. I didn't like that my break started with a long car ride or that my friends would all be home that night and I would still have another long day on the road. Yet my thoughts were of home as I packed and said goodbye to my friends as if we would never see each other again—even though we'd be back in a month.

I loaded my car and said goodbye to my horse one more time. The first part of my journey brought me to my uncle's house in Pittsburgh. As soon as I stepped in the door I was attacked by my five cousins who jumped me and brought me to the ground. Then they played their favorite game-tickle monster! I welcomed this display of affection with open arms. My joy increased when two-year old, Nathan, who normally is very

shy, followed his older sisters in this loving attack. This made my day! My winter break was going smoothly already; I was surrounded by people I love.

The long drive continued. All I could think about was seeing my family and friends, eating some amazing food, and making sure I didn't get lost. That's kind of important, because with my ability for directions, that can happen very easily. Then it would take me even longer to get home. Despite how long the ride is, I did make it home and was ecstatic walking into my house which smelled amazing from everything Mom had been cooking that day! I had missed walking into a fragrant kitchen.

The air smelled of cookies, chocolate, peanut butter, and other indescribable things. This was her way of showing me how much she missed me and how she wanted my time at home to be special. When she hugged me, I saw tears in the corner of her eyes. This makes sense, though, because I'm the first to go to college, and she hadn't seen me since September. It was nice to know that I had been missed; I felt loved.

Being on break is a welcome relief. It's nice for it to be long because it gives you the opportunity to see all the people back home that you have missed so much! I did the necessary sleep-

ers with friends, had that all-important family time, worked to get some extra money, and caught up on much-needed sleep! Having to work definitely puts a damper on the break, but the money goes to a good cause - my tuition!

Some great family memories have come from this break. Christmas is always an interesting experience at my house. We have a big family which means a lot of cousins, of which I'm the oldest. That comes as a blessing and a curse: a blessing because I have all these kids looking up to me and wanting to be just like me, and a curse because they follow me everywhere and don't give me a moment's peace. I bear this minor pain because it's such a joy to be a part of their lives, a role model, someone that they look up to and go to for guidance. To some degree, I will shape their opinion of life-what a scary and amazing responsibility!

Then, we had the wonderful, utter shock on everyone's faces when the chair just suddenly broke out from under my uncle! He wasn't moving around or sitting down on it hard; he's not heavy; the legs just snapped in two!

Who would have thought? Everyone just sat there not saying anything for a few minutes. Then laughter burst out from the whole

group and continued for the rest of the night. For some reason a chair breaking is the funniest thing in the world. My mother even thought it was funny and that would be something she would normally be spazing over, yet she was laughing along with the rest.

Breaks come with unexpected surprises, that's for sure! Now it's time to again pack those bags and bring back to Maryland all

the goodies Moms buy for their kids to bring back to school. Relaxation times are over, and once again it's time to hit the books. So let's get cracking!

Samantha Strub is a Freshman at Mt. St. Mary's majoring in English with a Secondary Education minor. Samantha is authoring an ongoing column sharing her thoughts, achievements, thrills and yes, occasional disappointments as she progresses from being a Freshman to Mount graduate.



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A MOUNTAIN PERSPECTIVE

Almost Over!

Chelsea Baranoski

It's 2010! This year marks the end of an important chapter in my life: my college career. When my mom's green van pulled into the Pangborn parking lot in August 2006, graduation seemed so far away, locked into the back corner of my mind. All I could think about was meeting new people and setting up my dorm room.

Now graduation is staring me in the face with wide eyes and a ghoulish grin. 2010 marks my last semester at the Mount, my last homecoming basketball game, my last homecoming dance, my last chance to hang out with my fellow Mounties, my last time living with college roommates, and my last time walking the Mount's scenic campus as an undergraduate. This scares me. I spent seventeen years of my life in school and now I must enter the "real world."

2010 means the job search is on. The job search hit me over the head like a frying pan when I met with my advisor to plan out courses for my last semester. When my advisor asked me about my plans after graduation, I told her I planned to get a job. When she suggested that I meet with the Mount's career center to discuss networking ASAP, I knew I couldn't drag my heels in the Mount's muddy grasses much longer. It was time to face the facts.

Even though the mirror might think I'm still a high school student, the calendar says I'm an adult and ready for the working world. I have already worked on my resume and met with the Mount's career counselors for resume critiques. Now I just need to find the perfect job.

This is not an easy task.

I've looked into websites the ca-

reer center gave me to help guide my search. I've puzzled over job listings on careerbuilder.com and even looked at postings in the online version of my local newspaper. My goal is to find a job as a writer or an editor for a publication or company. Unfortunately, all my dream jobs (such as working for a major magazine) are located in New York City.

I cannot picture myself living in the Big Apple and rushing to work amidst crowds of men in collared shirts and suit jackets and women in black pencil skirts and colorful blouses. I do not think a girl from the 'burbs would adjust well to the fast-paced lifestyle of the city. I have a feeling that the last semester of my senior year will be filled with anxiety and stress. So many jobs require prior work experience; will I ever find anyone who is willing to take a chance on me? I foresee plenty of job fairs and meetings with the career center in my future!

On a better note, 2010 means mountain friendships. I hope to spend a lot of time with my Mount family before I graduate. One of the reasons I came to the Mount was the people.

When I came to the Mount's Fall Open House, I immediately noticed the friendliness of the staff and students. I will definitely miss the Mount's loving, community atmosphere. I plan to work on these friendships during my final semester. This means spending quality time with my roommates and all those whom I've been blessed to call friends during my four years on Mary's Mountain.

There are some friends that I did not get to see much this past semester. Perhaps I will host a few get-togethers so that I can spend time with the people who have made my college experience mem-



orable. This might entail a night filled with romantic comedies and my "home-cooking" (aka a meal in a box that I pour into a pan and place in the oven. It's a lot more appetizing than it sounds!). Or maybe I will get brave and host a cupcake decorating party.

You would think living in an apartment for one semester would mean I've turned into Rachael Ray in the kitchen. Unfortunately, this is not the case. The microwave is still my best friend. I will make sure I invite some Susie homemakers if I decide to have a baking extravaganza.

2010 means resolutions. This year, I will gear my resolutions toward my life at the Mount. I resolve to do my best in the classroom. After all, these are the last classes I will ever take; I need to make the most of them! I will study hard, even if that means sticking fifty Spanish flashcards all over my apartment (I had to do that for one of my Spanish class-

es in the past and it helped me a lot!). That said, I resolve not to allow schoolwork to consume my life.

I've been down that path before; the fall of my freshman year consisted of me opting to spend hours with my head buried in a textbook instead of getting ice cream with my friends. I resolve to socialize as much as I can, whether that means venturing to the Ott House on college night or having a picnic with my Mount crew.

I also resolve to attempt baking. Hopefully, I won't set off any smoke alarms. I apologize to the Emmitsburg Volunteer Fire Company in advance. Also, I resolve to visit the Mount's athletic complex. Those treadmills and exercise bikes have been calling my name for four years, but I have barely paid them any attention. This is my last chance to use the Mount's exercise equipment for free! Finally, I resolve to spend more time on my knees in

the Mount's beautiful chapels. I will do my best to incorporate my prayer life into my hectic schedule. I often forget to thank the Man Upstairs for the many blessings He has given me.

2010 will surely be a memorable year. It is the start of a new decade - the start of my final semester at the Mount. It will mark my transformation from college student to working woman. The ongoing job search may be stressful, but I am sure it will be tempered with good times. Here's to the Mount's Class of 2010! It won't be long before we're all walking across the stage!

Chelsea is a incredibly talented writer majoring in English at the Mount, and who, in spite of her worries, we fully expect will land a exceptional job in the field of Journalism!

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



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STAGES OF LIFE

I'm a dad again

Daddy therapy

Brian Barth

It's Valentine's day and I've decided to plan a nice romantic night out with my wife. She is now a few weeks away from having our third child. I asked my brother and his wife to watch our two kids for a few hours so we could enjoy our meal without having kids fighting, or asking "can I have another soda," or complaining because they don't like anything on the menu.

We had a bit of a wait and my wife wasn't feeling particularly well that day. I think the baby was laying on a nerve. Like any great husband I made my way up to the hostess stand. Trying to get seated quicker because I

don't have any patience, I played the pregnancy card. I laid it on quick and thick, some of my better work. I told with hostess "that my wife was having pregnancy pains and she really wanted to have a nice meal with me before delivering our third child."

The young girl looked over at my wife and said to me "is she okay?" This is the part I laid it on a little thick. I sheepishly looked up at this young girl and said "she is due soon." Next thing I knew we were being seated and asked if "there was anything we needed?" I simply said "she will be fine."

After we sat, my wife asked me "what did you say to that hostess?" I told her "I only asked how long the

wait was and mentioned that we were eager to have a nice meal before having our next child." My wife looked at me, didn't say a word, but knew I wasn't telling her the complete story.

Playing the pregnancy card almost makes me want to have another kid. I said almost! Seems you can guilt your way to the front of the grocery line, movie theaters, and as proven any restaurant.

Proud of myself I took my time ordering and enjoyed my dinner without worrying about our other kids disrupting the people next to us.

When we finished the meal and the bill came, remembering that I clearly finagled our way from waiting, my wife said, "you better tip the waitress well." So much for my proud moment thinking I beat the system.

Mom's time out

Abigail Shiyer

I think Valentine's Day means something different for just about everyone. Depending on one's age, beliefs and current situation in life the thought of Valentine's Day could evoke emotions ranging anywhere from exciting to depressing.

