

Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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The Metal Element—Part1. The Metal Element corresponds to the season of Fall. **Page 34**

Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church celebrates 250 years

The exact time and whereabouts of the founding of the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church is lost to history. However, on Sunday, Sept. 26, parishioners gathered at the Toms Creek Cemetery to hold a service recognizing the church's 250th anniversary.

The reason for this place and time is to commemorate Rev. Robert McMordie's first sermon, which he preached on the last Sunday in Sept. 1760. McMordie had been appointed pastor by the Presbytery of Donegal (Pennsylvania) two weeks earlier and traveled to Emmitsburg to take on the role of spiritual leader for the Presbyterians in the area.

"We don't know if meetings were being held there beforehand," said Jean Cadle, who is helping organize the 250th celebrations. "I think it's safe to say there's no record of when the church was first built."

It is also not known whether McMordie's first service was given at the location of the Toms Creek Presbyterian Church, where the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church began, or in some other location.



Members of the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church celebrated the 250th anniversary of the church's founding. See related articles on pages 20 and 21.

Rev. Dr. Peter Keith presided over the Sept. 26 anniversary service under a tent at the cemetery on Welty Road, which is believed to have been where the original Toms Creek Presbyterian Church was located. The weather was co-

operative and the attendees enjoyed a picnic after the morning service.

The church will actually have two celebrations of its anniversary. The first was the service on Sept. 26, which was a typi-

cal Sunday service but at the cemetery, and the second will be at the church on Oct. 24 at 4 p.m. This will be a larger service with guest speaker Rev. Dr. Peter Nord, Executive Presbyter of the Baltimore Presbytery. A combined community choir will also sing. The service will be followed with fellowship and light refreshments.

"This will be a more-formal service with more speakers," said Cadle. "The first was more like Sunday morning worship with a picnic."

When McMordie gave his first sermon, there wasn't even an official town of Emmitsburg. As the town grew and people concentrated there to live, the church was taken apart and moved from near the cemetery location to its current location. The lot on West Main Street was purchased for \$200. In 1878, this original structure was torn down and replaced by a stone church, which was later gutted by a fire in 1902. The church was rebuilt within the stone walls and updated from time to time over the years to be the current church in Emmitsburg.

Carroll Valley hosts art show

The 24 pieces of artwork on display at the Carroll Commons pavilion showed an impressive range of subject matter, technique and skill, according to judge Michael Rupp. These entries in the 2010 Carroll Valley Arts Show, sponsored by the Carroll Valley Citizens Association, showed the community's strong interest in art.

"I like to come and see the beautiful pieces and I know many of the artists," said Beverly Butcher who attended the show on Sept. 17 with her husband John.

Besides being able to admire the local talent, guests enjoyed wine, crackers and cheese. Cake was offered later to celebrate Founders Day for Carroll Valley Borough.

Rupp, a long-time art teacher at Fairfield School, picked the winning pieces for the evening.

1st Place – Ray Buchheister for his painting "Mathias."

2nd Place – Bettie Roby for her painting "Family Reunion."

3rd Place – Sandi Polvinale for her painting "Grandmother's Irises."

Honorable Mention – Freya Qually for her painting "Sunset Over the Valley."

Honorable Mention – Mary Jewell for her painting "Mother and Child."

Buchheister said, "For 24 non-juried paintings, there is some very good artwork here." "Mathias" is a painting of Buchheister's oldest son, which he painted in his studio Freedom Township. This is not Buchheister's first year to participate. He has entered other pieces because he said he likes to support the local community and Carroll Valley has something nice going with their show.

Jale Dalton agreed the show was enjoyable even if it wasn't a big show. "It doesn't have to be big to be fun," she said.

The art show has been around since 1974 showcasing local artists who paint and draw.



A spectator views Freya Qually's painting "Sunset Over the Valley" which won honorable mention at the show. See related article on page 33.

"I like to do early Christmas shopping at the show," said Butcher. "I gave my mother a painting

from one of these shows two years ago and she still has it hanging proudly in her dining room."

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NEWS

Fairfield Notes

The Fairfield Borough Council voted on Sept. 28 to ask the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to help the borough rid itself of feral cats that have been causing problems in the town, particularly along Franklin and Water streets.

Borough officials have gotten complaints about the cats, but so far, have been unsure how to proceed in enforcing the town's ordinance against them. Ownership of the cats can't be determined, though some residents are known to set out food for the cats. The cats have also been killing rabbits and birds in the area in an effort to feed themselves.

The biggest concern, though, is that most, if not all of these animals have not been vaccinated.

"If one of the [kids in the borough] gets rabies, I think the borough can be in trouble for not enforcing that ordinance," Councilor Alex Kessell said.

Borough solicitor Matthew Battersby recommended not worrying so much about notifying owners to fine them but to concentrate on having the cats removed because of a health risk.

Feral cats by definition are not owned cats. However, in addressed in concern that someone's outdoor cat might be picked up as feral, it was pointed out that the owner could either put a breakaway collar on their animal or if their cat turned up missing check the kennels at the SPCA.

Borough secures funding for treatment plant

The borough was given a 2.25-percent, 40-year, fixed-rate loan from the United States Department of Agriculture to fund the final third of the new sewage treatment plant. The other two-thirds will be funded by a grant from the federal government.

The project will now go out for bid with a groundbreaking hopefully made early next year.

The new plant will be built on a "tight construction site" according to Council President Patricia Smith. The construction will take the current plant capacity of 175,000 gallons a day to 300,000 gallons a days with the potential for even greater expansion should it be needed.

"This is being done because we're under corrective action to meet Ches-

apeake Bay tributary requirements," Smith said.

Bus survey extended

Fairfield Borough Mayor Robert Stanley and Carroll Valley Mayor Ron Harris told the borough members that the survey about extending bus service from Gettysburg to the area is being reopened to solicit more input. Sixty-eight surveys were turned in during the original survey round. The Adams County Transit Authority would like to see at least 100 before assessing the proposal. Harris said that if council members get completed surveys to him, he will input the information. He is planning on visiting meetings of various organizations in the area and passing out the survey to have it filled out while he waits. The goal is to convince ACTA to extend one of the Freedom Transit bus routes from Gettysburg to Carroll Valley along Route 116. The survey asks questions about travel patterns, travel times, purposes of travel, and travel origination and destination. If you want to fill out the survey on your own, it can be found at www.BusSurvey.com.

Around the Borough

The Carroll Valley Borough Council is looking at its policy of licensing door-to-door solicitations to see if there is a way to strengthen it.

The borough office received numerous complaints this summer about a particular salesman who was connected to a child sex offender. Though the salesman himself wasn't an offender, he was driving a car owned by a child sex offender. What concerned some people is that the salesman had been

licensed by the borough.

Carroll Valley Police Chief Richard Hileman II told the council members that one advantage of the licensing policy is that it allows the police to have the salesperson leave the borough if they don't have a license. Borough Manager Dave Hazlett said another benefit is that the borough has information about the salesman if there is a problem.

Council members quickly realized that if measures were taken to tight-

en up the policy it could wind up excluding worthwhile non-profit solicitations. Councilman Ken Lundberg said that the easiest way to stop solicitors was for residents to place "No Soliciting" signs in their yards.

Cell phone update

T-Mobile is now providing cell-phone service in the Carroll Valley area with equipment on the cell phone towers in Fairfield Borough behind the fire department and Liberty Township

on Steelman Marker Road. T-Mobile joins Sprint, Nextel, AT&T and Verizon in providing cell phone service to Southern Adams County.

Bus survey update

The survey to see if there was interest in extending bus service from Gettysburg to Carroll Valley is complete and 63 surveys were completed, according to Mayor Ron Harris. He said of the surveys he looked at the respondents thought it would be a good idea. The Transit Authority will now review the surveys and decide whether or not to proceed with extending service.

Penna House of Representatives candidate debate

House of Representatives candidates Derf Maitland and Dan Moul have agreed to hold a debate on issues important to Carroll Valley and Fairfield residents at the Fairfield Fire station in October. When the date of the debate is finalized, it will be posted on myfairfield.net and the Carroll Valley town website.

Around the Town

The Town of Emmitsburg is currently under outdoor water restrictions within the town because of the lack of rainfall. The commissioners voted to enact a ban on all outside water use for at least 60 days on Sept. 7. At that time, the town had seen 4.8 inches less rain over the previous four months than over the same period in 2009. At the same time, water consumption within the town was up 12 percent.

The commissioners voted unanimously to enact the temporary ban in the hope that it will curb consumption somewhat.

Hunting allowed within town limits

The Emmitsburg Town Commissioners voted on Sept. 7 to amend their firearms ordinance in a way that still allowed a small group of hunters to hunt on a large parcel of property east of Route 15 that is located within the town's boundaries.

The changes allow hunting on a parcel or parcels owned by the same person that are adjoining and total more than 50 acres provided there are no homes on the property. The hunters

must also obey all the Maryland hunting regulations.

Crosswalk going in at Silo Hill and Route 140

Emmitsburg Mayor James Hoover announced at the town meeting on Sept. 20 that the Maryland State Highway Administration is in the process of designing a cross walk at Silo Hill and Route 140. He said that he had made the request for the crosswalk a number of times. The most-recent request was made at the beginning of the year.

Planning Commission no longer has to meet monthly

A change in Maryland state law has allowed local planning commissions, which were legislated to meet monthly even if there was no business to conduct, to meet less frequently. The Emmitsburg Town Commissioners voted on Sept. 20 to amend the town code so that the planning commission only had required quarterly meetings. Other meetings in between the quarterly meetings will be held as business is submitted that the planning commission needs to consider.

Daughters of Charity can convert part of Provincial House to senior housing

The Emmitsburg Town Commissioners approved zoning changes on Sept. 7 that clear the way for the Daughters of Charity to pursue converting a wing of the St. Joseph's Provincial House into senior housing.

The zoning change allows for senior housing to be developed within the town's open space zones. The approval vote was met with applause from the audience supported the change, although town staff had cautioned against making the changes.

The commissioners took public input about the change during the Aug. 16 and Sept. 7 meetings as well as hearing from town staff and representatives of the Daughters of Charity.

The approved changes define senior housing as housing for people 55 years or older and added senior housing as an allowable use in the open space zone. The stipulation is that the housing must be developed in a building that existed as of September 1, 2010. The zoning change al-

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lows for 50 senior housing units to be developed, though a future phase may add another 50 units.

Staff's position was that the project would use the remaining sewer and water taps available, which means that no further development will occur in town until more water is available. Town Planner Sue Cipperly also pointed out that the addition to the tax base that the needed taps would bring to the town was projected to be much lower than the town typically gets when it allocates sewer

and water taps.

The Daughters of Charity saw that the project will increase tax revenue in town, bring in more jobs and allow the Daughters to make much-needed repairs to the town's biggest tourist attraction.

The commissioners voted unanimously to approve the definition of senior housing, but Commissioner Denise Etris voted against making senior housing an allowable use in the open space zone. Etris said she doubted that senior housing would attract business to the town.

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Fallen Firefighters Weekend on Oct. 2 & 3

The 29th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend will be held Oct. 2-3 at the National Firefighter Academy on South Seton Avenue in Emmitsburg.

The ceremony will honor 105 firefighters; 80 who died in the line of duty in 2009 and 25 who died in the line of duty during previous years. A plaque with these firefighters' names will be placed on the memorial during the weekend. These men died in training accidents, struck by objects on the scene, falls, heart attacks, crashing, smoke inhalation and more.

"Firefighters face inherent dangers every day while protecting the lives and properties of their communities. Far too often, they make the ultimate sacrifice. The National

Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend brings their loved ones and the fire service together to honor and remember these selfless men and women. It is a time to reflect upon their lives and to let their families, coworkers, and friends know that they will never be forgotten," said Chairman of the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation Board of Directors, Chief Dennis Compton.

The names include one firefighter from Maryland and six from Pennsylvania.

Fire Chief Charles "Buck" Clough, Jr., age 41, of the Sudlersville (MD) Volunteer Fire Department, Inc., died in an apparatus accident while enroute to a structure fire on April 15, 2009.

Fire Police Captain Albert G.

Eberle, Jr., age 74, of the Roslyn (PA) Fire Department died after suffering a heart attack at the scene of a motor vehicle accident on Feb. 16, 2009.

Fire Police Gary F. Neidig, Jr., age 36, of the Mount Carmel (PA) Volunteer Fire Department died after becoming ill after a response to a motor vehicle accident on Dec. 4, 2009.

Firefighter Robert P. Stone, Jr., age 48, of the Amity (PA) Fire and Rescue died after a cardiac emergency following an incident on Nov. 4, 2009.

Firefighter William D. Thompson, Sr., age 66, of the Dushore (PA) Fire Company died after suffering a heart attack within 24 hours of a response on June 18, 2009.

Lieutenant Roy E. Westover, Jr., age 41, of the Westover (PA) Area Volunteer Fire Company died after suffering a heart attack at the scene of a structure fire on Oct. 24, 2009.

Firefighter Ryan M. Wingard, age 28, of the Strattanville (PA) Volunteer Fire Company, No. 1 died after suffering a heart attack on the scene of a trash fire on July 6, 2009.

The memorial, which was established in 1981, holds the names of more than 3,400 firefighters who died while serving to protect their communities. The National Fallen Firefighters Foundation is a non-profit foundation that develops and expands programs to honor firefighters

who have died in the line of duty and to help their families.

The memorial weekend is a chance for members of the fire service to thank the families of their fallen comrades for their service and sacrifice. More than 5,000 people are expected to be in attendance including members of Congress, administration officials and other dignitaries. The families of the fallen firefighters will receive flags that were flown over the U.S. Capitol and the National Memorial.

Drivers in the area should expect delays during the weekend as traffic moves to and from the National Fire Academy.

For more information, visit www.firehero.org.

Blanchard and Joy win commissioner seats

Glenn Blanchard and Patrick Joy won the open seats on the Emmitsburg town council after the election on Sept. 28.

Incumbent Blanchard was the leading vote getter with 191 and newcomer Joy received 136 votes. Incumbent Denise Etris and former commissioner Joyce Rosensteel lost their bids for re-election with 107 votes and 82 votes, respectively.

During the run up to the election, Blanchard focused his campaign on the things the town has been able to accomplish during his five year on the board. While sharing the credit with the rest of the board and mayor, Blanchard said they had improved town roads, replaced water and sewer lines, expanded recycling, added playground equipment around

town and got a second traffic light in town at Silo Hill.

Joy, who currently serves on the town's planning commission, focused his campaign on getting the town's fiscal house in order. He wants to see town expenses reduced to better reflect the new economy the entire country is facing while still being able to meet the town's es-

sential responsibilities.

"Cutting around the edges may work for a year or two but you cannot perpetually fail to repair town streets. We need to take a top to bottom look at the budget and ensure that our expenses and staffing are consistent with other municipalities our size. By getting our taxes and budget at reasonable levels, we will be bet-

ter able to attract businesses, the life blood of any community," he said before the election.

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

The new commissioners will be seated and the town council reorganized during the town meeting on Oct. 4.

News and Briefs

Adams County under drought watch

The Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection issued drought warnings for 24 Pennsylvania counties and a drought watch for 43 counties.

A drought watch is intended to put business owners and residents on alert that water conservation measures need to be taken to get a 5 percent reduction in non-essential water use. Residents are voluntarily asked to reduce their water usages by 5-10 percent. It is the least severe of the state's drought measures.

Franklin County, PA, is under a drought warning and residents of that county are being asked to voluntarily reduce their water usage by 10-15 percent.

Mary's University died Sept. 1 from a blood clot in her lung, according to the Adams County, PA, coroner.

Catherine Carnes, 18, of Monkton, collapsed while playing volleyball with friends. She was rushed to Gettysburg Hospital about 5:30 p.m. on Sept. 1 where she died. Carnes had only been on campus about a week as she began her freshman year. She was planning on majoring in biology.

A prayer service and memorial Mass was held on Sept. 2 at Mount St. Mary's with Mount President Thomas Powell delivering the eulogy.

Coroner Pat Felix said the cause of death was a pulmonary embolism.

First Lady Michelle Obama visited the Gettysburg National Battlefield Park on Sept. 1 with her daughters, Malia and Sasha. According to the National Park Service, the First Family had a private tour of the park, spending about two hours in Gettysburg.

Mother Seton School honors World Peace Day

Students at Mother Seton School observed the International Day of Peace on Sept. 21. Each year, students and faculty at the school gather to pray for world peace. Mother Seton School Visual Arts Department leads the event, which is directed by art teacher Karolyne Myers.

This year's theme was Milagros: Little Miracles of Hope and Thanksgiving. Milagro is Spanish for miracle. It also refers to a metal pendant that symbolizes a request, prayer or wish that is found in Spanish-speaking countries. Students designed their own Milagros and offered them in prayer.

The milagros will be displayed at the school during the year. At the end of the school year, the milagros will be returned to the students and the school community will reflect on World Peace Day.

Mount improves in U.S. News and World Report's Best Colleges rankings

U.S. News and World Report recently ranked Mount St. Mary's University 22nd among Northern U.S. Regional Universities.

"What's notable is our leap from 26th to 22nd in the rankings in the U.S. News and World Report's list. As a Catholic university to be among the elite schools in the Northeast speaks well of our ability to offer excellence in higher education," says Mount St. Mary's University President Thomas H. Powell in a press release.

U.S. News and World Report ranks colleges and universities based on widely accepted indicators of excellence.

Mount Student dies

A freshman from Mount St.

First Lady visits Gettysburg



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NEWS

Scotty's Ride has record number of riders

Sunny, pleasant weather shone on the 5th Annual Scotty's Ride from Emmitsburg on Saturday, Sept. 25 and a record number of riders left town on the poker run to help seriously ill children and their families.

"I was told that we had 233 bikers leave Emmitsburg," said Kerry Shorb, one of the event organizers. "We've been averaging between 100 and 150 per year."

Scotty's Ride started in 2006 as a way to help Shorb's five-year-old nephew Scotty Harbaugh and his family with the medical bills. Scotty had been diagnosed with an inoperable brain tumor which was labeled as a grade 11 astrocytoma. Shorb and his wife, Valerie, were motorcycle riders so they decided to start a poker run to help their nephew.

When Scotty died between the first and second rides, the Shorbs decided to continue having the rides and raising funds for other children and their families. This led to the creation of

the ride's slogan, "In the name of one child we ride for many."

The event starts each year at Jubilee Foods in Emmitsburg and travels throughout the region before ending at the Shorbs' home for food, drinks, door prizes and a live band.

"We had at least 450 at our home this year easy," Shorb said.

Though the tally from this year's ride is still being made, donations from the previous four rides have been tens of thousands of dollars. This year should be a banner year for fund raising for the ride, too. This ride included a drawing for a 2011 Harley-Davidson motorcycle. Two thousand tickets were sold at \$10 apiece. Emmitsburg Mayor James Hoover selected the winner who was not present at the time of the drawing.

For more information about Scotty's Ride, visit www.scottysride.org.



Participants in the 2010 Scotty's Ride arrive at Kerry Shorb's farm for an evening of food and music - a spectacular ending to this year's spectacularly successful fundraising event.

Pippenfest struggles against poor economy

Though the weather was ideal for the 30th Annual Fairfield Pippenfest on Sept. 25 and 26, the national economy weighed heavily on buyers.

"People are looking, but they just don't have the money to buy," said Jean Stevens who sold hand-made toys and clothes for dogs for the second year at Pippenfest.

Stevens said the crowd, which is typically 12,000 to 15,000 people over the two-day event, seemed smaller to her than it had been the previous year.

Marty and Bonnie Kessler sell handmade jewelry and metalwork, which they have been doing for decades. They agreed that the crowds were off, which affected people's willingness to buy and those who were buying tended to buy cheaper goods that weren't handmade and were simply being resold. Meanwhile, they

struggle to maintain their prices while the cost of the copper and silver they use in their pieces is skyrocketing.

"We really like the people running the show," Bonnie Kessler said. "They try very, very hard to make this nice, but we have to wonder if it's worth our trouble."

Marty Kessler said it takes him and his wife six to eight hours to set up their booth.

The Kesslers said that the crowds started alright in the morning, but disappeared in the early afternoon. Tom and Heather Hammond came to Fairfield to celebrate their anniversary at the Fairfield Inn and also took in Pippenfest as some of the afternoon visitors.

"We like to come and see the crafts and the wineries that are here," said Heather Hammond.

Pippenfest is a non-profit community event, which is put together

and run by a volunteer committee. Saturday events include crafts, yard sales, flea market and antique tractor show from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. On Sunday, there will more crafts, demonstrations, a quilt show, antique tractor show and a vintage car show from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Throughout the weekend, there will be cash-prize raffles, music and free apples, courtesy of Kennie's Market and Naylor's Orchard. About 100 vendors are expected to have their jewelry, floral designs, wooden products, pottery, pet items, skin care, herbals, hand-sewn and hand-painted items and more on sale.

To celebrate the 30th anniversary of the Fairfield Pippenfest, there will be an apple desert bake-off contest something that hasn't been done at Pippenfest since the early years of the fall festival.

Locks for Love



Penny Rice of Modern Reflections Hair Salon cut the hair of Melissa Wetzel, owner of Melissa M. Wetzel's CPA and Kim Valentine's, owner of K & M Lawn Service for Locks for Love. Melissa's Aunt Teresa Howard of Emmitsburg was their inspiration. She has been battling cancer since her April 2001 diagnosis.

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October 7

Markers placed On Samuel Emmitt's Grave

Mr. James Helman deserves the credit for having markers placed on the graves of the founders of Emmitsburg, Samuel Emmitt and his wife. The town citizens showed little or no interest in searching the scant records or providing suitable stones to commemorate the event. It was up to Mr. Helman to obtain the data, superintend collection of funds and make provisions for the marble tablets recently erected.

Writing about the incident, Mr. Helman says, "To the spirit of Samuel Emmitt - after a lapse of 125 years since you founded our town, we paid this tribute to you." A lack of evidence delayed the process of erecting the stones, which was not anticipated when money was collected.

The two stones mark the graves in the Emmitt plot in the Presbyterian Cemetery. The family members were affiliated with the Presbyterian Church, where Samuel Emmitt was also an officer. According to Mr. Helman, "The stones are in evidence, and will stand as a modest memorial to the founders of the town 124 years after the town was started, and in the year of our homecoming, when the people gathered in Emmitsburg from all points of the compass."

October 14

Liberal Reward

Offering a Liberal reward for a dark roan horse, about 14 hands tall, 1000 lbs., or for any information that may help me locate it. The horse and block buggy, including harness with breast-straps, was hired at my place on Monday, Oct. 3 by a man by the name of Gardner or Gardener. - Albert Adelsberger-Liveryman

Mrs. Zimmerman Resigns

Mrs. Zimmerman's resigning from her position as postmaster concerns a number of citizens, seven of whom applied for the position. Already considering her resignation for some time now, Zimmerman's ill health motivated her to make the move.

Patrons of the office regret her leaving. The seven applicants mentioned above are Messers James Bishop, John Horner, James Helman, Oscar Frailey, E. C. Moser, Harry Beam and Basil Gilson. The postmaster salary pays \$1700 per year.

October 21

Mrs. Zimmerman Dies

Yesterday morning Mrs. Emma Motter Zimmerman died in her home on W. Main St, after a protracted and severe illness, at the age of 60 years 11 months and 17 days. Mrs. Zimmerman was born here on Nov. 3, 1849 and spent the rest of her busy and useful life at her birthplace.

For 13 years she taught in the local public schools, first in the building that stood on the site of St. Euphemia's school, next on Lincoln Street when the school was moved to the property now occupied by Mr. Frizell and last when the schoolhouse was on W. Main St. where Mr. Kluger lives. In that time she helped mold the minds of many who are now leading citizens.

Mrs. Zimmerman was a good woman in every sense of that word and her influence is manifest throughout the community. As a member of the Methodist Church, an Emmitsburg resident, a friend and helper, her loss will be keenly felt. Those who most sincerely mourn her death claim only on her sympathy and kindness that came through her sense of true Christian brotherhood and clarity. Mrs. Zimmerman lived up to her high ideals. Emmitsburg can ill afford to lose this good woman, but it is devoutly thankful that it was the scene of her labors and life while they lasted.

Buying of Emmitsburg Turnpike Delayed

The State Road Commission met Monday to discuss buying the Frederick-Emmitsburg Turnpike, about 21 miles, at \$1,000 a mile. Governor Crothers and Commissioner Hutton were ready to vote on the proposal, but others want-

ed more time to get information. Though Governor Crothers believes the Emmitsburg pike proposition was clear enough for the board to act at once, he is willing to let the others have more time.

Some board members objected based on the company owning the Emmitsburg fight issuing 1,124 stock shares at a par value of \$20 each, summing a total of \$22,480. They said the stock was only currently assessed at \$3.60 per share, making the road worth about \$9,000, which is far less than the state's price. Based upon these facts, members thought the price of \$1,000 per mile was excessive. The governor replied that the road was a good one and in many stretches as good as any the state could build.

"By buying the pike now," suggested the Governor, "you relieve the people by taking the tollgate off. The object is not to rebuild the road now but to remove the gates."

Lost

Four one dollar bills either between Rocky Ridge and Motters Station or between Motters Station and N. C. Stanberry's farm. Reward for returning to this office or to N. C. Stanberry.

October 28

Flag Raising at High School

On Tuesday evening the Emmitsburg high school unfurled its flag on the new pole before a large and appreciative audience. The ceremonies connected with this event were appropriate and very interesting. Half an hour before the exercise began, the entire membership of the high school, escorted by the Vigilant Hose Co., and headed by the Emmitt Cornet Band paraded through the streets receiving applause from the throngs that crowded the thoroughfare.

Upon reaching the grounds the Hose Co. formed a large semicircle near the flagpole and uncovered to the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" as the beautiful new flag was hoisted to the breeze by Burgess Rowe. When the flag reached



During Mrs. Zimmerman's tenure as Postmaster, the Emmitsburg Post Office was located in her store on the South-West corner of the Square next to the present day Ott House Pub.

the top of the poll the audience gave three rousing cheers and filed into the schoolhouse where an elaborate program was given.

Runaway Accident

On Tuesday night as Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Shorb were driving home from the flag raising ceremonies their horse became frightened at a passing team and took off in a dead run. In making the turn near the home of David Guise the vehicle upset and both occupants were violently thrown to the ground. Mrs. Shorb, while she suffered from the shock, sustained no severe injuries. Mr. Shorb had several ribs considerably hurt and was cut and bruised in many places. Although the horse escaped without a scratch, the buggy was practically demolished.

Ervin Valentine's Skull Crushed in Accident

On Wednesday afternoon at 4:50 p.m. Ervin Valentine, of near Rocky Ridge, died in a shed at Boyle Brothers warehouse from injuries he received a sure time before when his team collided with a telephone pole just south of the creamery. Mr. Valentine and Mr. Ray Hahn, were in Emmitsburg on business in connection with the horse Valentine had purchased from Haun. While on their way home and just after they turned down the pike Valentine struck the horse several times with a whip. Hahn was fearful the animal would get beyond control

and jump. The team ran down the pike and struck a telephone pole at the creamery. The buggy was badly broken and Valentine was thrown out. A dent remains in the pole from where Valentine's head struck it.

He was taken to the hay shed nearby and Dr. Stone was summoned. There seemed to be a little hope for his life but the physician took every precaution. While Dr. Stone was administering to the unconscious man, Drs. Clifford and Stappington of Liberty, who were passing in an automobile, were called in to assist. Dr. Stone open Valentine's skull and relieved the pressure on his brain caused by the fracture. Normal salt solution and stimulants were administered and for a while the patient rallied, but it was only for short time. He is survived by wife and four children.

Goodbye Paper Cigarette Boxes

The steel trade in Pittsburgh announces that cigarettes are soon to be sold in 10 boxes instead of the paper pasteboard boxes in which they had been handled for years. The American Can Company, at the earnest solicitation of the American Tobacco Co., has made inquiry of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Co. for experiments in the making of light boxes for the cigarette trade. These experiments are now being carried out and have proceeded far enough to justify the forecasts that cigarettes of the near future will be bought "by the can."

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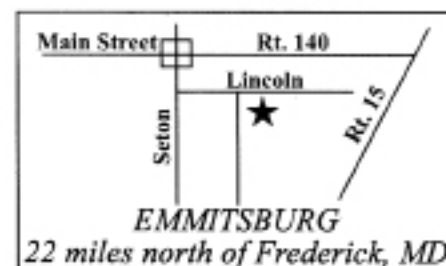


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GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the Desk of Kirby Delauter

Since it is now clear that I have made it through the Primary Election with Blaine Young, Billy Shreve and Paul Smith, I would like to thank everyone that is supporting us in our quest to redefine the role of Government in this County. The fifth Republican to make the cut, David Gray, was asked to join us in our campaign, but declined stating that he has no intention of joining with us since his views vary greatly from ours. This election in my opinion will be a left or right election, with very little in the way of moderation. What I mean by this, is that the Democrat ticket (along with David Gray) are for more spending, higher taxes, more fees, more regulation, and far more bureaucratic red tape.

