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Cover Artist:

Our cover artist for 2005 is Ellen Burgoyne. Ellen Burgoyne loves to see people smile. She reaches out to quell sadness through her art, and hopes that she can provide moments of quiet pleasure sparkling with fantasy and mystery. Burgoyne cites Robert Frost's little poem "The Secret Sits" as especially inspirational for her:
We dance round in a ring and suppose, But the Secret sits in the middle and knows.

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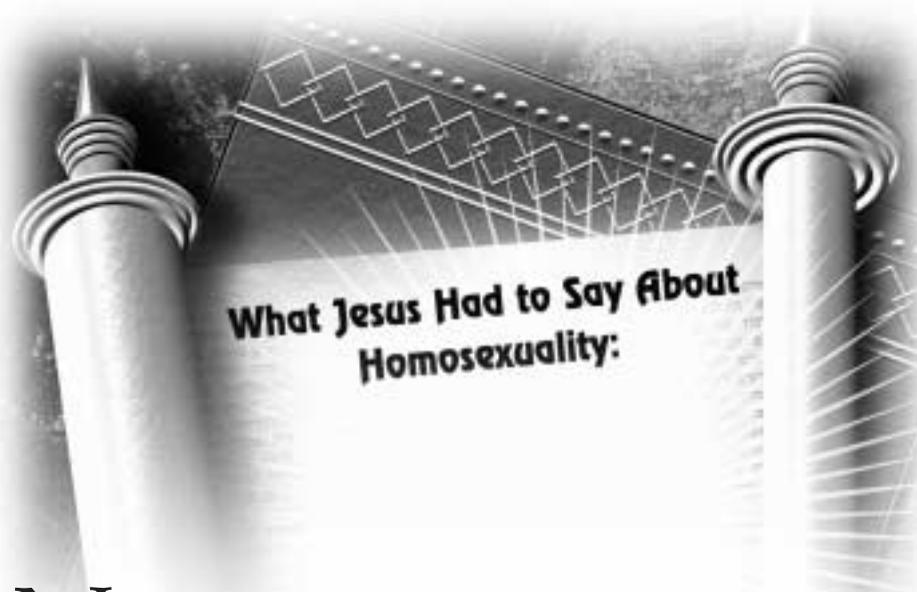
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FOR HOMOSEXUAL CHRISTIANS

BY RANDALL TREMBA



Now that we have that out of the way, let's see what Jesus had to say about other things starting with hypocrisy, judgmentalism and love.

1. *You hypocrites. You strain gnats and swallow camels.*

People are dying from AIDS and starvation; from lack of clean water and basic health care; from loneliness, drug addictions and despair; and here the churches go again with their sexuality sideshows.

2. *Judge not lest you be judged.* (I'd like to set this one aside until the end, if you don't mind.)

3. *Love one another as I have loved you.* (OK, we can work with this one.)

I don't know about you, but for the longest time I was more interested in sex than love. They can go together, but it takes a while, and when you're young you're not in a hurry to put love and sex together. There's heat in both, of course, but one comes with nitroglycerine. Most people survive the explosions and limp toward love, which is where Jesus comes in with a lot to show and tell.

Most everything I first knew about sexuality, including homosexuality, I learned in the boys' locker room. My childhood Baptist church never talked about homosexuality directly; however, it was clear to me and everybody else in that particular church that the Bible condemned homosexuals and their practices. We could recite *those* six or seven Bible verses by memory. We knew the Bible inside and out.

Since then I have read and re-read the Bible many times and in different ways. I have read parts of it in its original languages — Hebrew and Greek. Since then I have read dozens of scientific and medical articles. Since then I have listened to homosexuals. Since then I have heard some of them and some of their parents cry out for mercy, not so much from God — who is merciful — but from the church, which, at times, is not.

There was a time when I thought homosexuals should be excluded from leadership in the church. But I changed my mind.

As it turns out, the church in general and some churches in particular have changed their minds about many things over time. For example, about black Africans being condemned by the Bible to serve whites as slaves, based on a couple of strange verses in Genesis. That abhorrent lie was persistently taught in churches, including Presbyterian churches, for more than 100 years as justification for slavery!

But the church re-read the Bible and changed its mind about slavery.

Some churches changed their minds and allowed women to serve as ordained ministers, elders and deacons. That one only took 40 years of debate!

There was a time when certain churches, based on a few verses in the Bible, would not allow divorced persons to remarry or to serve the church in leadership positions. Some churches changed their minds about divorce. That took about 20 or so years!