What are you looking forward to this Valentine's Day? Is it exchanging "be mine" cards and candy with friends? Is it going out to dinner with your special someone? Or do you have loftier goals? Are you looking for that special piece of jewelry? Or a romantic night out? Or just dinner and a movie? Maybe you will be planning a romantic getaway with your Valentine? Or maybe Valentine's Day will come and go and you will never give it a second thought. There have been times in my past where I would have fit into any of those situations.

Or - Maybe you are one of the lucky ones... Maybe you are blessed with young children in your life who give you unconditional love and joy every day. Maybe the sheer thought of Valentine's Day makes you feel happy because you are fortunate enough to share love like you never knew existed. It is funny how children tend to change you in a way that can't be explained. Things that were once important - don't matter so much anymore. And on the other hand, things that you never even thought about before are front and center in your mind.

For me, and probably a lot of other mothers of young children - my perfect Valentine's Day will go something like this:

My 1 1/2 year old will wake up first. He will stand up in his crib and yell, "Mom", "Maaaum", "Mommy", "Mameee", "Mom - Get Me". This will go on for as long as it takes me to get myself out of bed, put my slippers

on and whiz down the hall to his room to get him before his sister hears him and wakes up. He will smile at me and say, "Hi Mom" and ask for milk. When I pick him up out of the crib first thing in the morning, I will get the best hug anyone could ever hope for. He and I will go down to the kitchen and spend some quality time together for about an hour before anyone else gets up. It is a very special time - we start our day together, we talk about what we want for breakfast and what we will do today. We usually laugh at the cat for some reason or another and we always say I love you several times every morning.

About an hour later, I will hear another little voice calling my name. She is a four-year-old and doesn't need me to help her out of bed, but she likes me to greet her and carry her down the steps. I do it happily because I know some day not so far away, she will be too big for me to carry - and for now we both love it.

Valentine's Day will be just like any other day for me - but, I plan to spend the day appreciating these little Valentine's that have taken over my life. The kids will enjoy making and giving cards. And - who knows - we may even make some cupcakes or special heart shaped cookies.

That evening won't be spent waiting an hour or so to get into some fancy restaurant. We won't be stressed about spending way too much money on a meal that we will forget about tomorrow. We won't be going to the movies or asking for extravagant gifts. I doubt we will see any chocolate or flowers. - and that is just fine. We will spend a very "special" evening together as a family - much like every other evening. We will have dinner and retire to the family room where we will play and

color and dance and laugh and enjoy another evening at home together.

When it is time to put the kids to bed, I will get some of the most awesome hugs and kisses any woman could ever ask for. I am a Mom and there is no better love than the love of a child. And there is no better feeling than having children to love. I have learned that a person cannot be happy unless they have someone to love. I have also learned that a person cannot be happy unless someone loves them back.

I wish everyone a Happy Valentine's Day. Go out there and love and be loved and enjoy the day in whatever way feels right for you. I would like to share this beautiful poem by Helen Steiner Rice. It is called 'A Mother's Love' and it is so true.

A Mother's Love

A Mother's love is something that no one can explain,
It is made of deep devotion
and of sacrifice and pain,
It is endless and unselfish
and enduring come what may
For nothing can destroy it
or take that love away . . .
It is patient and forgiving
when all others are forsaking,
And it never fails or falters
even though the heart is
breaking . . .
It believes beyond believing
when the world around con-
demns,
And it glows with all the beauty
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it defies all explanation,
And it still remains a secret
like the mysteries of creation . . .
A many splendored miracle
man cannot understand
And another wondrous evidence
of God's tender guiding hand.

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

Lizy Bizzy

Elizabeth Ryan



Last month, my mom, grandparents and I went to the farm show in Harrisburg. We always go every year and I always love it. But part of the reason why I like it is probably because I get to miss school, which is always exciting.

We arrived at the farm show early in the morning, which meant that we had the whole day to be there. My grandfather is a farmer so he always likes to go and I like to go because I want to become either a zookeeper or a farmer.

As soon as we walked in, I saw the butter sculpture. It looked really cool. Next, we decided to see some of the animals. We went to see the chickens first. We have chickens at my house, so I always like to look at the different kinds, like frizzles, silkies and buff. Along with the adult chickens, there are the chicks and chicks that are hatching from eggs. That is probably one of the loudest rooms in the whole building because of all the loud roosters. But I don't mind.

Then we went to see the rabbits. I saw my favorite kind: the angora rabbits. They are the kind that you can get wool from. Someone was there spinning the angora wool as well as someone who was looming. They even had the rabbits out on a table so you could pet them. They didn't only have angora rabbits but they also had jersey woolies, lops and many more.

We then went to see the beef and dairy cattle. As we were walking down the aisles, I was naming all of the breeds of cattle I saw, like Jerseys, Holstein, Milking Shorthorn and others. My grandfather and I were trying to name them as fast as we could. Their hides were shiny because they must have been all prettied-up for the show and sale.

Next, we went to see the goats.

They are always my favorite because I have a boer goat called "Oscar." I told my grandparents all of the breeds that I knew. In the same building there was a bison! He was huge! Right next to the bison there was a deer. His name was Seth. He was laying down sleeping. Sheep were in the next building. Some of them were being shaved and there was lots of wool on the ground.

Next, was a mother pig and her piglets. My grandparents and I were trying to guess how many piglets there were but they were moving too fast. We ended up with a count of ten.

We had to see the tractors. I have always thought that was the most boring part of the farm show but it is my grandfather's favorite part. Pop-pop gave me an entire lesson on the old kinds of tractors used. It was actually pretty interesting.

Then it was off to the bee exhibit. My grandmother and I were busy trying to pick out the queen bee. We found her eventually. I had so much fun I didn't want to go home. I can't wait to go back next year. Maybe next year pop-pop will help me get Oscar ready and instead of just going, we can be part of the show.

Thirteen-year-old Elizabeth Ryan lives in Fairfield and attends St. Francis Xavier Elementary School.

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STAGES OF LIFE

A teen's view Leadership

Kat Dart

Peter Drucker, a writer and a management consultant, once said, "Management is doing things right; leadership is doing the right things."

Leadership is a very powerful word and noun. What is a leader? Some think it is a person who keeps everything under control, while others believe it is a person with power and money. Some think a leader is a person with respect. Perhaps a leader is a person like that.

To me, there are two types of leaders - a real leader, and a leader. The difference? A real leader is the person willing to give up everything, and will help anyone. A leader has people willing to follow him or her, and has little trouble convincing people to do the 'right' thing. However, while saying 'real leader' may seem to make a 'leader' inferior, it is not like that. The major difference is that a leader is more common - and generally is not recognized as a leader. They are our everyday people. A 'real' leader, to me, just means that he is not always there, but when he is, we all know. For that we should all be grateful. Martin Luther King, Abraham Lincoln, and George Washington are all example of real leaders.

Real leaders need qualities that make people willing to follow them. They look out for the greater good, and peoples' individual good, too. They are willing to self



sacrifice for someone. They can give a clear reason for why they do the things they do. They are strong, have powerful friends and are respectful of others. To a real leader, everyone is equal.

However, a leader can be anyone. Maybe it is the little boy who convinces all of his friends that they should clean up. Perhaps it is the girl who gives out valuable advice to her friends. Maybe it is the guidance counselor who will take any questions at any time and give out ideas for future classes. Maybe it is the person who is trying to lead us out of a war.

We do not always see a leader for who he or she is. Children tend to not see their parents as leaders. But they are, and we should appreciate them now before we regret it in the future. Parents show us what they believe to be correct. They push us now to get good grades so we can accomplish anything later. They tell us to clean up our appearance so a first impression is always done well. They sometimes may punish us to get us to understand the difference between right and wrong. Do we, as teens and chil-

dren, really understand why parents do the things they do? Not always - but do we bother to ask why?

Teachers are real leaders because they are willing to give up time and resources to teach students. They are willing to tutor, give advice and re-teach a subject when they need to in order to help their students. They work with individual students, as well as the whole class, and are willing to adjust their classroom schedule so everyone can be on the same page.

I could probably name almost any occupation and tell why someone in that occupation may be a leader or a real leader; however I get the feeling that it would take too long.

February has a lot of leader's birthdays- on February twelfth, it is Abraham Lincoln's birthday. On the fifteenth, it is Susan B. Anthony's. On the twenty second, it is George Washington's.

Also in February is Valentine's Day - is anyone doing anything special? I might be going down to Emmitsburg with my sisters. I'll probably also be going shopping for those cutesy Valentine's Day cards with my younger sisters for their whole class very soon. On the thirteenth, I may be attending the 'Hauser After Hours, Valentine-Style' in Biglerville - I heard that it plays good music and is always fun to attend.

Also - in school we have started up our new classes. I suppose I am somewhat nervous to start them; however I don't think anything can be worse than Honors Geometry! I think it will be difficult adjusting to new ways to get around school, and new classes. And to think, I had just gotten used to all of my old ones! Oh well.

Good luck to anyone who is planning something special for their loved ones, happy Valentine's Day, and happy birthday to everyone who has a birthday in February. See you next month!

Kat is a sophomore Catactin Catholic High School and lives with her parents in Emmitsburg.

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

On no! Teenage Drivers

Danielle Ryan

Driving is freedom. Driving is independence. Driving is thrilling. Driving is just plain fun...or so says every teenager across America.

What do the parents have to say? "My kid is on the road? There goes the insurance rate!" And of course there is the infamous teasing remark, "Ok everyone, my kid just started driving, so for your own safety, STAY OFF THE ROAD!" Then there are those parents who actually want their kids to drive because they know that their kids will do most anything for them as long as it means that they are able to be driving by themselves. Although some parents may not look forward to having their teen driving, driving is an experience that every teen and parent must go through at some point.