The Republican ticket however, will be for less regulation, less spending, more accountability, and incentives to bring businesses to the County as well as making it equitable for existing businesses to stay and operate in Frederick County. These are polar opposite viewpoints. In my opinion this election will tell us whether voters want to keep their jobs, more of their hard earned money, and their private property rights, or if they want to pay higher taxes, more fees, and have big brother telling them what they can and can't do with THEIR land. It is as simple as that, there is little or no middle ground in this election.

The support from the Northern part of the County as well as, Sheriff Chuck Jenkins, Congressman

Roscoe Bartlett and the Two Northern Mayors, Jim Hoover and Marty Burns has made a positive impact on our success. I have made it clear that I will be a solid voice for the Northern parts of Frederick County, and I intend to make sure that any impacts / regulations that come from the County to the Municipalities will not be implemented without first having the Municipalities involved in the decisions. I will also work to make sure that any past improprieties toward Municipalities are examined and brought back in for discussion, should the Municipalities choose to do so.

There are many issues within this campaign that will affect everyone. One to keep in mind is the

relationship between the BoCC and the BoE. This is a crucial relationship since the BoE accounts for 58% of the County budget. We need these two groups that have people who can get along and work together to solve the major problems that will face us in the next four years. There are very good candidates available on the BoE that will work very well with the Delauter, Young, Shreve, Smith team of BoCC. I recommend four of these BoE Candidates which are Dr. April Miller, Brad Young, Jimmy Reeder and Colleen Cusimano.

This is paramount if the children we intend to educate will get the best education to help them be prepared to succeed in a very competitive world, or if we will have adults on these

commissions that put partisan political issues ahead of our children's future. There are great candidates available, it's up to the voters to make the right call and put the BoE in place that will work with this BoCC.

You the voters have a chance to change this County by placing conservative business people in the County Commissioner's seats, or you can go with what we've had over the last four years which is a spend and tax mentality that stifles business growth and does nothing positive for the local economy. We have a great opportunity to set the standard for how Government operates, with the help of you the voter, we can begin that journey back to economic prosperity by voting Delauter, Young, Shreve and Smith on November 2nd.

From the Desk of Town Council President Chris Staiger

This year's town elections are over and the Board will soon be reorganizing regardless of the outcome (which wasn't known at the time of this writing). But this month, I'd just like to take the time to recap a few town government actions that have taken place over the last few meetings. Some you may have noticed more than others and they have all had varying levels of coverage in the local press.

At the September 7 meeting, the Board did vote to prohibit outdoor water use for sixty days due to the rapid decrease in groundwater resources. This has become an annual issue with well and reservoir levels beginning to drop every July as we experience recurrent low level drought conditions. There was some discussion of implementing a dawn to dusk outdoor watering ban as standard policy during the summer months. This would hopefully be an effective compromise that would still allow individuals to maintain their property but require them to do so in a much less wasteful manner.

I've written at least once over the summer concerning the Daughters of Charity proposal to establish low to moderate income senior housing at the Provincial House. The Daughters worked diligently (and patiently) to move their proposal forward through numerous meetings throughout the summer. The Open Space zone updates approved by the Board in September will allow the Daughters to pursue their project but have a) clearly defined the allowable density / number of units, and, b) kept the standards for development in line with those that already existed for similar development in the Residential zoning categories. There was value to the Town in supporting the Daughters' effort to maintain the viability of the Provincial House while opening up an opportunity that

may offer local jobs in construction and management, secure income based on sewer and water connection fees, and move a portion of the property onto the tax rolls. These changes may not offer the largest economic return on municipal assets, but I believe a majority of the Board felt these changes represented an acceptable balance of community and economic priorities in a difficult environment.

Emergency Management Planning for the town was advanced with the adoption of the 'Countywide Hazard Mitigation Plan' and the 'Emmitsburg Emergency Operation Plan.' These documents link the town with county and state agencies responsible for managing large scale disruptions to our daily lives. While this doesn't mean we have barrels of crackers, cheese, and water in the basement of the town office, it does mean that all of the documentation has been completed and the chains of command and key responders have been identified so that mitigation efforts can take place as smoothly as possible - and that afterwards everyone is able to participate in any federal or state sponsored recovery programs. At the direction of the county, the town is already prepared to maintain critical operations such as the provision of

sewer and water service for limited periods of time following a major disruption. As individual residents, we should all be responsible to make our own individual emergency preparations including supplies of food, water, batteries and other appropriate items for ourselves and our families. The 'Maryland Natural Hazards Preparedness Guide' is available on-line as an education resource.

The Board has also approved construction bids for new walking trails in Community Park and the repaving of East and West Lincoln Avenue. Both projects should be completed before the end of the year. The walking trail bid was \$122,635.40 - roughly seventy-five percent funded by state and county grants. The cost to the town will be approximately \$31,000. This trail effort has been led by Mayor Hoover for a number of years now and should increase outdoor opportunities for a wide number of people. The repaving of Lincoln Avenue was approved at \$120,171.50 and is the final part of the greater sewer and water line rehabilitation project that began last spring. The entire project was funded through an \$800,000 bond issue and \$350,000 in grant money.

I heard a lot of good ideas from the commissioner candi-

dates at the Emmitsburg Business and Professional Association forum at the Carriage House. Some are ideas the Board has discussed or attempted to pursue but just never managed to get our hands around. At our mid October meeting, I hope to review some of these goals and objectives in an effort to identify, pursue, and, most importantly, achieve some of these goals. I expect the town government to consider and adopt an Adequate Public Facilities Ordinance over the next three to

six months. In many ways this will complete our effort to recalibrate our development planning. Some development ordinances still need to be revised, but it should be time for a new major effort. For my own part, I believe this should be a more active partnership with our local business community - identifying their specific concerns while moving forward in a united effort to identify resources for advice and the economic development of the community. More on this as we move into winter!

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Whether I am within or outside of your party affiliation, I would be honored to have your vote on Tuesday, November 2nd. Your decision to support and entrust me as your next Clerk will never be taken for granted.

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GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the Desk of State Representative Candidate

Derf Maitland

Let us dispense with the construct that one be either a conservative or a liberal. In my limited 47 years of experience on this earth, I've met many "conservatives" who do not conserve, and many "liberals" who do not liberate. Americans have been spooked by the Corporate media: the Fox News on one side, MSNBC trying to counterbalance on the other side. Each is selling soap—they are the modern soap operas, replete with staid and hackneyed scripts, bad plots, and really bad wardrobes.

Can we please have our government back? You know, the Government of the People, by the People and for the People? Not the cardboard cutout government that the ultra-constitutionalists yearn for (I recently had one tell me that he thought the Constitution is a "dead" document—he meant "fixed" but if the Freudian slipper fits...); nor the "it depends on what the definition of 'is' is" loosey-goosey the solve-all-our-woes government. What we need is a real rubber hits the road, fix the pot-holes, provide the necessary services government.

Running for State Representa-

tive, I run into plenty of folks who are the "shoot first, ask questions later" type, especially when they find out I'm a Democrat. Just last week, for example, while knocking on doors in Carroll Valley, I had a similar conversation with several different voters. First I hear a laundry list of negatives that would make Atlas wince—Obama is the worse president ever; it's the Democrats' fault that our country is in the shape it's in; the liberals are the ruination of America. And then we start to talk.

They find out that I've owned my own business for the last 15 years, and if there's one thing that a small business owner knows, especially in a down economy, it is that you need to do whatever it takes to balance the books. Fiscal Responsibility is job one for business owners. We need to bring that same sentiment to our Government in Harrisburg.

They find out that I'm a good family man, with a loving wife of 19 years and 4 wonderful children. We commiserate on how the world has changed for children growing up: the cell phones, the Internet, the many sports and activities that our parents didn't



shuttle us between. And we agree that the government must play a roll in this new world. We agree that this role should be limited.

They find out that I am not a 3-headed liberal, with suckers on my fingertips waiting to feed at the public trough. They recognize me for what I am—a regular person who cares about his community. I tell them, I'm the type of guy who, if I'm going to complain about our government, I'm going to try to do something about it. I have no aspirations to be president, or governor. I just want our government to work better.

A person running for political office takes the risk of alien-

ating one group, while struggling to inspire enthusiasm in the other. But, I think that the best democracy happens in the conversation between people who talk rationally, and listen to each other. I certainly have my opinions of issues, but a representative of the people needs to represent the people. I listen and learn.

Case in point, right now property tax reform is foremost in the minds of most people. Even those who fared well in this recent countywide reassessment understand that the system by which local and county governments and school districts derive their revenue is in great need of an overhaul. The machine is broken and needs fixed. We all understand the need for local government and schools, and most recognize that taxes are necessary to fund them. But few of us will tolerate taxes frittered away due to inefficiencies in the system.

Many folks, who live in the Fairfield Area School District, have moved here from other States. They think Pennsylvania's school districting structure is a creature with 6 heads (in Adams County there are 6 public school districts). The same question is asked: why do we have to reinvent the wheel 6 separate times in Adams Coun-

ty? Think of the savings that could be realized we could eliminate the overhead of 5 superintendent salaries and their offices. Think of the savings that could be achieved if each district didn't have to jump through hoops to interpret the most recent federal or state laws that come down the pike. Think of the savings that could be gained if the purchasing of items (as mundane as copy paper or as momentous as health insurance) were centralized, and the buying power were increased six-fold.

Note that this is neither a liberal, nor a conservative issue (well conservative if you consider the money that will be conserved). This is a practical, as I've said before, rubber-meets-the-road issue. As much as the news media loves to ramp up the extreme ideals on either side (remember, they're selling soap), most of us just want a government that is practical and purposeful, and at the end of the day, one that doesn't bankrupt us. And most of us want a practical and reasonable person who will go to Harrisburg to represent our interests...and, well, one who doesn't have 3 heads.

To learn more about Derf Maitland visit his website at www.derfmaitland.com.

From the Desk of Mayor Ron Harris

Where are we now with the reassessment? Over 6,000 change notices have been sent out to Adams County residents. The notices informed the property owners of changes made to their real estate value. The County plans to continue to mail out these change notices about every two weeks throughout the end of the process. Here are

some suggestions that you the property owner should consider when preparing for your formal assessment appeal.

The formal hearing lasts about 15 minutes. You should be prepared to provide evidence within that time frame. However, if you need more time, you are not rushed during the hearing. Under Pennsylvania law, the

official assessment is considered to be prima facie valid, and the burden of proof after entry of the official assessment value shifts to the property owner. This means the property owner must provide proof that supports the value that the property owner believes is accurate. The evidence may be testimonial or documentary.

Examples of documentary evidence are: (1) appraisal of the property; (2) sales of comparable properties made in the recent past; (3) sale of the subject property in the recent past and (4) pictures that show limitations of the property.

The formal hearing process consists of the following: (1) Appeal Board members are introduced; (2) the property owner is placed under oath (3) your property characteristics (house layout, number of rooms, square footage, etc.) are reviewed with you; (4) you are then asked if there is any evidence you would like to present to the Board; (5) you present your testimonial and documentary evidence; (6) cross-examination ensues whereby you and the Board members discuss the evidence presented; (7) the hearing ends and you leave; (8) the Board members deliberate at the conclusion of the hearing after you are dismissed; and (9) the decision of the Board is mailed to you within thirty days.

If you are not satisfied with the Board's decision, you can appeal the decision to the Court of Common Pleas. Remember, the Appeal Board is made up citizens of Adams County and not employees of the appraisal company. They are there to help correct any inaccuracies. However, they need evidence to do so.

Are you interested in helping your neighbors during an emergency? If so, you may want to consider joining the Fairfield Regional Emergency Management Agency (FREMA). FREMA provides emergency services to three municipalities, namely: Carroll Valley Borough, Fairfield Borough and Liberty Township. On behalf of these participating municipalities, FREMA is responsible for preparing, maintaining and keeping current a disaster emergency management plan for the prevention and minimization of injury and damage caused by a natural or man-made disaster. The agency is also responsible for the prompt and effective response to the disaster and the disaster emergency relief efforts and recovery. FREMA is governed by an Executive Committee which is comprised of one elected member from each participating municipality's governing body.

The current committee members are: Supervisor Robert Jackson, Mayor Robert Stanley, and myself. Coordination among the municipalities, the county and state government during a disaster is managed by an Emergency Management Coordinator (EMC). FREMA's EMC is Chief Dave Martin. He is assisted by Deputy EMC Andrew Aldrich. Both are responsible for the planning, administration and operations of FREMA and report to the Executive Committee. How much experience do you have to have to join? None.

There are two requirements and they are the desire to help others and the willingness to learn how. What does the job entail? You will be part of a staff operating the Emergency Operations Center following documented procedures under the supervision of the EMC and Deputy EMC. You will be answering phones, collecting data over a mobile radio device and documenting the information. Your primary job is to support the first responders (firemen, police, etc.) in the field. Please consider joining by giving me a call at (301) 606-2021 or by email at mayor@carrollvalley.org for more information.

Halloween is this month. Please be careful when driving. Watch out for all our residents but especially our young ones. Slow down. Don't drink and drive.

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COMMENTARY

Words from Winterbilt

Picking parties and candidates is not easy

Shannon Bohrer

It is election time so I thought I would offer some advice for picking candidates. This article does not endorse either party or candidate. Anything said in this article is true (in the writers mind) and he has not been offered any monies, gifts and/or anything of value for the purpose of recommending either party and/or candidates.

Without regard for either party (or any other parties) I suggest voters listen to each party and examine the differences. Despite any premade preferences, voters should examine all parties in order to make a well-informed decision on important issues. Two positions, however, hold much higher importance that should ultimately determine which party to vote for. The two positions, from my perspective, include being fiscally responsible and reducing our dependence on foreign energy. Since both major parties have said they plan to do this for almost 40 years, I would say that voting for either party should be fine.

As to fiscal responsibility – the balanced budget under President Clinton in 1999 greatly annoyed some Republicans. The Republican Party's displeasure confuses me since they had a balanced budget under President Eisenhower in 1959. If political events repeat themselves, we are due for a balanced budget in 2039, once every 40 years, and it should be the Republicans' turn. The puzzle is that both major parties running for office claim to have a plan to balance the budget. One can only assume that both parties want to balance the budget, but their planning must be flawed.

As to dependence on foreign oil – it is a problem. Starting with the Nixon administration, both parties and every president has stated that we need to end our dependence on foreign oil.

“By 1980 we will be self-sufficient and will not need to rely on foreign enemies... uh, energy”
—President Richard Nixon, 1973

“America is addicted to oil, which is often imported from unstable parts of the world,”
—President Bush, 2006

“I will set a clear goal as president: in ten years we will finally end our dependence on oil in the Middle East,”
—Democratic Presidential nominee Barack Obama.

The dependence on foreign oil has obviously been a problem for a long time. While everyone sees a problem and says they will do something, maybe the problem is in the planning. Of course there is a relationship to oil dependence and financial responsibility – In order to buy foreign oil, we need to borrow money from China so we can pay for the oil. While China and the oil companies may be doing very well with this, I don't believe it is in our best interest to continue. So I recommend that you vote for the party that will be fiscally responsible and put us on the road to energy independence. Determining which party will do this can be a daunting task. Viewing each party's plans

will help in this decision process. As I already mentioned, it has been an issue for a long time.

“The defense of Saudi Arabia is vital to the defense of the United States.”
—President Roosevelt 1943

As to picking individual candidates – that may be easier since we often hear them talk, maybe we hear them talk too often! What often appears to be the ideal candidate will say that s/he will reduce government size, make government more efficient, reduce waste and fraud, make sure our defenses are strong and will ensure Social Security and Medicare are fully funded. Additionally s/he will discuss the plan to have a balanced budget and everyone will receive a tax break. Oh, you also don't want to forget that the candidates are for traditional American values. I would think that the traditional values would include a balanced budget every 40 years! You should be a little suspicious when they say that they have PLANS to do all of this. Of course the above descrip-

tion is the general blue print for every elected representative and the opposition candidate.

Of course, maybe, just maybe the reason the plans don't seem to work is because they can't. Maybe, just maybe we can't have everything we want and/or think we should have. What would you think if you heard a candidate say, hey folks, we are in big trouble? We are waist-deep in bovine fecal material and to get out is going to cost us. We have spent too much over the last forty years and we need to reduce what government spends, and at the same time raise taxes. The debt and deficit is so great that if we don't take drastic measures we could fall into an economic hole that we may not be able to recover from. Not only do we have to reduce our debt, we need to reduce our dependence on foreign oil.... I have a plan....and we start all over again.

“Things that are obvious are not necessarily true and many things that are true are not all obvious”
—Dr. Joseph LeDoux

To read past editions of *Words From Winterbilt*, visit the *Authors' section* of *Emmitsburg.net*.

Part 2 - choosing candidates, next month

The Village Idiot

Hope and change

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

The rototiller bucks up out of the garden bed spitting an egg-sized stone from its spinning blades. I always press the stones back into the soil with my foot. Mother's Bones, they feed minerals to the soil as my tiller and weather wears them down. Above the engine noise, I hear a deep, distant rumble and look to the sky. Between the rich, brown, fragrant soil and the deepening blue of the evening sky looms a thunderhead. Beyond it, the darker clouds flash orange and long seconds later the rumble reaches me. Ha! Zeus or some similar god has wrapped itself in cloud and roils across the sky showing off its power and majesty before unleashing a gift of much needed rain.

The light is fading, the sun well over the mountains. “Wanda!” I call to her some yards away, intently focused on pulling weeds before I reach her bed with the tiller. “It's time.” She looks up and for once doesn't argue. She picks up some tools and starts for the van. I follow with the tiller grumbling happily as I return it to its place in the shed. All things are happy when used as they were meant to be. The rain begins and ends within minutes.

It's too dark to return to work in the garden and the gods aren't finished. They begin a game played across the nearly black sky. We stand in amazed silence as two thunder-

heads seemingly hurl lightning bolts back and forth. I recall a story a professor told of standing on a shore of Crete, “watching a storm gather between the Homeric wine dark sea and the azure sky.” He claimed he felt what a Greek must have felt 5,000 years ago as a similar storm flashed and raged in an otherwise clear sky above a calm sea. Of course a god was there!

In all the spectacular flash and thunder I slowly calmed and considered. My grandfather had worked this ground to feed his family. His sons had followed, though they used modern tools, applied new methods and ideas, but their goals were the same, feed the family. Now there I stood, no need to grow anything as I can walk into a supermarket and buy food day or night. Hunger is not something I fear or fight, not yet. No, I stand on that ground because I never learned what those before me knew. I'm trying to connect with them, to rid myself of some dread ignorance I do fear. That, and the ground grew some damned fine garlic and potatoes this past season. I want more of both next year!

As I thought about those gone before me, and the gods playing above me, I realized I am a currently breathing member of a very long chain of survivors. A line that stretches tens of thousands of years beyond even the ancient Greek watching Zeus, wrapped in cloud,

hurl his bolts across the azure sky.

What a pathetic wimp this descendant of Heroes is! Here whines a Descendant of Man, Son of Earth, Child of Chaos hurled into existence to be whatever can be! And I what? Tremble with impotent anger at the machinations of priests and politicians? Worry that my soft life is being jeopardized by evil people bent on crushing my flagging spirit? That those who must dominate will always seek to do so; with lies and fantasies spun from their droppings, woven into sparkling webs to snare the foolish, the lazy, the selfish?

Something is missing from me. Something was not passed along, or I didn't see it as valuable, or it was deliberately withheld, or I was lied to about its necessity! I feel its lack, know I need it, and need to pass it along before even more of us settle into the mewling, contented cud chewing state I see so much of now.

How do I find something I don't even know the name of? I've looked, still look, in libraries among the stacks of the wise and not so. I search among the people I meet. I catch glimpses of something, something not quite real, but tantalizingly close. I keep looking, listening, thinking. Is it hope I'm after? I suspect it may be. When I hear the rulers use a word, dangle it before the sheep, I've learned they usually mean the opposite. Hope is for the rulers. They hope to stay in power, to confound and befuddle me. To set me against others, pointing out the differences in their skin colors,

or accents, or religious beliefs, or geographical locations, or eye color, or sex, so all our energies are spent smashing against nothing because these different are just like me! And those who need to rule remain securely in control.

There is something in the soil that eases my troubled mind. Am I really in contact with the Mother when I feel the soil as I plant seedlings, spuds and bulbs? Is She feeding me as She was said to have given strength to giants and monsters before men learned to write? Is hope transferred with Her touch?

I think so. If I did not find hope as I plant within Her bosom the things I expect to see fruiting months, seasons later, why would I bother? When I plant garlic I know it will spend the winter growing roots. I expect it to shoot up come spring, to grow strong and bulb up as summer nears. I have to set aside my apathy, my disgust and anger, my fears so I can work the soil and sow the crop.

Perhaps it is the self-motivated act of planting a garden that will lead me to what I seek? Is the missing something the ability to stand alone if need be? What would a ruler, seeking dominance, control over

me, take from me if it could be stolen? Individually? The ability to survive without a community, or laws, or rulers?

Gods, how our elitist classes must fear the Children of Chaos! Why else do they seek to confine, manipulate, restrict, punish those who create and/or push the limits of knowledge?

Yes, as I stand in the garlic bed I think I've found some of what I've sought. Hope is in the act of planting, strength is in the Mother, the Earth. Potential is in Father Chaos. Fear is in the heart of the diseased who must be in control. Let them be afraid. I'll plant the garlic and survive the diseased as my ancestors did for tens of thousands of years before me. Perhaps I'll even compost a few of the rulers' decaying corpses when the time comes and plant fruit trees over them so they will have been of some use during their sorry existences.

In the meantime, the November election draws near. Hope lies in the chance of making some of the current elect unemployed.

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

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Pure Onsense Regarding Ideals

Scott Zuke

Ideals are tricky. As understatement goes, I'll be hard pressed to top that one, but it's an appropriate place to start because ideals are the driving force going into next month's mid-term election. One could also say jobs or the economy in general is the primary issue, but if you listen to the candidates and see who has been successful so far, you will probably hear more ideological rhetoric about the role of government and conservative values than actual concrete plans for economic improvement.

The GOP's new "Pledge to America" follows the trend, weaving together long-standing Republican talking points with Tea Party rallying cries for smaller federal government.

It is by no means Republicans' first attempt to co-opt the movement. In July, a Tea Party Caucus run by Republicans was approved in Congress. Meanwhile, working from outside D.C., but still undeniably a stalwart Republican, Sarah Palin has found a niche selling her attitude.

It's hard to deny she's been an effective advocate for those who share her views. While Palin's own campaign is a (short) ways off, a wave of like-

minded Congressional candidates has just cleared numerous primaries and is surging toward November. Like Nancy Pelosi's oft-quoted line about needing to "pass the [health care] bill so you can find out what's in it," voters will have to decide whether to elect the new batch of Tea Party candidates to find out what their agendas will actually be once they get to Washington. Agree or disagree with their politics, there may not actually be much to get excited about either way.

It's not that I don't believe they are genuine in their intentions, especially those who are relatively new to politics and are running on true idealism more than campaign pragmatism. But there are historical observations that lead me to question the effectiveness of uncompromising principles and party stands.

Repeatedly in recent decades we have seen the arrival of powerful, ideal-driven reform movements claiming they will fight the influence of special interests and cut down on government waste. Each movement has failed more spectacularly than the last. "Change is as easy to promise as ever," writes Jonathan Rauch in his book, *Government's End: Why Washington*

Stopped Working. "But it has grown a good deal harder to deliver."

One example of a failed effort to reign in Washington was the energetic Republican party under Newt Gingrich in the mid-90s. Gingrich and his followers did everything they could to assault government waste, even allowing the government to be shut down during an impasse over the budget. Rather than being praised for their unwavering adherence to their principles, however, they alienated the public, appearing obstructionist and too uncompromising. They didn't last long after that.

Why should we expect Tea Party candidates, the new generation promising strict adherence to principles over political compromising, to be any different? Because they're angrier? Because they have memorized the Constitution and solidified their principles based upon some interpretation of it? Doubtful.

Should these new candidates succeed in November, it will be interesting to see what, if any impact they are able to make in Washington. One challenge I believe they will face stems from a misconception of who the enemy is and where the political pressure comes from.

The conventional wisdom is that "Power corrupts," and that Washington has fallen into the hands of a power-hungry and corrupt ruling class. The Tea Party identifies the small group of unprincipled ca-

reer politicians in D.C. as the source of our problems, infringing on our liberties and trying to run our lives. Rauch, on the other hand, views the so-called "ruling class" as really being more at the mercy of special interests. And not the old stereotypical ones, pulling the puppet strings from smoky back rooms, but from a huge population of open, transparent groups with vast memberships and budgets dedicated to hiring lobbyists, so that virtually any proposed action falls under immediate and relentless attack until it is dead. The problem, essentially, is us: a litigious, self-centered society where there is a system in place that rewards us more for taking money from our collective purse rather than generating new wealth through innovation and investment.

Another challenge will be to learn how to build a legislative coalition. This is true for any incoming politician, but is all the more difficult for those coming in openly critical of the establishment and promising uncompromising adherence to set principles. Politics is an art of compromise, and as unsavory as some of the results of this fact are, those who refuse to observe it don't last long.

The Tea Party candidates working to make their way to Congress have an idealized vision of how the federal government should function. That ideal, to them, is the one thing they count on for strength while facing a system they know will try to

corrupt their principles, but it may also prevent them from seeing opportunities where short-term compromise will allow them to make incremental systematic changes for the better. Perhaps the attempt by the Republican establishment to co-opt them into their ranks isn't so much a power grab as it is the seasoned leadership from those who understand ideals only go so far when they are made absolute, rather than general guiding principles.

Ideal-driven crusades have been tried before, and it appears they are only becoming less effective. The status quo, however, is not gaining any new supporters.

Here in Frederick, the Tea Party leadership is now speaking in a tone of resignation and giving up on efforts to reform Washington from within. Instead, they're talking about reasserting state sovereignty and electing like-minded representatives to state-level government, shifting the battlefield away from Congress, located helplessly close to K Street, and closer to the people. Whether such a retargeted effort will have any higher chance of success, or will run into the same obstacles, remains to be seen, but that just may end up being the more interesting process to keep an eye on than the current round of mid-terms.

To read past edition of Scott's *Onsense*, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.

Down Under Shaping a Nation

Submitted by Lindsay,
Melbourne Australia!

What difference does it make to the dead, the orphans and the homeless, whether the mad destruction is wrought under the name of totalitarianism or the holy name of liberty or democracy?

'Non-violence in peace and war.'(1942)
vol. 1, p 142

Mahindra Karamchand Gandhi, to give him his full name, was surely one of the greatest reformers the 20th century: Freedom from colonial rule, political and social reform, passionate advocate of non-violent resistance, and opposition to all forms of tyranny were his mantra

and his legacies. Many great leaders in the civil rights movement took up his teachings and practices, including Martin Luther King, but only Gandhi earned the title 'Mahatma', or great soul.

I thought that in this edition of the News-Journal it would be appropriate to pay tribute to this passionate believer in passive resistance, protest and truth, as he was born on October the second in 1869. He died on January 30, 1948 aged 79, so perhaps his legacy has been somewhat forgotten by now, but as you are all in the middle of elections I thought it might be good to revisit some things he achieved – and their relevance today. In fact, in some ways things are not all that different from the India of 1921 and America at present: One in seven then were living in poverty, the same proportion as in America now; Wealth was visible everywhere, but the great majority had to scramble for food and shelter; elections were held every few years in which only the privileged could vote, electing ministers who would toe the ruling line, and across America today only the truly motivated seem to vote for the party they consider the lesser of two evils.

Gandhi developed and preached Satyagraha, resistance to tyranny through civil disobedience, which he based on the concept of Ahimsa. This is the belief and practice of total non-violence, the telling of the truth at all times, simplicity, and faith. His inspiration spread throughout the world, and has always been met with threats, imprisonment, torture, deprivation and death, the weapons of conservative, entrenched powerful elites. The art of defending some of

one's rights in a democracy used to be safely left to government, but when that body is under the sway of the elite and powerful, resistance becomes less an art, more of an implacable stand. When a nation has been led, like a cow to slaughter, to willingly to live on other people's money and to taste the easy living that brings, but is then made to carry the inevitable repayment of debt, the disquiet, despair and wrath that follows evolves to protest, anger and violence. But violence always brings more than revenge - just further suffering.