Jesus changed his mind at least once. Take a look at this:

Jesus left that place and went away to the district of Tyre and Sidon. Just then a Canaanite woman from that region came out and started shouting, "Have mercy on me, Lord, Son of David; my daughter is tormented by a demon." But he did not answer her at all. And his disciples came and urged him, saying, "Send her away, for she keeps shouting after us." Jesus answered, "I was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." But she came and knelt before him, saying, "Lord, help me." He said, "It is not fair to take the children's food and throw it to the dogs." But she replied, "Yes, Lord, but even the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their masters' table." Then Jesus said, "Woman, great is your faith! Let it be done for you as you wish." And her daughter was healed instantly. (Matthew 15:21-28)

This summer the Methodists and Lutherans made headlines with their renewed ban on ordaining homosexuals who live in covenant love with another person. It got me thinking about this Canaanite mother and her dogged persistence in the face of rejection and that got me thinking about homosexuals and their dogged persistence in the face of the churches' rejection.

Perhaps you've noticed that no matter how obstinate the church, many homosexuals just won't go away. Some of them keep shouting, annoying the rest of us the way this Canaanite woman annoyed the disciples of Jesus. *Send her away*, they pleaded with Jesus. With *Jesus* — of all people!

Jesus rebuffed the pushy Canaanite mother. *It's not right*, he said, *to take the children's food and toss it to the dogs* — meaning her and her kind, meaning that mercy and inclusion were limited to certain people.

If Jesus himself could be obstinate, it's no surprise that churches can be too.

To be sure my rendition of this gospel story is not absolute or conclusive. It's actually a bit of a logical stretch. But, then, the mind can take us only so far. In the end, the heart must speak as well.

Yes, Lord, she said, *but even the dogs get the crumbs from the table.*

Most everything Jesus knew about Canaanites he learned in the boys' locker room. Jesus was raised to think of Gentiles as dogs, unworthy of God's mercy, unworthy of a Jew's compassion. But Jesus changed his mind and heart *in the face of a new experience*. He met a Canaanite woman who believed that God was more compassionate and inclusive than maybe even Jesus realized. The old views of such people — supported by the Bible — and those old derogatory names like "Canaanite" would simply have to go.

Today most churches deny ordination to homosexuals who are in a committed and faithful relationship of love with another person. It is, in my opinion, unchristian, unjust and discriminatory.

Lord, have mercy. Christ, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

Do the politics, if you must, but don't forget to pray. The church has changed its mind before.

The world has seen too much of rejection.

Once upon a time, the brothers of Joseph (*that starry-eyed dreamer with those fancy-colored clothes!*) couldn't wait to get rid of their queer and annoying brother. They wanted to kill him but instead sold him as a slave. They thought they would be better off without him. But God had other ideas. Eventually the Rejected One was used by God to bring salvation to those brothers, who for a long time had thought themselves more righteous than anybody else on the face of the earth.

As the story goes, those smug brothers, at the end of their rope, found themselves unwittingly in their forgotten brother's presence (Genesis 45:1-15). He could have had them killed but instead he revealed himself in love. *I am Joseph. Let me be your brother. (I am Josephine. Let me be your sister.) And for Christ's sake, let me be your servant, your partner in ministry. Let us work together to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, house the homeless, heal the sick and set the captives free. Let us serve Christ together. Which is to say, let us serve love together.*

And now back to number two: judgmentalism. Oops. I'm out of space.

Respect But Don't Fear the Rattlesnake

By Claire Stuart and William H. Martin

“The Timber Rattlesnake is an inoffensive animal that simply wishes to be left alone,” says William H. (Marty) Martin, local wildlife biologist specializing in the study of Timber Rattlesnakes.

Snakes were part of Martin's life from an early age. When he was just a year-and-a-half old, his father showed him his first rattlesnake, and at two-and-a-half he was taught how to



properly pin and pick up a snake. Before Martin was three, he was fearlessly catching nonvenomous snakes on the family dairy farm in Loudoun County, Virginia.

Martin's first encounter with a rattlesnake in the field was at age eight during a rock-climbing outing with his father and brother. He caught his first rattlesnakes at 15 and 16 years of age. His interest in snakes led to a career of more than 30 years hiking through woods, scaling rocks and peering into rattlesnake dens.

His formal studies of rattlesnakes began in 1973 when he went to work for the U.S. Park Service in Shenandoah National Park and began what was then the only ongoing long-term study on the Timber Rattlesnake. In previous studies, dead snakes had been cut open to determine their eating habits and reproductive status. Martin worked with living snakes in the wild, capturing, marking, releasing and recapturing them for over 25 years to learn about their natural history.

Martin worked as a wildlife biologist for the Maryland Department of Natural Resources in 1992 and 1993 and has done contract work on rattlesnakes for the Blue Ridge Parkway, the West Virginia DNR, the Carnegie Museum and the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. He is currently working with a Virginia Tech graduate student on a Timber Rattlesnake project. He shared some facts with the GOOD NEWS PAPER.