I wasn't in the "right" mind set when first beginning to drive. Yes, I knew that driving offered many opportunities for freedom and independence and maybe even more fun. I also knew, however, that along with driving came many responsibilities such as rules while driving, possible errands to run for my parents, and of course the responsibility of driving other people around. These "negative" circumstances, or at least I considered them to be potentially negative, were the only things that seemed to stand out in my mind when I thought about getting my driver's license.

My mom decided that it was best to start, where else, but in a parking lot. When I began to drive in the parking lot, I was terrified that I would crash into something, even though there wasn't much to crash into other than the curb. Surprisingly, my mom was less scared than I was. She seemed to trust me as a new driver even if I didn't trust myself.

After driving around the parking lot for about an hour, my mom told me that it was time to go out on a road. "What?" I asked in disbelief. "Are you kidding me? No way!" I said. Driving in a parking lot was one thing, but driving on a road was something I was just not prepared for yet.

So we bargained that she would drive through Fairfield and take me to a back road where very few cars traveled, so I could experience driving on a road with cars.

Driving on the road was even scarier than the parking lot. This road has lines that I had to stay between. Luckily I had no problem with staying in between the lines; the problem turned out to be that I found myself scared of cars on the other side of the road and I wanted to stay as far away from them as I could. Of course,



my mom told me several times that I didn't have to be scared of the other cars and that it was not good to hug the white line.

After this first experience, I knew that I was in for a very hard several months - fifty hours to be exact.

I found that while learning to drive, there were many obstacles and fears that I had to overcome in order to drive. These fears included: the fear of other cars, the fear of hitting something, especially an animal because they always seemed to want to run directly in front of me, highway driving and being surrounded by cars on both sides instead of just one side, driving any speed over 50 mph, pedestrians crossing the street when they are not supposed to, and of course being in an accident.

Now, I know I sound like a baby being scared of all of these things, but I was a new driver and I found that while driving, you have to be very aware of absolutely everything around you. In my mind, that was a very scary thought. Not to mention, while I was driving, I was ultimately responsible for the lives of whoever happened to be in the car at the time.

Though it did take awhile, I eventually conquered most of these fears and fifty hours later, I was ready to take my driving test.

Luckily, I had the choice of taking my test through my school with an instructor that I had for a previous class. I'm glad that I did because he was used to paranoid teenage drivers and knew how to make me relax so I could concentrate on my driving.

After five hours of driving and an hour long test, I came out successful. I passed my driving test! I finally had my license!

Of course, my mom was thrilled that I had passed the test and she now knew that I could drive myself places that she normally had to drive me to (one less thing that she had to do). Yet two months later, I still have not driven alone. I'm not sure why. Maybe it's because after all those years of being driven by my mother, I've come to enjoy our time together in the car. I know someday she is going to be gone, so why waste a good opportunity to enjoy her company?

Danielle is a Junior at Delone Catholic High School and lives with her parents in Fairfield.



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STAGES OF LIFE

Bring up Ben

Olivia Sielaff

When you think of a man's prized possessions what comes to mind? It could possibly be his car or truck, a garage full of tools, autographed sports memorabilia, a large flat screen TV, or a wall of proudly displayed hunting mounts. My little brother already has some of these trophies like a car he and Dad are fixing up, a garage for tools, and plenty of sports memorabilia from Nascar to MLB. However, the one thing he doesn't quite have is the coveted wall of hunting trophies; this may be because he's not a 'man' yet, or because he hasn't gone on enough hunting trips. But either way, it is something Ben wishes to have someday, or rather, he wishes to have a log cabin with every wall consumed from top to bottom with hunting mounts. Of course, the only way this could become reality is if he actually hunts enough.

In the past two or three years, Ben has taken an interest in hunting. His enthusiasm probably started when he was first able to shoot a BB gun, or when his friend had shot his first buck and then Ben felt that he had to do it,

too. In any case, as soon as Ben studied for and passed the Hunter's Safety Course test and began practicing, he found a new hobby.

With every hobby, there comes equipment and must-have accessories. This is especially true with hunting. I always thought that all you needed for the sport was a gun, some camouflage, and patience. After seeing all the things Ben and Dad have purchased for their hobby, I was wrong. Besides the essentials, Ben has bought some things I wouldn't have guessed a hunter would need. For instance, there's the gun safe, various patterns of camouflage outfits, important little do-dads that can easily get lost, deer scent, hand warmers, turkey calls, broad heads (whatever they are), a smokehouse, and the list goes on and on!

Whenever Ben gets the chance to go shopping for hunting equipment, he's like a kid in a candy shop. He always counts how much money he has, gathers up his giftcards, and makes a list of what he needs. Ben could spend hours looking through every aisle and not get bored; he pretty much has every aisle

memorized in his favorite store and knows exactly where to go when he's looking for a specific item. You could certainly say that Ben shopping for hunting gear is comparable to a woman shopping for clothes!

One experience Ben looks forward to every year is the Sportsman Show in Pennsylvania, any hunter's dream one-stop shopping event. Ben always wears camouflage from head to toe when he goes, saves up his money to buy something special, and then comes home with a huge stack of fliers and magazines that he looks through for days afterward. Thankfully I've never been there, but from what Ben tells me there are rows and rows of exhibitors selling the latest and greatest in hunting equipment. The dinner conversations after the show are all about the neatest things he saw and did. Yes, it gets monotonous in a few days, but it's always better than Ben talking nonsense or playing with his food during dinner.

One thing that Ben always makes sure he gets is a lot of fliers from the Sportsman Show on taxidermy. He loves hunting, but taxidermy is what he aspires to as his dream job. When Ben first announced that he wanted to be a taxidermist, we thought he was joking, but so far he's still intent on learning the trade. In fact, he already has his college years planned out; he wants to go to a taxidermy institute when he's eighteen and from there start his own taxidermy business. He's al-



ways saying things like "When I'm a taxidermist..." or "In my store I'm going to have..." I think this is a perfect job for Ben because he obviously loves wildlife and hunting, and he's a very detailed-oriented person.

There's only one problem with Ben's pastime: he hasn't shot a deer yet. My little brother has gone hunting plenty of times, but every time he comes home with nothing. One of the reasons Ben hasn't been so successful might be because Dad says Ben is never patient when they go hunting. This is a big factor when it comes to being a good hunter. Ben and Dad always get up very early and sit in a tree-stand all day just waiting for an animal to come by. Sometimes they walk around, but either way, they have to be very patient and extra quiet. These are two things Ben doesn't do so well when it comes to hunting or anything else. Of course,

any twelve-year-old boy doesn't want to sit around and be quiet. But when he goes hunting, Ben has to learn that the reward only comes if he waits patiently.

Even though most of my family doesn't take an interest in hunting, we still support Ben with his hobby and aspirations to become a taxidermist. First, when Ben had to take the Hunter's Safety course, he learned that studying hard for a test was important in order to achieve his hunting license. Also, he's realized that sometimes a hobby can become expensive, so he has to watch how much money he spends and how much he really needs something. Finally, my little brother is slowly but surely learning that patience pays off, especially in hunting.

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

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STAGES OF LIFE

Losing mom



Sandra Polvinale

Part 3: The Ruby slippers from the wizard of Oz?

When you love somebody you do just about anything to make them feel joy or laugh. Love transcends all time and space, and in MY family nothing is sacred when it comes to humor. Momma Chic was in her twilight state as two of my sisters were gathered around her bedside with me. They thought Mom was asleep and didn't think Mom could hear us. I said, "Oh yeah? Well watch this."

Remember, my Mother was a gracious refined fashion plate and a Beauty Pageant Queen from the 1950's. With a look of total mischief on my face, I walked over and picked up a pair of my sister's new shoes that looked like the ruby slippers in the Wizard of Oz. I said "Mom, have you seen your daughter's new red sparkly patent leather shoes?" Right away like the great miracle of Lazarus coming out from the tomb, she sat up eyes wide open and was jabbering on and on about how cute they were, and were they comfortable and would not let go of them. My sisters laughed so hard we were crying, once again from humor.

Another time she was in her sleep mode when I called my man friend to come play his violin for Celtic music she loved. He stood at the foot of her bed and just looked on as she seemed to be sleeping. Oh no no no! She again sat right up waved and smiled her model runway smile only a beauty queen knows how to do. I laughed so hard. We all did, including Mom! My Mother is the only one I have ever known that would come straight out of a coma for a beautiful pair of shoes and a cute guy! My Mother kept her keen sense of humor the entire time.

My Father was teasing her saying he wanted to get her checkbook to pay one of her bills. She shot right up again and said "No way!" She had laid back down, sat up with her finger pointing at him in jest with enthusiasm and said "No way Jose!" And we all roared with laughter. She was forever the comedian. My Mother really knew how to work a room.

Is this what they call the death rattles?

My Mother became serious for a moment, sat upright and held my hand with both her tiny petite hands and said, "Sandi, my darling baby girl, I am so sorry you had such a hard life. I truly am." I just smiled and said, "But Mom, I had you!"

I said "Mom, do you want me to tell you the truth of what is going on with your body as time goes on, or would you prefer to not know?" "Sandi, I am not afraid to die and would like to know everything going on." My Mother was a fighter from the word go all her life. One day Mom was struggling for breath and she had a gurgle sound. Mom said, "Sandi,

is this what they call the death rattles?" "I think so Mom, but we have medicines here to take care of that. Does that frighten you Mom?" "Oh no darling, I'm ready for Freddie!" And she laughed. But Mom pointed upward and said I can't wait to see Jesus. I am SO ready to go home." "I know Mom, I am a little envious. I can't wait to see Him too, but not too soon!" And we both chuckled.