From this distance it is easy to see the spur behind such uprisings at the Tea Party, for who wants to give up the comforts of middle class content and opportunity, who wants to admit that the American Dream was built on illusions? The age of reality, not the Age of Aquarius is with you now, and rather than try to re-establish that golden age, it would be better to consider Mahatma's legacy. It has never been easy, comfortable or safe to be a peaceful protester, but it is nearly always that road that should be taken, for the eventual alternative is civil war.

Gandhi also had the facility of writing down ideas and ideals that are readily understood while being pertinent through the ages. He was also a father, not just of resistance, but of one son - and most fathers want to leave something of note for their children to consider after they have left this life. Sometimes it's an example, sometimes a record of achievement, sometimes a book or other writing. And occasionally it's a set of ideals, although it takes a rather special person to come up with something meaningful

and farsighted, something that has resonance down the ages

Below is a set of such insights, the first seven of which were given to Gandhi's only son Rajiv at the last meeting they ever had. They are the things that occur in a society when ethics, honesty and verity have been replaced by greed, self-interest and spin, and were written after a lifetime of striving to bring justice, fairness and recognition to a nation that had been ruled by foreign interests for several hundred years.

Wealth without work
Pleasure without conscience
Knowledge without character
Commerce without morality
Science without humanity
Worship without sacrifice
Politics without principle
Rights without responsibilities

The last of these was added by Rajiv, who helped carry on his father's work.

I wonder if you might dwell on each of these and measure both yourself and your candidates against them. Avoid anyone who says yes to most of them, vote for anyone who can say no to them, and good luck. If you are one of the latter, run for office.

PS: We have a female Prime minister now, sworn in 5 weeks ago with support of the Greens and a couple of independents. She's trying to reform parliament and get a sane and useful dialogue going with the conservative opposition. They are saying no way.

To read past editions of Lindsay's *Down Under* column visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net



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GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the Desk of Mike K. Kurtiany



“Good fences make good neighbors”, but this should not happen in politics. Yet it does, and that is what gives politics such a bad name. We’d have more people getting involved in politics, good, honest folks, if only there wasn’t so much mud-slinging. I remember what John McCain once aptly stated: “Don’t get in a fight with a pig—you will both get dirty and the pig will enjoy it.”

What must be understood is that politics do indeed make strange bedfellows. There are times when I will agree with my Republican counterparts, specifically on issues like not raising taxes, and a moratorium on new business regulations. Other times, I will side with the Democrat candidates on things like support for the arts and social services. It’s sad when people don’t like you just because they

disagree with you on an issue or two. It’s as if there were only one or two issues facing Frederick County Commissioners. There are dozens, and if candidates and their supporters can’t see that, then they have no business getting involved in politics.

It has been an honor to win the Primary Election and move on to the general. The issues haven’t changed, as people discuss with me what is important to them: keeping their jobs, and not raising taxes.

When it comes to economic development, job retention, job expansion and new job recruitment are essential for economic development. There are a number of ways to create jobs – one is through Business Retention efforts (helping our existing businesses grow, find opportunities, expand, stay healthy & competitive) and through Busi-

ness Attraction (bringing businesses into the County that were not here before). Providing information and education to current and potential businesses are the keys to success.

We need to continue to provide seminars and other educational/networking opportunities for companies to find connections and collaborations that will provide greater business opportunities for their businesses.

We need to continue to promote Frederick as a great location for doing business with a strong, educated workforce available to employers. We’ll continue to work with FCPS and FCC, Hood, and MSM to create internship opportunities for students, work on developing curriculum that meets the needs of our employers, and continue an open dialogue between the business community and the educational institutions in the County.

My plan is to do something that isn’t tried often enough: make my job as County Commissioner primarily one of an Ambassador of Frederick County. My experience in real estate, and a Chamber member, has created the vision working as an advocate for business in Frederick County, not an obstructionist.

I will work with the following people to be a salesperson for a more business-friendly environment: Chamber President; Tourism Director; Office of Economic Development (OED) for the City and County. How great would it be if the five of us went to major businesses and, as a team, offered Frederick County as a location to do business?

Furthermore, I would do the following: 1) ensure that OED stays in the county budget; 2)

“cc” the OED all planning requests by citizens and businesses, so that we may have her office’s input; and 3) add OED as an ad hoc, non-voting member of the Planning Commission, so that OED can have a constant, consistent presence at all of the meetings.

By instituting these ideas, we will make great strides in making Frederick County more business-friendly.

As a real estate consultant, I have had to be well-versed in the comprehensive plan, since, through the years, I have used the documents with my clients as a resource to understand what could or could not be done with their land. I have a copy of the documents in my office, and worked closely with the Planning Department through the years as a resource with my clients.

All this being said, with my knowledge of its history, and my real-life use through the years, I know that there are many positives and negatives to the current Comprehensive Plan.

Among the positives: particular parcels have clearer land uses than before, and loopholes were tightened on parcels that had incompatible land uses.

However, there are negatives: some landowners have had their lands downzoned, just because their lands weren’t scheduled for development.

My solution is to work with landowners who lost the value of the land through downzoning on an individual basis.

The general election is quickly approaching and I need your support. Please learn more about me and my campaign at MichaelK2010.com. I hope I can earn your trust and your vote on November 2.

One of the great things about running a campaign independent of a slate is the ability to reach out across the aisle, and within the aisle, to build bridges, rather than walls. Robert Frost once wrote that



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THE BOOK OF DAYS

Halloween traditions



There is perhaps no night in the year which the popular imagination has stamped with a more peculiar character than the evening of the 31st of October, known as All Hallows' Eve, or Halloween. It is clearly a relic of pagan times, for there is nothing in the church observance of the ensuing day of All Saints to have originated such extra ordinary notions as are connected with this celebrated festival, or such remarkable practices as those by which it is distinguished.

The leading idea respecting Halloween is that it is the time, of all others, when supernatural influences prevail. It is the night set apart for a universal walking abroad of spirits, both of the visible and invisible world; for, as will be afterwards seen, one of the special characteristics attributed to this mystic evening, is the faculty conferred on the immaterial principle in humanity to detach itself from its corporeal tenement and wander abroad through the realms of space. Divination is then believed to attain its highest power, and the gift of calling spirits 'from the vasty deep,' becomes available to all who choose to avail themselves of the privileges of the occasion.

There is a remarkable uniformity in the fireside customs of this night all over the United Kingdom. Nuts and apples are everywhere in requisition, and consumed in immense numbers. Indeed the name of Nut-crack Night, by which Halloween is known in the north of England, indicates the predominance of the former of these articles in making up the entertainments of the evening. They are not only cracked and eaten, but made the means of vaticination in love affairs.

It is a custom in Ireland, when the young women would know if their lovers are faithful, to put three nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after the lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn together, they will be married.

As to apples, there is an old custom, perhaps still observed in some localities on this merry night, of hanging a stick horizontally by a string from

the ceiling, and putting a candle on the one end, and an apple on the other. The stick being made to twirl rapidly, the merry makers in succession leap up and snatch at the apple with their teeth (no use of the hands being allowed), but it very frequently happens that the candle comes round before they are aware, and scorches them in the face, or anoints them with grease.

The disappointments and misadventures occasion, of course, abundance of laughter. But the grand sport with apples on Halloween is to set them afloat in a tub of water, into which the juveniles, by turns, duck their heads with the view of catching an apple. Great fun goes on in watching the attempts of the youngster in the pursuit of the swimming fruit, which wriggles from side to side of the tub, and evades all attempts to capture it; whilst the disappointed aspirant is obliged to abandon the chase in favour of another whose turn has now arrived.

The apples provided with stalks are generally caught first, and then comes the tug of war to win those which possess no such appendages. Some competitors will deftly suck up the apple, if a small one, into their mouths. Others plunge manfully overhead in pursuit of a particular apple, and having forced it to the bottom of the tub, seize it firmly with their teeth, and emerge, dripping and triumphant, with their prize. This venturesome procedure is generally rewarded with a "hurrah!" by the lookers on, and is recommended, by those versed in Halloween aquatics, as the only sure method of attaining success.

In recent years, a practice has been introduced, probably by some tender mammas, timorous on the subject of their offspring catching cold, of dropping a fork from a height into the tub among the apples, and thus turning the sport into a display of marksmanship. It forms, however, but a very indifferent substitute for the joyous merriment of ducking and diving.

Among these is the custom still prevalent in Scotland, as the initiatory Halloween ceremony, of pulling kailstocks or stalks of colewort. The young people go out hand in hand, blindfolded, into the kailyard or garden, and each pulls the first stalk with

which he meets. They then return to the fireside to inspect their prizes. According as the stalk is big or little, straight or crooked, so shall the future wife or husband be of the party by whom it is pulled. The quantity of earth sticking to the root denotes the amount of fortune or dowry; and the taste of the pith or custoc indicates the temper. Finally, the stalks are placed, one after another, over the door, and the Christian names of the persons who chance thereafter to enter the house are held in the same succession to indicate those of the individuals whom the parties are to marry.

Another ceremony much practised on Halloween, is that of the Three Dishes or Luggies. Two of these are respectively filled with clean and foul water, and one is empty. They are ranged on the hearth, when the parties, blindfolded, advance in succession and dip their fingers into one. If they dip into the clean water, they are to marry a maiden; if into the foul water, a widow; if into the empty dish, the party so dipping is destined to be either a bachelor or an old maid. As each person takes his turn, the position of the dishes is changed.

The ceremonies above described are all of a light sportive description, but there are others of a more weird like and fearful character, which in this enlightened incredulous age have fallen very much into desuetude. One of these is the celebrated spell of eating an apple before a looking glass, with the view of discovering the inquirer's future husband, who it is believed will be seen peeping over her shoulder.

Another of these, what may perhaps be termed unhallowed, rites of All Hallows' Eve, is to wet a shirt sleeve, hang it up to the fire to dry, and lie in bed watching it till midnight, when the apparition of the individual's future partner for life will come in and turn the sleeve.

Other rites for the invocation of spirits might be referred to, such as the sowing of hemp seed, and the winnowing of three wechts of nothing, i.e., repeating three times the action of exposing corn to the wind. In all of these the effect sought to be produced is the same the appearance of the future husband or wife of the experimenter.

It may here be remarked, that popular belief ascribes to children born on Halloween, the possession of certain mysterious faculties, such as that of perceiving and holding converse with supernatural beings.

The Discovery of America

On 12th October 1492, Columbus with his followers landed on Guanahani or San Salvador, one of the Bahama Isles, and planted there the cross in token of gratitude to the Divine mercy, which, after guiding him safely through a perilous voyage, had at last, in the discovery of a western world, crowned with success the darling aspiration of his life. Land had already been descried on the previous evening, but it was not till the ensuing morning that the intrepid admiral

beheld the flat and densely-wooded shores gleaming beneath the rays of an autumn sun, and by actually setting his foot on them, realized the fulfilment of his hopes.

It is now well known that although Columbus was unquestionably the first to proclaim to the world at large the existence of a new and vast region in the direction of the setting sun, he cannot literally be said to have been the first European discoverer of America. The ancient Scandinavians or Norsemen, so renowned for their maritime enterprise, had, at the commencement of the 11th century, not only settled colonies in Greenland, but explored the whole east coast of America as far south as lat. 41° 30' N, and there, near New Bedford, in the state of Mass., they planted a colony. An intercourse by way of Greenland and Iceland subsisted between this settlement and Norway down to the fourteenth century.

There is also satisfactory evidence for believing, that in the twelfth century the celebrated Welsh prince, Madoc, having sailed from his native country with a small fleet, landed and founded a colony on the coast of Virginia. But to Columbus still belongs the merit of having philosophically reasoned out the existence of a New World, and by practically ascertaining the truth of his propositions, of inaugurating that connection between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, which has affected so remarkable a revolution in the world's history.

It is a little curious, indeed, that the belief which Columbus entertained, at first, as to the land discovered by him being part of India or China, was adhered to by him to the last, and he died in the idea that Cuba formed a portion of the mainland of India. This notion so pertinaciously clung to, both by the great Genoese and Europe in general, was dispelled by Balboa's expedition in 1513 across the Isthmus of Darien, and discovery of the Pacific Ocean. Whilst a few years later, the real position of these countries with respect to America was demonstrated by the expedition of Fernando Magalhaens, whose untimely death, in the Philippine Islands, deprived him of the honour of being the first circumnavigator of the globe.

Much obloquy has been thrown on Amerigo Vespucci, the Florentine navigator, for depriving Columbus of the honour of giving his name to the New World. How the denomination of America arose from Vespucci's Christian name has never been satisfactorily explained, but it appears to be sufficiently ascertained that he himself is in nowise responsible for the circumstance. Vespucci, who was a man of considerable attainments, wrote an account of his American voyages, which was translated into German, and obtained an immense popularity with that nation. It has been conjectured that the name of America was first applied in Germany to the New World, and from thence was adopted by the other countries of Europe.

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"The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might...
And that was odd because it was
The middle of the night."

...Lewis Carroll, "The Walrus and the Carpenter."

The equinox was scheduled to arrive at 11:09 p.m. on September 22, and I guess it did, although I couldn't tell. When I was in the 6th grade my science book said the sun is directly over the equator at the time of the equinox, and if you're in the right place you can see it rising exactly in the east, if

year for gardens. The rainfall was actually nearly three inches above average, but it all came in storms that were two or three weeks apart, and between storms it was so hot that the soil dried out completely. Even the weeds stopped growing. The only good thing about it was some of the doubters started to admit that global warming is real.

The heat was as hard on the birds as it was on the tomatoes. The local chimney swifts left early; I may see a few yet this month as the northern populations pass by, but the ones from Emmitsburg are probably half-way to Patagonia by now. The Carolina wrens that nested in the window box after my wife chased

on both ends, but so far, the ones I've seen have been either all tan or all black. I'm not sure what that means, but it doesn't sound good.

I used to spend summer evenings sitting on the porch, but this year that wasn't a pleasant environment. The heat was a factor, but the main problem was the mosquitoes. Normally they would have been in the back yard where the drain from the basement sump comes out, but that dried up back in June, and the only wet place available was on the porch where my wife waters her potted plants. Mosquitoes seemed to come from miles around, as if it were the Great Dismal Swamp. It wasn't a fit place for man, but at least one beast liked it. One morning when I went out to get the paper, I saw what looked like a lump of greenish chewing gum sitting on the window sill. On closer inspection it proved to be a tree frog.

Tree frogs are small frogs with adhesive pads on the ends of their toes; there are nine species of them in Maryland, four of which live in Frederick County. You don't see them often because they spend most of their time in trees, sometimes high up, and they can change color to match the bark or leaves they are sitting on. This one was *Hyla versicolor*, the Gray Tree Frog; it probably wandered onto the porch to eat mosquitoes. It appeared to be sleeping off a good meal, and tried to ignore me, so I was able to pick it up easily. It was a beautiful little creature, pale blue-green on the back, with gray sides, white underneath, and yellow on the hind legs. It was less than an inch long, but looking carefully, I could see the pattern in its eye that Shakespeare called "a precious jewel in his head."

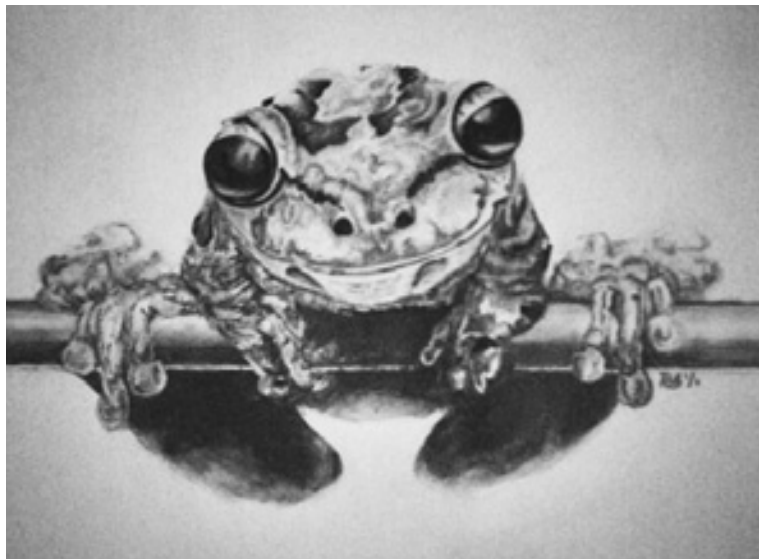
The frog gave me a chance to test a theory that has been bothering me for some time. In her autobiography, *An American Childhood*, Annie Dillard made the claim that "Young children have no sense of wonder. They bewilder well, but few things surprise them." I love Annie Dillard's writing, but she doesn't have children of her own, and her statement doesn't agree with my experience. So I called on my two-year-old



neighbor, Claire, to test it. She has a story book with froggies in it, so she was not afraid, and after explaining that frogs are soft and you mustn't squeeze them, I put it in her hand. She looked at it as it sat there contentedly; her vocabulary doesn't include words like "wonder" yet, but from the expression on her face, she didn't need to say it. Then she decided to pet it with her other hand, and of course it jumped. It landed on my sleeve and stuck there with its adhesive toes, but as far as Claire was concerned it had disappeared into thin air. She was bewildered at the disappearance (Annie was right on that point), but she was definitely surprised and delighted when I showed her where it was. I put it back in her hand and she promptly poked it to

see if it would jump again. It did, naturally, this time landing on her blouse. She wanted to take it home to show Mommy, but we decided that might not be a good idea; so, very reluctantly, we put it back on the windowsill. It stayed there the rest of the day, and left some time during the night.

How the minds of children develop is one of the great mysteries left for science to solve. We do know that they thrive on new experiences. So the next time Claire comes, perhaps there will be woolly bears to wonder about, and perhaps in another year or so I may tell her about the walrus and the carpenter. Maybe in the course of time I may even get to tell her about the equinox. Wonder and surprise keep both young and old going.



you happen to have a compass with you. I always meant to get up early and go out with my compass to see if the book was right, but I kept forgetting. This year I intended to make a special effort; but as it turned out, here in Emmitsburg it was too dark to tell. I suppose when it was 11:09 p.m. the sun must have been coming up somewhere in the world; maybe if you had been somewhere in the Pacific Ocean with Lewis Carroll's walrus, you could have seen it. But not from here.

Fall is not my favorite season. The leaves turn pretty for a while, but they don't last, and things start dying and it gets cold. At my age it is unwise to wish for time to pass, but this year I was glad to see fall get here, just to get rid of summer. It was a bad

them off of the front porch hatched a brood of three, and both parents worked their beaks to the bone trying to find enough caterpillars for them, but none of them survived. The robins, cardinals and sparrows left the yard and moved down to Toms Creek, where there is water, shade, and a better chance for a meal. About the only birds visible from the yard are the turkey vultures that live in the old haunted house next door, but they don't know how to sing so they aren't very good company.

The heat and drought seem to have confused the woolly bears. I saw two of them last week on the 16th green of the golf course; both were crawling at top speed in opposite directions, and they didn't even nod as they passed each other. They were both pale tan in color. Usually they are two colors, meaning the coming winter will be black in the middle and brown

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IN THE COUNTRY

Finally, the summer is over!

Michael Hillman

I don't know about anyone else, but I for one am happy this summer is finally over!

This year started off with so much promise. The winter's back-to-back blizzards made the snow stay around for a while, adding much needed moisture to the ground, unlike most snowstorms I've experienced over the past 20 years. Spring brought an unusual amount of early rain that became frustrating to farmers who desperately needed to plant crops in their fields, and to hobby horse-farm owners like me, who had to cut pastures more than we cared to.

The may came and Mother Nature turned off the spigot. The dry weather gave everyone a chance to catch up, but with the first cut hay safely in the barns and the fields nicely mowed, eyes began to turn upwards. "OK, you can bring on some more rain..." But none came.

Now having spent the past 20 summers on the farm, I've long gotten used to dry summers, and fully expect to spend more than my fair share of time down at Toms Creek pumping water for my wife's gardens and the brood of young trees we've planted around the farm. Until this summer I've never found cause to make that trip in July, let alone in June.

However, something told me this year was going to be hard, so instead of waiting for the trees to show stress, I started early. Being the engineer that I am, I laid out a schedule for how much water each tree would receive and when. I watered the younger trees, which had shallower and less developed roots, more frequently. I let the older trees, with their well established roots, tough it out. As the dry spell dragged on, they too were eventually added to the watering schedule.

My job called me away for the second half of June, but I left feeling confident the trees would be fine. Every night as my wife and I caught up with each other, the conversation always turned to the subject of rain. "Nope," was her only reply to my question on the chance of rain. With each passing day I found myself worrying more and more about the trees. Having planted each and every one of them as seedlings no bigger than my thumb, I had a special attachment to each one.

By the time I returned home in early July, my worst fears were realized. Many trees were showing signs of drought stress, and several had already lost half or more of their leaves. I had no sooner unpacked my bags than I was headed down to the creek for water. And so it went for the rest of the summer.

While in many ways it was work, watering the trees provided me a much-needed opportunity to take a deep breath and draw some enjoyment for life.

My two canine traveling companions, Kira and Neilex, nev-

er seemed to tire of the trips to the creek. While I pumped water, they hunted Crawdads in the water under Toms Creek Bridge. They never caught any, but that didn't seem to bother them. They were just happy being dogs. Neilex would wade in the shallows with his tail in constant motion in anticipation of a 'find,' while Kira would patrol the deeper sections. I enjoyed watching them enjoy themselves. As they hunted I read, something I find harder and harder to do these days.

On many occasions a neighbor would join me to draw water for his vegetable garden and his wife's roses. Our conversations almost always turned to the depth of the water in the creek. Having lived in the country all his life, he believed this summer's drought was the worst ever, and with temperatures stuck in the high 90's and no rain in sight, it was only going to get worse.

As the summer wore on, the creek grew shallower and shallower as feeder streams dried up. And with the feeder streams' drying, wildlife that depended upon them for water had to seek out water wherever they could. It wasn't exactly wildlife's 'Grapes of Wrath' event, not yet at least, but I nevertheless felt for them.

After noticing paw prints in the muddy bottom of a now-dry, small vernal pond at the bottom of our hill, I decided to add it to my watering regime. While larger wildlife could make the mile-long trek to the creek, smaller animals, like snakes, chipmunks, mice, and turtles, could not.

I was not disappointed. The evening of the first refilling of the pond I sat on the hill and watched as animals descended upon it. It was like watching a caravan arrive at an oasis in the desert. Though I could not solve world hunger or bring about world peace by myself, in this case I was able to make a difference for

the most innocent of God's creatures, and that's all the reward I needed.

Try as I might, I could not water everything. As the summer wore on, underbrush in the woods began to shrivel up and die, revealing long forgotten trails and tire tracks formed years before I was born.

Near the vernal pond, the vestige of the long-abandoned driveway that runs adjacent to the boundary of my farm is now visible. It is only the second time I have been able to make out its path, the first time being in the early 1990's. Unlike the first time, this time I can walk the full path and make out every twist and turn. When I close my eyes, I can envision a Model T spinning its wheels, cutting deep grooves in the wet clay, grooves that are still visible today.

The loss of underbrush also reveals the 'dumps' of the farmers and homeowners who once called my farm home. Time and the elements have done their work on the dumps, and now all that remains are treasures from a bygone era: old medicine bottles, pots and plates, and occasionally an old car headlight. I would thoroughly enjoy a good archaeological dig, but with trees to water and a pond to fill, I simply don't have the time. When I don't need to water my trees, the underbrush is too dense and the dumps disappear from view, so exploring them is impossible. It's the classic catch-22.

While the old paths and dumps that come to life in droughts attract my attention, it's the outline of an old foundation just inside my fence line alongside the road that only appears during periods of severe drought that really gets my curiosity going.

I measured the outline once to be 24 feet by 20 feet, precisely the size of the original portion of my house. It is all that remains of the



foundation of my house's twin. Both houses were built for sisters in the 1880's. When the properties were combined in the 1920's, the owner chose one for his home and the other was rented out. In the 1930's the rental was torn down and the ground it stood upon plowed over. The outline of its foundation comes back every drought to remind me that it once served a purpose.

The remnants of this sister house remind me that like all things, time is fleeting; that our time here is short and we should make the most of it.

In the country a person's worth is not measured by how much he or she owns or controls, but by how

much he or she gives and cares.

During this hot summer I enjoyed the shade of trees that a nameless person planted and watered long before I was born. Long after I'm gone, the trees that I watered this summer will provide shade for owners to whom my name will only be a footnote in a deed record.

Like them, like me, like all things, the trees will grow old and die, and the cycle of life will go on. That is the way of life in the country. That's the beauty of life in the country.

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

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THE MASTER GARDENER

Spiders

Bill Devlen
Adams County Master Gardener

They're out there! And as fall comes on we are going to see more of them right in our own back yards. All summer they have been quietly going about their business policing our gardens. Occasionally, their paths have crossed ours, sometimes with disastrous results for them.

Spiders! Despite their size and proximity to man these little creatures that do so much good at keeping our insect pest population down are among the most universally feared inhabitants of the garden. The fact that they often drop out of nowhere and run with astonishing speed startles us. Even though most of them have jaws so small that they can not pierce human skin, the fear of their bite makes them seem more of a threat than the honeybee. Indeed, bee sting reactions cause many more deaths per year than spider bites.

The 37,000 species known worldwide are perhaps one fourth of all species out there. They are native to every continent but Antarctica, and from desert valleys to mountain peaks. Scientific counts show over 11,000 spiders per acre in the U.S. Imagine how many insects they take out of a field each day!

Spiders are not insects. Whereas insects are distinguished by six legs and two antennae, spiders are arachnids who have no antennae,

nor wings, and have four pairs (8) legs on two body segments. Most spiders have eight eyes that are arranged differently on the head depending on the species. Their bodies are covered with fine hairs and often have beautiful geometric patterns, sometimes with iridescent markings. With autumn coming on some of the most interesting species will be very evident in our gardens.

The most spectacular is the large, black & yellow argiope (*Argiope aurantea*) whose conspicuously colored body hangs head-downward in the center of a huge orb web. She's the spider we refer to when we think of garden spider.

A slightly smaller cousin, the banded argiope (*A. trifasciata*), has an abdomen covered by silvery bands. You might notice the heavy zigzag pattern in the center of the web before you see the spider. The spider you see is the female. In late summer look near the margins of the web. You may be fortunate enough to see the male, or even several. Only a fraction of the size of the female, they will try to get her attention by twanging on the support thread of the web. It pays to knock in this world!

Other orb webs may reveal the large barn spider, *Araneus cavaticus*. This spider with its mottled brown abdomen likes to build its web near buildings. Look around your porch or deck railings. Maybe the web is an orb with a line of debris down the center. Look closely and you will see a small dark brown spider with a cone-shaped abdomen in the midst of

the debris. *Cyclosa conica* likes to camouflage herself and her egg sac in this way.

Walking beneath trees in our garden or on woodland paths we may have met another small orb-weaver when we ran face first into an unseen web. The spider who built it has a unique abdomen covered with small spines. You can pick her up easily; she won't bite. The white and black ones are *Micrathena mitrata*. You may be lucky to find a black and yellow one, *Micrathena sagittata*. Both are common in the fall.

Some spiders build their orbs horizontally and hang under it. *Leucage* spp. is one such, often called an orchard spider. She prefers trees and low bushes and shrubs. A small spider (.3"), she can be recognized by her colorful oblong abdomen marked with white & yellow stripes on a black background. At the tip of the abdomen are some pinkish-orange spots.

Looking closely at your flowers or the garden fence you may see one of the many species of jumping spider (*Salticidae*). As the name says they run along the fence and pounce on their prey. They attach a drag line as they move about so that if they fall they can pull themselves back up. Able to see a distance of 8" or more, they have the best vision of all spiders. Many have very colorful iridescent coats.

Lurking inside the petals of your roses or zinnias may be a small crab-shaped spider lying in wait for a victim to land. These spiders are distinguished by their very long forelegs that they use to grab their prey. They look like small crabs which are close relatives of the spiders. The crab spider can change color to blend in with its background flower. But, unable to dis-



Black & Yellow Argiope

tinguish friend from foe, the spider will eat a bee if it buzzes too close.

In the grass or along the garden wall you will see many funnel webs made by a common grass spider, *Agelenopsis* sp. Vibrations on the web will bring her out. Despite her fast movements and hairy appearance she won't bite you. Look around the edge of the web and try to find her prospective mate. He's a very small version of the female.

The wolf spider is the one you have seen racing along the ground in your garden. Often she may be carrying an egg sac on her back, sometimes even young spiders. There are two large varieties in Pennsylvania. *Lycosa carolinensis* is one of the largest spiders in the state at an inch to an inch & a half long. She and her cousin, *Lycosa aspera*, who has a yellow line of hairs on her head and light-brown bands on her legs, may be trying

to come in the house this fall.

Spiders do an awful lot to keep insects in check. And they also have helpful kin like daddy-long-legs, centipedes, millipedes and many species of mites.