Reptiles were eliminated from the central Appalachians when glaciers covered the area but survived in the Deep South. They returned after the glaciers retreated, and some rattlesnake dens in the area may have been used for nearly 18,000 years.

According to Martin, a “den” usually consists of a creviced area on a mountainside spread out over as much as a quarter-mile, although sometimes an entire rattlesnake colony may use a single fissure or hole or several closely spaced holes. Typical dens in the central Appalachians support 10 to 30 adults and some of the bigger dens have 40 to 80 adults.

“No, the biggest rattlesnake den is not located in Jefferson County, nor anywhere else in West Virginia,” Martin attested. The largest are in north-central Pennsylvania and in the Laurel Highlands of western Pennsylvania.

Individual snakes normally return to the ancestral communal denning area in October and emerge from hibernation in April. Females typically travel a half-mile to a mile from the

den and males a mile to one-and-a-half miles during the summer.

Litters averaging eight snakelings are born in late summer. Newborns remain with the female at the birthing site a week or two until they shed their skins. Young and mothers then scatter in search of a meal before returning to the overwintering den. Newborns take shrews and half-grown mice while adults typically take mice and chipmunks.

Timber Rattlers, about 11 inches at birth, reach 18 inches during their first year. During their first six to seven years, they acquire an average of one-and-a-half rattle segments per year. Because of rattle breakage, older adults never have a complete string of rattles, so calculating their age accurately is not possible, but they have been known to live over 30 years.

Adults reach sexual maturity at around 34 inches (four or five years of age), but females, due to lack of body fat, typically do not produce their first litter until they are eight. They produce subsequent litters at three- to four-year intervals. Females can reach lengths of 36 to 43 inches and males 45 to 52 inches. Rattlesnakes are measured from the tip of the nose to the base of the rattle.

Their background color varies through many shades of tan, yellow, gray, brown and blackish with crossbands of brown or black, usually edged in yellow. Occasional individuals are a dark, velvety black and the pattern is obscured. Females are usually darker than males toward the rear of the body.

Timber Rattlesnakes do not lack for natural enemies. The Black Racer snake is the major predator on juvenile rattlesnakes and wild turkeys take small snakes of all kinds. Hawks, owls and bobcats prey on the adults.

Deer are widely reputed to be sworn enemies of rattlesnakes, stomping any they encounter. In fact, Martin says, the two species normally coexist peacefully, with deer gingerly walking around any rattlesnakes encountered and the rattlesnake sounding a warning when a collision appears imminent. Rarely, a deer will accidentally tread upon a sleeping rattler

whereupon the deer instinctively leaps into the air several times, coming down with sharp hooves upon the snake.

While most rattlesnake populations in the more remote areas of the Appalachians on public land have remained relatively stable during the course of Martin's study, most populations on private land have declined precipitously and some have apparently gone extinct in recent years.

The major factor in rattlesnake decline has been unchecked residential development and increasing traffic. “Rampant sprawl, fueled by a Third-World population explosion, and consequent immigration into the U.S., is eating up wildlands and is destined to continue as long as fuel prices remain low,” Martin maintains.

“Although humans have eliminated much habitat formerly used by rattlesnakes and other wildlife, climate change and the spread of invasive species present the biggest long-term threats to our fellow creatures and plants,” says Martin.

In all but the remotest areas, cars take the major toll on adult rattlers. Rattlesnakes usually take about 30 minutes to cross a typical road, and few roads don't have a vehicle pass in that time. Martin surmises that people raised in cities and suburbs are not attuned to watching for snakes and usually run over them before they ever see them, while some long-time rural residents make a deliberate effort to kill any snake seen on a road. Either way, a rattlesnake rarely makes it across a road.

Martin just finished walking an 84-mile pipeline across central Pennsylvania to locate rattlesnake habitat. For the protection of both rattlesnakes and workers, the Fish Commission and the energy company want to keep rattlesnakes and people separated during the laying of the pipe.

Since 1995, Martin has worked on the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Department's Timber Rattler Conservation Action Plan. Currently, he monitors rattlesnake populations at about two dozen sites (out of several hundred he located) in the central Appalachian region. He is a member of a group of 30 to 40 researchers and state agency people cooperating to learn the status, distribution and genetics of the timber rattlers in each state.

Martin is co-editor of the resulting publication that summarizes knowledge of the Timber Rattlesnake with detailed maps and status accounts for each state and presents management guidelines that will be useful to state, federal, and private land management agencies. They hope to have the project finished within the year.

Most states now recognize the importance of all wildlife in the ecosystem. Timber Rattlesnakes are an important factor in the control of rodents that are vectors here for Lyme disease and potentially for plague and Hanta Virus. The legal status of the Timber

Rattlesnake varies from state to state. In West Virginia, a scientific collecting permit is required to take and possess them.

The danger from rattlesnakes is exaggerated, Martin maintains.