"Mom, if you see your Mother or Jesus coming to get you, would you tell me straight up, wouldn't you?" Mom chuckled at that and said, "Sure I would!" "OK Mom, just checking."

Going Home, Going Home, we are going home...

From the old African American folk hymns, I heard in my head, the tune, "Going home".

"I'm ready to go home Sandi, but will you stay with me and hold me?" "I will hold you for as long as you want. I am never too tired to hold you Mom!" "Mom, when you get to heaven, would you please tell Chris that I'm not too mad that I haven't heard from him in a while?" We both laughed but knew we were serious also.

Mom really hasn't been feeling well in a long time. When I would come to visit, we would sleep together like sisters in her double bed and hold hands as we chatted and drifted off to sleep giggling and whispering. I usually fell asleep first since I worked so hard. One time she started talking real loud and woke me up out of a sound sleep, and I said "MOM! I was asleep!" "Oh, I'm sorry darling. I just wanted to know about the boyfriend you were dating." And I said, "Which one?" And that was enough to roar into laughter until we cried. I said, "Well, I'm my Mother's daughter." And she laughed again reminding me of her youth and dating.

The hearing is very acute in the end of your life. You could hear a pin drop on a carpet.

My sisters and I were getting a little slap happy with lack of sleep and giggling in the bathroom adjoining her bedroom. She looked over at us, pointed her finger and raised her eyebrow. We laughed and I said, "I know Mom, we're funny!" And she smiled a square smile, since her muscles were not all functioning now. She laughed and smiled and joked until Jesus came to get her, for Jesus created a character beyond belief.

The hardest thing I ever had to ask my Mother

The closer we got to my sister's birthday, the more agitated my sister grew. I called my brother that shares a birthday to see if it would bother him to have Mom die on his birthday. He was fine with that. My little sister was pacing and worrying day after day that my Mother would die on her birthday. Mom had already given her birthday gift and Dad had mailed her card with Mom, Dad and I signing it.

There was no known reason my Mother was hanging on. Time was ticking and her trip at night as she called it was not taken as of yet. She had not gone on this announced trip. My sister was becoming so upset thinking about her birthday and Mom leaving on that day. I felt so sorry for her, for she is the baby of the family.

I went in to Mom's room alone and held her in my arms, rocking her gently whispering Mom...Mom...can you hear me, it's Sandi. She nodded her head yes. I asked her to open her eyes and look at me. She did. "Mom, I need to ask you the hardest thing I have ever asked anyone." As I rocked her slowly, I asked her if she was holding on to be here for her children's

birthdays. "Mom, IS THERE A TRAFFIC JAM IN HEAVEN? Because if there isn't, please, it is just three hours until your kid's birthdays and your little one is getting herself all worked up. Please Mom, relax and feel yourself float to heaven. Let's do some relaxing breathing and feel yourself just float to Jesus. Mom nodded to say yes, now I see. She actually squeezed her eyes together like she was concentrating and talking to God himself...."

All my Mother ever wanted to do in her life was to be just that... a Mother. She had talents that could have made her so famous and she had been an illustrator of Jet planes in Baltimore and sold hundreds of paintings won prizes, sang in mini operas and was a beauty queen. But all she ever wanted to be was a good Mother and wife. Mom was distressed to see her youngest child so distressed, so as one last sacrifice being a devoted Mother to the end, she took her last breath as smooth as silk. So peaceful my Mother's soul was carried away by the angels themselves. My Momma Chic willed herself to pass to the angels as only a Mother can do 35 minutes before her children's birthdays. It was a peaceful and beautiful transition full of grace and dignity as the gracious woman she was all her life.

May the angels welcome you to paradise. May the martyrs greet you on your way. May you see the face of the Lord this day. My Mother and my husband now gone from my sight, but not lost forever, until we meet again Mom. "I love you more than you love me," I said to her in a camera video. "Oh No you don't." That little clip of video is one of the most precious gifts my Mother has ever given me. To say she loved me before she went to heaven, and she did!

Part 4 next month

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COLD WAR WARRIORS

Editors Note: The Cold War was the continuing state of political & military conflict that began soon after the end of World War II and continued up until the collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991. The competition existed primarily between the USSR and the US and its NATO allies. Although the military forces of the US and USSR never officially 'clashed,' there were an untold number of 'less than friendly' interactions that never made it into the news. With the end of the Cold War and lifting of secrecy rules, old Cold War Warriors are finally getting the chance to tell families and friends stories once only told in closed wardrooms. Stories such as ...

How I extended the Cold War

Commander Mike Cuseo, USN Retired

I was the commanding officer of the USS Peregrine, a steel hulled mine sweeper. In the summer of 1964, I was ordered to take the Peregrine into the shipyard where it was converted into a "Special Operations" boat to track the movement of Soviet Ballistic Missile Submarines.

It was less than two years after the Cuban Missile Crisis and tensions were running high between the US and Soviet navies. Upon completion of the conversion, the Peregrine set sail for the Atlantic. For the next twenty months we steamed the Caribbean, the African East Coast, and the North Atlantic - from the Arctic Ocean and Norwegian Sea to Greenland. Wherever there was the possibility of a Soviet submarine, we tried to be there before them.

For a time we operated out of Rosyth, Scotland, which put us right on the sea lane used by Soviet ships departing their main naval ports near Mumansk. To reach the open Atlantic, Soviet ships had to pass through what was called the "GIUK" gap. The Gap was a series of narrow passages between Greenland, Iceland, and the United Kingdom, which because of their narrowness, allowed US and NATO forces to easily identify and track Soviet ships.

Finding surface ships was easy, but finding submersed Soviet submarines was difficult, especially when they ran through deep underwater trenches several thousand miles in length.

Because of the nature of our operations, we often were escorted by Soviet ships that constantly harassed us, hoping to keep us preoccupied so that Soviet submarines might slip by undetected.

To locate Soviet submarines, the Peregrine towed a sophisticated piece of sonar behind it that could be lowered to depths up to 1500 feet. It was connected to the ship's stern with a tow wire, which made it susceptible to being captured by a Soviet ship using a grapple hook.

To grapple my sonar, the Soviet destroyers would charge at my ship at high speeds, that at first always seemed to put them on a collision course - but they just wanted to pass astern at close range to maximize their chance of 'grappling' the towed sonar.

To avoid them from 'grappling' it, I would slow the ship down, and if necessary come to an all stop. By slowing or stopping the ship, the sonar would sink out of the range of their hooks.

Close encounters were the norm at the time. I was ready for that. But what I wasn't ready for was for them turning their large search lights onto my bridge at night - a flagrant violation of international 'Rules of the Road.'

One night, a Soviet destroyer pulled the 'bright light - close approach' tactic. As they did so, the Soviet bridge officers leaned over their bridge, which towered over mine, and looked down upon me with fold-

ed arms and grim, stoic faces. I stared back.

I had had enough of their antics and decided it was payback time. The search light was high above the bridge near their fire control directors, so if I chose to put a bullet through the light, it would not threaten any of their crew. I took a rifle out of the armory and aimed the gun at the search light and waited to see what they would do. The Soviet officers just stared, figuring I was kidding them - an American surely would not risk a third World War over a simple search light.

Minutes went by. I pointed up at the light and pointed at my gun and shook my head in positive up and down motion - no reaction - after a short wait, I finally lowered the gun. They had called my bluff. But I wasn't done yet.

I passed the word over the ship's announcing system: "Bag of potatoes to the bridge." I pulled a nice large one out of the bag and held it up to show the Soviets. They were unimpressed. I threw it up and down in my hand for a few minutes, then threw a perfect strike right into the light.

Now the search light was made of many overlapping prisms, so it made a delightful musical clatter as some of the prisms broke, which brought only slight stirring among the Soviet spectators. After a few more potato strikes however, the destroyer moved slowly away - just out of my potato range.

Not to be deterred, I passed the word, "Yeoman Smith lay to the

bridge." We had a decent softball team on board with the biggest and best player being Yeoman Smith.

"Smith, can you hit that light?" I asked him.

"I can try." He said with a smile.

Smith's first try went wide, but the second potato hit the light dead center, at which time I ordered: "Rapid continuous potatoes; commence firing."

The flurry of potatoes hitting the search light caused a commotion on the Soviet ship's bridge. They were ready to exchange guns shots, but potatoes?

The Soviet ship moved 300 yards astern of me and stayed there.

A few hours passed, during which I went into a slow steam, not satisfied that I had gotten even. I decided to up the ante.

I had on board several thousand small depth charges, part of my anti-submarine project. They had 3 hand grenade type pins inserted. Depending on which pin you pulled, they would hydro explode at 50ft, 150ft, or 500 ft.

I opened one box and removed its twelve bombs. I pulled the 50 ft. pins out of all of them, punctured holes in the ammo box, and placed the bombs back in the box and clamped it shut. I informed the crew what I intended to do. "You're nuts" was their general reply. "But go ahead - we're with you."

I dropped the box off the fantail. It was so dark out that the Soviets never saw the box go overboard, so they had no clue what was about to happen.

Within minutes there was this tremendous "WHOMP" - like a large depth charge. I smiled and I envisioned the confusion on the Soviet destroyer's bridge. Then, as I regained my senses I thought, Holy c--p, what did I just do? The Soviet ship came to an all stop and faded back into the dark sea.