These may look like spiders, but they're not. From summer to fall we encounter them everywhere. We call them daddy-long-legs, a reference to their most notable attribute, or harvestmen because they are most numerous in the fall. They run fast, but they don't bite. Many species have stink glands at the base of the first pair of legs. Try to pick one up, and you may just catch a leg or two. They break off easily and allow the creature to escape. They cannot be regenerated.

Most of the ones commonly found in our area belong to the family called Phalangidae. Those with a brownish body with black stripes down the center and along the legs belong to the genus,

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Auth: Elect Ellis Burruss; Jim Racheff, treasurer.

THE MASTER GARDENER

The Small Town Gardner Miss Potter Doesn't Live Here

Marianne Willburn

One night, not too long ago, my children and I settled down for a little Beatrix Potter before bedtime. As we read about the scamperings of naughty rabbits and rooted for Benjamin Bunny and little Peter to escape Mr. MacGregor's garden, cabbages in hand, I suddenly had a moment of horrible clarity.

I am Mr. MacGregor.

I finished the story, bundled the children into bed and went to think about this disturbing development in the relative quiet of my living room – yet no matter how I approached it, I couldn't dispute the facts.

I have run after rabbits screaming hellfire at the top of my lungs. I have walked through my cabbages examining each leaf for telltale nibbles, and grumbling non-sensibly when evidence of tampering was found. I have thrown trowels, flower pots, and anything conveniently at hand at various four legged creatures found loitering amongst the lettuces. I have even encouraged my friendly Labrador to access his ferocious side and chase a varmint or two under the fence. And yes, I have eaten rabbit pie (albeit not of the homegrown variety).

It's pretty shocking to come face to face with the fact that you are, in effect, closely aligned with one of literature's great villains. But think carefully before you judge me dear friends. Remember, we never heard this classic story from Mr. Macgregor's point of view – and a story always has two sides.

From Peter Rabbit's perspective, Mr. Macgregor's garden was infinite in scope and variety, a veritable wonderland of fruit and veg. But then again, Peter was all of eight inches high. Perhaps Mr. Macgregor was just a small landowner like myself, utilizing every square inch of available space to grow prized lettuces or showpiece peonies. Perhaps he and Mrs. Macgregor bought themselves a little place on the edge of a woodland, never dreaming that it housed a menagerie of cardigan-wearing bunnies and literate hedgehogs. And when they began to descend like an Egyptian plague, we know that he tried every preventative trick in the book to save his cabbages, such as fencing his property, putting up a scarecrow and hiring an attack cat. Yet still the hoards of rabbits came. And came regularly by all accounts. Some even brought pocket handkerchiefs for the express purpose of stuffing them full of onions, and still others had their portraits painted holding carrots in one hand and radishes in the other. The

sheer effrontery of these creatures must have played havoc with Mr. Macgregor's sanity. Would you convict the man for trying to catch every one of the Flopsy Bunnies in order to line his old cloak?

There are days on Third Avenue when the homicidal ravings of this poor Scottish gardener seem quite harmless, and even well-tempered. Last month I had nineteen cabbages sprouting beautifully from rich loamy soil. This month I have nineteen stumps where nineteen cabbages used to be. Now granted, rabbits weren't directly responsible, and Beatrix Potter never immortalized Charlie the Loveable Cabbage Looper in her stories. But when one has endured such loss with stoicism, and then comes out on to the deck early one morning to find Benjamin Bunny collecting lettuces for his Sunday dinner, can one be faulted for charging half-clothed down the staircase, spewing fire and brimstone and ending up upside down in the raspberry canes?

And yet, I am not totally without feeling for the creatures which call my garden a home away from home. When Squirrel Nutkin and his cousin Timmy Tiptoes visit my bird feeder in the middle of winter, I let them gorge themselves. After all, they are as hungry as most of the chickadees, and infinitely more entertaining. When Jeremy Fisher's brother-in-law Mr. Toad showed up in my chard bed last week, I upturned a broken terracotta pot, so he should have a place to hang his hat. I even threw a few slugs in after him so he wouldn't have far to go for a square meal. For every groundhog I have trapped, every raven I have verbally abused, every rabbit I have charged, there is a snake that I have tried not to disturb, a newt I have re-covered with a stone, a praying mantis I have welcomed with a smile.

And yes, there is a method to my madness - and some might say, blatant cross-species discrimination. I have a garden, a precious garden. Each cabbage is loved; each flower bud watched and fawned over. The creatures who wish to help me in this enterprise are welcome. They are encouraged to build families and establish great estates – they can even have their portraits painted among the petunias with my blessing.

But woe to those who have decided that the chickweed growing on the other side of the fence no longer holds its allure, and that lettuce is a far more respectable dish for a growing varmint. To these determined creatures I have only this to say: "Welcome to Mr. Macgregor's Garden. Enter at your peril."

Leiobunum, while the lighter, reddish-brown members are often Phalangium opilio.

Daddy-long-legs, like many other arachnids, are nocturnal. Most of them eat other insects, spiders, mites, the gills of some fungi (toadstools) and decaying plant matter. Eggs are laid in the soil in the fall and hatch out when the weather warms in the spring. In our area, most individuals die off in the winter. They like to gather in large groups in the crotch of a tree or some other hollow especially at night or when the temperature dips. This helps them retain the daytime warmth and gets them through the cold snap. Hundreds of them with their legs intertwined make a memorable sight.

The next class is much more noticeable and due to their many legs and speed may be more startling. These are the centipedes. The common house centipede, Scutigera spp., has only fifteen pairs of legs, not the hundred that the name implies. The long legs are attached to the body segments and hold the brownish body low slung near to the ground. Unlike other arachnids they possess two long antennae which protrude a considerable distance in front of the body. They also possess two compound eyes, like most insects. They have small jaws beneath the head, which are equipped with poison glands. Due to their small size, the pincers cannot usually pierce human skin (nor can most spiders) and therefore, pose little or no danger. Living for a year or more, they hunt around the walls of our houses for flies and any other insects they may find.

Digging in the garden you may find, as I have, a soil centipede. These eyeless centipedes have an uneven number of pairs of legs, from 31 to 177 pairs, and live in the soil. They resemble thin reddish, orange wires with many legs and two prominent antennae on the head. Working their way through loose soil and litter, they devour insect larvae and worms. They have been found as deep as 28 inches in the soil.

The last class of common-

ly found spider kin is the millipedes. We have all seen these in or near our houses and gardens, sometimes congregating in large numbers. The most commonly found millipedes in our area are members of the order Julida. They possess a cylindrical body divided into as many as 74 sections, each section bearing two pairs of legs. While they can measure up to three or more inches long, most are one to one and one half inches long. They are dark brown in color. Like the centipedes they possess two antennae to detect their prey. Millipedes feed on decaying leaf and plant litter. In the compost pile they help break down the material into fertile compost. Millipedes enjoy a damp, dark environment.

Since millipedes and centipedes can occasionally become pests if they occur in excessive numbers in our houses, the easiest way to remove them is to vacuum them up. A mothball or two in the vacuum bag will destroy any insects or eggs picked up. This method is much easier on the housekeeper and much safer than using sprays and pesticides that may harm children or pets.

When we see any of the above creatures in our gardens or in the underbrush outdoors, we may at first be taken aback by their presence, but we can be assured that they are working for us keeping down the pest population and creating a fertile environment for our plants.

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

Good fencing

Dr. Kimberly Brokaw

We've all heard the adage "good fences makes good neighbors." When dealing with horses, good fencing is even more important. While the qualities one wants in a fence are easy to describe, it is difficult to find the ideal fencing material. Over the past few years I have had the pleasure, well not pleasure, to repair numerous lacerations on horses all from different types of fencing.

The ideal horse fence should have some give so that when horses run into it, they bounce off rather than running through. Therefore injuries are reduced. Fencing should be easily visible, not have any components that the horse can get caught in, and not splinter or form sharp edges that can impale a horse. It would also be nice if the fence was easy to maintain, and low cost to install. As one can imagine, the ideal horse fencing material has not been created yet. Most of the farms around here use either wood board fencing, hot-wire or electrobraid style fencing, high tensile wire, woven wire and t-posts, or barbed wire. My personal preference is for board fence but that doesn't mean I haven't seen injuries, and one fatality, related to board fencing.

The majority of my fence related laceration repairs involve storms, fireworks, loose dogs, or something else that has spooked the horses and caused them to run through the fence. As horses are herd animals, when one runs through the fence, it is not uncommon for his buddy to follow so the nature of the call usually involves treating not one but two horses. I tell owners that they should expect to have a fence related injury if they own horses long enough. If they are

lucky, it will be a minor scrape or cut, only requiring a few stitches.

Over the years of dealing with horses and fences, I have developed a strong dislike for barbed wire and t-posts as well as high tensile wire. The fencing isn't as visible to horses as board fencing and, when they run through the wire, it tends to cause degloving injuries (the skin gets peeled off of the deeper tissue similar to how a glove gets pulled off a hand). Sometimes with wire fencing the horses don't run through the fence but rather just stick a leg half through the fence and then slice it up as they try to extract the leg. The sawing motion of the wire cuts through the tissue and can even cut the bone. Having also pulled pieces of wire out of horses legs and hooves and then trying to treat the resulting septic (severely infected) joint, has further fueled my dislike for high tensile and barbed wire fencing.

Despite my obvious preference for board fencing, two of my most serious injuries were the result of horses running through their board fence. It was mid morning when I was told to come quickly to the farm. Two of the horses had run through the fence. One of them had half tried to jump the fence and had impaled herself on the wooden post. She was already dead. Her pasture mate was also seriously injured and the barn manager was concerned that she would probably be dead before I even got there. They described deep wounds to her neck and chest and said there was lots of blood. I instructed them to keep her quiet and that I was on my way.

As I pulled into the driveway, I found the mare still standing, with the barn manager and

various grooms around her. The manager was on the phone with the mare's owner "It looks really bad. I thought she would be dead before the vet got here, but the vet's here now so she should be fine." While I am happy that the manager had so much confidence in my ability, I was skeptical that simply my arrival on the farm meant the mare was going to be okay. I would have preferred if he hadn't reassured the owner that the situation was under control.

I got out of the work truck and looked at the mare. There was a large laceration down her neck and into her chest. I could see the esophagus, trachea, jugular vein, and various other vasculature. The mare was a bit wobbly on her feet but able to move. I instructed the manager to slowly walk the mare to the barn as I followed in my vehicle. She was put in a stall and I began cleaning the wound and assessing just how bad the damage was. I pulled multiple pieces of wood from the fence out of her neck. As I further explored the wound it became apparent that this mare was very lucky and had managed to miss damaging any major structures. I continued to flush out the wound trying to get out all the splinters. As the laceration was so large, I was able to put my arm inside her neck and feel for pieces of wood. If one was inadvertently left behind it would result in a chronic draining tract and infection. When I was satisfied that the wound was clean, I began the arduous task of repairing the laceration. Again, the plus side of such a large wound, and my small wrists, was that I could stick my arm in for internal sutures and drains to be placed.

After the repair was complete, I gave the barn manager instructions on how to flush and clean the wound as well as how to administer



the antibiotics. The mare was pregnant so caution was taken to help prevent abortion, but I warned them that I wouldn't be surprised if she aborted. If they had any concerns they were to call me immediately, otherwise I would see them in a couple days to remove the drains.

I removed the drains a few days later and then came back to take out the external stitches a week after that. So far the wound was looking great. No signs of infection, and thus far the mare had not aborted.

A couple months later, I was out at the farm looking at another horse, when the manager came over and told me that I should come out and look at the mare. Her laceration looked beautiful. The hair had grown back and there was barely a scar. A few months later she gave birth to a healthy colt.

Dr. Brokaw practices her love of caring for animals at the Walkersville Veterinary Clinic when not practicing on the editor's stupid horses.

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

The road to becoming a Canine good citizen

Erica Green

The Journey starts out simple enough. I have a new puppy and I want to do the very best I can by training her. She is a breed of dog that most people look at in fear. Bad press has followed Dobermans for many years, and while the spot light isn't on them today as much as the misunderstood Pit Bull, they are still feared.

So we signed up for a basic obedience class. Being my first dog I really had no idea where to start, so the first night of class many of the other dogs' abilities were more advanced. Here all the dogs sat pretty listening intently to their owners for the most part, while I had a crazy untrained puppy at the end of my leash that was much more interested in playing with the dog and handler next to us than listening to me beg her to sit. So our homework that first week was a simple one, teach her to sit.

All week long I was determined to teach her to sit. I would not be the person with a dog I can't control! I carried treats with me everywhere and every opportunity I had I rewarded her for sitting. It's amazing what you can do with your dog when you just take the time to teach it. By the end of the week I was confident we would be superstars at our next class.

This time in class my dog watched no one but me, sat nicely and waited for treats. Actually, she got a little full of herself a time or two and barked at me when she was sitting and I didn't reward her. It was like her saying, "Hey I'm sitting here. Don't you see that?" What a good girl.

Once I started to see the benefits of training and how good it felt to accomplish something I began to look further into dog obedience. I found out about an AKC starter program called Canine Good Citizen. Turns out if your dog knows just the basic obedience commands and can perform

them with some distractions, you can get a fancy certificate with you and your dog's name on it! I was excited to get started.

Every day became training. It was so simple because I didn't necessarily have to do structured training at a set time every day. I took every day living and opportunities to train her. I'd make her sit or lay down while I cooked dinner, then I call her over to me for a treat. We went to the park and walked around strangers and dogs, all the while she's rewarded for her good behavior. I also found out a tired dog is a good dog. We spent so much time together training and having fun that when we finished and relaxed at the house her mind and body were satisfied enough with mental stimulation and exercise that she didn't have any bad habits in the house!

I found a training club close by that was planning to hold a Canine Good Citizen Test and I signed up it. On the day of the test I was confident I had trained my dog well enough to pass, though I was still nervous. No one ever wants their dog to fail at anything.

We start the test by accepting a friendly stranger – here she had to be calm as a stranger walked up to me and started a conversation. PASS.

The next part was sitting polite-

ly for petting – she had to sit and let a stranger pet her – this was a hard one since she loved people and had a tendency to jump on them, but today she sat very nicely. PASS.

Appearance and grooming – this part of the test shows she's not opposed to be groomed or handled – helpful in a real world situation at your groomer or the veterinarians. PASS.

Out for a walk – This part showed that she was able to go for a walk in public and be under control. PASS.

Walking through a crowd- in this exercise she had to show that she can move around people in close quarters while being polite. PASS.

Sit, down and stay – Well we all know we had this one in the bag. I told her to sit then lie down and stay. I put her on a 10 foot leash and walked away from her. PASS.

Coming when called- from her stay I called her to me and she ran like the wind right to me. PASS.

Reaction to another dog – in this particular exercise my dog had to show no real interest in a passing dog. This was a hard one for us too because my dog loved to play with other dogs. She looked interested but a little watch command from me was enough to get



Canine Good Citizens Citta and Envy Green

her attention back. PASS.

Reaction to distraction – This part of the test shows your dog's confidence level. A person ran by us, dropped a can with rocks in it close to us and had someone walk by with crutches. PASS.

The last test and usually the toughest is the supervised separation – I had to give the leash to one of the helpers and leave my dog's sight for three minutes. Your dog is expected to be ok with you leaving and not bark or whine. My dog watched for me but was an angel. PASS.

What a wonderful feeling! My crazy little puppy pulling at the end of my leash became a Canine Good Citizen just 3 days after her first birthday! This single

experience started my passion for dog sports, and fueled my desire to train.

Since earning our Canine Good Citizen Certification my dog and I have competed and been successful in Schutzhund, competitive obedience, rally, and agility! Our road to becoming a Canine Good Citizen also opened a door to therapy work, in which we have visited nursing homes, and schools.

Training and competing with my dog has taught me valuable lessons in life that I treasure every single day. Happy Training!!!

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

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VETERAN'S PROFILE

E-4 Fred Leroy Hawk

James Houck

August 10, 1943 Clarence Earl and Ruth Elizabeth (Bollinger) Hawk were blessed with a son born at Annie M Warner Hospital at Gettysburg, Pa. and they named him Fred. Fred grew up with three brothers (Clarence Jr., Bill and Wayne) and one sister (Jane). The family grew up at their home on the Taneytown Road east of Emmitsburg.

Fred had a normal childhood playing games and ball with his siblings. Fred also liked to take long bicycle rides, hunt, fish, and swim and play in the water of the Monocacy River because it was very near his home. Fred worked on several farms in the area while growing up and continued while attending school in Emmitsburg. Fred liked attending school and excelled in sports and academics. He graduated from Emmitsburg High School in 1961.

Fred didn't waste time and so he went to work for Endicott Johnson in Westminster selling shoes and in less than a year he was promoted to manager of that store. He was looking to advance in the company so when they offered him a job as manager of their store in Palmyra, Pa. Fred took the job. Fred stayed



with them until 1963 and decided to enlist in the US Air Force.

Fred reported to Lackland Air Force base for basic training and went through an eight week course in five weeks. He then went to Amarillo Texas for tech school and when he graduated Fred got his orders to report for duty in Alaska.

Fred crossed the Arctic Circle on a airline plane September 12, 1963 and landed at Fort Yukon Alaska NORAD Air Command base station which is located eight miles above the Arctic Circle. There was two radar domes in the camp and the specialist would sit in those domes and could pick up any take offs or

landings anywhere in Russia.

Fort Yukon had a team of husky sled dogs that Fred was sure could easily win sled races except for the fact they were being fed Air Force food from the chow hall by Fred and his buddies and they were more like pets than sled dogs and they would anxiously await at each meal time because they knew they were getting a treat. Fred said they were wonderful dogs but they were only used to bring officials from the airport to the camp. The officials enjoyed the sled rides and had something to talk about when they got home. When it snowed there it stayed on the ground all winter because the temperature there in the winter was way below zero in fact sometimes seventy degrees below zero on the Fahrenheit thermometer. The barracks were all connected so no one had to go outside to get from one building to another.

Fred was an administration specialist and part of his job was going to the post office daily for the camps mail. The post office was located away from the base so Fred would go to the motor pool which was also connected to all the other buildings and use a half track to go to the post office. The only time he was in the severe cold was from the half track to the post office and back again to the half track. When spring came all the ice and snow would melt and flood the streets and the only way to get around was by boat.

The temperature would get as high as one hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the summer and is considered the coldest and hottest place in Alaska.

Fred and his buddies would go fishing wearing shorts and no shirt it was so warm. They would catch northern pike so big they would hold them at their waist and the tails would curl on the ground. The Indians traded salmon for the pike and Fred said he got the best part of the deal. Fred was amazed how visible the Northern Lights were there and how close they appeared to be. USO Shows were performed for the men stationed at Fort Yukon and Fred enjoyed the singing and dancing performances very much. Fred was transferred after a year in the Arctic circle to France where he got to see the Eiffel Tower and several other landmarks of France. He was then sent to England and then back to France again. Fred, after four years of service was sent back to the United States and was honorably discharged in 1967 at Fort Dix.

Fred is married to Helen Morningstar. Upon retiring from Random House after thirty six and a half years, he took up managing Red's Tavern. Fred has brought the home cooked meals back and runs a daily special each day and the food is great and very affordable. Stop in and see Fred and tell him Jim sent you. I just know he will give you a big smile and good conversation and sometimes that all a person needs.

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CIVIL WAR DIARY

Civil War sites along the Appalachian Trail

John Miller
Emmitsburg Historical Society
Civil War Historian

In the modern day age of the internet, many Civil War historians such as myself are using new ideas to reach out to our audiences. With that being said, I want to bring all of my readers up to speed on my newest project. I now have a blog entitled "War Returns to South Mountain" which can be viewed at www.monterey-pass.blogspot.com. So far, this blog has been very successful in the Civil War community. A blog allows me to write about the smaller things that I never had room to write about or the subject was taken out during the editing process because I felt it did not belong in that piece. About six months into it, the blog features many articles about localized Civil War history which is broken down into three major themes.

The first theme is South Mountain. South Mountain is a mountain range that covers three states starting in Virginia near Hillsboro and continues 41 miles through Maryland, entering Pennsylvania where it ends near Dillsburg in a series of small rolling hills. South Mountain played such an important role during the Civil War and witnessed three major campaigns from 1862-1864.

The second theme is a collaboration of towns and the roadways that connect to South Mountain, the people who lived nearby or experienced or enlisted into one of the two armies. Because of the layout of South Mountain, every mountain gap on South Mountain from 1862 to 1864 saw some type of action or the gap was used for observation and communication in order to keep an eye on the rich food basket called the Cumberland Valley. From the amount of first hand quotes that were writ-

ten about South Mountain and the nearby towns, you, the reader can understand the much bigger picture of how this area was considered as the "Crossroads of the Civil War."

The last theme of my blog is what I call Ranger Life. This is where I share information about interpretive programs, what it is like to be a living historian, dressing up in Civil War period clothing, and other aspects of working for the Maryland State Parks Service.

Let me share with you some of the topics that I have recently covered. I have talked about some of the similarities of all three major campaigns from the Maryland Campaign in September of 1862, to the Pennsylvania Campaign of 1863, and Early's Maryland Campaign of 1864. I have shared stories about the skirmishes and occupation of various towns such as Emmitsburg, Smithsburg and Wolfsville.

One of the popular blog postings has been the "Civil War Sites along the Appalachian Trail." This is where I encourage Civil War buffs to explore places like High Rock or Black Rock to the Civil War battles of South Mountain and Monterey Pass. I also share small tidbits called "The Mountain Explorer" relating stories about the lesser known areas such as the Devil's Racecourse near Smithsburg while taking in the best Mother Nature has to offer. For those who are educators or re-enactors that are looking to improve their interpreting skills or wanting to improve their impressions, I have articles about that as well.

I am going to share with you a blog posting that I posted on Wednesday, July 14, 2010 entitled "The Most Beautiful Mountain Scenery". Along the Appalachian Trail, situated on the western side



of South Mountain just below its highest peak called Mt. Quirauk is High Rock. High Rock is located in Washington County, Maryland and was at one time part of Pen Mar during the climax of the Resort Era that took place from 1870 to the 1930's. It was started by a Civil War veteran named John Mifflin Hood. John Hood served as 2nd Lieutenant in the 2nd Maryland Infantry as an engineer. After the Civil War, on March 24, 1874, he became president of the Western Maryland Railroad. With the resort era starting to peak in the Monterey and Cascade area, his hopes were that people would take a train ride to the area. It was with this idea that Hood opened Pen Mar Park on August 31, 1877. High Rock would feature an overlook tower climbing a total height of two stories.

But what you may not know is that this little known area of South Mountain also has some Civil War importance. Because High Rock is a mountain cliff, on a clear day one can see north to south, the Cumberland Valley from Chambersburg to the Potomac River and to the west as far as North Mountain. Because of the observation advantage, Union cavalry soldiers made High Rock

part of their reconnaissance.

In 1905, the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry Association published its regimental history "History of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiment, Sixteenth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers in the American Civil War 1861-1865." On page 324, Chapter 20, the members of the association wrote about their experiences during the pursuit of the Confederate Army as it retreated from Gettysburg. "Waynesboro is delightfully situated on the side of the Blue Ridge, and surrounded by the most beautiful mountain scenery. The view from, the Overlook [High] Rock, Penn Mar, and the Blue Mountain House in the pass of Monterey, is regarded as one of the most notable east of the Rocky Mountains. We enjoyed the beautiful scenery as we passed over the mountain, and recalled the fact that Colonel Averell had, during the proceeding year, taken us over this road while we were encamped at St. James' College after the Battle of Antietam."

Just days before the Battle of Gettysburg, General Buford and his cavalry division traveled from Boonsboro, en-

tered Waynesboro, and crossed South Mountain via Monterey Pass. On June 29th, General Buford, using what is believed to be High Rock, observed the dust being kicked up by Confederate soldiers in Greencastle and suggested that a battle would erupt somewhere in South Central Pennsylvania. From there General Buford rode on to Fairfield, and then to Emmitsburg.

During the Confederate Raid of Chambersburg which resulted in the burning of Chambersburg on July 30th, High Rock was also used. Lieutenant Ellis reported from High Rock that Chambersburg had been burned on August 1st, 1684, after he observed smoke on the horizon to the northwest.

Today, High Rock is a treasured piece of local history. It is home to many recreational uses from A.T. hikers taking a break to enjoy the view, to hang gliders using the rock to soar through the air, but how many come to High Rock just for the Civil War history that it has experienced. As long as I give tours of South Mountain, High Rock will always be on the list of Civil War sites to share.

Having a blog is a fun way for the public to interact with me for questions or comments related to the subject I present during the week. I encourage all of you to come to my new blog and learn more about the local history of the Civil War that lies in your backyard.

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

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HISTORY

The history of Emmitsburg's Presbyterian Church

Ruth Richards

Originally Published in 1960

ORGANIZATIONS OF THE CHURCH

In order that the people of a church may grow together socially as well as spiritually several organizations have been formed at various times throughout the life of the church. Some have lasted up to this time, others have ceased to function.

Of the early organizations which endeavored to serve the members was a Library which was established in June of the year 1840. The official title according to the Secretary's notes which have been preserved was "The Library of Tom's Creek Church." According to the by-laws the librarian was to be at the library once every two weeks to help people check out books. Only the members of the Library society were eligible to borrow from it. The first librarian was Miss Jane Annan.

Some of this library's books will doubtless prove interesting to the readers of this history. Hodges History of Presbyterian Church Vol. 1; Scripture Geology; Life of Knox; Force of Truth by Scott; Mother at Home; Child at Home; and many others along the same lines. Although there is no mention of the discontinuance of the

library, the latest entry in the note-book, was for May 1859. It is certain that at the present time there is not a library connected with the church, and the whereabouts of the books is unknown.

On December of 1882 a group from the church met to form the "Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church Mite Society." The first meeting was held at the home of Mrs. C. Annan and the purposes of the society were twofold; First, as a social group for all members of the church, and secondly, to do good as the members chose to see fit.

The procedure for the meeting as it was established is followed at the present time. A short devotional service, with an offering is followed by a short business meeting, and finally the social hour with entertainment and refreshments. The pastor of the church has always presided at the meetings, and the members of the society serve as the other officers.

Following is a slate of the officers when the Society was originated. These officers were elected February 12, 1885. President, Rev. Wm. Simonton; Vice President, Mrs. George Beam; Vice President, Mrs. James Helman Secretary and Treasurer, M. Alice Simonton; Collector of Mites, J. Stewart Annan.

Much good throughout the years has been done by this group.

The very first act of charity was the help sent to Rev. John P. Williamson, Greenwood, Charles Mix County, Dakota Territory who was named by Mr. Lyon as a suitable and worthy missionary laboring among Dakota Indians.

The Mite Society has always extended a helping hand in all phases of Church life. There 'have always been flowers or fruit sent to the sick members. The Society has helped with the many, many projects to improve the physical aspect of the church. Some of the latest projects that have received the financial assistance of the Mite Society are: Aiding in the cost of building a basement under the church, helping to purchase screens for the windows of the church, and the buying of hymn books and hymn book racks.

On January 12, 1960 the Society held its nine hundred thirty-ninth meeting.

The cemetery of the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church is at the site of the original building, even though that building is long since gone. Many of the families buried there are still represented in the church of today. Also, Samuel Emmitt, the man after whom the town was named, has a grave marker there, his actual final resting place is unknown.



Girls, dressed in period costume, who pinned boutonniers on all who attended were Judy Flowers, Virginia Tyler, Patty Tyler, Betty Pfeuffer, Marjorie Richards, Sandra Kiger, Nancy Carr, Theresa Pfeuffer, and Frances Webb. Betty Wehner, not in costume, is on the right.

There is an endowment of \$11,091 for the perpetual upkeep of the cemetery. Because of this endowment, free burial is made possible for the members of the church. Non-members however, may be buried there for a fee. I find these statements from the re-copied note-book previously mentioned. "Those dying from any other Presbyterian Congregation who have relatives buried in Toms Creek grave yard, have the privilege to be buried without compensation being made." Also, "That a piece of ground on the South Side of the Grave Yard be enclosed for the burial of the Black of the Congregation."

Except for a few years in the middle 1940's there has always been a Sunday School connected with the Church with classes for the children, and an Adult-Bible class. In recent times we find familiar names who have served in the capacity of Superintendent of the Sunday

School: Mr. David Martin, and Mr. J. L. Nester. Mr. Wilson Franklin is the Superintendent at this time.

In connection with the Sunday School, Rev. Hendricks has this spring established a Youth Club for the children of twelve years of age and older. This group meets weekly and has been met with enthusiasm by the participating young people.