“Yes, a rattlesnake is capable of producing a life-threatening bite, and yes, they will defend themselves if stepped on or grabbed,” he said, “however, most people that are bitten are either attempting to catch or kill the snake or step on it. Literally hundreds of times I have stepped within a foot of a coiled rattlesnake and never has one attempted to bite. They prefer not to waste precious venom on nonfood items, rather preferring to warn you away with the buzz of the rattle.”

“My daughters, Claire and Amelia, now 11 and 20, were riding on my back in rattlesnake country before their first birthdays, so they have grown up with them,” said Martin. “Both girls respect them but do not fear them. They were both on a Voice of America piece in which they picked up rattlesnakes for the camera.”

Martin described the profile of the typical snakebite victim as “a white male 18–30 years old, and the bites are usually on the hands, forearms, or face. (‘Hey, watch this!’) Women, children, and minority males are usually bitten on the feet or ankles.”

What should one do if a rattlesnake is encountered? If not near a residence, Martin recommends that you simply admire the snake from a distance and walk around it. What if it is in your yard? Martin says. “They are relatively easy to herd into a flat garbage can with a broom or other implement. Then simply take the snake a couple of hundred yards back up the mountain where it presumably came from, and it is unlikely it will be back.”

If you live in a long-established community, the snake has survived by staying out of yards and off of roads and has accidentally wandered into your yard. If you live in a new development, you may be on an ancestral route and the snakes will probably continue to frequent their old haunts until they are run over on one of the roads.

Should you be unfortunate enough to be envenomated by a rattlesnake, what is the recommended first aid? Get to the hospital and have them call a poison control center.

“The Timber Rattlesnake is a magnificent beast, and a symbol of wild America,” says Martin. “They deserve the same respect that other fellow creatures with which we share our planet deserve.”

In the four-state region, the Timber Rattlesnake occurs mainly in the mountains but their range is patchy. Any rattlesnake encountered well away from the mountains would be of much interest, and anyone having such information may contact Martin at whmartin@earthlink.net or (304) 876-3219.

Riding the Tro Tro in Ghana

By Pamela Scorza

It's funny: Ghana is growing on me slowly but strongly. It's intense in so many ways — the hot thick air, the overwhelming smells of burning plastic and meat, tropical flowers, sewage and spices, the rich colors, the spicy food.

It's very alive; there's so much spirit. Last Saturday a few of us who are working at West Africa AIDS foundation went to an outreach program early in the morning — where we do free testing and education in a park in Accra. After the fair we decided to go to a market a couple hours outside of the city where we heard there were fabulous Ghanaian glass beads only on Saturdays. It was about high noon, and we traversed the city for a couple of frustrating hours, being re-directed to about every tro tro* station in the city looking for a tro tro that would take us to the bead market town. Nearly delirious from the sun, and at the point of giving up in defeat, we somehow found ourselves following a nine-year-old girl selling sachet water on her head. After having been directed by several other people who seemed quite certain of where the tro tros were that lead to Agomanya, we were not very hopeful. But, nursing our 200 cedi bags of water (of dubious purity, but cold and refreshing nonetheless), we placed our trust in her, and she angelically led us to the correct tro tro station. We finally crammed in a packed tro tro headed in the right direction.

A couple of hours later we arrived at the little village and made our way to the market. Just as we found the rows and rows of beautiful beads, the skies promptly opened and poured their contents on us as we huddled under the stands with the bead vendors, silenced by the deafening rain on the tin roofs of the makeshift market stands. After waiting out the storm, making friends with the bead vendors, and buying what at the time seemed like way too many beads (but now seems woefully inadequate) we made our way back to the tro tro station, and boarded a small old Mercedes bus back to Accra. We waited about an hour for it to leave, as we tasted street food and bantered a bit with the friendly women on the bus who were quite amused by our pronunciation of the local foods and the way we were wholeheartedly trying them and, for the most part, liking them.

When we finally left it was getting dark, and most of the two-hour ride home was in the dark and in the rain. Neither of the two conditions alone make me feel particularly safe in a tro tro in Ghana. In fact, just riding in a tro tro doesn't make me feel very safe in Ghana. This fear probably correlates to the number of flipped tro tros I have already seen during my couple of months here and the fact that in the event of an emergency, most tro tros, crammed with people and featuring only tiny or malfunctioning exits, do not bring to mind a particularly speedy evacuation. Luckily, though, that evening Jesus was on our side. It was Good Friday, and the women on the bus were singing beautiful Africanized church songs in harmony in native languages and clapping and swaying and passing around communion cornbread. In the dark with the rain outside and the windows of the bus steamy, the rich, interwoven harmonies and rhythms saturated the bus, and enveloped us in a trancelike sense of comfort. I looked out the window at one point and caught a glance of a sign of a shop along the road: "Jesus Lives: Concrete Blocks Sold Here."