Not knowing if they knew I had done this, my mind came up with numerous scenarios of what the next few hours or days would bring us. Possible physical retaliation - or a report to Moscow - that would protest to Washington - with an immediate change of command and court martial?

Instead, I got what I wanted - I got left alone! We proceeded on our mission and had no further visitors for a whole month. But that month alone gave me time to ponder how foolish I had acted.

Two things became obvious to me. One, the operator of the destroyer's sonar would probably receive a medical discharge because the explosion would have blown out his eardrums. And two, I probably blew out the destroyer's sonar dome, which would force it back to port where its poor Captain would have to explain to unsympathetic commanders how he got bested by a puny little American ship.

I didn't even want to consider option 3: How I might just have extended the Cold War.

Mike Cuseo now calls Harney 'homeport.' As a seasoned Cold War Warrior, he will be a regular contributor to this column.

If you're a Cold War Veteran and have stories you feel safe to now share, send them to us at editor@emmitsburg.com



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UNSUNG HEROS

Meet Dr. Bonita Portier

Brian Brill Jr.

As the debate over proper medical care has blossomed to a national feud enraging the mildest mannered souls into fisticuffs at town hall meetings, a local patriarch in Emmitsburg Maryland has very quietly, yet boldly launched her own painstaking solution to a very complex national issue.

After years of working as a physician, Dr. Bonita Portier experienced a first-hand insider's view of some of the conflicting goals that were growing in the healthcare industry. She had hoped these conflicting goals in the healthcare industry would naturally be resolved over time: much like the mending of a small wound.

Sadly, she disturbingly found the number of conflicting goals within this realm were not resolving but instead were growing! Moreover, the level of the discrepancies in healthcare were only spreading, like a cancer. Some of these discrepancies increased well beyond their original levels and troubled her on a personal, ethical, and moral level. It was at this point that she realized that the illness of the healthcare industry may not resolve naturally to heal itself. Dr. Portier was most concerned about how the less fortunate would get caught up in the pathology of the woes of the wounded healthcare industry and be denied basic care.

Slowly and steadily over time, Dr. Portier had begun to quietly brainstorm about a solution to the increasing concern over the ills of healthcare. Being raised with honest yet simple means, she had a heartfelt, grassroots concern for those with meager resources. She often pondered how to circumvent the growing conflicting goals of the healthcare system to provide care to the needy while also serving her own conscience. The problem was ripe with dilemmas and human suffering.

Knowing her own limitations and the complexity of this issue, she requested the counsel of many other professionals well outside the scope of medicine. During many steps along this road, the advice of her councilors was clear, "It could not be done!" Refusing to

acquiesce, Dr. Portier forged onward with her dream. After reaching dead end after dead end, finally, after exhaustive research, she launched the non-profit educational facility called the Emmitsburg Osteopathic Primary Care Center (EOPCC) located ostentatiously at 121-123 Rear W. Main Street.

So what is the EOPCC? It is a nonprofit doctor's office! This is the result of Dr. Portier's persistent multi-decade quest for a potential solution to the healthcare issue. EOPCC is very unique and brazen prescription for an ailing healthcare system and includes those of us who were not born with a silver spoon in our mouths. She has creatively managed to protect her patients by distancing them from the turmoil of conflicting parties in the healthcare arena while serving her conscience as well.

Her community service goes well beyond her patients. She helps inspire the youth of the healthcare field by sponsoring a litany of students with a cornucopia of varying goals. Students frequent her office in the form of medical assistants, nurse practitioner students, and medical students. They reap the benefits of seeing health care through a completely new set of eyes.

Dr. Portier has been fortunate in receiving accolades for her devotion. Some of the recent awards she has

won are: Osteopathic doctor of the year 2007, family practice of the year 2009, Frederick Community College award for taking the highest volume of nursing students.

Like many who devote their lives to others, Dr. Portier exercises a lot of self-sacrifice while engaging a very strong work ethic. She works seven days a week. I personally worked with her for two months as a medical student, and she took no days off during that time period except for a few days for the birth of her 6th grandchild: this includes Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's. Her work ethic is so strong that she made it all the way to the national finals for the Ever-ready energizer bunny award! I can only wonder who beat her?

Following along the edicts of Dr. Portier's solution, the EOPCC houses a broad-based spectrum of healthcare services. They offer podiatry services and acupuncture in her office while also offering a surprisingly large number of lab tests. She has developed a network of other associations and relationships with other health care providers in the area to aid her patients for other more specialized tests.

If you see Dr. Portier, please remind her to take sometime for herself. I know we can never quiet that flame that drives such a pioneer in order to take a day off but, perhaps if you say thanks, maybe



you could talk her into a few hours away in order to give her a well deserved break.

If you are a health care industry and struggling with some of the previously listed internal strife, or just looking for a way to help

serve the community, perhaps you could stop by and have a refreshing discussion with Dr. Portier and her staff. It might just be what the doctor ordered. Perhaps you may even find yourself volunteering at EOPCC as I did!

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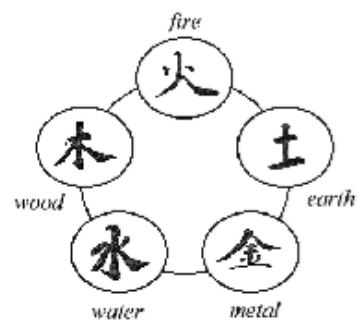
The Five Elements of Yin

Part 1 – The Water Element

Renee Lehman

A few months ago I described the Yin – Yang symbol and explained how the ancient Chinese observed a cyclical pattern of expression in nature, calling this the Five Elements. These Elements or energies are felt to be the prime energetic building blocks from which everything in the material world is composed. 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).

Remember that the ancient Chi-



nese never saw the Elements as five “distinct things”. It can be easy to forget that the Five Elements are describing the “Oneness” of the universe (just imagine putting a Yin – Yang symbol inside the above circle of the Five Elements). The Qi (pronounced “chee”), or vital life force that makes up everything and that shapes everything, is in a constant state of change and transformation. The Five Elements express and embody the aspects of this change and movement within the Qi energy.

Each Element describes a particular movement and the particular qualities which belong to a specific state of the changing Qi. 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 the rest of this article on the Water Element keep in mind that you are reading only about one part of a much bigger picture! Also, because of the breadth of information regarding the Water Element, this article will only cover the Season and the Organs of the body that are related to the Water Element. In March, part 2 of this article will cover the remainder of the information related to the Water Element.

Character of Water

How would you characterize or define water? Think about all of the “states” that you have seen water in (from clean to dirty, from liquid to frozen, from still to rushing, etc.). I would like you to stop reading for a few seconds and think about how it can hold any shape, and yet can-

not be grasped and held tightly in its liquid state. Think about how water will find a way around anything and seek out the lowest point. It constitutes a great proportion of most things on earth (human body is approximately 60% water, the brain is composed of 70% water, the lungs are nearly 90% water, our blood is 83% water, and 70% of the earth’s surface is covered by water), and without water nothing could stay alive or grow!

To explore the details of the Water Element, let’s first look at the “essence” (spirit/fundamental nature) of Water. This may sound like a strange place to begin; however, here is where the deepest wisdom and understanding can be found. There is no better example to describe the spirit of Water than the season that the Water Element is related to: Winter. By examining the season of Winter, you will see how the Water Element expresses itself in nature and your own life.

Season of Winter

Winter is nature’s “resting season”. When you look outside, it is cold, days have less light (are shorter), and the countryside is “quiet”. Some aspects of nature may look dead (at least you may think that); however, nature is actually storing its potential deep in the earth and the roots of vegetation. Life does not stop during the winter months. Remember that the bulbs that are in the ground are not dead, and the seeds that fell to the ground from the trees/plants are still alive. They are storing up their energy and preparing to burst forth during the growth period of Spring. Also, think about how some animals are hibernating during the winter. Winter appears to be nature’s “low” point. However, this is only the external manifestation of Winter (and the Water Element), and is not the “essence” of the Water Element.

The gifts that Winter gives us include the strength of reserves (storage) and endurance (just remember about the hibernating animals), wisdom, stillness, deep listening (the “quietness” of winter allows us to listen), reflection, strength, a solid foundation, and reassurance (Spring will come again!).

The amazing thing about Winter is that the bulbs, plants, trees, and animals do grow and survive given nature’s stark and unfruitful appearance. The strength of reserves (storage) and endurance (just remember about the hibernating animals), and the ability to use these inner resources to survive and endure a more “barren” time relates to the true inner qualities of the Water Element. There is will and determination to see winter through to spring. Can you see how the ability to create and draw on inner resources is absolutely essential to all life in the universe? Take some time and go

outside in nature for a few minutes. What sounds do you hear? Can you hear the trees “groaning” as they sway in the breeze? Can you feel the stillness around you? Is this calming to your nerves? You may have just found a way to “restore” yourself, and build your energy for the springtime.

Along with being associated with the season of Winter, the Water Element is also defined as having other associations. For example, some of the associations are a Yin and Yang Organ (the Kidneys and Bladder, respectively), a body tissue (Bones), an external manifestation (Head hair), a sound in the voice (Groaning), an emotion (Fear), a color (Blue), a direction (North), a climate (Cold), and a taste (Salty).

Organ Correspondences

The organs that correspond with the Water element are the Kidneys and Bladder. In Chinese medicine, the Kidneys and Bladder have many functions on a body, mind, and spirit level.