During its long history the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church has at times been associated with sister churches. It had its first association with Piney Creek, and then later with Taneytown. At various times there have been first one separation and then another, with later rejoinings. At the present time however, only the Taneytown Presbyterian church is associated with the Emmitsburg Church and shares its Pastor.

Most recently come to the church is Pastor William Hendricks from the Mountville United Presbyterian

The Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church is celebrating its 250th Anniversary this year and the congregation looks forward to sharing its history with the Emmitsburg community. We appreciate the opportunity to publish in this issue the "History of the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church" by Ruth Richards. It was written in 1960 when the church celebrated its Bicentennial.

The original church, known as the Toms Creek Presbyterian Church (the name was changed in 1867 to Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church), was built on land in the geographical area called Toms Creek Hundred. This was the name given to the land in northern Frederick County which today encompasses the mailing zip code of 21727 plus Fairfield, Carroll Valley, and Harney, PA.

The original church was located about one and one-half mile from what is now Emmitsburg at the intersection of Welty Road and the Gettysburg Road (Highway 15). The Presbyterian Cemetery still occupies that land. It is believed the first

service held in the Toms Creek neighborhood was the last Sunday in September 1760.

In keeping with the church's history, the 250th Anniversary Committee is planning for the congregation to celebrate its founding on Sunday, October 24, 2010, a 250th Anniversary Service will be held in the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church, 415 West Main Street at 4:00 p.m. followed by a social hour and refreshments.

Given his family was one of the cornerstones of the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church, we feel William Hayes will forgive us for interrupting his recounting of Life at the Emmitsburg Road for a recounting of the history of the church which played such influential role in making him the man he was. We'll resume his account next two months. In the meantime, we'll turn these pages over to our dear friend Ruth Richard who has forgotten more about English and grammar than we hope to ever know!

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History 1 - 1st row: The Dr. William Carr family: Kid slumped in pew with plaid shirt—Billy Carr, next man on right of Billy—Dr. William Carr,—then Chata Carr, and daughter Nancy Carr on end of pew

Church, Portersville, Pennsylvania. He was installed as Pastor in Emmitsburg in August of 1959.

As we go into the two-hundredth anniversary of this church, which is the third oldest in the Presbytery of Baltimore, we find that many pastors have served it well. The name which stands out in everyone's mind, although there are none left to remember him, is Robert Smith Grier who accepted the call to both Tom's Creek and Pin-

ey Creek Churches in April 1814. Each church promised him a salary of \$300 a year.

He remained the pastor of this church until his death on December 29, 1865 at the age of 76. The influence of a man who has preached to, guided, and loved a congregation for fifty-two years cannot be measured, and it is small wonder that Rev. Grier's name still holds a place of prominence.

The Emmitsburg Presbyterian

Church, though small in number, is rich in tradition and hope. It is a community where families live, and have lived to pass onto their children, generation upon generation, the rich heritage of family tradition

and pride in the same church, and it looks ahead to another milestone in its service to the community.

To learn more about the history of the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church or

the Presbyterian faith, the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church 250th Anniversary Committee invites everyone to join them at 4 p.m., Sunday, Oct. 24, for a 250th Anniversary Service, followed by a social hour and refreshments.

Reflecting back

Rev Ben Jones

In October of 1981 someone named Mary Franklin called me and asked if I could do a worship service for her church in Emmitsburg, the Presbyterian Church. I had only recently left my work as a pastor after 13 intense and demanding years in Hagerstown and had no intention of doing church work again. I told Miss Franklin that I was sorry, but I could not come to Emmitsburg. I did say, though, that if she couldn't find anybody, maybe I could do a Sunday service. She called back in about 15 minutes and I would go to Emmitsburg the following Sunday. Just one Sunday! In 2006 I retired from the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church after 25 years of Sundays.

These years with the people of this congregation have been good ones for me in spite of my initial reluctance. Together we have shared the search for ways to experience our faith in the days of our life. We have done this as family- as people who begin to realize that we are part of the body of Christ and the communion of Saints. We have tried to take care of each other ("Rejoice with those who rejoice, weep with those who weep." Romans 12:15).

Every once in a while during these 25 years I would think, as I was waiting for worship to start, why do these people do this? That is, why aren't they at home with coffee and the fat Sunday paper? Why would anybody want to sit on hard benches and listen to somebody talk for 20 minutes? The same answer always came to mind- we have a deep need to know that we are loved by God. And old

Augustine then came to mind- "Thou hast created us for thyself and our heart cannot find rest until it rests in thee". There seems to be in us a God-shaped void that nothing else can fill. And so we worship- the same way that starving people stand in bread lines.

One of the reasons that these years have been good for me is that it has not been my giving gifts to these people: they have given gifts to me as well. The room is full of faces. Every face has a name. Every face and name has a story. We have shared these stories through laughter and tears. We have done this "in church", but also around the table in our homes, in our work, and in our play.

At the heart of these years together has been the conviction that the creator of the ends of the earth accepts us and loves us. According to the New Testament, growing out of this being loved is that now we are to love the people around us. And to be able to love we need to grow up. ("Speaking the truth in love, we are to grow up in every way into him who is the head, into Christ...Ephesian 4:15"). Late in these years I discovered a statement from one of the church fathers, Irenaeus, which would be a foundation for our growth as a congregation. He said, "the glory of God is a fully realized human being."

The Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church is now celebrating its 250 years in this town. I am thankful for being able to be a part of this church's life. Thank you Mary Franklin for that phone call. Thank you family and friends of this congregation for your years of love and support. I am a better person today for being a part of this wonderful family.

History of the Presbyterian Faith

Pastor Peter Keith

As the Emmitsburg Presbyterian Church is celebrating its 250th anniversary, it has been suggested to me that perhaps readers would like to know more about history of our denomination. Presbyterian. It comes from the Greek word "presbyteros" for "elder" or even, "old man." Like most churches, ours has a particular form of government. So, the word Presbyterian simply pertains to how it is that the church is self-governed: how we are guided and make decisions for and about ourselves. It's very much like our own national civil government and is representative. Each year the congregation votes to elect a nominating committee. That group then brings nominees to be voted on who if elected will then serve a term as a Ruling Elders. That small group of Elders then comprise what is called the Session of the church. It is the governing body, and makes decisions regarding the church budget, mission focus, etc. So, you see, Presbyterian is just a word to describe our church government. But that is only the beginning. We need to visit a little history in order to truly understand Presbyterianism.

The Protestant Reformation is a time beginning in the early 16th century having to do events surrounding a major challenge to the Roman Catholic church and what was considered its internal systemic corruption. You may be familiar with Martin Luther and his famous Ninety-Five Thesis which he nailed to the door of the cathedral in Wittenburg, Germany in 1513. As a clergyman, he was calling for open debate on issues he perceived to be out of step with what he read in the Bible. It was a movement that grew. Of course, there were differences of opinions within the movement which gave rise to all the different denominations. But suffice it to say that here was the beginning of Presbyterianism. So, as the number of those who protested (beginning with Luther) the status quo within the Christian church grew there

emerged a figure central to what is called Reformed Theology: John Calvin.

John Calvin was a Frenchman who around 1530 fled to Geneva, Switzerland following persecution of Protestants. His writing became influential toward uniting various factions, and his theology, sometimes called "Calvinism" is still foundational to Presbyterianism. Without going into detail, he established belief in the "priesthood of all believers" and the sole authority of scripture. Next, John Knox.

John Knox. With him we get closer to our history. He studied under Calvin, and took back with him to Scotland a Calvinist fire for reform. He further developed Calvin's Presbyterian polity (form of government) and was instrumental in the establishment of the Presbyterian Church as the National Church of Scotland. It was the Presbyterian Scots who brought their religion to America. Rather than digress into a history (my own love of history makes this difficult) I'll get back to matter of our belief and practice. The following is compiled from various excerpts:

Presbyterians distinguish themselves from other denominations by doctrine, institutional organization (or "church order") and worship; often using a "Book of Order" to regulate common practice and order. Many branches of Presbyterianism are remnants of previous splits from larger groups. Some of the splits have been due to doctrinal controversy, while some have been caused by disagreement concerning the degree to which those ordained to church office should be required to agree with the Westminster Confession of Faith, which historically serves as an important confessional document - second only to the Bible, yet directing particularities in the standardization and translation of the Bible in Presbyterian churches.

Presbyterians place great importance upon education and life-long learning. Continuous study of the scrip-

tures, theological writings, and understanding and interpretation of church doctrine are embodied in several statements of faith and catechisms formally adopted by various branches of the church. It is generally considered that the point of such learning is to enable one to put one's faith into practice; some Presbyterians generally exhibit their faith in action as well as words, by generosity, hospitality, and the constant pursuit of social justice and reform, as well as proclaiming the gospel of Christ.

Presbyterian government Pastors are called by individual congregations. A congregation issues a call for the pastor's service, but this call must be ratified by the local presbytery.

Presbyterianism is historically a confessional tradition. This has two implications. The obvious one is that confessional churches express their faith in the form of "confessions of faith," which have some level of authoritative status. However this is based on a more subtle point: In confessional churches, theology is not solely an individual matter. While individuals are encouraged to understand Scripture, and may challenge the current institutional understanding, theology is carried out by the community as whole. It is this community understanding of theology that is expressed in confessions.

I hope this has answered any questions you may have had about our denomination. I have only scratched the surface. I'll just add that there is a group of us "Presbyterians" in Emmitsburg. This particular congregation has been asking what it means to have faith in the goodness of life for 250 years. Every Sunday at eleven o'clock we meet. It's casual. And, you will not find a more friendly, welcoming group of folks. You don't have to know anything about John Calvin except that he wore a funny hat. And John Knox is rarely mentioned. But now when you do join us, you'll already know just a little bit more about what it means to be a "Presbyterian."

MOUNT CREATIVE WRITERS

Role reversal

Chelsea Baranoski

You're gonna miss this / You're gonna want this back / You're gonna wish these days

hadn't gone by so fast / These are some good times / So take a good look around / You may not

know it now / But you're gonna miss this." These lyrics from country singer Trace Adkins swirl through my brain as I visit my sister, Rachel, for Mount St. Mary's Family Weekend. Rachel is a freshman at the Mount majoring in Math Secondary Education. When I visit my sister on the sprawling green campus, I am overcome with nostalgia. As a graduate of the Class of 2010, I wonder, do these students whom I see walking to the dining hall (and yes, still holding the door open for me), talking with their roommates in the residence halls, and pumping iron at the athletic complex, realize that their years on Mary's Mountain are going to fly by faster than you can say "Mountaineer?" Do they realize that college life is a lot more carefree than the working world, a world that does not consist of college nights at Ott's and late-night Sheetz runs? Sure it's nice not to worry about cramming for exams and reading so much literature that your eyeballs beg for a new prescription, but these students will definitely miss the Mount once they leave. I would bet a Mountaineer meal plan on that.

If I had to choose one word to describe what it feels like to watch my sister begin her four years as a Mount Maniac, it would be "weird." I feel like I am re-living my years at the Mount, but this time I have new glasses (with a stronger prescription!) and more knowledge. It is especially weird that Rachel lives on the third floor of Pangborn Hall, the same floor I lived on during my freshman and sophomore years. On move-in day, I saw the same custodian who made sure our floor passed the white-glove test four years ago. She didn't recognize me, but I guess that's due to my four years of aging and the freshman fifteen. When I helped move Rachel into Pangborn, I could not help but wonder if this was payback for all of the times she moved my one million and one college necessities into my rooms over the last four years. Now, it was my turn to sweat bullets in a room lacking air conditioning. It was my turn to help hang my sister's wardrobe on bright plastic hangers. It was my turn to stock the closet with flip flops, tennis shoes, and high heels. It was my turn to stock her desk drawers with brightly colored sticky notes, stark white computer paper, and clear Scotch tape. It was my turn to adorn the white bedroom walls with her Northeast High School Pennant, her Hello Kitty calendar, and numerous pic-



tures of family and friends stuck to French memo boards. I unrolled the same three rugs I used in my rooms over the last four years. It was official. The tables had turned. Rachel always helped me move into my dorm. Now, it was vice versa.

As if moving my sister into my former residence hall isn't weird enough, walking around the Mount's campus is even weirder. Students give me that "I thought you graduated. What are you doing here?" look. When I hopped out of my mom's green van on move-in day, the peer mentor on duty gave me a confused look and asked, "Didn't you graduate?" I had to explain that I did walk across the stage, but my sister is attending the Mount now. I think there should be a small billboard placed in front of the dining hall that says, "Chelsea no longer goes here. But, her sister does. So yes, folks, you haven't gotten rid of her yet. She'll be back." Better yet, maybe the "Look out for Chelsea" sign should be posted on Route 15 – that highway gets a lot of Mount traffic. Or maybe I should just record my reason for returning to the Mount on a small tape recorder – that would be a lot less expensive and it would still save me from repeating over and over again that my sister is a newly minted Mountie.

The other thing that weirds me out about returning to the Mount for another four years is that I am missing so much fun! I really think I should have postponed my graduation date until 2011. This year, the Mount seniors had a social gathering in the newly renovated Purcell Hall, now named Club 1808. I would have loved to go to Club 1808 and dance with my favorite Mounties! Why did the Mount decide to wait to renovate everything until after I graduated? In addition to Purcell Hall, the Mount completed renovations to the Delaplaine Fine Arts Center and the exercise rooms at the ARCC, the Mount's athletic complex. Maybe if all of those brand new treadmills and weights were there when I began my stay, I would have actually been willing to walk the million miles over to the ARCC and work out like Richard Simmons (minus the spandex and wild hairdo). All of

the renovations make me wonder if I will recognize the Mount when I come back for my five-year reunion.

When I saw the list of student activities for September 2010, I was crushed. I am missing out on Chocolate Night, free bowling at Sunshine Lanes, a trip to the Inner Harbor, and shuttle rides to Frederick and Gettysburg! I am also missing out on a trip to the All-Star Sports Complex for free go-kart rides and mini-golf. This is where I am notorious for crashing into whomever's vehicle is unfortunate enough to be in front of mine. I may be a horrible go-kart driver, but I would have loved to give go-karting another chance! I am even missing out on the little things, like late night smoothies in the Mount Café. I could not believe it when I saw the huge sign set up on an easel outside the Mount Café advertising these delicious drinks. When I attended the Mount, smoothies were only served in the Mount's dining hall during breakfast and lunch. Smoothies at night were unheard of. I commend whoever decided to make smoothies a part of the Mount Café menu. I just hope that the Café continues to serve nachos – a lot of intense studying and reading often produces intense cravings for loads of unhealthy nacho cheese.

It is incredibly strange to talk to my sister and hear about all of her Mount excursions, including trips to Wal-Mart and Lincoln Diner in Gettysburg. I remember going to Wal-Mart with my roommates and stocking up on college necessities such as DVDs and junk food. I also remember my first trip to Lincoln Diner, which I am ashamed to say, did not occur until my sophomore year of college. I can still taste the ooey-goey chocolate chip pancakes and the whipped cream-topped hot chocolate. (Now you know why there is such a thing as the freshman fifteen).

Perhaps the oddest feeling of all was hearing President Powell's speech during Rachel's Family Weekend. Sure, I have heard the story of Mount St. Mary's founder John Dubois' journey to the Mount a hundred times, but it was different listening to the speech as a recent graduate. President Powell told the Class of 2014 and their parents that their time at the Mount would go by quickly. As a freshman, I had

no idea how fast four years could vanish. I think my four years in high school passed more slowly than my four years at the Mount. When I was a freshman, I could not even think about graduation. After all, I was more concerned about surviving Friday's test in Origins of the West and those pesky computerized psychology quizzes. When I listened to President Powell's speech as a recent graduate, I could attest that everything he said was correct. The people are what make the Mount. Because the community is small, everyone takes care of one another. The Mount professors are an excellent bunch of scholars. They may hand out challenging assignments, but their demand for excellence leaves students with skills that are extremely valuable in the work force. My favorite part of President Powell's speech was the question and answer session. A mother raised her hand and told President Powell that her son was unsure if he made the right decision to come to Mount St. Mary's. She advised him to stick it out and see if he liked it any better. During Family Weekend, the mother was relieved to find that her son had a complete change of attitude. He loves the Mount, especially the food! Another audience member testified that his daughter got accepted to Fordham University, only a fifteen-minute drive from her house. He was happy that she chose the Mount because even though he missed her, he knew

that he would not need to worry about her. These pleasant stories always warm my heart and make me want to sneak into a residence hall and go back to college by snapping my fingers.

Though it may feel weird to relive my four years at the Mount with my little sister, I welcome this weirdness. Because my sister attends the Mount, I have an excuse to make periodic visits to my second home. I love running into my friends and former professors. It is so nice to be welcomed with smiling faces and enthusiastic Mount spirit! I am glad that my sister chose the Mount and I can only hope that she makes the most of her time on the mountain. I know that one day she will miss the Mount and want those days back. Maybe this will occur in August after she graduates, when she realizes that she will not be returning to class in the fall, or maybe this will occur when she is sitting in a high school classroom, teaching Algebra I to ninth graders. Regardless of the timing, I know she will miss these good times and want them back. To the Mount's Class of 2014, study hard, but always remember to have fun. A wise classmate once told me, "Live. Laugh. Love yourself. It doesn't matter the order, as long as you do all three." Follow this advice every year and you will leave the Mount feeling like you did not waste a second of your time on the mountainside.



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MOUNT SPORTS

Mount cross country – “Born to run”

Matt Hallahan

“We start at the field in front of the lacrosse stadium, run towards the ARCC (Athletic Recreation Convocation Complex), then back around the track and down college lane. Then we turn around and run back to the ARCC, around the soccer and rugby fields, up the hill to the left of the parking lot, around the tennis courts, around the pond, then around the track and finish at the starting field...”

“... Sorry if I confused you” sophomore cross country standout Megan Kinsella apologized with an unwavering smile.

There is no denying the conviction of Kinsella and her teammates. Each day the team runs between sixty and one-hundred minutes preparing for the weekend’s race. For the women’s side, each stride puts them one step closer to exceeding their middling expectations.

“The NEC picked us to finish fifth at the conference meet [hosted by Central Connecticut St. on Oct. 30],” Kinsella said. “But the team is very young with a lot of talent. We added three freshmen along with myself, two other sophomores, four juniors and only one fifth year senior. We’re ready to better last year’s fifth place finish and claim third or fourth in the Northeast Conference.”

The girls set the high standard on their home turf in the season-opening Mount St. Mary’s 5K Duals, finishing third out of seven teams with four individual top 20 performances. Kinsella, the reigning NEC Rookie of the Year, paced the team by finishing fifth of 57 runners with a time of 19:19.09. Trailing Kinsella was freshman Steph Joson, who

finished 11th overall in her collegiate debut. Joson attributes her Rookie of the Week success to her teammates’ willingness to push one another at every turn.

“I love this team, but there have been a lot of challenges,” Joson said. “I never did a 90 minute run until coming here, but I know it’s paying off.”

Other top finishers included sophomores Kathryn Franke and Colleen Smith along with junior Megan Earley, who achieved a personal best time with a 28th place finish. Despite the success on their home turf, the girls are resoundingly relieved to be done with east campus course that is considered particularly rocky and much slower on the turns in the eyes of its partakers.

On the men’s side, preseason was largely focused on bringing the freshmen up to speed with the more experienced runners. So far the team has tested its newcomers, noting many positive results.

“This year’s freshmen are very hard workers, everyone is pulling their own weight,” said junior Vinny Cherry. “We’ve all put a lot of hard work into our preparation. We are altogether in better shape this season and the team is much closer now than in years past.”

At the 5K Duals, the men’s team found its youthful prodigy in Matt Pacheco, a 5’8, 113 lb. freshman who earned the second-best time of any Mountaineer. While junior Dylan Bernard and sophomores Sean Caskey and Chris Swisko are the perpetual standouts, the team now looks to Pacheco as a consistent top four runner.

“We are constantly trying to get our younger guys closer to the top four,” said Bernard, who has recorded the team’s fastest time in

every meet this season. “Matt has been doing great and it is important that we get him to peak come conferences.”

Bernard, a two time All-NEC selection, recorded a time of 15:59.13 that was good for 10th overall, while Swisko and Caskey had top 40 finishes to round out the Mount’s best performances.

The following week proved a true test of the men’s and women’s might, as both competed in the Central Connecticut St. Cross Country Invitational. Not only did the Mountaineers get a feel for the course they will be running at conference championships, but also stood toe-to-toe with many of the competitors they will meet there.

Bernard again finished near the front of the pack at 11th overall, pacing the men to a fifth place finish in the nine-team, eight kilometer race. Other top performers included Swisko, Caskey, and Pacheco, who earned NEC Rookie of the Week honors with the fastest time of all participating freshmen (27:12). The women finished sixth out of ten and were led by Kinsella’s 12th place overall performance. Of the NEC teams competing, the Mount finished fourth – a testimony to the team’s potential to compete near the vanguard of the conference.

“We put ourselves in a comfortable position,” Kinsella said. “Quinnipiac and Monmouth are above and beyond the rest right now, but we want to compete with Sacred Heart and St. Francis for the third or fourth spot.”

The teams got a taste of stiff competition the following weekend at the men’s Navy Invitational and women’s Salty Dog Invitational at the U.S. Naval Academy Golf Club in Annapolis. The event was opened to predominantly large Division I schools including ranked opponents Navy, American, Maryland, and Louisville. The men placed eighth of nine teams, finishing ahead of Johns Hopkins. Bernard and Swisko finished back-to-back with times of 26:08.17 and 26:09.52 respectively.

The women’s team finished last of all competing teams, though not to be accepted as a failed effort. This being the first of three six kilometer runs for the women this, many Mountaineers achieved personal bests among the 115 runners. Colleen Smith, Molly Clark, and Kathryn Franke all topped their previous 6k personal records.

The men and women will run at two more invitationals before taking on conference championships. First is the Paul Short Invitational, a runner-friendly 6k race hosted by Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pa. One season ago, Bernard finished an outstanding



Megan Kinsella

17th overall while Kinsella took 33rd.

“Paul Short will be a good race because there are hundreds of big college teams there for good competition,” Kinsella said. “It’s also a really fast course so everyone should get good times.”

The Mount will then explore unfamiliar terrain at the Princeton Invitational on Oct. 16, as the school has not participated at the

event in the last five years.

“Right now our aim is just to stay healthy and slow our training down for conferences,” Bernard said. “Individually I would like to make All-NEC again, but a big priority is getting our freshmen ready. We are really young this year. It’s important we get them the best preparation and experience for a breakout season next year.”

October’s athletic events on campus:

Men’s tennis

Oct. 2-3: Mount St. Mary’s Invitational

Oct. 23: vs. Rider, 12 p.m.

Women’s tennis

Oct. 6: vs. Towson, 3 p.m.

Oct. 23: vs. Rider, 12 p.m.

Oct. 17: vs. Delaware State, 1 p.m.

Men’s soccer

Oct. 8: vs. Sacred Heart, 4 p.m.

Oct. 10: vs. Fairleigh Dickinson, 1 p.m.

Oct. 22: vs. Bryant, 7 p.m.

Women’s soccer

Oct. 15: vs. Sacred Heart, 4 p.m.

Oct. 17: vs. Fairleigh Dickinson, 1 p.m.

Oct. 29: vs. Bryant, 3:30 p.m.

Swimming

Oct. 29-30: vs. Manhattan/St. Peters/VMI/Robert Morris

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OCTOBER BANDS

Oct. 1	Mascaraid
Oct. 8 - 9	Sticktime
Oct. 15 - 16	Half-Shell
Oct. 22 - 23	Bloo Stoo
Oct. 20 - 30	Redline

FOUR YEARS AT THE MOUNT

Freshman Year

This is home

Carolyn Shields

It's my best friend, Olivia Sielaff's, fault for making me think of a Switchfoot song every time I throw my book bag on and go to the Mount. Olivia introduced me to this song shortly after I graduated from Catocin High School last spring. It's been in my head every morning since I started my freshmen year: "I've got my memories. They're always inside of me, but I can't go back to how it was."

Of the 475 freshmen here at the Mount, I stand out just a little. Not only am I a commuter, but I practically grew up on its campus. My father, my uncles and my sister have or are attending this university. My ancestor from the American Revolution is buried on its mountain. There is no other college or university in this country that I would rather attend than the one in my backyard.

It still strikes me how people

travel across the country to visit the Grotto and how kids have come hundreds of miles to attend this little university, cradled in the valley of the rolling Catocin mountains. I've met freshmen from New Jersey, North Carolina and Vietnam. When they ask where I'm from I merely point down the road and say, "Literally, a half mile."

"Oh, so you could walk here?" they go.

And I reply, "I do."

I saw Mother Theresa in the Memorial Gym when I was a toddler (though I was more concerned about my coloring book than the small woman down there). I take College Lane as a short cut to my Grandma and Pappy's barn, where "college kids" used to and still run down their dirt road. In the spring there's no need to set my alarm clock—the Mount ROTC wake me up when they stand outside my house and do their exercises at 6 a.m. Summer mornings when the windows

are open and I'm still lying in bed, I can hear the Grotto bells ring in the hour.

Many kids want to leave home for college but that was never for me. I love Emmitsburg. I love the little religious store where I work. I love my church that my great-great-grandparents helped to build before the Civil War. I love how the clouds conceal the rolling mountains on rainy days and how those mountains become God's tapestry in the fall. I love the town legends: of the widowed saint, of the exiled French priest, of the visionary Indian, and of the seminarians watching the Battle of Gettysburg on Indian Lookout.

My new friends have traveled far, but I grew up in this warm environment and plan to raise my family here and die here. There was never any question where I wanted to go. This is home.

But was I still scared about starting this new chapter in my life even though college is closer to home than my high school? You betcha. Roommates and shower shoes aside, I still had to say goodbye to my friends. Sometimes I felt they were leaving me behind but I know they have to rise and meet their own challeng-

es.

But during the Mountward Bound retreat and the first week of classes I found myself laughing and acting stupid with people I never knew existed a month ago. My gut dropped along with the stomachs of all the other students when I saw the price on my books. The first day of classes I was worried that I would address a teacher as "professor" and not "doctor" and then be shamed for the next four years. But the friendliness of everyone on campus made everything go smoothly. At Accepted Students Day last April and during the June orientation, the speakers talked about the friendly community and I thought, "I wonder how many other colleges say that too?" A lot of colleges do, but the Mount sticks to its word.

Unlike other freshmen, I have a curfew (thanks, Dad), and so I worried about missing out on some of the typical college experiences, but my older sister who is a junior at the Mount showed me that I could be a commuter and still not miss much. For example, my first week as a true Mountie I was hypnotized, went "indoor skydiving," and went to the new club on campus, three things I

couldn't have seen myself doing in high school.

I can also embrace my faith openly. I was never afraid of showing the kids around me that I was Catholic (and proud of it), but the Mount encourages students to explore their relationship with God. Sunday Mass moves me incredibly and it's encouraging to see my generation rising up to bow to God. The weekday masses motivate me equally. Campus Ministry sponsors most of the events that I've attended, and there's nothing like surrounding yourself with people who have a reverence for God.

So I'm looking forward to these next four years. I'll be sure to keep my readers informed of future mischief, adventures, perils and experiences that not only I but other freshmen will be getting into. I want to be your eyes into the Mount. Or at the very least, to entertain you.

So to end in the words of Switchfoot, "I got my heart set on what happens next; I got my eyes wide; it's not over yet. We are miracles and we're not alone. This is home."

Carolyn is majoring in English at the Mount.

Sophomore Year

Meaning for your life

Samantha C. Strub

"We go to a Catholic university; we constantly see expressions of faith around campus everywhere you turn. The main Chapel, The Immaculate Conception Chapel is going to be celebrating its 100th anniversary this month, which is an important occasion that needs to be recognized. Yet the majority of the students on campus don't seem to realize how important such an anniversary is, or even how special it is to have numerous chapels around campus. Having the option of numerous chapels' just minutes away is something that students don't seem to be taking advantage of the opportunities that they present."

I understand why it's difficult. I have problems each day using such opportunities to build my faith and a lot of times I fall. There are always so many other things to do around campus-- classes, homework, different sports and clubs, the ARCC, social outlets--that you seem to put religion in the back of your mind, thinking, "Oh, the chapel, I've got stuff to do; I'll just get to that when I'm not busy." That is my attitude sometimes, and everyone has those days, but the beauty of it is that God understands and will be there to pick you up when you're down. In reality, however, you have to bring on the mindset that God is in every aspect of your life from when you're at church

on Sunday night, to classes, to hanging out with friends, and even at that party on Friday night.

The hardest part of life is letting someone else control it—to be there through the good and the bad. That's what faith is really about, having "The serenity to accept the things that you cannot change, the courage to change the things you can, and the wisdom to know the difference." God doesn't let you go through anything in life alone, even though honestly it sometimes seems as if He does. He is carrying you along on this roller coaster ride. He gives you challenges in life to help you prepare for the future. These difficulties help you become the person that God has designed you to be from the very beginning. People will hate you for being who you are, and you will lose friends along the way, but the one friend who will always be by your side no matter where you go and how often you fall is God.