Once you overcome or adjust to the initial difficulties of living in a tropical developing country like Ghana (stomach bugs, the heat and subsequent fatigue and general sense of being an outsider), you reach a point at which you begin to identify with the local culture, embrace it and even see it as more fulfilling than your own. At least that has been my experience. Perhaps it is the contrast with the individualism, materialism and isolation that has come to characterize the way many of us live in America that makes the Ghanaian way of life seem so alive. There is something elemental in the way the people interact and touch each other. I can remember vividly the sense of contentment I felt the other afternoon in heavy rush-hour traffic in a packed tro tro in downtown Accra. The woman next to me had just finished nursing her baby and placed the satiated child in my lap as she moved to let someone off and tend to her other two children. I watched in reverent amazement at the patience and tolerance the passengers exhibited as they sat squished together in the heat,

rearranging themselves every few hundred meters to let new passengers on and off. But I'm not talking about tolerance in our sense of the word, which is akin to putting up with something you don't really like. The passengers in the van were happy — smiling and joking with one another and patting each other on the back regardless of whether they knew each other. Ghanaians are like that almost all the time. There is a general sense of enjoying one another and enjoying life, of living in the moment.

But there is another side to that. One day, two other students and I were filming some interviews at West Africa AIDS Foundation for the documentary we are making. After we finished, we were lugging the equipment toward the main road where we could catch a taxi when we noticed an injured man by the side of the road. At first we thought he was one of the multitude of crippled beggars that stand by most roads in Accra, but upon closer inspection we realized that his lower legs and left arm were quite mangled and bloody. Once we stopped, passersby also began to gather round, more curious about us than concerned about the injured man. The man had been hit by a car over 12 hours earlier and had been crawling towards his sister's house since that time. Incredulous, we asked the bystanders what could be done, if we could call the police or get an ambulance. "You want to call an ambulance?" they asked, meaning "Do you want to pay for the ambulance and the cost of the medical bills?" We took him to a nearby clinic to have his wounds cleaned and then dropped him at his sister's house, but the experience affected us profoundly. This complete lack of humanity was incongruous with the way people generally seemed to embrace life and each other. The words of a perceptive Ghanaian friend echoed in my mind. I was expressing to him my admiration for that sense of living in the present and enjoying one another that I was seeing in Ghanaian culture. He listened intently and agreed. "But you know," he said, "part of the reason why people here live for the present is because they don't have anything else to live for."



A roadside shop in Northern Ghana



Children on the beach in Kokrobite



Pamela with children from a little village near Busua



Children from a little village near Busua



Students at Kotaka Junior Secondary School, Accra (Part of an educational outreach program of West Africa AIDS Foundation)

*A tro tro is a crowded, but efficient and inexpensive, minibus used for short-distance travel. The name evolved from the Ga language word "tro" meaning three pence, that is, the penny coins that were used in the colonial days of the Gold Coast, now Ghana. Those vehicles charged each passenger three pence per trip.

Ray Smock

By Marie Carter

As Ray Smock was stripped to his underwear, smeared with Vaseline, and covered from head to toe in warm, wet plaster it occurred to him that modeling for a statue was the last thing he would have expected to do in his career as a public historian. Smock was posing as Benjamin Franklin for the U.S. Constitution Signer's Hall exhibit in the National Constitution Center in Philadelphia. The exhibit boasts 42 life-sized bronze statues of the signers of the Constitution, among which visitors can walk, and each statue was formed around a live model whose size and shape matched exactly what historians know about the sizes and shapes of the various participants. Smock served as a consultant to the Center, working with museum designers and artists to create the Signer's Hall exhibit. He calls this experience "one of the most gratifying times" in this particular phase of his career.

Smock prefers to call himself a "public historian." When asked what the distinction was he replied, "The main difference between public and academic historians is the audience we try to reach. Public historians ply their craft in government service, museums, and at historic sites."

Smock has applied his formal training in history to business, academic life, and government service and has carved out a niche for himself as an expert on the U.S. Congress. Smock currently serves as director of the Robert C. Byrd Center for Legislative Studies at Shepherd University. He is the former Historian of the U.S. House of Representatives, where he served for twelve years.

Born in Indiana and raised in suburban Chicago, Smock had the good fortune as a Roosevelt University undergraduate to study African American History under the distinguished historian and civil rights activist August Meier, one of the most prolific scholars of the Civil Rights Movement and a very demanding teacher who expected students to read and write constantly. Meier told his students, "History is a reading and writing and thinking discipline. If you don't like to read and write, and if you don't like to think about what you have read or written, get out of this class because you will be miserable." Smock stuck with it. He became involved in the Civil Rights Movement while an undergraduate student. Being a college student in the mid-1960s was heady stuff according to Smock. "We studied Black

history in class and we took our protests against racial inequality to the streets." Smock said, "It was an exciting time, and we all felt we were involved in something important that was bigger than our own self-interest." This year Smock returned to his alma mater to recount some of the stories from the Civil Rights Era when he was named Roosevelt University's Distinguished Alumnus in Arts and Humanities.