The Kidneys are at the root of all of our physical functioning. They are the source of our potential (they are considered to be our “battery pack”). The energy from our “battery pack” activates our metabolism and motivates us to live (think about surviving through the winter). They provide the basic impulse towards the ability to grow and reproduce (think about the endocrine system). On an emotional and mental level, the Kidneys are responsible for mental strength (adaptable thinking), long term memory, concentration, cleverness, and the ability to be “still”. On a spirit level, the Kidneys are responsible for our inherent constitution, resiliency (which includes inner power and courage in times of difficulty), the ability to fulfill our potential and manifest ourselves in the world, and having the faith for a “future harvest”.

The Bladder has the vital function of storing and regulating the water and flow of energy for the entire body. On a physical level it is responsible for storing excess water and excreting the urine (waste water) that has been filtered by the kidneys. On an emotional and mental level, the Bladder is responsible for the ability of our thoughts to flow easily, to offer support and reassurance to ourselves and others, and to be able to listen well to others. On a spirit level, the Bladder gives us a sense of ambition and confidence, and a sense of comfort and ease at a deep level within our core.

Finally, think about how the Bladder contains your “precious resources” and the Kidneys have the wisdom to use your “resources” wisely.

How does this relate to you today?

Below is a list of questions that I would like you to ask yourself. Think about what shows up for you when you answer each question. Are there

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

1. How do you feel about winter time? What specifically do you hate or like about winter?
2. How would you describe your energy level? Do you seem to be tired or fatigued most of the time? Do you have enough energy to get through a day?
3. How would you describe your willpower?
4. How do you see life? Is it an adventure to be met spontaneously and courageously?
5. How healthy are your kidneys? Have you ever had kidney stones?
6. How healthy is your bladder and/or prostate? Do you have any urinary incontinence or retention problems?

7. How would you describe your long term memory?
8. How would you describe your ability to conserve and not waste things?
9. How would you describe your ability to analyze and think things through?
10. How well can you “still” your mind and rest?

In the next article, I will discuss more correspondences/associations of the Water Element. Until then, keep observing your movement through Winter, and how your Kidneys and Bladder are functioning on a body, mind, spirit level. And remember: It is tempting to say that the ‘Water is this or that’, or declare ‘I am only Water’, but this is NOT how the Elements are meant to be described. There are aspects of the Water Element that resonate for each individual, and it should! The Water 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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Changing Your Health, Not Just Another Resolution

Linda Stultz

Each year many of us make New Year's Resolutions and by March we have given up on them. Maybe the reason for this is that we choose something that is just not livable. Trying to jump into an exercise routine or a diet that is too strict is why we don't stick to it. Try changing one thing at a time. Usually, most of us need to control portion size if losing weight is our goal. Taking one spoon less will add up to a noticeable change in a few months.

I know you hear this on TV and read it in articles all the time, but it really does work. The key is giving it time to work. The weight did not go on all at once and it surely will not come off quickly. In fact, coming off usually takes longer than it does to go on.

Exercise may be your needed change for the new year. So often, doctors tell you to exercise but really don't specify what kind, how much or how often. Question your doctor if he does recommend that you start an exercise

program. Most people can start exercising slowly and work up to a program that helps them. Talking to a physical therapist may be suggested by your doctor if you have certain health issues.

Talking to a trainer may be the way for you if you are just not sure what to do for the maximum program for you. Whatever you decide needs to be incorporated into your life without demanding a major change. I realize you will have to make adjustments in your life, but making too big a change too quickly is why New Year's resolutions are not kept.

Food and exercise changes are the biggest and hardest changes people

find in the battle of losing weight and becoming healthier. As I mentioned before, make one change at a time and give yourself a chance to get use to it. Don't give up so easily, you and your improved health are worth the wait. Once you feel alright with eating a little less, try adding another vegetable with dinner instead of those rolls or that piece of pie. If you feel you can't do without the pie, at least have half the size you normally would have.

I realize nothing I have said is new to you. We hear these statements all the time and maybe that is why we don't take them seriously until something happens to us or someone we know. I sincerely hope that this will

be the year you make a change toward a healthier you. Don't wait until the doctor tells you that you "have" to do something. Decide for yourself that you will make small changes in your eating habits and you will be surprised how you feel.

Health is the best thing you can give yourself and your family will also benefit from having you around longer. If you have any questions, call me at 717-334-6009.

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ASTRONOMY

The Night Sky of February

Professor Wayne Wooten

For February 2010, the Moon will be a waning gibbous as the month begins, having passed seven degrees south of Saturn in the morning sky on Ground Hog Day, February 2nd. The last quarter moon is high overhead on the morning of February 5th, and the moon is new a week later, on Valentine's Day, February 14th. The last two weeks find the moon waxing in the evening sky. The slender crescent moon lies four degrees north of Jupiter in the evening twilight on February 15th, but you may need binoculars to get a last glimpse of the giant planet as it disappears behind the Sun for the next several weeks, to return to the morning sky in late March. First quarter moon sits high in the sky and half-lit at sunset on February 22nd. The full moon is on February 28th and in folklore, is the Wolf or Hunger Moon.

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 February 1st visit the www.sky-maps.com website and download the map for February 2010; it will have a more extensive calendar, and list of best objects for the naked eyes, binoculars, and scopes on the back of the map.

Venus returns to the evening sky and passes less than a degree south of Jupiter low in the SW on February 17th; look about 20 minutes after sunset to spot the pair. Jupiter is vanishing behind the Sun, but Venus will climb higher in the evening sky for the next several months, to dominate the western evenings. Through the telescope, Venus now appears as a small, round disk, on the far side of the Sun. She will appear larger as she approaches Earth and overtakes us, but her phase will become less sunlit as well. It was Galileo in 1611 who noted that Venus goes through this entire phase cycle, and correctly deduced this proved she orbited the Sun, not us. Covered with sulfuric acid clouds, her bright disk reveals only her phase, with no visible cloud details in the scopes.

While Jupiter disappears in the south west, opposite him in the north eastern evening sky, Mars is big and bright and orange red to catch the attention of any novice star gazer. He reached opposition and rose at sunset on January 29th, with the Full Moon passing six degrees south of him on January 30th. While placed high overhead in Cancer about midnight now, Mars is not as close to us this opposition as he was back in August of 2003, due

to Mar's rather elliptical orbit. Still, high power views with amateur telescopes will reveal polar caps, clouds, reddish rusty deserts, and dark lava flows on this world most similar to our own in surface conditions, as the Mars orbiters and rovers continually reveal.

Saturn is now in Virgo, past the tail of Leo the Lion, and rising about 10 PM as February begins, but coming to opposition on March 22nd, just after the Vernal Equinox. The rings are gradually starting to open up again, but still rather thin, only tilted about 10 degrees now, compared to 27 degree when fully opened at Saturn's solstice in 2016; when this open, the huge reflecting surface of the ring's ice boulders will double the planet's brightness.

The constellation Cassiopeia makes a striking W in the NW. 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. Overhead is 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.

At Perseus' feet for the famed Pleiades cluster; they lie about 400 light years distant, and over 250 stars are members of this fine group. East of the seven sisters is the V of stars marking the face of Taurus the Bull, with bright or-



ange Aldebaran as his eye. The V of stars is the Hyades cluster, older than the blue Pleiades, but about half their distance. Yellow Capella, a giant star the same temperature and color as our much smaller Sun, dominates the overhead sky. It is part of the pentagon on stars making up Auriga, the Charioteer (think Ben Hur).

Several nice binocular Messier open clusters are found in the winter milky way here. East of Auriga, the twins, Castor and Pollux highlight the Gemini. UWF alumni can associate the pair with Jason and the Golden Fleece legend, for they were the first two Argonauts to sign up on his crew of adventurers.

South of Gemini, Orion is the most familiar winter constellation, dominating the eastern sky at dusk. The reddish supergiant Betelgeuse marks his eastern shoulder, while blue-white supergiant Rigel stands opposite on his west knee. Just south of the belt, hanging like a sword downward, is M-42, the Great Nebula of Orion, an outstanding binocular and telescopic stellar nursery. The bright diamond of four stars that light it up are the trapezium cluster, one of the finest sights in a telescope.

In the east rise the hunter's two faithful companions, Canis major and minor. Procyon is the bright star in the little dog, and rises minutes before Sirius, the

brightest star in the sky.

Sirius dominates the SE sky by 7 PM, and as it rises, the turbulent winter air causes it to sparkle with shafts of spectral fire. Beautiful as the twinkling appears to the naked eye, for astronomers this means the image is blurry; only in space can we truly see 'clearly now'. At 8 light years distance, Sirius is the closest star we can easily see with the naked eye from West Florida.

About seven degrees north east of Sirius lies IC 2177, the Seagull Nebula. Not visible to the naked eye or even with binoculars, it is still photogenic as in the photo to the left showing it about to grab a cosmic bread crumb out of the heavens. The crumb is a Bok Globule, a condensing star probably forming planets around it...while the wispy wings of the Seagull are probably being blown apart by the pressure of intense light from nearby stars which makes

them shine. All is not as it first seems, even in the heavens.

When Sirius is highest, along our southern horizon look for the second brightest star, Canopus, getting just above the horizon and sparkling like an exquisite diamond as the turbulent winter air twists and turns this shaft of starlight, after a trip of about 200 years!

To the northeast, a reminder of Spring coming; look for the bowl of the Big Dipper to rise, with the top two stars, the pointers, giving you a line to find Polaris, the Pole Star. But if you take the pointers south, you are guided instead to the head of Leo the Lion rising in the east, looking much like the profile of the famed Sphinx. The bright star at the Lion's heart is Regulus, the 'regal star'. Fitting for our cosmic king of beasts, whose rising at the end of this month means March indeed will be coming in like a Lion.