It's hard to live out your faith anywhere, but I believe it's hardest when you're in college. There are always so many other things to do, places to go, and people to see that it's very easy to just let your faith go. If you push it back to where people won't see it, you can be a different person than you were in high school. But sooner or later you will come back because, at the end of the day, you're normally the person you have always been.

The close-knit community at Mount St. Mary's helps you on

your journey with Christ whether you are Catholic or not. The community provides the tools you need to advance wherever you are on your journey. The community is there all around campus, through the Focus leaders, Campus Ministry, Bible study, retreats and Masses. The leaders of all these organizations help you daily on that rough journey. Like angels sent down from heaven, they can lift you up when you are having a rough time, and they can goof around with you so you can just be yourself. I have found that they embody that little voice in your head that guides you through life, and they are also friends you can rely on. Some of my closest

friends have come from my Bible study sessions. Always there through thick and thin, these people will someday be at my wedding.

Our chaplain, Fr. Brian, reinforces the guidance that we receive from the Focus leaders as he moves you in Sunday homilies, preaching about things that hit you in ways that you would never expect. It seems lately that every time I walk into church I walk out with a life lesson about God's point of view about things that happen in everyday life. I learn not to hold grudges, how God's love is the perfect kind of love, and how God will never betray you even if others will. Fr. Brian

has the gift of relating to college students. He gives you God's perspective on life's joys, pains, and sorrows. He guides us in confessions and conversations. Just randomly seeing him around campus reminds me of God's power in our lives.

Having the option of talking to Jesus in a chapel just minutes away is overwhelming if you think about it. You feel guilty when you realize how much He loves you and how often you let Him down. The beauty of God's love is that it's endless: no matter what you do He always wants to show you how much He loves you. Now it's up to you to realize how that knowledge is going to affect your life.

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FOUR YEARS AT THE MOUNT

Junior Year

A community of self sacrifice

Julia Mulqueen

It seems more and more frequently I hear adults express a complaint something along the lines of, "Young people today are just so self-absorbed, what with their constant texting and their obsession with Facebook. They don't seem to realize that there is anything outside of their own selves." While this may be true in some cases, the students that I attend Mount Saint Mary's with shatter this typical mold. No-where else have I met so many young men and women who are so incredibly outgoing and friendly, and so amazingly selfless. What is it about the Mount's campus that attracts all of these atypically joyful and mature students? When I first visited Mount Saint Mary's, President Powell described this quality that as "Mount Spirit." He explained that the Mount community is simply bursting with a rich peace, openness, and hospitality that many other campuses across the country seem to lack. It stems from the basic realization of each student that they are not

the most important thing in the world. Mount students, fueled by professors and administrators who exhibit maturity, in turn demonstrate a ripeness that is quite beyond their years.

This summer I had the opportunity to experience the same "Mount Spirit" that I had become so familiar with in a town a little north of Emmitsburg. I took a little journey up to Stamford, Connecticut to witness the first religious profession of ten young women. They were joining the Sisters of Life, which is a religious community based out of New York City that devotes itself to serving God by upholding the dignity of all human life. It was formed in 1991 by John Cardinal O'Connor after he visited Dachau, which is a concentration camp just outside of Munich, Germany. He was horrified that humans could be so destructive to one another, and so began a mission to combat this most fearsome vice of men and women. Today, 19 years later, the community is still flourishing and welcoming young women to follow John Cardinal O'Connor's example.

Most recently, the community re-

ceived the vows of these ten women in their mid-twenties. Each publicly professed her desire to serve God in the world through chastity, poverty, obedience, and a fourth vow "to protect and enhance the sacredness of human life." Practically, this means that these ten young women are sacrificing the possibility of a husband, children, grandchildren, fancy cars, and opulent homes all for the sake of something outside of themselves. Despite their young age, they each felt a desire to serve God and man through the laying down of their lives, and decided to follow it. They experienced something bigger than themselves and responded with a yes, for better or for worse. They forsook the goods of this world for the promise of something completely different and wholly unseen.

It is absolutely mindboggling to me that there are still young men and women everywhere who are so willing to abandon the promises of this world in order to follow a set of beliefs. How do we stay true to who we are or at least who we are hoping to become with so many forces against us? How do we confidently say no to starving ourselves for the sake of beauty or searching for answers at the bottom of a bottle? Who can we look to as examples? In these ten young women, I at least have found an example of

how to live for something outside of myself. No matter one's religious beliefs or affiliation, surely it is evident that these young women have found a purpose for their lives, and it involves something greater than themselves. They are an extreme witness of self-sacrifice in a world that promotes self-satisfaction above all other things.

Happily, I witness this same willingness to sacrifice every day at the Mount, not just from the many seminarians currently being prepared for the priesthood, but also from the numerous administrators, professors, and students here. I suppose I should not be surprised; the values lived out by the employees and students here are the very same that appear in the mission statement. Indeed when Mount Saint Mary's says she, "strives to graduate men and women who cultivate a mature spiritual life, who live by high intellectual and moral standards, who respect the dignity of other persons, who see and seek to resolve the problems facing humanity, and who commit themselves to live as responsible citizens," she certainly means it. It is with extreme selflessness that professors and administrators devote themselves to graduating students who are aware of the world outside of their own selves. This is done through classes that facilitate students' explora-

tion of the society around them, the values they wish to uphold, and the challenges that face humanity around the globe. The mission of Mount Saint Mary's is also accomplished through extracurricular activities that familiarize the young men and women who attend the school with the very real poverty and hardships that people must face every day.

Altogether, the Mount is a campus that is full of a spirit that is rarely found in the rest of the world, apart from groups like the Sisters of Life, and certainly very rarely found on other college campuses. The campus community as a whole exhibits such an extreme maturity and awareness of the greater world, that I am constantly confronted with men and women on whom I wish to model my life. I am so very grateful that I have the opportunity to receive my undergraduate degree from an institution that is so devoted to something greater than the individual, and I can only hope that one day I will be able to exhibit the same self-sacrifice that I witness here every day.

[For more information on the Sisters of Life, please visit <http://sistersoflife.org/>]

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

Senior Year

Hospitaliano

Katelyn Phelan

When I studying in Italy under the Mount's Study Abroad Program, I tried to pick up as much of the language as I could. Little did I know that my REAL Italian lesson would be at home. This summer I worked as a hostess in a popular Italian restaurant chain. I was excited about the opportuni-

ty, mostly because I had a hard time finding any job at all.

When I arrived for my training I was greeted with a slow, southern, drawling benvenuto, Italian for "welcome." But in that accent it didn't mean anything at all, because the man was clearly not speaking Italian. He turned out to be my manager. During the actual training session my drawling manager abandoned the attempt at full Italian and whipped out a hybrid: hospitaliano. This word, we were taught, is not a

word at all (which I enthusiastically yet silently agreed with), but a feeling, according to the company's definition. At the end of the session I was handed a name badge. Hospitaliano was written across it in large scrawling letters and my name was nestled underneath, significantly smaller and barely readable. My job as a host, apparently, was to convey this hospitaliano to guests.

At first dealing with the public was ok. I had patience, but week after week the same kinds of people rolled through the restaurant, making the same annoying requests, and my patience was ground down. I've gathered below some categories, descriptions, and examples of the incredibly annoying and bizarre things people said and did on a regular basis, all of which come from just two months of work.

First are the people who still have not yet mastered the skill of counting, amazingly enough. Numerous groups would approach the host stand and leave their baby or young child out of their party. Even when I reminded them that a baby counts as a human being some insisted that the child did not need space at the table, saying "No, really, he's not eating!" One woman I spoke to insisted that she had two people in her party when I could see that she and her husband had two children with them. She refused to amend the number even though I asked, "Those two children are with you also, right?" Children need a place to sit, too and the whole idea of telling the hostess a party count is so they can have a place. I often needed to anticipate party numbers.

Next are those who expect me to read minds. These are people who have some special request, but neglect to tell me about it until they realize I don't know what they want; commonly it's a secret preference for a table or a booth. Most people like booths better, and some of them tell us that. Others patiently wait to be taken to a table, reject it, and then shop around for a new one. One of my first days working I took a small party to a booth. One woman looked at me and said, "I have two knee replacements. How do you expect me to get in there?" And how was I to know that she had two knee replacements? She wasn't in a wheelchair and she was walking well from what I could see. Nonetheless, I'm meant to know that she's had knee surgery at some point in her life and seat her at the appropriate table.

Then there are people who expect me to act as a prophetess and predict the future. The restaurant I worked for did not take reservations, but had a call-ahead system. The idea is, if a party wants to come in and avoid some of their long wait, they can call ahead and have their name put on the waiting list while they are on their way. If there's not a wait, then there's no list to put them on. If people call and there's no wait I explain how the system works. Then comes the question: "Well, is there going to be a wait when I come in?" I want to respond, "Oh, will you excuse me just a minute? I need to run out to my car to get my crystal ball so I can look inside and see how many people are coming in


tonight." Unfortunately, working as a hostess did not give me these special skills, nor have I picked them up in my spare time.

Another group of people seems to believe that they are the only ones who exist, or at least that they are the only important ones. These are people who call on a Saturday night when the wait is an hour and a half and request a "quiet" table. If you'd like a quiet table you should probably just stay home because there are over 400 people in here at the moment eating, waiting to eat, or cooking and serving food. At the moment, a "quiet" table is impossible.

Some people I encountered defy all categorization. A woman came in and said that her husband called ahead for a party of nine. I looked at the list and didn't see her name, let alone a party of nine. I told her that he must not have called in because we didn't have anything. She insisted. We looked again. Nothing. After several minutes of heated debate, the man suddenly realized that he had in fact called Red Lobster and was on the waiting list there.

Working with the public was not quite what I expected. But I'm still employed at this restaurant and will be working there over Christmas, when I'm sure everyone will be even more reasonable. I'll be armed with my hospitaliano badge which will remind me that in our restaurant, everyone is family. Considering how pleasant everyone is normally, this should not be simple. One last thing to keep in mind, all these people can have children and vote.

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STAGES OF LIFE

Mom's Time Out

Hurry up and slow down

Michele Brown

Here we go again, school has started. As the mom of four children I have seen plenty of back to school nights, the first day on the bus and everything else associated with starting school (or back to school). Whether it be my tears or theirs, the start of a new school year is anything but boring.

It all started in September of 2002 when my first child started preschool. It was such a big deal. It was a wonderful first day (after I stopped crying) since he met one of his best friends and I met one of mine. I had a one year old at home and so did my new friend and although my children were boys and hers were girls we all became fast friends.

When my oldest started kindergarten in 2004 I cried, but he didn't. My second child was starting preschool and the day went on forever. I luckily had a new baby at home to distract me with her cute smiles and giggles. During my sons first week of kindergarten he met his best friend, was bullied on the bus, and managed to survive. When he came home from school that day I hugged him for what seemed to be hours and then I scooped him, his brother, and my baby girl up and off we went miniature golfing.

When my second child started kindergarten in 2006 I cried a little less. Maybe it was the distractions of a toddler or news of my new pregnancy, whichever, it was a tiny bit easier. I still did my first day of school ritual where I follow the bus to school and take pictures. This day was different since the oldest was in school all day and his brother was in afternoon kindergarten. I was therefore following the bus twice that day and discovered that my kindergartener was on the bus for 45 minutes although we lived 10 minutes from the school. After a quick call to transportation, along with many other parents, the problem was resolved. At the end of the day our yearly tradition continued and we were off to miniature golfing.

September of 2007 rolls around and I again find myself home with only a three and a half month old. My oldest was off to 3rd grade, second oldest to 1st grade and my little girl was starting her first year of preschool and I was feeling old. I have often found it is not my birthdays that make me feel old it's my children's. Starting school with a little girl is different, but isn't everything between boys and girls. Leaving mommy was not on her agenda. Luckily for me her best friend showed up and she immediately forgot about mommy. As for her brothers, they were seasoned veterans of school, the bus, and our annual miniature golf excursion.

September of 2009 brought me a 5th grader, a 3rd grader, and my

little girl starting kindergarten. This was my first year to deal with separation anxiety. I had seen some children have melt downs at the bus stop and thought "oh no, I wouldn't put up with that malarkey". Silly me, no matter how old I get, I still have those moments when the good Lord makes me eat my words. For a week she cried her way to school but overall kindergarten was a great year.

It's September 2010 and the start of my first middle school year. Is that possible, middle school, he can't be old enough and yet he can't wait to start. That in itself has made his back to school and mine magical. My 4th grader found out he has 4 friends in home room, which at that age meant life was great for him too, another home run. Preschool has been postponed a couple weeks which has made my empty nest not so empty, homerun number three. But 1st grade, remember when I said God has a way of making me eat my words... apparently it can be for several meals.

My 6 year old was about to show me what separation anxiety was all about. Each day the first week of school, except golf day, she would cry a little more and come home telling me she had cried all day. One night she asked, "do children in China have to go to school?" Not liking the answer she followed up with, "how about New York?" The second week was even worse until the day that I physically placed her on the bus and all but dove off as the bus driver shut the doors and pulled away. She ended up in the office and I was told I needed to make her ride the bus so she could work through this. A friend graciously offered to put her on the bus for a couple days and I hid at the local park waiting for the bus to leave like some sort of covert operative. Yet another proud parenting moment to add to my list of things I never thought I would do. Finally, some days later she got off the bus exclaiming, "I didn't cry all day, not at all!!!!". I was so excited and proud that I grabbed her up and kissed her.

Starting school with your kids is very much a case of hurry up and slow down. The year starts with you saying, "hurry up and get your book bag" or "hurry up or you will miss the bus" and often ends with me wanting them to slow down because life seems to be passing us by so quickly. Although separation anxiety isn't something I hope any of us have to deal with again, what a blessing that she loves me that much and that I have a friend who was willing to so lovingly help me help her through it. So slow down and enjoy the good with the bad, the laughter with the tears, and the school days with the hot days of summer.

Thank you Emmitsburg Elementary School

Jennifer Belluomo

I just wanted to write a quick Thank You to the staff of Emmitsburg Elementary School. My oldest child started kindergarten this year and I went into this whole "school thing" feeling a little uncertain of what to expect.

Mrs. Golightly - You have a wonderful school! Which I'm sure you must be proud of. I could not be happier with the treatment that my family has received from your staff. You welcome and encourage parental involvement in your school and I have really put your staff to the test! I think I have been to school for one reason or another every day this year and have always felt welcome. Thank you.

Sharon Hamilton put me and my daughter at ease from the very first day that we set foot in Emmitsburg Elementary School. She was my first impression of the school and she was exactly who I needed her to be. Kind, compassionate, organized, ... and a fellow Mom. Sharon - Thank you so much.

If I was given the task of searching for the perfect kindergarten teacher for my daughter - I would be hard pressed to find anyone better than Heather Brinker. She knows how to talk to children with respect and kindness. But - just as important - she has that same skill with the "Moms", who - at least in my case - are

just as nervous, but for different reasons. Heather - I appreciate what you do more than you will ever know.

My daughter loves her specials - but, as a Mom with lots of "life's experiences" behind me, I know that she wouldn't love the specials if she didn't like the teachers. She enjoys art with Thora Stith, music with Carrie Trax and her absolute favorite thing about school so far is P.E. with Sarah Palmer. Sarah - I'm not sure if it was the hoola-hoops or the dancing - but, she loves you!

I have not had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Reed, but my daughter has really enjoyed her time learning about books. I was so impressed the other day when she told me about how books have spines and showed me how to best turn the pages. Thank you Mrs. Reed - they are paying attention and soaking it all in.

Sarah Fawley, thank you for greeting the students by name every morning and being so generous with your compliments. You obviously understand how important it is for them to feel welcome and feel good about themselves. And, as one of the lucky parents who get to witness this every morning - I Thank You from the bottom of my heart.

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STAGES OF LIFE

Simply Maya



Maya Hand

My birthday was in September. How does it feel to be ten? It feels great, and I'm extra excited because I finally turned double digits! Mom says it's a really big deal to turn ten. As I get older I will be getting more responsibilities, opportunities, and privileges. For example, Mom and dad were just talking to me about the possibility of a summer camp next summer where I would spend a week at a college learning about science (my favorite subject in school). I'm excited about all the opportunities that lie ahead!

As kids get older and gain more responsibilities and privileges, it's kind of like a journey to adulthood. As we are going through the journey and building our understanding of things, learning lessons, and gaining

responsibilities, we are all driving to our own destinations.

When we're little we don't have a lot of responsibilities. We're still packing for the trip. We're packing memories, smiles, learning what it is to use our imaginations, learning basic lessons like treating other people as they'd like to be treated, and learning what it is to feel safe and loved. To grow and learn, a little kid needs to feel loved and safe at home so that later on when they go out into the world, they feel comfortable trying new things. Feeling safe and secure with our family and others close to us also helps us when we grow up know what to look for with friends or in a spouse for example.

By the time a kid turns 10, we have already packed the bags we needed to get started and we're on the road. We should have already learned some basics... how to treat others as they would like to be treated, to be truthful, to respect our parents, to speak words of kindness, to treat other people's things with respect, etc.. I also think it's so important to appreciate the things around us. For example, food, shelter, nature, family and friends, animals, the sun and darkness, rain... everything.

Of course we all have different lessons we still need to learn, or things we need to experience to be able to

understand things better. One thing I work on is always trying to make the more important decisions even if I'd rather make the other maybe more enjoyable ones. For example, should I make a yarn doll, or should I go downstairs and hang out with my mom and dad because I haven't spent much time with them all week? Or, should I go the ballgame with a friend, or stay home and finish my homework? As much as I may want to go the ball game, I should stay and finish my homework because that's more important and there will be many more ballgames.

Nobody would learn or understand a lot without certain experiences on the journey. For example, once at school one of the Sisters came in and talked to us about her work in Kenya and showed us pictures on the projector. Some of the kids she had worked with had to walk miles to school and lived in unclean homes and villages with dirty water and little food. I learned a lot from her visit, and I'm sure she learns a lot from her trips there. Many people in the world don't have access to education or even clean water or food to feed their family. And there are people in different places in the world that experience earthquakes, hurricanes, and tsunamis. They see other people get hurt, they are scared, they live knowing that lots of people lost their lives, and many lose their homes or their own family members. It's really sad. Most of us have clean water, food,



the ability to get an education. We need to help people in other places to have better lives. We should also try to persuade other people to help change the world. Learning about Sister's experiences in Africa helped me to understand how big the world is and to better understand my place in the world.

One way I'm continuing my own personal journey of growth and learning is through these articles. I feel that the articles I have been writing are not only hopefully helping people that are reading them, but I also feel that they are like therapy for me, because I am thinking about things and focusing on them even more because I'm writing about

them. Writing these articles helps me to learn and grow in knowledge and in my heart. I guess I'm still packing and sorting through my bags along the way!

And that brings up something important. Remember earlier when I was talking about how we pack for the trip? Well, along the journey, at all those exciting places we go, we keep going through our luggage and finding new things to add and taking out what we don't need any more. And there's something else really important I'd like to tell you. When you're on the trip, take notes. You'll look back at those wonderful memories, and hopefully continue to make more.

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A TEEN'S VIEW

Travel—part two

Olivia Sielaff

When our time came to leave Rome for Sicily, we packed our bags and readied ourselves for an eight-hour train ride down the Amalfi Coast. Our goal was to bring my Sicilian grandmother back to her parents' homeland to experience the culture and explore the town where our family's heritage began. The train ride from Rome to Sicily was not what we had expected. It took a terribly long time and there was no food available. However, it was exciting when the entire train was loaded onto a ferryboat and transported from the tip of Italy to the edge of Sicily. Eventually we arrived in Sicily more than ready to partake in the second half of our journey.

As we quickly hustled off the train in Messina, we were immediately welcomed by two of our distant relatives, Sicilian natives, who let us stay with them in Milazzo. We expected them to know very little English; on the contrary, they spoke English very well. And throughout the rest of the week, we only had to use a dictionary a few times.

The atmosphere in Sicily was a bit different than in Rome. Every town had a distinct charm, the people were much more relaxed, and their lifestyle was unhurried. While walking along the bay, we would see a group of old, weather-beaten fishermen selling their catch of the day in between smoking cigars and playing cards. There would be carts with the freshest fruits, vegetables, meat, and fish on the sidewalk; in fact, one fisherman was selling a whole swordfish he had caught! Also there weren't nearly as many tourists in Sicily, so we felt more like locals than foreigners.

At every meal we feasted on authentic, home-cooked, Sicilian cuisine. Our hosts made almost every meal for us, which were always more than one course. One night in particular, we were stuffed from just finishing a four-course meal, when we were pre-

sented with the most mouth-watering dessert they called Baba. Each of us was persuaded to eat what seemed like a small pound cake drenched in rum and topped with whipped cream and fruit. It would have been rude to refuse the Sicilians' food, and so we graciously, and with much difficulty, consumed the dessert.

That entire week the husband and wife duo escorted us all around Milazzo, showed us famous landmarks, including a centuries-old castle, and brought us to all their favorite markets and bakeries. One evening, our hosts drove us to a beautiful little town called Taormina. They didn't tell us much about the town, but their excitement to show us indicated that we were in for treat. Taormina, like many Sicilian towns, was built on a mountainside overlooking the water. Once we reached the top, it was as if we were in an enchanted city. Stucco buildings with ivy-covered balconies flanked the narrow cobblestone streets. Every so often, to the left and right were even narrower side streets winding up or down hiding a restaurant or small shop. Since it was evening, the whole town glittered with street lamps illuminating store windows chockfull of artwork, little trinkets, ceramics, and clothes. People were dining alfresco and couples were strolling hand-in-hand. Even though many people were there, the town was still peaceful. The best word to describe it that comes to mind is *magical*! For us, Taormina fulfilled the epitome of a romantic Italian town.

Finally, on the second-to-last day of our trip, we drove to Santo Stefano di Camastra, the town of my great-grandparents and our family's beginnings. Santo Stefano di Camastra is known for its beautiful ceramics. After all, it's called the 'City of Ceramics'. Everywhere we walked there were large, decorated ceramic tiles on the sidewalks and buildings, and even a town map painted on ceramics. The streets were lined with ceramic shops displaying their colorful masterpieces. Spending over an hour in one



family-owned shop, we couldn't get enough of the beautiful artwork and talent put into the pieces. Also, Santo Stefano is situated on a hill overlooking the Tyrrhenian Sea, which offers breathtaking views of the water. We absorbed every view, street, building, and person in that town so we would never forget them. My grandmother could now put a picture to certain buildings or streets that her parents used to talk about.

The climax of our trip occurred when we stumbled upon a war memorial in the town square. The memorial was a four-sided stone pillar with a bronze statue of a soldier on top. On the bottom sides of the pillar were inscribed the last names of dozens of local Sicilian soldiers who fought in the World Wars. One of the names was my grandmothers' maiden name. We never imagined we would find such a treasure as this. To think that my families' name is proudly displayed still in its hometown is extraordinary and truly beautiful!

There is something inspiring and remarkable when you are able to walk where your ancestors did only a few decades ago; to visit the country, the town, where your family originated from; and to experience the culture that is deeply-rooted within your heritage.

Being able to travel back to my great-grandparents' country and hometown to experience first-hand my Sicilian roots was an event I will not soon forget. I have learned to embrace my heritage and be ever grateful for my entire families' past, present, and future.

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

Choices & chances

Kat Dart

Throughout high school, I tend to get a lot of awkward questions. Some of the more thought provoking ones tend to make me stop and think for a second. And some of the weirder questions are just plain, well, to say the least, weird.

Sometimes I play avoidance strategies and I know many of my friends also do so. For example, last week, I was asked "What is the weirdest thing going-on in my life at the moment?" by some totally random stranger.

First of all, has anyone under the age of sixteen ever heard of a little something called tact, discretion, or sensitivity?

What gives someone the impression that I'm willing to give an answer about my personal life to a totally random person (And he was a freshman. Was I like that as a freshman?); I did however choose to humor the guy with a response.

My response was pretty simple: Writer's Block sucks. As a writer (Obviously, why else would I love doing this?) I have been hit with writer's block before. It's so weird, because I'll have a great idea, sit down and be poised to write and just be unable to do so. Give me fiction and I can have three pages down in eight minutes, ask me to do a history report or a diary page and I'm stuck for a long time.

And so, finally being born from a bad case of writer's block, this month's topic comes in. What do you do when you need help? What if it is rumor and gossip being played out at school? What if it has credibility? What if it is a friend making what you think may be a bad choice?

Sometimes the hardest thing in life is deciding when you need to step forward, or let others take the stage. It's always amazingly difficult to choose what way is the right way. There is so much that I need to consider when choosing to take action.

Do I step forward and say out loud that something is wrong? Should I work from behind the curtain, not revealing my part but doing something that may only partially work? Do I need to get others involved? Do I just sit in the crowd and watch the train wreck occur?

Being outspoken is a sure-fire way to get attention, but am I willing to take the chance that everyone sees me as a drama queen and I'll lose any credibility? What about working from behind, not letting people know I am there



– the chance that whatever I am about to do will fail is greater.

What about other people? Sure, I could reinforce myself with making sure I have definite support, but is it right to get other people involved?

Finally, and this is the hardest bit – is it even right for me to get involved? Maybe it would be better if I let the others work it out.

But then, the greatest question will haunt me – what if I could have done something and I didn't? What if I should have done the opposite of whatever I chose to do?

What if I could have stopped it, but I didn't because I was so scared to come forwards?

What if I did choose to do something, but there was never anything to worry about?

I know that a lot of people think very differently when it comes to this type of situation, and I know that as teenagers we tend to care more about our place on the social scale rather than people you barely know. Taking a chance that can cause 'social suicide' is one of the hardest things to do in high school. Mostly, once you take the chance, you can't turn around and say "I changed my mind." You aren't in line for a roller coaster that you just realized goes upside down. You can't quit. You can't step down. You have to solve the problem in front of you, and let the consequences come, whether they are good or bad.

And this just about wraps up for October. A quick word for Catocin students, *Crucible* the play by Arthur Miller is being put up this fall, congratulations to all who made the cast! The play is about the Salem witch trials of 1692. It is rather dark and scary, but I'm positive it will make a wonderful play, especially with the cast picked.

Finally, I hope to see a lot of great costumes for Halloween (mine's a surprise...) and we'll be watching for those who try to take too much candy... avoid the garage at all costs. Be safe, but have fun this Halloween!

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

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Feeling stuck in a rut?

Jacqueline Quillen
MSM Class of 2010

Three of my college roommates are spending a year in Ecuador to teach English, religion, music, art, and gym to all different ages from six a.m. to eight p.m. without receiving a paycheck. One of the three, the same person who addressed our entire graduating class and told us to “go and quietly change the world,” called it God’s work and is thankful to be a part of it. I am so proud of all of them and all the people volunteering around the world to make a difference. Then I think about my life and wonder what I am doing to quietly change the world.

Life is becoming more and more of a routine. While routines are good, especially for people who appreciate organization, the constant repetitive actions can sometimes stray you away from things you once had a passion for. When I first started working in the city and taking the train every day I looked forward to the commute as my time to catch up on reading and writing. I recently found myself in a routine of riding the train without even opening my book or notepad for the entire ride; I had no inspiration to write and had no idea how or where to find it. It felt like the hours I spent at work were the only time my brain was actually functioning and tossing around ideas.

Going from one thing to the next in a routine, knowing what lies ahead, provides a sense of direction. Ironically, as I repeatedly go through this vicious routine I find myself more and more lost in every aspect of life. Rather than feeling satisfied with knowing what I am doing and how to get there, I feel anxious that I should be doing something com-

pletely different, such as providing an education to people who live in poverty or pitching story ideas to magazines and newspapers to expand my writing career.

Since day one of my internship at the law firm, my work and experience has improved greatly. For a while I was stuck in the day-to-day executions wondering what kind of purpose my work in the marketing department served for the law firm as a whole. Over time I developed a better understanding of how the marketing department relates to the law firm. I think of my job as making other people’s jobs easier or just taking some stress off of other people. By doing this I help the firm work more efficiently. When the firm works efficiently everyone is happy. This is the cycle of life at the firm: marketing people make lawyers happy and lawyers make clients happy.

As an intern, I am almost everyone’s personal assistant in the department, which means I stuff a whole lot of envelopes. From my experience, I advise attorneys, or anyone for that matter, to refrain from mailing umbrellas as free gifts to clients or whomever. For one, an umbrella fails to fit nicely in any kind of envelope. When preparing an abundance of umbrellas in envelopes to mail, it is impossible to stack these oddly shaped envelopes for the mailmen to pick up. Apparently oddly shaped envelopes tell people to “open me” even if it is not addressed to them. I discovered this when a number of envelopes were returned opened with no umbrella inside, which meant stuffing more envelopes for me. Part of my job description is preparing oddly-shaped packages.