Smock selected the University of Maryland for his graduate study so that he could have access to the U.S. Library of Congress. He was again privileged to study with another nationally known historian, Louis Harlan, who won the Pulitzer Prize for biography for his work on Booker T. Washington, the African

While still in graduate school Smock began collecting historical photographs and built a collection of thousands of slides. He founded a company, Instructional Resources Corporation, which marketed The American History Slide Collection, a set of 2,100 slides that were sold to high schools and colleges across the country. "The company was and is a success," Smock said, "because we were able to share the resources of the Library of Congress and the National Archives with teachers who could not visit these great institutions." Subsequent products included large slide sets on Western civilization and world history. Smock sold his interest in the company when he became Historian of the U.S. House of Representatives, but

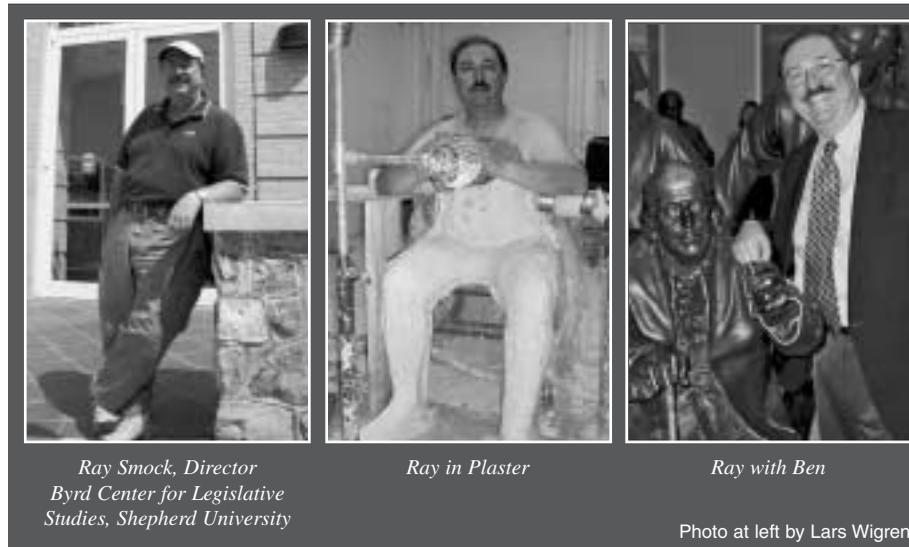
ended up abolishing the House History Office when his plan to hire a partisan political ally as the new House Historian backfired. "Gingrich hired a crony from Georgia to replace me, and then he had to fire her five days later when she became too controversial for the new Speaker to handle," Smock said.

Smock considers himself very fortunate to have been able to serve the House of Representatives for almost 12 years. "It was the best job imaginable. There I was, a historian, working every day in a place where history was being made," Smock says of his time in the House.

In 1995, out of work at age 54, Smock again turned to his entrepreneurial side and formed his own consulting business, which included major work on the exhibits for the new National Constitution Center in Philadelphia, a 175-million-dollar edifice and the first museum dedicated to telling the story of the U.S. Constitution. Another of his consulting jobs was to help plan for a legislative studies center at Shepherd University that would eventually hold the archives of Senator Robert C. Byrd and other political collections related to Congress and West Virginia. Smock had two job offers on the table in 2002: a top position with the National Constitution Center in Philadelphia or director of the Byrd Center at Shepherd. He chose the Byrd Center and Shepherdstown he says "because I fell in love with this town and this school." Smock serves occasionally as an adjunct lecturer in American history at Shepherd University in addition to his duties as director of the Byrd Center. In 2003, the Byrd Center hosted a meeting of directors of similar Congress centers, and the group formed the Association of Centers for the Study of Congress and elected Smock as its first president. "There are about 40 similar centers scattered around the country," Smock said. "We are working together to promote a better understanding of Congress. I may no longer be on Capitol Hill, but I still love watching and studying the First Branch of government."

In the near future, Smock will be posing again for a new statue of Ben Franklin that will tour the nation as part of the 300th Anniversary of Franklin's birth in 2006.

Marie Carter is vice president for enrollment management at Shepherd University.



Ray Smock, Director
Byrd Center for Legislative
Studies, Shepherd University

Ray in Plaster

Ray with Ben

Photo at left by Lars Wigren

American educator and race leader in the early years of the 20th Century. Smock co-edited with Harlan the 14-volume documentary series "The Booker T. Washington Papers." It took Harlan and Smock nine years just to read through the voluminous materials written by and about Booker T. Washington, who left behind one of the largest private collections of papers in the Library of Congress, more than a million items. "Booker T. Washington had a secretary that saved everything," Smock noted. "The materials included everything from Booker T. Washington's grocery lists to his correspondence with presidents."