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Computer Q & A

Aysë Jester
Jesters Computer Services

Q. My computer is running really slow, is there anything I can do to speed it up?

A. There are many programs out there that offer to “speed up your computer”. Much like a car the power behind the car is the engine or in this case the computer components (cpu, memory, hard drive, etc.). In that respect you can tweak the computer to make shortcuts and turn some functions off but really if your computer is slow there are more serious steps you can take to improve its productivity. There are some small tasks that you as the user can complete to speed up the system however we strongly recommend a yearly “clean-up” to remove viruses, optimize the system, perform regular maintenance and sometimes diagnose or prevent more serious system problems.

Here are a few things to consider as your computer slows down:

How long has it been since I got the computer?

The longer you have had the same

installation of windows running the more cluttered its likely to be. Reducing the software on your computer also reduces the risk of having software conflicts.

- Remove unwanted software
- Change program settings so that programs will not startup at boot
- Ultimately you (or a professional) can reinstall your operating system which will require saving your data and re-installing your programs. This is the best thing you can do for a computer that has been used for several years.

Q. Do I have good antivirus software?

A. Viruses are one of the top reasons a computer will slow down. Even if you think you have good antivirus software, it may not be doing as good a job as you think. In fact, much of the antivirus software you can buy right in a store can cause your system to slow down up to 30% just by installing it! Don't be fooled by the big name brands! Many of them offer products that lead you to believe you will be protected when in all actuality it may only stop one type of infection.

- Always have a complete internet security solution
- Have yearly clean-up or maintenance done
- Research system requirements for antivirus software

Things to look for:

- Frequent updates-Should be daily many are several times a day.
- Total protection- (Antivirus, Anti-malware, Anti-Spyware, Anti-root-kit, Anti-Spam, Identity Theft Protection and/or Link Scanner)

Q. Can the system handle my demands?

A. Back when you bought your computer it probably had pretty impressive specifications. While computer hardware hasn't physically changed, software now demands more resources from the computer to complete more demanding tasks. Windows has also grown and has become more demanding which is why some machines that ran well before may not run so well without upgrades.

- Consider a system upgrade (some upgrades, such as memory upgrades, are very inexpensive but can make a huge impact on performance)
- Verify that your system meets or exceeds the system require-

ments for what software you are using.

Q: My computer has frozen. I cannot move my mouse to shut the computer off. Why is it doing this and how do I fix this issue?

A: Your computer may be experiencing a lock-up. To see if you are actually having a problem with your computer and not your mouse you can press the (Windows Logo) button at the bottom left of your keyboard. Pressing this button should open your start menu. If your start menu does not appear then more than likely this is not a mouse issue. It is very important to always go to start and shutdown to turn the computer off. Since the computer is frozen you can try pressing your control, alt, and delete keys at the same time. Pressing this key combination will display the “Windows Task Manger” from here you can see any programs that are not responding and force them to close. Alternatively if you open the task manager you can also select shutdown from the menu at the top and properly close windows. If none of the suggestions above un-freeze your computer you may have more serious issues. Repeated freezes and improp-

er shutdowns can ultimately lead to software corruption and/or data loss.

Q. Sometimes I receive an email with an attachment but when I try to open it it asks me to select a program.

A. All programs have what is called “file association”. All this does is tell your operating system what your files open with. For example, if you play music files in windows without any additional software installed it will play in Windows Media Player. Let's say you then install iTunes. During the iTunes setup one of the things it asks you is which files you want to open with that program. The default will probably enable most music files which means now when you open your music file it will open in iTunes and not Windows Media Player. If you ever open up a file that does not have a program that will open it it will bring you to a dialog box asking you to choose a program to open the file with or to search the web for programs that will open that file type.

If you would like to have your questions featured in the next issue of the Emmitsburg News Journal please write to qna@jesterscomputers.com.

For more computer help visit us at Jesters Computers located on 116 in Fairfield.



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LIBRARY NOTES & SENIOR NEWS

Floating Among the Stacks

Caroline Rock
Emmitsburg Librarian

One of our regular patrons came into the library the other day with her umbrella open. It was a fine Emmitsburg day, a bit chilly, but no wind and certainly no rain.

"Pat," I asked. "What's with the umbrella?"

She peeked cautiously from under her protective cover. "I was told," she said, "that the library now has a floating collection."

Okay, that was a protracted joke. I was torn between using that one, or having a patron coming into the library wearing waders and carrying a fishing net or a pool skimmer.

I would venture to say that neither of those scenarios makes sense to you unless you have attended the recent library training meetings regarding the changes taking place within the branches across Frederick County. So, in order to help you appreciate my little joke, I will use this month's column to explain these changes in library book circulation.

Changes? Oh, no! I can hear the terror and panic across the mountains and all the way down Route 15! But I promise you this—if you do not read this column, one of two things will happen. Either you will adore the new system of book circulation, or you will not even

notice it is different. Like changing a light bulb, changing batteries in your camera, or changing your underwear—it's all good!

First let me give a brief overview of the way book circulation in the Frederick County Library System has worked in the past.

Each library "owns" its individual collection of books and other materials. You come to the Emmitsburg Library looking for a book your friend has recommended. You look among the stacks and discover that the title you seek is not there. You ask one of the friendly librarians at the circulation desk, and she tells you the book is available at the Urbana library. While you want to read the book, you are not so thrilled about driving all the way to the southern region of the county to check it out. But the librarian offers to "put it on hold" for you. That means she will request that Urbana send its copy of the book to Emmitsburg, where it will be reserved for you to pick up and check out. This will take a couple of days, or maybe a week, depending on the availability of the book.

Let's say you finish reading the book and you return it to Emmitsburg. The lovely librarians at your favorite branch will check your book in and send it back to Urbana, because the book is "owned" by that branch. When

you get home, your spouse says to you, "Hey, where is that book you were reading? I want to read it next." So you go back to the Emmitsburg Library. But, guess what? The book has already been sent back to Urbana, and you have to wait another week to check out the book.

You place another hold on the book and go home frustrated, waiting, even considering plunking down the money to purchase the book.

Enter the floating collection!

With the floating collection, all the books are owned by all the branches. You may still have to request a book from another branch. But once that book is returned to the Emmitsburg Library, it becomes part of the Emmitsburg collection. It will be checked in and shelved in the Emmitsburg Library, and will remain on our shelves until it is checked out and returned to a different branch, or until another branch places a hold on it.

By the time you read this article, the floating collection will already be past its trial phase and into full transition. You probably have not even noticed that over the past two months we have already been floating cd books!

What you may notice is that some of the items on our shelves may have a small white sticker on the back with the abbreviation for

another branch, TH, for example, for the Thurmont Regional Library; or BR for Brunswick. These labels will be phased out. New items will be sent to us without the labels, and older items will have their labels removed as time goes by.

Here are three pros of a floating collection:

1. Books and other materials will be placed back in circulation faster. Rather than spending days traveling on a delivery truck back to their home branches, items will be placed on the shelves immediately, ready to be checked out again.
2. Library materials will last longer. Transporting items from branch to branch takes its toll. Books wear out. Pages get torn. Cd's cases may break allowing cd's to become damaged. By eliminating that trip from one branch to another, library items will stay in good shape much longer. This is a benefit to everyone, since replacing damaged materials is costly, and something no one can take for granted.
3. (And this is the selling point, in my opinion!) The smaller branches (that's us!) will have

a wider variety of items. This is especially nice in this time of tight budgets. The library system is simply not able to purchase a copy of every new book for every regional and branch. Emmitsburg does not always receive top titles of best selling authors. But with the floating collection, those titles which are requested by our patrons and returned to our branch will become part of our collection.

You may be one of those patrons who has read through Emmitsburg's entire case of Nora Roberts titles, and think it would be nice to see something new. Or maybe you have already heard all the mystery books on cd the Emmitsburg Branch has on its shelf. Now you can look forward to some surprises on the shelves. Every day, there is a chance for something new to be returned to us. As soon as we get it, you will see it in our collection.

There is one con. The Emmitsburg Library may end up with too many books. Too many books! It makes me laugh to think of it as a negative! I cannot imagine a situation in which too many books would be a bad thing. Unless you are on the run from Theophilus, who is standing on the shore with a fiery torch watching you escape on a leaky life-raft with the entire library of Alexandria.

SENIOR NEWS

It's February--Happy Valentine's Day! This shortest month of the year will really fly by, so don't miss any of the activities we have planned. We'll be celebrating with live music at a Valentine's Day dance on Friday, Feb. 12, 7-10 p.m. Call Linda to find out more about this fun event! We've got a night card party scheduled for Feb. 24 (weather permitting); doors open at 6 p.m. and games begin at 7 p.m. Join us!

Special Programs: Friday, Feb. 12-our speaker, Mary Ann Williams, will address the important

issue "When I am not Able: Planning for the Future for a Child with Disabilities." On Feb. 19, Denise Watterson will speak to us about "Hospice." Both programs will begin at 10:30 a.m. following brunch.

The seniors encourage all eligible persons (50 years and older) to join them for regular program activities and special events. Our lunch program is open to those 60 and older. Programs are held in the Community Center on South Seton Avenue. Call for lunch reservations 24 hours

in advance. The Senior Center will close whenever county offices are closed. To register for special events or for information, call program coordinator Linda Umbel, 301-600-6350.

Regular Activities - Bowling: Mondays at Taneytown bowling center. Carpool; meet at center at 12:30 p.m. Strength Training & Conditioning: Tuesday and Thursday, 10 a.m. Dress comfortably, wear athletic shoes. Participants will use small weights. Free. Bingo: Feb. 10 & 24. Cards, 500, and Bridge Group: Feb. 3 & 17. Pinochle & 13: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m. Canasta: Fridays at 12:30 p.m.