It is difficult to see how I quietly change the world at work when I do these simple little tasks. In

one situation, however, my voice was a tiny little whisper in a larger project that actually does help change the world. After the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks a lawyer in South Carolina asked his local fire department what he could do to help. The reaction he got was, “What could a lawyer possibly do to help the country recover from the terrorist attacks?” The lawyer ended up finding a way he could be of some assistance by starting a program in which attorneys develop a living will for firefighters and other emergency service providers in case they should die in the line of duty. The will program received tremendous appreciation from firefighters as they felt reassured knowing that their families would be taken care of in this situation.

In the week prior to the ninth anniversary of 9/11 a co-worker asked me to send a press release to local publications. The press release noted the will program and attorneys from the firm who planned to volunteer their services to emergency service providers on the anniversary of the terrorist attacks as a sign of thanks. After I sent the press release an editor from one of the publications contacted me asking how people could get involved with the will program and the upcoming event with the attorneys. Usually when people ask me questions my initial thought is, “Why are you asking me, I am the intern,” because 90% of the time I do not have the answer. Once I found the information I passed it along to the editor, not really thinking much of it. I usually send press releases to 10-15 different publications and never hear back from any. The press releases may go to print or may not – once it leaves my hands I don’t know what happens to it.

When I went into work the



Monday after 9/11 I found out that the press release I sent the week before was in fact printed in a local publication. A co-worker asked me to write a blurb summarizing an article about the event and specific attorneys from our firm who participated. The article also mentioned the great turnout at the event. My contribution was small, but sending that first press release contributed to the success of the event, which helped more families of emergency service providers gain the support they need in case of tragedy.

All the devastation and horror in the world makes it difficult to see how people make a difference every day to make the world a better place. I didn’t fight the fires, or start the will program for firefighters, or even write that first press release, but I did send the release to a publication that shared it with the public – and this is how I quietly changed the world that day. It sounds quite silly to say and I’m sure some people say that my

work is even less than a tiny little voice in the bigger change for the world, but I say that every voice, every prayer, and every thought counts.

If you read this article expecting to find the answer for how to not feel trapped in the routine, I am sorry to say that I do not actually have that answer. I can, however, say that it is possible to break free from the trap without quitting a job or moving to a foreign country. You don’t have to take up a whole new lifestyle to change the world. It is possible to do it every day just by being you, by being the change you want to see in the world. We do everything for a reason. Relationships, adventures, mistakes, crappy jobs, everything is for a reason. Whether we end up regretting it or being satisfied with it, the important thing is to grow from every little thing we do. This is how we change. This is how we quietly change the world, one little step at a time.

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COLD WAR WARRIORS

“The Cold War’s Chaotic Sixties”

Captain John Murphy, UNS. Ret.

The decade of the 1960s was the best and worst of times for the U.S. military. On land, sea, in the air and aerospace. The Soviets were doing all they could to impress us with their emerging military might. At the end of the 1950s they had launched their first ICBM. The U.S. had commissioned its first nuclear submarine – the USS Nautilus (1954) and the Soviets countered with their 1st nuclear submarine in 1958. The ‘50s ended with the Soviets firing the 1st rocket into earth orbit and also landing another on the moon. Fidel Castro had come to power in Cuba. Both NATO and the Communist Warsaw Pact alliances had been created.

The west was doing all it could to keep an eye on the Soviets through aggressive air, space, sea and land based reconnaissance and surveillance programs. Meanwhile U.S. submarines were snooping around the major Soviet naval base areas off Murmansk and in the Far East.

Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev had just toured the U.S. (1959) and was talking upbeat with U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower about dramatic force reductions and solving the Berlin “problem” which had begun as a Soviet Blockade in 1948.

1960 began with plans for a major Four Power Summit in Paris in mid May. Then on May 1st, 1960 ... a CIA U-2 aircraft piloted by Francis Gary Powers was shot down over central USSR. Right during the Soviet’s major, May Day Parade in Moscow! Khrushchev himself went ballistic. The high hopes for a major Summit were doomed. Also, Ike would not receive his much desired invitation to tour the USSR. Meanwhile, the Soviet Presidium had approved plans to put long range missiles into Cuba. The Cold War was on a steady downhill course.

By 1961 the U.S. had tried to invade Cuba; Khrushchev had approved a Berlin Wall and the U.S.

had begun its deployment of IRBM missiles into Cuba and Italy. The Soviets were conducting thermonuclear weapons tests in the Barents Sea.

In 1962 the U.S. had inaugurated John Kennedy its 35th President; launched its first ICBM and sent John Glenn into space for the US’s first, orbital flight. Also, we had discovered Soviet MRBMs in Cuba which were capable of striking New York and Washington D.C. This led to the October 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis which I saw up close and personal as a staff officer at the U.S. Navy’s Atlantic Command Headquarters in Norfolk, Va.

We all know how that one ended and I must say things looked pretty bright on Thanksgiving Day 1962. We had stared the Soviets down at sea and avoided World War III. They had blinked. We had beat them! Or so it seemed in November 1962. President Kennedy paid us a special visit in the Spring of 1963 to say “thank you” for our Cuban Missile Crisis work. He brought his Vice President Lyndon Johnson and the entire U.S. Senate and House of Representatives to tour the Navy Headquarters and the Norfolk Naval Base.

After the heady days of post-Cuban Crisis celebrations it was hard to return to normal operations. We knew what it was like to have been at the precipice of nuclear war and survived. How could we go back to business as usual. To monitoring crises in small, banana republic nations like the Dominican Republic and Panama. Frankly – it was boring! For many, their interest shifted to the Western Pacific and Vietnam. Things were happening there. How can I get involved? Go where the real action is.

Then that terrible day – Friday, 22 November, 1963 – when our leader during the Cuban Missile crisis- President John F. Kennedy – was assassinated in Dallas, Texas. I remember sitting in that huge room that was our Naval Intelli-

gence Interpretive Unit operations center. Surrounded by large map boards showing the status of Soviet forces worldwide. About 15 officers and sailors sitting in stunned silence while listening to Walter Cronkite and CBS TV confirm that the terrible news was true. It felt like the air had just come out of a room which had so recently been an epicenter of Cold War decision making. Our leader was gone. It couldn’t get any worse than this. Or so it seemed on that terrible Friday – one year after the Cuban Missile Crisis.

In the days and years that followed we would experience one “jolt” after another that, in my mind, had a definite effect on our morale and readiness. Maybe it was not the Cold War in the 1964 movie “Dr. Strangelove”, but nevertheless – our Cold War was marching inexorably onward. In its own style and pace – not Hollywood’s. Here are some of the events that shaped the Turbulent Sixties:

1964 – Tonkin Gulf Incident; Nikita Khrushchev overthrow; China atomic bomb tests; Vietnam buildup & bombing campaign; Beatlemania hits America.

1965 – Watts and Detroit Civil Rights riots; anti Vietnam protests escalate; unmanned Soviet spacecraft land on the moon and Venus;

1966 – Vietnam protests continue to escalate; Black Panther Party organized; unmanned Soviet spacecraft land on the moon and Venus; unmanned U.S. spacecraft lands on Venus

1967 – Egypt prepares to attack Israel; Six Day War; USS Liberty Incident; Johnson – Kosygin Summit; Secretary of Defense McNamara resigns; American spy John Walker begins working with KGB.

1968 – What Tom Brokaw calls “The Most Turbulent Year”; Student anti Vietnam protests; USS Pueblo seized by North Korea; Tet Offensive; Soviet SSBN sinking near Hawaii; Martin Luther King assassination; Poor People’s Campaign



Prague uprising of 1968

(Resurrection City); USS Scorpion sinking (by Soviets?); American Spy John Walker giving Soviets strategic plans and operations information; Robert F. Kennedy assassination; Soviets Invade Czechoslovakia; Bloody anti Vietnam riots at Democratic Convention in Chicago.

1969 – Apollo 11 – Man on the Moon; Richard Nixon elected President; Anti Vietnam war protests and bombings; North Korea shoots down Navy aircraft; Rolling Thunder bombing of North Vietnam.

I spent my second tour in the Vietnam Combat Zone on the staff of Commander Attack Carrier Striking Forces, Pacific aboard USS Kitty Hawk in 1968 & 1969. We were in command of all Navy airborne “strike” operations over North and South Vietnam. It was called Operation Rolling Thunder which was a highly coordinated operation with the U.S. 7th Air Force. We were proud of what we were accomplishing. We were shutting down the North Vietnamese logistics system which flowed from the ports such as Hanoi in the north and came southward down the Ho Chi Minh Trail from North Vietnam through Laos and into South Vietnam. We were doing this despite all of the restrictions being placed on us by our own government. This was a war, but it wasn’t.

Soviet ships were bringing war supplies into major ports like Hanoi, but we could not touch them. We could not bomb their ships or their port facilities. Nevertheless, we were winning the war to the point where

the North Vietnamese agreed to meet in Paris with a U.S. delegation headed up by National Security Adviser Dr. Henry Kissinger. In 1969, at least, it seemed that every time our operations were working particularly well – we would be told to stop. Rather, to “pause” as Dr. Kissinger tried to gain concessions from our cagey enemy.

When I reported for duty in the Pentagon in late 1969, the atmosphere was quite different from what I had known earlier. Americans had turned decidedly against the military and the war. During the day I worked at the Naval Security Station near American University or the Pentagon and was constantly being hassled or taunted by students, hippies and anti-war activists – just because I was in uniform. I would always change out of uniform before going to my night classes at Georgetown University where I was working towards a Masters degree in Russian.

We may have won the day during the Cuban Missile Crisis, but the Russian Bear was fighting back worldwide and would continue to do so for the next twenty years. We were starting to experience “incidents” at sea in a secret war that was going virtually unreported in the Western press. Incidents that involved nuclear weapons- equipped ships, aircraft and submarines. The Cold War was getting hotter again.

To read past editions of the Cold War Warrior visit the Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net.



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IN MY OWN WORDS

I've learned everything is connected

Katherine Au
MSM Class of 1996

I have heard it said that we are all one. No matter where we live, what language we speak, the color of our skin, our religious beliefs, our monetary status, or our family name, no matter who we claim ourselves to be we have no barrier between us and therefore we are all one. I learned this principle in graduate school and I've come to discover greater depths of this principle, as I've gotten older.

For my birthday I was given a gift this year from my parents a trip to New York City. It was this trip that solidified the concept of oneness for me more fully. I had only been to the city twice before. Once as a little girl when there was time before my flight to Europe one morning when my father took me to Rockefeller Center around the holidays and I saw the glorious tree and the skating rink. Then, the second time was when I was working in California on the team that was overseeing the company's Annual Report. Our team was designated with flying in the night before our meeting, having a morning meeting, and then flying out just two hours after our meeting was scheduled to end back to California. Neither trips before left me with any sense of what New York City was or a sense of oneness.

This trip was started with a train ride from Washington, DC to NYC. We arrived just after midnight one night and then made our way to our hotel. We were lucky enough to stay near Union Square and the next morning began the tourist trip we had planned. The first day was filled with museums – MOMA, Met, Natural History – all were wonderful places to visit and all held a surprise that I didn't expect.

The second day was filled with visiting the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island first, then Ground Zero and the tribute center to Ground Zero, then a walk up Broadway to Soho before taking the Subway to Times Square before taking the Subway back to Union Square and our hotel.

It wasn't just the tourist parts that made me think of us being all one. It was the experiences in the tourist places that reminded me of this concept. The whole time I was in New York City I was struck by how no matter how far away we may live or no matter how different our lives may be we are truly one.

We each need to eat. We each need shelter. We each need our thirst quenched. We each are not as different from each other than we might think. I saw the New Yorkers, the foreigners, the tourist's travel amongst her streets and in her museums and I was moved by how closely we all are connected. We separate ourselves contin-

uously here and there by this and that, but we truly have no separation. We are all connected, if only by the fact that we are human.

It was the third day that my father reminded me of the true connection of oneness. My mother and I went shopping and my father was tasked with meeting us for lunch at Whole Foods in Union Square. It was him that reminded me more than anything of a unity to that which we don't even know.

My father remembered an experience of his many years ago when we were in New York City recently and mentioned an experience years ago that he wanted to share. And, so the next few words are his:

"The warm breath of American Social History wafted over me acutely and poignantly as my senses became aware of seeing something more than simply what looked upon waiting for my wife and daughter across from Union Square in New York City. I was passing the time people watching. I was vaguely aware of a bus coming to a stop in the background and people entering. There was nothing unusual about that. Simply background awareness as another bus, then another and one after another until about the fifth or so stopped. As the fifth or sixth bus stopped, I became aware of the same repetition for each one...and the warm breath hit me...the penetration of consciousness with recognition and then the "aha" of the breath of full awareness as the thought flashed through my being...I know where that came from...I know the person who made that happen...her life and efforts 30 years ago made possible an occurrence so acceptable today as to almost make it unrecognizable. Maggie Kuhn had done

that. Maggie Kuhn and her Grey Panthers accomplished that.

What had registered was that the buses were all kneeling to make it easier for elderly and everyone else to step on. Something all large metropolitan city buses do now, but 40 years ago, something no buses did until the Grey Panthers campaigned for it among other things to raise consciousness for the plight of the elderly in those day where many subsisted on dog food to survive. (Maggie was named Humanitarian of the Year in 1978 and a PBS documentary of her work was made called, "Maggie Growls.")

I had known her for a brief period when she spoke at a conference in California and remained for a few days. My wife and I were her transportation for the time she was in the LA area and took her wherever she wanted to go. It was in those times of travel that we came to know an almost frail but fiercely keen and gracious fighter who was politely astute. She left a memorable impression on me as a person of depth and character...one of the few public figures that one would want in their life boat. I had not thought of her a whole lot since 1974 but in that moment on the streets of New York City as I became aware of the bus kneeling...I found myself looking directly into her face and knew I was touched again by the continuation of that energy encountered in person those many years ago. The warmth radiate as I saw the kneeling of the bus become within me a salute to her soul."

My father had such an experience event before I was born. My experience is knowing that my time on earth is connected to my mother and father's and that although I will never meet Maggie



Kuhn I will always be connected with her through my parent's connection. And, although, I wasn't a part of busses lowering for passengers I will always be a part of that process. Furthermore, it is my part in this life to be a part of other firsts or important aspects of this life. That is not to say that I think myself important but rather I think myself responsible to carry out whatever aspect of duty that could be important for the duty of our oneness. We, as Americans, are not a people governed by a crown or dictatorship, we are a people governed by a democracy. We are those who say to our governing body yes or no, and that is

an unusual choice of words given to most governing bodies across this globe.

I don't pretend to be a part of a country that doesn't have it's own skeletons to hide. But, I do say I am a citizen of a country that welcomes more than any other country. I, as an American, am fortunate enough to be a part of a country that allows for me to see my neighbor as an ally and friend of myself. He or she could come from any other place on this planet, but he or she is my equal – as we are all one.

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

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CULTURE, FOOD AND ARTS

Simple servings – Italian risotto



Sharon Racine

Risotto is one of those truly Italian words that embodies its culture and rolls easily off the tongue, rounded and smooth like the plump grains of rice it describes. The name literally means “little rice,” and is one of the most commonly cooked meals in Italy. Thanks to Italy’s northern regions, particularly Lombardy, Piedmonte and the Veneto, which boast an abundance of rice paddies, Italy is the largest producer of rice in Europe. Risotto is a versatile dish, and a great option for serving whatever is in season, including seafood, mushrooms (as you’ll see further on), and different types of meats. It is commonly served as a first course more often than pasta, which serves as a tribute to its significance in Italian culinary culture.

The History

Considering the prosperity of the rice paddies in northern Italy, one might be surprised to learn that rice is not indigenous to Italy. The exact date of its introduction to Italy is not known, but many spec-

ulate that the exchange took place during the Middle Ages around the 14th century. The earliest recorded instance of rice cultivation dates back to 1475, but farmers could have established the crop many years prior.

Early traders, most likely from Venice or Genoa, brought rice back from the East, after which they introduced it to Italian farmers. Though the large amounts of water needed to flood the rice fields caused ideal conditions for malaria, the benefits clearly outweighed the consequences; rice crops thrived in northern Italy, particularly the Po Valley, where it soon became an important staple.

The Breakdown

Here in the States, we’re used to the traditional long grain rice sold in bulky bags of pretty much any size imaginable. Risotto rice, however, is different than its long grain counterpart; it boasts a starchier composition with a round shape and a medium or short grain. These shorter-grain rices absorb liquids and

release starches more readily, making them stickier than other types of long grain rices.

The most commonly used types of these short-grain rices are Carnaroli and Vialone Nano, in addition to Arborio, which is less commonly used. Carnaroli and Vialone Nano are thought to be the best types of rice, and are consequently more expensive. Each of these types of rice differ slightly; Carnaroli is less likely to get overcooked than Vialone Nano, but Vialone Nano cooks faster and is more absorbent.

A few other types of rice, including Roma, Baldo, Ribe and Originario, can also be used for risotto, but will not result in the same creaminess that is characteristic of traditional Italian risotto dishes.*

The Story

During my junior year abroad in college, I had the good fortune of traveling to Rome, where I was exposed to some of the most amazing history in the world and experienced truly incredible Italian cuisine. Once I arrived and checked into my hostel on Via Varese (located in the heart of Rome, just a short distance from the Coliseum), the agent at the reception desk handed me a pamphlet with a map and some coupons. In heavily accented Italian English, he insisted that I visit a local eatery, owned by a friend of his (hostel customers received a 20% discount!).

The name of the eatery escapes me now, but I distinctly remember walking into the small dining area and being at once overwhelmed and charmed by the plastic aquarium fish tablecloths, Winnie the Pooh dishware, and mismatched array of colorful trinkets. An ancient television flick-

ered in the back left corner of the room, and a dingy curtain separated the cooking area from the eating area.

As soon as I looked at the menu, I knew that I had to try the risotto. It would be my first experience with authentic Italian risotto, and if the hostel receptionist knew what he was talking about, this was the place to try it. I gave the Maitre’d my order, confident that her sweet pea and mushroom risotto would not disappoint. And it didn’t; it was the creamiest, most delicious risotto that I had ever tasted.

Now, over a year and a half later, I still remember that small, overly accessorized establishment and crave the meal that I characterize as the world’s best risotto. I haven’t been able to top it yet, but this shiitake and sweet pea risotto recipe from the March 2010 issue of Cooking Light comes pretty darn close.

The Recipe

Prep Time: 40 minutes

Yield: 4 servings

Ingredients

4 cups fat-free, less-sodium chicken broth
1 tablespoon butter
1/2 cup finely chopped onion
1 1/2 teaspoons minced garlic, divided
1 cup uncooked Arborio rice
1/2 cup dry white wine
1 tablespoon extra-virgin olive oil
4 cups thinly sliced shiitake mushroom caps
2 teaspoons chopped fresh thyme, divided
3/4 cup frozen green peas
6 tablespoons grated fresh Parmigiano-Reggiano cheese, divided
1/4 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper

Preparation

1. Bring broth to a simmer in a medium saucepan; keep warm over low heat.

2. Melt butter in a large skillet over medium heat. Add onion; cook 2 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon garlic; cook 30 seconds, stirring constantly. Add rice; cook 1 minute, stirring constantly. Add wine; cook 2 minutes or until liquid is absorbed, stirring frequently. Stir in 1/2 cup broth; cook 2 minutes or until liquid is absorbed, stirring constantly. Add remaining broth, 1/2 cup at a time, stirring constantly until each portion of broth is absorbed before adding the next (about 20 minutes).

3. Heat oil in a large nonstick skillet over medium-high heat. Add mushrooms to pan; sauté 5 minutes or until tender. Add remaining 1/2 teaspoon garlic and 1 teaspoon thyme; sauté 1 minute. Set aside.

4. Stir mushrooms, remaining 1 teaspoon thyme, peas, 1/4 cup cheese, and pepper into risotto; cook 3 minutes. Spoon about 1 1/4 cups risotto into each of 4 bowls; sprinkle each with 1 1/2 teaspoons cheese.

Nutritional Information

Calories: 324
Fat: 10g (sat 3.7g, mono 3.9g, poly 0.8g)
Protein: 11.7g
Carbohydrate: 48g
Fiber: 4.5g
Cholesterol: 14mg
Iron: 1.3mg
Sodium: 710mg
Calcium: 101mg

*Source: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Risotto>



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ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Buchheister's passion for painting



Raymond Buchheister works from a live model to paint portraits and do figure studies at his studio in Fairfield. Once each month for three consecutive evenings he opens his studio to share this experience with other artists, giving them the opportunity to create works of art using a professional model.

the Governor's School, a summer program for advancing young artists.

"It's up to artists like me and programs offered by the Adams County Arts Council to fill in the gaps to give aspiring young artists direction," Buchheister said. "I'm teaching because I fell through that gap when I was younger."

When he wanted to pursue painting as a youngster, there was no avenue for him to follow and so he became a primarily self-taught artist, though he has been a student of other professional artists. Buchheister has had paintings in multiple juried exhibitions and won awards locally in shows sponsored by the Adams County Arts Council (2009) and the Carroll Valley Citizens Association (2010). He works with students instructing them in drawing and painting. His last student became a 2009 Presidential Scholar of the Arts and Buchheister was likewise recognized with a teacher's recognition award from the Department of Education.

This month Buchheister will

be teaching a class for the Adams County Arts Council called "Painting the Figure from Life." It's the first time the council has offered a class of this type, according to Buchheister.

"A lot of time people think they have to go to New York or California to get some good fundamental training in portraiture or figure work," Buchheister said. "I want people to know that this education can be found locally."

Buchheister said that painting from life is very different than painting from a picture and his goal is to help his students see more and capture more in their work.

"The eye really does see a lot more than a photograph can capture," Buchheister said.

Besides being a member of the Adams County Arts Council locally, Buchheister is a juried member of the Salmagundi Club, New York City, Oil Painters of America and the Portrait Society of America.

To see some of Buchheister's work or to learn more about him, visit www.wvu.edu.

Jim Rada

Raymond Buchheister of Fairfield spends his days dedicated to his job as a project manager for Emmitsburg Glass Company, but in the evenings and on weekends, he gets to express his creativity in a way his job doesn't allow. He sets up his easel and paints in his Fairfield studio.

"My work as a draftsman and designer honed my drawing skills, but painting is where I can express myself," Buchheister said. It also allows him to paint from life as opposed to manage the fabrication and installation of architectural glass in commercial construction.

More and more Buchheister is finding himself joined by other artists, some from as far away as Gaithersburg, MD, who come to paint with him. Most of the time, they paint from life inside the studio, but on occasion they paint the landscapes en plein air (in open air), and sometimes a model en plein air. Buchheister opened his art studio at the end of last year.

"I've made an effort to provide a good creative environment and tried to do my best to have a high-caliber work space," Buchheister said.

This includes having a studio with high ceilings, large windows to capture natural light during the day and color-corrected light at night. It is a definite improvement over the painting and teaching that he did in his basement before converting part of a barn on his property to the studio space.

He began offering open studio sessions once a month shortly after the studio opening in response to artists who wanted to paint the figure from life. He designed the event so that artists could complete a work of art from life. With

his open studio sessions, artists can spend three evenings painting from a professional model. It is time enough to complete one painting, sometimes more. Others draw using charcoal or pastel.

"I want to build up the studio to the point where I'm teaching multiple students and bringing in professional artists from outside the area to teach advanced workshops," Buchheister said.

Buchheister enjoys teaching students, especially those that are high school and college age. One of the things that attracts him to this age group is how fast their art skills can develop when they really get proper guidance in painting. Buchheister thinks that providing that guidance is particularly important now that Pennsylvania has stopped funding



A group of about 10 artists paint from life with Raymond Buchheister at his studio in Fairfield for three consecutive evenings this past week. Buchheister hires a professional model and holds the Open Studio sessions once a month to give artists the opportunity to complete works of art from life.



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COMPLEMENTARY CORNER

Chinese Medicine and the Five Elements

The Metal Element, Part 1

Renee Lehman

In January, I began a series of articles on the Five Elements, the cyclical pattern of expression in nature, as observed by the ancient Chinese. These Elements or energies are felt to be the prime energetic building blocks from which everything in the material world is composed, and were never seen as five “distinct things”. So, every living thing and every person is a unique embodiment and combination of these Five Elements. The Five Elements are Water, Wood, Fire, Earth, and Metal (see the figure below). Together, they help us to understand the process of dynamic harmony and balance in the whole system of energy. Therefore, when it comes to our health, if all Five Elements are in balance within us, then we are at a state of optimal health/wellness.

As you read this article on the Metal Element, Part 1, keep in mind that you are reading only about one part of a much bigger picture!

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

Season of Fall

Fall is nature’s season of harvest. It is a time for gathering nature’s crops before Winter settles in. In nature you can see the leaves changing color and beginning to fall to the earth. This will enrich the soil for next year’s Spring growth, along with giving children piles to play in. Sap in the trees drops to the roots, light and warmth of the sun grows scarce, and there is an abundance of fruits, vegetables, nuts, and grains. Can you see how nature’s energy is moving downward and inward?

Some of the gifts of Fall include letting go and pruning (to make room for new growth in the Spring); crisp, dry air that allows us to breathe deeply; acknowledging of nature’s awe; and acknowledging the intrinsic value of everything of creation. How many of the gifts of Fall do you identify with? Can you see the energy of Fall within yourself?

Along with being associated with the season of Fall, the Metal Element is also defined as having other associations. For example, some of the associations are Yin and Yang Organs [the Lungs and Large Intestines, a body tissue (Skin), an external manifestation (Body Hair), a sound in the voice (Weeping), an emotion (Grief), a color (White), a direction (West), a climate (Dry), and a taste (Pungent).

Organ Correspondences

The organs that correspond with the Metal element are the Lungs, and the Large Intestines. In Chinese medicine, the Lungs and Large Intestines have many functions on a body, mind, and spirit level. Overall, they allow for the natural flow of “letting go of the old and taking in the new.” They are so interdependent, that if one does not function well, the other will fail.

Lungs

The Lungs are considered to be the Minister and Chancellor to the Heart. They regulate the rhythm of your life. Think about how your breathing is very rhythmic without you having to concentrate on it.

On a physical level, the Lungs literally receive the pure Heavenly Qi (also known as, air). The Lungs then release the waste product of carbon dioxide to the outside environment (so that more oxygen will then be taken in). We breathe in a very matter of fact way. However, in many world cultures and religions, meditation and prayers are done by being mindful of one’s breathing. The Lungs also regulate the strength of your voice. When the Lungs are in balance, you will have a strong voice, breathe easily, and have no problems with phlegm/mucus.

On an emotional and mental level, the Lungs are responsible for receiving inspiration, the feelings of self-worth, and realizing the richness of life. How many times have you had an “Ah Ha” moment? Suddenly, you “see” the answer or understand something so clearly. That “spark” of inspiration comes from the Lungs. If the Lungs are out of balance, then you may ex-

perience life as dull or “cold,” feel inert and uninspired, lack respect for and devalue yourself and others, or even strive for perfectionism (instead of excellence).

On a spirit level, the Lungs are responsible for your inspiration that “feeds” your spirit. Since the Lungs are connected with the Heavens, they give our life a sense of quality and higher purpose. We need this guidance from the Heavens to inspire us. Possible examples of this would be religious experiences (visions of saints, enlightenment experiences, and mystical experiences of prophets of all religions), or even your own experience of the connection with the Heavens that brings you joy.

Large Intestine

The Large Intestine is considered to be the “Drainer of the Dregs,” and removes the waste products from within us. As it carries away the impurities of the body, mind, spirit, it leaves us pure and brilliant. Letting go of the old and worn out ideas, beliefs, and actions allows for us to make positive life transformations.

On a physical level, the Large Intestine is the “Great Eliminator”. It receives the transformed food/drink from the small intestine, absorbs any remaining fluid and minerals, then eliminates the waste, also known as the “mundane qi” (the qi that has lost its value). When the Large Intestine is out of balance, you may have constipation, diarrhea, or find yourself over-collecting things that are of value to you (Beanie babies, baseball cards, jewelry, etc.).

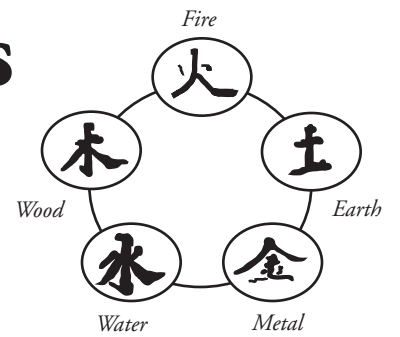
On an emotional and mental level, the Large Intestine is re-

sponsible for letting go of impurities of the mind. It judges the value of things that will affect our quality of life and releases the worthless thoughts and behaviors that could keep our life unpleasant. When the Large Intestine is in balance then we are able to let go of the past, impure thoughts, and grudges; while at the same time keeping things of value.