Following his completion of the Ph.D. program in American History with an emphasis in African American History at the University of Maryland, Smock stayed on at the University as a research faculty member until the "The Booker T. Washington Papers" series was completed in 1982.

Instructional Resources Corporation is still going strong with offices in Annapolis, Maryland.

In 1982, the U.S. House of Representatives decided it needed an official historian to help plan for the 200th anniversaries of the Constitution and the Congress. The House conducted a national search for the right person for the job, and Smock was appointed by Speaker Tip O'Neal as the first House Historian. He served until 1995 when he was fired by Speaker Newt Gingrich. Smock takes pride in the fact that he was hired by a nonpartisan search committee out of over 100 applicants for the job. Until Gingrich became Speaker, the House Historian and his staff were a nonpartisan enterprise. "Newt wanted to change the culture of the House when he got power," Smock recalls. "Since my office was directly under the Speakers' control, I was the first to go." Ironically, Gingrich was the first Speaker of the House to hold a Ph.D. in history, and he

Meeting Liz Gallery (but not Greg Joyce)

By Thomas Harding

“I fell in love with Shepherdstown when I was fifteen years old” says Liz, early-thirties, strangely lanky, wearing frayed blue jeans, orange acid-head t-shirt, short fashion-girl haircut.

“My family was on the way back from a beach holiday, and we were all feeling depressed about returning home. To cheer us up, my mom brought us to Shepherdstown. I really loved the Intergalactic Garage, a great record store the town had back then. Shepherdstown has a cool beach-town feel to it. I’ve always wanted to live here.”

Liz and I are lounging on white plastic Big Lots garden chairs on the uneven brick patio behind the Stone Soup Bistro. Inside, a middle aged couple sit happily chomping on a crab salad and pasta and pesto, while a young mother and her son sit at the bar enjoying an equally appetizing light lunch.

Where did Liz first learn to cook? “My roots are from my mother. She always cooked healthy food when we were growing up. We would work in the garden and can fresh vegetables. I always wanted to throw parties and have people over and to have fun. I love to take care of people. Even back then I knew I would own a restaurant some day.”

Liz’s biggest culinary influence was Daphne Benick. Daphne was the chef/owner at a beachfront restaurant in Ocrakoke, North Carolina. Liz worked at Daphne’s restaurant for four years. “Daphne was huge for me.” Liz says, “She would use freshly caught fish and locally grown vegetables in her food. It was very simple, clean food with a Southern flair. It was simply delicious. Daphne was great with food, but she was also great as a businesswoman. I learned a lot from her.”

And why did Liz come back to Shepherdstown? “I was drawn back to Shepherdstown. My mother runs the Riverbend Design store on German Street with my sister Amy, and I would visit her from time to time. I had been away for a year, and was amazed to see how things had changed down here. The organic food culture flourished while I was away. Natural food farmers had gotten organized and were more reliable. And I knew what I wanted. I always wanted to run a natural food restaurant. It was time to move back.”



Liz Gallery, owner of Stone Soup Bistro

Now before I go on, it is important to note that the Stone Soup Bistro is the creation of not just Liz but also Greg Joyce. But this article is about Liz and Liz alone, as the GOOD NEWS PAPER executive editor told me he wanted a “female profile.” “We have enough stories about men for the this issue, and by the way, make sure it’s not a puff piece,” he said jovially. Thus my focus is on Liz’s character and personal triumph against the odds, and not on puff pastries and perfectly risen soufflés. Also, for the record, when I asked Greg if he minded that I focus on Liz he graciously said “no problem, go ahead,” winked at Liz and then left the room. What a cool guy!

“Greg is my best friend’s husband,” says Liz, happy to talk about someone else for a minute. “Greg has a passion for money, far more than me, which is probably a good balance. I knew we both had laid-back personalities, and that we wouldn’t lose our friendship because we were in business together.”

The building that houses Stone Soup, was recently home to Wes Lanham’s bakery and catering establishment. Many people in town were upset when Wes moved out of town to Hedgesville as the wonderful breads and foods that he created were now no longer available. But then came Stone

Soup. “Wes was amazing,” remembers Liz. “I had been looking for the perfect place for a restaurant in Shepherdstown for a long time. I heard that Wes was moving so I asked if could lease his space. He said he was selling the building but that he would do everything he could to help me. And he did exactly that. As soon as he had a contract on the building, he introduced me to the new owner and encouraged us to work together. It has been a great experience ever since.”