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UPCOMING EVENTS

February Events

February 5

St. Joseph's parish's Blues, Brews and Bowls (of Chili) - Dancing, Drinks & Dinner - 7 pm. Price: \$15.00 per person. Contacts Roy Russell at 410-756-2833, Joe Onofrey at 717-334-9557, or Don Kraus at 410-346-7036

February 6

Gettysburg's Majestic Theater presents the Met Opera Live at The Majestic - 1 pm. Broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera from Lincoln Center will be shown on the historical Majestic Theater's screen and enhanced by live interviews and a look at behind-the-scenes action. For more information call 717-337-8200 or visit gettysburgmajestic.org

Adams County Winery presents - Valentine's Day Wine & Chocolate Pairing at our downtown wine shop in Gettysburg. For more information call 717-334-4631 or visit adamscountywinery.com

February 11

Gettysburg's Majestic Theater presents The Moscow Circus - 7:30 pm. Delight in the amazing feats of aerialists, gymnasts, contortionists, musicians and clowns! Direct from Moscow, this company of 25 amazing artists -- and one phenomenal dog -- will steal your heart away and make you want to run away with the circus. For more information call 717-337-8200 or visit gettysburgmajestic.org

Elias Lutheran Church's The Basement Coffee House - 7 pm. Our featured band is "Amos & Amos" and our own "Silver Lining Band." The Coffee house is free, with snacks, coffee and lots of fun. Come and enjoy Emmitsburg's best Contemporary Christian Music at The Basement! "Where Christ is our Foundation!" 301-447-6239

February 13

Catocin Mt. Park's Winter Fun for Kids. Children ages 6-10 are invited to enjoy winter fun with a ranger at the Visitor Center. Each session will feature a nature activity and will last 30-45 minutes.

Catocin Safe and Sane Dinner & Dance - 6 p, Emmitsburg Ambulance Bldg. Contact Cathy Delauter at 301-271-4917 or email mhdelauter@msn.com if you need tickets.

Hauser After Hours Valentine-Style - 6 pm! Enjoy music for the Romantic Heart and food. Hauser Estate Winery. For more information call 717-334-4888 or visit hauserestate.com

February 14

Music Gettysburg! presents Gettysburg Big Band - 7:30 pm. A Big Band Tribute. All Music, Gettysburg! programs are free and open to the public, Lutheran Theological Seminary Chapel, Gettysburg. For more information call 17-338-3000 or visit musicgettysburg.org

February 15

The Weinberg Center presents Disney's Choo-Choo Soul

February 16

Mother Seton School Longaberger Basket BINGO - 6 pm. Come out for an evening of fun bingo. For more info: 301-447-3161 or www.mothersetonschool.org.

Gettysburg's Majestic Theater presents the Church Basement Ladies - 7:30 pm. Experience the church basement kitchen and the women who work there. Explore their relationships as they organize the food and problems of a rural Minnesota church in a musical comedy that provides a touching and funny look at their lives. For more information call 717-337-8200 or visit gettysburgmajestic.org

February 18

The Mount Oscars - 8 pm. A time honored Mount tradition of acknowledging students, staff and faculty with a wide ranging selection of serious and hilarious awards. Come see which nominees got the committee vote this year! Knott Auditorium.

February 19

Gettysburg's Majestic Theater presents the 21st Annual Winter Jazz Concert - 8 pm. Enjoy a trumpet soloist with the Army Blues jazz ensemble, part of The United States Army Band, "Pershing's Own" in Washington, DC. For more information call 717-337-8200 or visit gettysburgmajestic.org

February 20

St. John's Lutheran Church's Fried Oyster and Turkey Dinner - Noon. For more information call 301-512-0995.

February 21

Fairfield St. Mary's Church's all you can eat spaghetti dinner - 3 pm. For more Information call 717-642-8815

Music, Gettysburg! presents harpsichord music - 7 pm. Come here one of the finest harpsichordists in the Mid Atlantic. Lutheran Theological Seminary Chapel, Gettysburg, For more information call 717-338-3000 or visit www.musicgettysburg.org/

February 22

Mother Seton School's Mass in honor of the 200th Anniversary of Mother Seton opening St. Joseph's Free School on February 22, 1810 in Emmitsburg. The mass will be celebrated at the Basilica of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton at 10 am. For more information contact 301-447-3161 or visit mothersetonschool.org

Regular Monthly meeting of the Emmitsburg Historical Society - 7 pm. Come join us as we prepare our next article for the Emmitsburg News-Journal on the History of the founding of Emmitsburg. All meetings are held in the Emmitsburg Community Center and are free and open to the public. For more information call 301-471-3306 or visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net

February 26

Hauser After Hours - Free live music and Catered food- 6 pm. Hauser Estate Winery, Biglerville. For more information call 717-334-4888 or visit hauserestate.com

February 27

The Gettysburg Foundation presents: An Evening with the Cyclorama Painting - 5 & 7 pm. Join Licensed Battlefield Guide and national Cyclorama expert Sue Boardman for an "after-hours" viewing of the Gettysburg Cyclorama painting at the Gettysburg National

Military Park Museum and Visitor Center. Gettysburg National Military Park and Visitors Center. For more information call 877-874-2478 or visit gettysburgfoundation.org

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Fried Oyster & Turkey Dinner
Sat., February 20th
Noon - 6:00 PM
St. John's Lutheran Church
 8619 Black's Mill Rd., Creagerstown, MD
 (Take 15 N. or S., get off at Thurmont exit and follow Rt. 550 to Creagerstown.)
 (Take 194 N. or S., turn onto Rt. 550 at Woodsboro to Creagerstown.)
ADULTS \$15.00 AGE 6-12 \$7.00
UNDER 5 FREE CARRY-OUTS \$16.00
 FANCY TABLE
 Fried Oysters Made With Tender, Loving Care, Just Like Grandma's!
 For Info Call: **1-301-512-0995**

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Friday, January 15th - 8:00 PM

 Thrill to the pomp, pageantry and patriotic sights & sounds of Ireland and Scotland. The 80 member brass band and ensembles will muster a performance of fanfares, marches and traditional tunes featuring bagpipes, drum solos and Celtic dancing.
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I'd like to (CHECK ALL THAT APPLY):
 Relax.
 Have some fun.
 Feel better.
 Express myself.
 Learn to draw.
 Learn to paint.
 Make a pot.
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 Do all this—and more!—at the Imagination Station arts learning center. See full course listings at adamsarts.org. For information, call the Adams County Arts Council at (717) 334-5006.
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MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

Mount St. Mary's University is built on four pillars—faith, discovery, leadership and community. Students, alumni, our faculty, administrators and staff, all turn these words into action every day. In the coming year, we'll introduce you to some of the Mount's own, who help make the university, and the Emmitsburg community, a place we're proud to call home.



BESSIE ANDREWS ▲
Patriot Dining Hall

When did you join the Mount?

This is my 48th year. I celebrated my 47th anniversary on November 1.

Who inspires you?

My clientele—the students, faculty and staff. Especially the students who keep me young!

Favorite baked good the Mount sells?

Chocolate cake with chocolate icing.

Favorite restaurant

Perkins.

What do you like most about living in the area?

The people. Everyone always says hello. They tell me that I make them laugh. I have one student who comes in every day and gives me a hug and a kiss.

JOSHUA HOCHSCHILD ➤
Dean, College of Liberal Arts

When did you join the Mount?

I started working here in 2005.

Who inspires you?

Saint Thomas Aquinas inspires much of my work, but he also helps me keep the academic profession in perspective. He was above all a man of prayer, and although he produced brilliant writings, what was most important to him was closeness to God.

Favorite food

Anything my wife cooks! I'm not just being polite. Most recently she made an amazing coq au vin.

Favorite restaurant

"River Run" is a restaurant in my hometown in Vermont – great, simple hearty food.

What are you reading?

With my kids I'm reading *Anne of Green Gables*. I recently finished *Complications*, a book about the art of surgery, which the Mount's Honors students are reading this year. And by my bedside table are several books that I'm partway through, including Sigrid Undset's *Kristin Lavransdatter* and Robert Barron's *The Strangest Way*.



What do you like most about living in the area?

I love the sense of community and history and the friendliness of neighbors. As a convert to Catholicism, I especially appreciate the way that the Church is such a natural part of the area. The parishes, the Seton Shrine, the Grotto – I find here a gentle presence of faith and devotion.

SPRING FITNESS CLASSES

January 18th- February 26th

For class descriptions and further information about our fitness program go to www.msmary.edu/fitness or call 301-447-5290.



| Day | Class | Time |
|-----------|---------------------|----------------|
| Monday | Bodypump | 12-1 p.m. |
| | Box, Balls, & Bands | 5-6 p.m. |
| | Bodypump | 6-7 p.m. |
| | Power Yoga | 7-8 p.m. |
| Tuesday | PIYo | 12-1 p.m. |
| | Kickboxing | 5-6 p.m. |
| | Bodypump | 6-7 p.m. |
| | Tone & Core | 7-8 p.m. |
| Wednesday | Sunrise Yoga | 6:30-7:30 a.m. |
| | Bodypump | 12-1 p.m. |
| | Power Yoga | 5-6 p.m. |
| | Bodypump | 6-7 p.m. |
| Thursday | Kickboxing | 12-1 p.m. |
| | PIYo | 5-6 p.m. |
| | Bodypump | 6-7 p.m. |
| | Zumba | 7-8 p.m. |
| Friday | Friday Fit Camp | 12-1 p.m. |