On a spirit level, the Large Intestine is responsible for the letting go of things that no longer serve us. This allows space for new growth and changes in your life. For example, a balanced Large Intestine would allow for you to extract the “gems” from rubbish that you are exposed to daily, and allow you to grieve the loss of a loved one and then move through the grief, allowing space for new growth in that area. It would also give you a sense of quality to your life, because it removes the things that could “contaminate” your spirit.

How does this relate to you today?

Think about what shows up for you when you answer the following questions. 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/or other wellness professionals).



1. Do you have any breathing problems?
2. Do you have regular bouts of constipation or diarrhea?
3. How would you describe the quality of your life?
4. Do you have a tendency to be a perfectionist?
5. Do you hang on to the past long after it is useful?
6. Do you have a tendency to be pessimistic or disdainful?
7. Do you have issues with over-collecting?

In the next article, I will discuss more correspondences/associations of the Metal Element. Until then, keep observing your movement through Fall, and how your Lungs and Large Intestine are functioning on a body, mind, spirit level. And remember: the Metal Element is an integral piece of describing the ONENESS of the universe (including our own body/mind/spirit) that is constantly changing and transforming!

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

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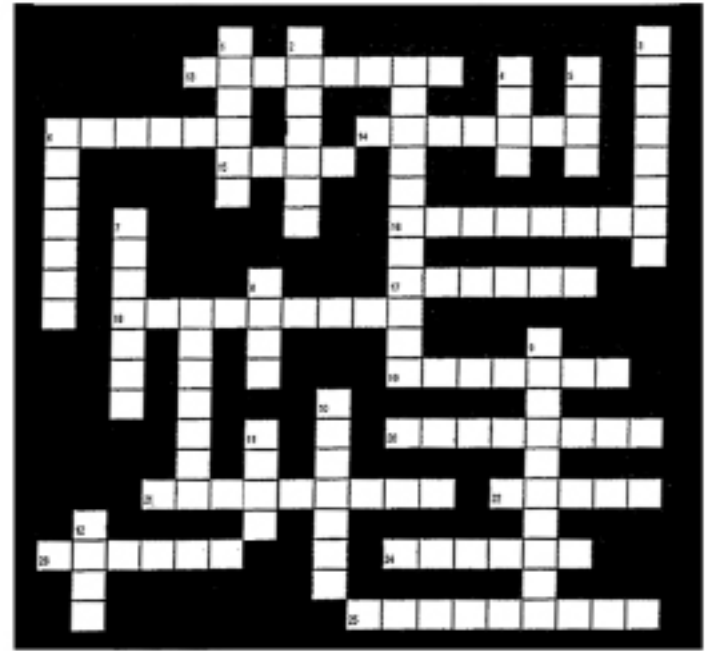
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Across

- 6 A brief written summary of a document; an agenda
- 13 The act or ceremony entered into by a man and woman to live together as husband and wife
- 14 The one who is granted, allowed or given
- 15 A solemn promise that a person will speak only the truth
- 16 Legal document requiring a person to appear in court for testimony
- 17 A proposal or request that action be taken
- 18 A temporary conveyance of property to a creditor as security for the repayment of a debt
- 19 Type of business license sold to retailers
- 20 The act to legally take into one's family as their own
- 21 The person charged in a criminal or civil lawsuit
- 22 A person who serves on a jury
- 23 A proposal or request that action be taken
- 24 A case from a lower court to a higher court for re-hearing
- 25 A person who brings suit

Down

- 1 The last name of the incumbent Clerk seeking your vote for re-election on November 2
- 2 The one who is granted, allowed or given
- 3 Performing an act that is forbidden by law; one who performs such an act
- 4 What to do on November 2 to re-elect Sandra Dalton as Clerk
- 5 A legal document relating to the transference of property
- 6 The legal dissolution of a marriage
- 7 An order of command to perform a duty; a notice to appear in a certain place
- 8 Security or money given to guarantee the appearance of a person for trial
- 9 A type of license issued to an establishment that sells food and provides tables and chairs
- 10 The finding of a jury or judge on the matter submitted at trial
- 11 The legal right to claim, hold or sell the property of another to satisfy a debt or obligation
- 12 What to do on November 2 the re-elect Sandra Dalton as Clerk

Words found in the crossword puzzle.

Adoption, Appeal, Bail, Criminal, Deed, Defendant, Divorce, Docket, Garnishment, Grantee, Grantor, Juror, Lien, Marriage, Mortgage, Motion, Oath, Plaintiff, Release, Restaurant, Subpoena, Summons, Traders, Verdict, Vote, Vote, Dalton

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By Authority of JoAnn M. Hevey, CPA-PFS, Treasurer



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ASTRONOMY

The October night sky

Professor Wayne Wooton

For October 2010, last quarter moon is October 1st. New Moon is on October 7th. The waxing crescent moon passes 3.4 degrees north of brilliant Venus in SW twilight on October 9th. The moon is first quarter on October 14th, and the waxing gibbous moon passes 6 degrees north of bright Jupiter in the SE on October 20th. As Jupiter is very close and bright now, try finding both of them just before sunset with the naked eye. It is challenging, but Jupiter may be bright enough to spot, using the moon as your guide. The moon will be full on October 23rd, which means the peak for the Orionid Meteor shower will be lost in its glare on the morning of October 21st. Halloween finds the moon at last quarter on the 30th, not rising until midnight, a little late for trick or treaters.

Venus dominates the evening sky as October begins, but rapidly retrogrades between us and the Sun this month. It is at inferior conjunction on October 29th, and by Halloween rises just before the Sun in the morning sky. On October 1, Venus is near greatest brilliancy, mag. -4.56, with a slender crescent 18% sunlit and a disk 45" of arc across, easily seen in hand held binoculars. By the 15th, Venus has moved closer to the Sun, is lower in the western twilight, and faded to mag. -4.4, with a even closer and larger disk now 55" of arc wide, but very slender crescent, only 6% still sunlit.

While Venus passes below the Sun's disk this October 29th, it does occasionally transit the Sun's face, appearing as a black dot in front of our star. This will next happen on June 5, 2012, which is what got all the Mayan 2012 hype started as their Venus based calendar resets, very similar as just as ominous as our own Y2K a decade ago. Not to worry...

Jupiter dominates the eastern sky just above the Cirlet of Pisces. Any small scope will reveal what Galileo marveled at 400 years ago; four large moons, all bigger or similar to ours in size, orbit it in a line along Jupiter's equator. So get out the old scope, and focus on Jupiter for a constantly changing dance of the moons around the giant world. Bigger scopes real much detail in its clouds, which changed dramatically this part April, when its familiar South Equatorial Belt vanished, leaving Jupiter with only one "racing stripe", the NEB. Its famed Great Red Spot is even more apparent, since the SEB has faded and it is surrounded by a bright white zone now.

The Big Dipper falls lower each evening. By the end of October, it will be only the three stars in the handle of Dipper still visible in the northwestern twilight. By contrast, the Little Dipper, while much fainter, is always above our northern horizon here along the Gulf Coast.

To the southwest, Antares and Scorpius also set soon after twilight,

and will be gone by month's end. East of the Scorpion's tail is the teapot shape of Sagittarius, which marks the heart of our Milky Way galaxy. Looking like a cloud of steam coming out of the teapot's spout is the fine Lagoon Nebula, M-8, easily visible with the naked eye. This stellar nursery is ablaze with new stars and steamers of gas and dust blown about in their energetic births. In the same binocular field just north of the Lagoon is M-20, the Trifid Nebula.

The brightest star of the northern hemisphere, Vega dominates the sky overhead. To the northeast of Vega is Deneb, the brightest star of Cygnus the Swan. To the south is Altair, the brightest star of Aquila the Eagle,



the third member of the three bright stars that make the Summer Triangle so obvious in the NE these clear autumn evenings.

To the east, the square of Pegasus

is a beacon of fall. South of it lies the only bright star of Fall, Fomalhaut. If the southern skies of Fall look sparse, it is because we are looking away from our Galaxy into the depths of

intergalactic space. The constellation Cassiopeia makes a striking W, rising in the NE as the Big Dipper sets in the NW. Polaris lies about midway between them. She contains many nice star clusters for binocular users in her outer arm of our Milky Way, extending to the NE now.

Her daughter, Andromeda, starts with the NE corner star of Pegasus' Square, and goes NE with two more bright stars in a row. It is from the middle star, beta Andromeda, that we proceed about a quarter the way to the top star in the W of Cassiopeia, and look for a faint blur with the naked eye. M-31, the Andromeda Galaxy, is the most distant object visible with the naked eye, lying about 2.5 million light years distant. It is a bigger version of our own Galaxy, which it may collide with about three billion years from now.

Farmer's Almanac

Weather Watch: Showers, STORMS (1,2,3) turning fair and warm (4,5,6). More showers and STORMS (7,8,9) with fair and cooler weather to follow (10,11,12). Warmer temperatures with a chance of showers (13,14); fair and very warm (15,16) with yet more showers and a bit cooler (17,8,19). Fair and cool (20,21,22,23,24,25,26,27,28,29,30) with showers and mild temperatures (31).

The Moon: The Full Moon in October will occur on October 23rd at 4:17 AM and is the Hunter's Moon for 2010. More often, it is referred to as Yellow Leaf Moon because of bright foliage of the Fall season. The Cree Indian Tribe called it the Moon of Falling Leaves because so many trees finally lose the last of their leaves in October.

Holidays: Columbus Day falls

on Monday, October 11th and United Nations Day is celebrated on Sunday, the 24th. The children's favorite holiday next to Christmas is Halloween is on Sunday, October 31st. Be sure to plan wby dusk. Have older children carry flashlights and wear reflective clothing or costumes if they plan to be out after dark. And make sure to check all of their "goodies" when they return home.

The Garden: Rake leaves so they don't block light to the lawn. Shred or mulch and use around shrub

bases or add to the compost pile. Remove all dead or dying plants and add those to the compost pile as well. Take the time to rake way all dead grass and your lawn will look better sooner in the Spring. Do not prune or fertilize any trees, plants or shrubs. Pruning and fertilizing will encourage new growth when actually, they need to go into a resting phase to prepare for colder months ahead. Now is the time to plant those spring bulbs and remember to add just a pinch of bone meal to the hole.



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OCTOBER 22nd

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With 45 years of committed service to the Emmitsburg area, Quality Tire has come a long way since their opening days. In a world of Wal-Marts and Tire Racks one might wonder how Quality Tire has continued to thrive all these years?

Bob Mort, the owner, is the only answer to this question. Without his hard work and long hours of devotion the business' success would have maxed out years ago. Six days a week for countless weeks of backbreaking labor is what it has taken for your hometown tire store to survive this long. Although Bob is a fair, reasonable and reliable tire man who is always willing to answer your every question, even when the big guys are too busy or simply don't have the time to, there is a much larger factor in this equation that cannot be ignored. The crucial factor is the people who have stood by through the good times and the bad, our Emmitsburg Community.

Quality Tire realizes that without the local supprt the business could have never succeeded as greatly as it has. To thank you for your devotion, Bob and everyone at Quality Tire would like to invite you to our Customer Appreciation Day. Join us for this one-day event that gives back to all that have given to us.

On October 22nd we will have FREE refreshments and snacks available for everyone who stops by. Even if it's not quite that time for a tire change or rotation, come see us! We'd love to have you, and again, greatest thanks to all who have supported your local tire man for so long. A few sodas and some hot dogs cannot begin to measure our appreciation, but it's a start and we can't wait to see you!

By Ashley Bauerline

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COMPUTER Q&A

E-mailing 101

Virtually everyone e-mails instead of spending money on stamps and waiting for the snail mail. Many people use email but many people also do not realize the full potential of emailing. There are many features that are available to make the process of emailing and responding easier and more fun to use.

SENDING EMAILS

Forwarding:

So you just got the funniest, cutest or most alarming email and you want to share it with 5 of your friends. What a pain it can be to copy all the text from the email into a new email to send to your peers. Simply find the "forward" button and choose the people you want to send the email to. This will send a copy of the same email to everyone you selected.

Important note: Sending a forwarded email will allow anyone that receives the email to see the email addresses of anyone else who got the email. To avoid this behavior please read about "BCC" and "CC".

Attachments:

Want to send that wedding picture you took last week? No problem! Open a new email and select the person(s) you would like to send it to. Click the attach file (sometimes a little paperclip icon) button. This will display a new "browse.." window. Here it is asking you to choose the location of the picture you want to send. If you notice this window has shortcuts on the left hand side where you can go directly to my documents and other important locations. Find the folder that the picture is located in and click on the picture and select open. You should see your email program adding the file to your email (if you are doing your email online this may take a few minutes if you are doing your email through a program such as Outlook it may not take any time to upload the file).

Generally you can add several attachments to an email. The size and amount of attachments can vary by email provider.

BCC: & CC:

You may have noticed when you receive an email from someone who sent it out to many people, that you can see everyone else's email address. This is sometimes frowned upon because many people do not want others to have their email addresses or want to eliminate the possibility of more spam. When you use the BCC or CCC fields only that person's email address will show in the email.

BCC stands for Blind Carbon Copy. You will generally use this field for anyone who you wish to respond or receive the email.

CC stands for Carbon Copy. You would use this in the event that you send an email to someone who needs a copy of the email but not someone you necessarily expect a response from.

RECEIVING EMAILS

Attachments

When you receive an email from someone with an attachment they are simply sending you a file that they have on their computer. Just

because someone sends you a file does NOT mean that you have the program that you will need to open it. For example; Sally sent me a word document file which is called examplefile.doc. The .doc extension on the file allows the computer to determine which program if any on the computer will open the file. If no program is available to you your computer will ask you to choose a program (in case it couldn't find it itself). If your computer asks you to choose a program more than likely it is because you do not have a program that will

Extension Name	File Type	Programs usually associated with file type
.jpeg .jpg. bmp .gif .png	Image photos	Windows picture viewer by default or any other program chosen as default after use.
.doc	Word documents	Microsoft Word 2003 or earlier
.docx	Word document	Microsoft Word 2007 or later
.xls	Excel spreadsheet	Microsoft Excel 2003
.xlsx or .xlsw	Excel spreadsheet	Microsoft Excel 2007 or later

open this file type.

Here are a few examples of extension types that you may encounter when using the computer:

As you can see some Microsoft documents will only open if they are saved in the correct format for your version of-

Knowing what extensions go with what files is not common knowledge, but a simple

search online can help you try to identify a program that will open the file type.

WILLIAM ELDER DESCENDANTS ASSOCIATION MEETING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16TH - 2:00 PM

Discussions will include the association ongoing plans, membership recruitment and the 2011 reunion. If you are a descendant of William Elder and one of his two wives, Ann Wheeler Elder and Jacoba Livers Elder, you are most welcome to attend.

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LIBRARY NOTES & SENIOR NEWS

Monsters among the stacks

Caroline Rock

I got a new car. Well, it's a newer car—new to me. We traded in my husband's Mitsubishi Mistake for an Audi Quattro Allroad. It's a nice car, but I still haven't figured out all the gadgets and buttons on the dash board. And the ones on the driver-side door. Oh, and the wones on the ceiling. And all around the steering wheel.

We test-drove the thing one afternoon, and had not gone three miles before an alarm sounded and a red light flashed on the dash board. All I needed was to be behind the wheel of a strange car driving through downtown traffic hearing alarms and seeing warning lights flash. I was ready to turn the car around right there and take it back to the dealer with a harrumph. Upon closer inspection of the dash board lights, I realized the car was telling me I had twenty miles to drive before I would run out of gas. Now this was advancement I could live with. All my previous cars told me I needed gas when I was already sitting on the side of the road. I was wondering if the car would also tell me when I was due for my next dental appointment, or how many hours I had before my energy drink would wear off. Maybe it would also make out my grocery list and balance my checkbook.

We drove to a gas station and pulled up to the pump. Naturally we parked on the wrong side of the gas tank and had to turn the car around. Then began the quest to find the switch that would release

the door to the gas tank. There was no button on the console, no button on the steering wheel, on the side door, or in the glove box. There was no release button on the key, and no keyhole on the gas cap. It must have been quite entertaining for the gentleman fueling his car on the other side of the pump, watching us open door after door, climbing over and under the car, crawling into every secret passageway we could find in a vain effort to locate the release button.

"Wow," my husband said, full of admiration for the technology of this century. "Now THERE is security!"

Just about then, I pushed on the right side of the gas cap door and the thing flipped right open revealing the cap, which twisted off with barely an effort. There was no release button or key or secret password.

"Wow," my husband said, admiration replaced with sarcasm. "Now THERE is security."

You are probably wondering two things.

First, why am I bothering to tell you this?

Second, what does this have to do with the title of this column, "Monsters Among the Stacks"?

Well, I am bothering to tell you because I am pretty certain that buying a car and fumbling to figure it all out is a universal experience, one we can all appreciate. And it is always more fun to experience embarrassment vicariously than personally.

Secondly, the first payment for that beautiful car came due this week, and it is a monster. And really, it is October, and Halloween and all, and it seemed more

appropriate than calling the column "Used Cars Among the Stacks." You probably wouldn't even have read this far if I had called it that.

The word "monster" is so misused lately anyway. My daughters are fond of an anti-freeze flavored caffeine beverage called "Monster." My shiftless neighbor is constantly looking for good doctoring and lawyering jobs on Monster.com. Monster trucks. Movie monsters. The Green Monster. Coincidentally, my husband has lately been listening to a CD called "Monster" by REM. I'm not a fan of REM, and find Michael Stipe's voice similar to a hypnotized bee with a sinus infection. But my husband tolerates my Bee Gees, so I only mildly complain about his favorites.

Monster originally meant an evil omen or a warning of something unnatural. Michael Stipe aside, we rarely use the word in that context. Monster has come to mean anything that is huge, or anything that is scary. A monster hurricane. A monster of a headache. A monster car payment. In real life we have witnessed monsters who commit unspeakable crimes or perpetrate evil on the innocents available to them. But through fiction, we invite characters like Frankenstein, Grendel, Balrog, Dracula, Freddie Kruger, Godzilla, Mugato and Grover into our quiet lives just to keep our blood flowing and our reflexes sharp.

Machines can be monsters, as well. Hal 9000 from 2001: A Space Odyssey; The Gunslinger in West-

world; VIKI, the evil master-computer in I, Robot; the Matrix; Darth Vader; all are examples of machines that took on a life of their own. Did I mention Christine, the monster from Stephen King's 1983 novel? You remember that Christine was a car.... a little too much car. So maybe in that way, the word monster is most accurate. Certainly the purchase of this uppity Audi can only be a warning of something unnatural in my future.

Monsters do us good. They force us to pull on our resources. They tighten our stomach muscles. They simultaneously humble and embolden us. Monsters are a tangible force to be reckoned with, a personification of our innermost struggles. They are the mirror in which we face ourselves and scheme to conquer in the most bloody and heroic fashion.

In the month of October, we might find ourselves focusing on

ghouls and goblins, monsters of myth and fantasy, and even celebrating them in a way. We might make ourselves into our favorite fiend, attend a parade or party at which we join together with others to laugh at the things which should terrify us.

Why do we laugh? Because despite the ferocity of a monster, in all ways, we are better than they. We are better because—well, because we are NOT monsters. We have what monsters and machines do not. We have reason and compassion, the ability to think and decide, and the capacity to feel for others, the power to choose the higher path. And we can be easily pacified with a cup of cider and a handful of candy corn.

Hey, parents—are you looking for a fun activity for you kids this month? Bring them to the Emmitsburg Library on Saturday October 30 for our "Monster Mash Bash"! Drop in any time Saturday. We will have crafts and treats all day long from 10:30 AM until 4:30 PM. No registration required.

SENIOR NEWS

Susan Allen

It's official—autumn is truly here! The actual date was Sept. 22, but the date also marked a late "summer surge" of 90-degree-plus weather, so it sure didn't feel like fall. But there's a little yellow and red among the green (and brown) trees on the mountain, and the orchards have pumpkins on display. Colorfest is on its way, and the kids can hardly wait for Halloween! So let's celebrate the sights, smells, and beauty of fall.

SPECIAL PROGRAMS:

Thursday, Oct. 14 - Senior Expo, Frederick Fairgrounds, 9 a.m.-3 p.m.

Wednesday, Oct. 27 - Evening 500 card party, 7 p.m.

Thursday, Oct. 28 - Special Fall Harvest lunch, followed by an **Apple Bobbin' Contest,** 12:30 p.m.

The seniors encourage all eligible persons (50 years and older) to join them for regular

program activities and special events. Our lunch program is open to those 60 and older. Programs are held in the Community Center on South Seton Avenue. Call for lunch reservations 24 hours in advance. The Senior Center will close whenever county offices are closed. To register for special events or for information, call program coordinator Linda Umbel, 301-600-6350, or email lumbel@frederickcountymd.gov.

REGULAR ACTIVITIES

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

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

Bingo: Oct. 6 (Fall Bingo)

Cards, 500, and Bridge Group: Oct. 13 & 27.

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

Pinochle & 13: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

Canasta: Fridays at 12:30 p.m.

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UPCOMING EVENTS

October 1
Harney's St. Paul's Lutheran Church's 5th. Annual Basket Bingo - Held at the Harney VFW Post 6918 Pavilion, 5801 Conover Road, Taneytown. For tickets, please call 410-756-2613 or 717-359-7919

October 2, 3, 9, 10
46th Annual National Apple Harvest Festival - An old time festival with over 300 arts & crafts vendors, farm displays, antique farm equipment, antique and classic cars, steam engines and so much more! South Mountain Fairgrounds. Route 234 Arendtsville, Pa. For more information visit www.appleharvest.com

October 2
The famous Lewistown Volunteer Fire Department Turkey, Ham and Oyster Supper. 11101 Hessong Bridge Road, Thurmont. For more information, call 301-898-9988.

October 9
Bingo Cash Bonanza at Mother Seton School. Doors open at 6 p.m. Bingo starts at 7 p.m. Tickets: \$15 in advance \$20 at the door. For more information, please contact MSS at 301-447-3161 or call Lena at 301-717-8860. Sponsored by MSS Home School Association.

October 9 & 10
Mt. Tabor Church of Rocky Ridge Ridgefest at Mt. Tabor Park. Apple Butter Boiling demonstrations and the Rocky Ridge Fire Company famous Fried Ham Sandwiches. Directions to Mt. Tabor Park: follow Route 77 East to Rocky Ridge, turn onto Motters Station Road, the park is just ahead on the left.

October 11
Monthly meeting of the South Mountain Audubon Society at the Adams County Agricultural and Natural Resources Building located at 670 Old Harrisburg Road in Gettysburg. The title of the presentation is: "Birds of the Boreal Barrens of Northeast Pennsylvania". This meeting is free and open to the public.

October 15
Frederick County Master Gardeners "Ask a Master Gardener" Plant Clinic in the C. Burr Artz Library Community Room. The Theme of the day will be "Winterizing Your Garden." Visit www.frederick.umd.edu/mg or call 301-600-1595 for more information.

Taneytown's St. Joseph's Church All-You-Can-Eat Spaghetti Dinner. St. Joseph's Parish Hall,

44 Frederick Street, Taneytown, 9th Annual Strawberry Hill Nature Preserve's Auction Dinner-Liberty Mountain Resort - Tickets \$40. For more details check out www.StrawberryHill.org. For additional ticket information contact (717)642-5840 or email info@StrawberryHill.org

October 16, 17, 23 & 24
Catocin Mt. Parks Fall Color Walks at 1:30p.m. and 3:00 p.m. at the Hog Rock Parking Area.

How will this year's growing season affect the fall colors in Catocin Mountain Park? Meet a ranger at the Hog Rock Parking Lot at 1:30 or 3:00 p.m. on any of the above dates for a short walk to learn why the leaves change in the fall and how weather affects fall color. Is there a scientific reason or does mysterious Jack Frost deserve the credit?

October 16
October Meeting of the William Elder of Maryland Descendants at the Ott House. Discussions will include the association ongoing plans, membership recruitment and the 2011 Elder reunion. If you are a descendant of William Elder and one of his two wives, Ann Wheeler Elder and Jacoba Livers Elder, you are most welcome to attend.

October 18 & 19
Stone Fence Gardens Harvest Festival - See ad on page 32 for more details.

October 27
"The Storytime Show with Miss Jenni" Mother Seton School. This exciting and FREE program for preschoolers brings learning alive with music, singing, and puppets.

"Fall Into Books" is the featured show. Due to the great response, please pre-register by calling 301-447-3165 or email: development@mothersetonschool.org.

October 31
The Dead Cemetery Walk On The Eve of All Saints. Ages 14 and up only. For more info, visit www.setonshrine.org!

MAJESTIC
at the Jennifer and David LeVan Performing Arts Center

THE BLANKS
Saturday, October 30th - 8:00 PM
Those funny guys on the hit NBC TV series "Scrubs"!

Acappella music is suddenly cool, hip & funny, thanks to "The Blanks", best known as "Ted's Band" on the long-running television comedy "Scrubs". Now, this quartet of funny singing friends, who played this same role on TV, have become a cross-over sensation, playing improv clubs, college campuses and performing arts centers.

Tickets: \$39, \$36, \$33 (Fees & Taxes Included)

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New Mount Scholarship, The Thomas Merton Award

Kevin Abdo, class of 2011, is the recipient of the Mount's first annual 2010 Thomas Merton Award.

The scholarship, established by **Peter, C'60, and Jan O'Malley** of Beltsville, MD, in memory of Eleanor & Peter F. O'Malley, honors a senior who is a Catholic in good standing, has shown academic merit, and is recommended by his/her peers for their commitment to the Church, and service to the community and those most in need.

Kevin graduated from Mount St. Joseph High School in Baltimore, MD and is a member of Saint Mary of the Mills parish in Laurel, Maryland. "From the moment he stepped onto campus at the Mount, Kevin had dedicated himself to serving the community," says Mount President Thomas H. Powell.

Kevin was the only freshman to participate in the Adventure-Service trip to Belize the first time it was run in the summer of 2008. Since then, Kevin has led service trips, coordinated giving campaigns, recruited students to participate in volunteer efforts and most recently led a group of students to Harrisburg, PA to build and clean up a playground for the Silence of Mary Children's Home.

Peter O'Malley presented the Thomas Merton Award to Kevin during the Mount's 2010 Convocation ceremony on August 25, 2010.

Thomas Merton, a Trappist monk of the

Abbey of Gethsemani in Kentucky, is a well known Catholic writer and social activist and embodied the quest for God and for human solidarity.

For more information on the Thomas Merton Scholarship at the Mount please visit us at www.msmary.edu

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

ADMISSIONS VISITS

For more information about each program and to register go online to www.msmary.edu/visit

- Sun. Oct. 3, Open House
- Sun. Oct. 3- Mon. Oct 4, Overnight Experience
- Thurs. Oct. 7, Around the Mount 3.5
- Mon. Oct. 11, Mountaineer Visits
- Mon. Oct. 18, Transfer Day
- Sun. Oct. 24- Mon. Oct. 25, Overnight Experience
- Wed. Oct. 27, Financial Aid Workshop
- Sun. Oct. 31, Sunday Visit

ATHLETIC HOME GAMES

Men's Soccer

- Fri, Oct 8, Sacred Heart *, 4 p.m.
- Sun, Oct 10, Fairleigh Dickinson *, 1 p.m.
- Fri, Oct 22, Bryant *, 7 p.m.
- Fri, Oct 29, Robert Morris *, 7 p.m.
- Fri, Nov 5, Monmouth *, 3 p.m.
- Women's Soccer
- Fri, Oct 15, Sacred Heart *, 4:00 p.m.
- Sun, Oct 17, Fairleigh Dickinson *, 1:00 p.m.
- Fri, Oct 29, Bryant *, 3:30 p.m.
- M/W Tennis
- Sat, Oct 23, Rider, Noon

W Tennis

- Sun, Oct 17, Delaware State, 1:00 p.m.
- * Conference Games

RUN WITH DENNIS

3.5 MILE RUN/2 MILE WALK

Sunday, November 7 (rain or shine)
Cost: \$15

For more information on Run with Dennis, visit www.runwithdennis.org. For more information about the run at the Mount, or to register, email msmva@msmary.edu

Investigate

YOUR CAREER OPTIONS



CAREERS IN CRIMINAL JUSTICE SEMINAR

Wednesday, October 6, 2010, 6-8 p.m.
Center for Professional and Continuing Studies
5350 Spectrum Drive
Frederick, MD 21703
Free and open to the public. Light refreshments.
Register online at msmary.edu/cjseminar