The conversation pauses and I think back to talking to other people about setting up a restaurant. It’s like writing a novel, many people say they want to do it, but few have the cojones to pull it off. And like writing a novel, people generally tell you that you are crazy for trying.” And then I’m back to Liz and I ask her the question I’m longing to ask.

“Don’t you realize that if you set up a restaurant you become married to the beast and deeply unhappy? You are going to lose your social life, you are never going to get away, you are going to get dragged down to the bottom of a dark and worthless ocean pulled by the millstone that is your fantasy?”

“Actually, things have gone really well,” says Liz meekly. “We had the first rush to see what we were like. Then the

Contemporary American Theater Festival brought a whole new crowd in July. Now in the fall, we have the students back and we continue to be busy. I don’t see us taking a vacation any time soon. We have a great time working here. Yes, I don’t have enough time to get everything done. But I’m following my dream — a dream I’ve had since I was a kid. And dreams are hard work.”

I finish things up by asking Liz what her worst moment has been so far. “The first night was a bit of a disaster,” Liz smiles. “My brother came over to fix the shower in the apartment upstairs, something went wrong, and our first few customers enjoyed the plip plip plop of water dripping from the ceiling over their cream of spinach soup.” Liz laughs good-humouredly and then adds, “Things only improved after that.”

The sun beats down, it’s way too hot for late summer, my mind drifts. I imagine I’m the harried, over-stuffed, but widely respected food critic from *The Washington Post*. In my daydream, I’m perusing the latest fare from Liz and Greg’s establishment of haute cuisine, The Stone Soup Bistro. I start meekly, but build up to a mighty end with the few column inches I’ve been given by my stern Lifestyle editor:

Stone Soup Bistro, Shepherdstown West Virginia. The food is exquisite yet surprisingly affordable. Salads engineered with succulent, locally produced vegetables. Clean, simple, food, with just a hint of Southern flair. And, of course, sophisticated yet tasty soups. Stone Soup is packed almost every night. It is new. It is fresh. It is without a doubt, a total, bona-fide, unqualified, two-thumbs up kinda joint. Simply put, it is a great place to have lunch or dinner.

(Too much puff, Mr. Editor?)

Uninterested in my literary daydream, Liz leans back on her chair and takes a few moments to enjoy the summer air. She really has had a great time this year; you can see it on her face. She is one satisfied lady.

Kudos Liz (and of course Greg).

You can visit Stone Soup Bistro at 112 W. German Street or call (304) 876-8477

JEFFERSON HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES: What are they up to now? **Forrest Doss**

By Hunter Barrat

Editor's Note: This series gives Jefferson High School students a chance to tell us about their academic and vocational journeys since graduation. If you are a JHS graduate, or know of one, send names, and addresses and brief resumé to: Good News Paper Editor, P.O. Box 1212, Shepherdstown, WV 25443.



Forrest Doss at the Hoover Dam

I graduated from high school 27 years ago. No, it wasn't Jefferson High. No reporters have contacted me to write about what I've done with my life since. Should they have? Perhaps that's for my school's alumnae office or the editors of another paper to decide.

Forrest Doss, JHS class of 2001, just turned 21 and just graduated from West Virginia University. According to him, he hasn't done anything yet. But as I said in my e-mail asking him to be the subject of this article: "You do fit our criterion — you graduated from JHS! That in itself can be a tale full of sound and fury (whether it's told by an idiot and signifies nothing is up to you — and me, I guess!)." Since his mother, Nan, told me that he had earned some of WVU's highest academic honors, I assumed he recognized the following Shakespearean quote. (I looked it up to

refresh my own memory: it's from Macbeth, Act 5, Scene 5. Macbeth utters it as his castle is under siege and his dreams of power are crumbling; he's just learned Lady Macbeth committed suicide.)

Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

His list of academic accomplishments, gleaned from a WVU press release and Shepherdstown Chronicle article, shows that Doss has thus far eschewed the strutting and fretting: He was named a 2004 Goldwater Scholar, described as "the nation's premier award for undergraduate college students pursuing careers in math, the natural sciences or engineering." He won the WVU Presidential Scholarship, the Chester A. Arents Scholarship in Mechanical Engineering, the WVU Presidential Award for Excellence in Scholarship, was named a WVU Foundation Outstanding Senior, was nominated for WVU's Order of Augusta, and is a member of Sigma Pi Sigma, the physics honorary society.

Doss achieved all this while pursuing a double major in physics and mechanical engineering, which, he said, "is so uncommon that I was the first one in decades to try it, let alone complete it." The two majors are in different colleges at WVU and have few courses that overlap, so he had to carry a complete load for each discipline. Though he didn't say so, the Chronicle article mentioned he carried a 3.92 grade point average. He also finished in four years. "I stayed on every summer and took the same load that most students take in a semester," he explained. "Also, because I was in the honors program, I got to register for some classes before they were open to the rest of the student body, like athletes get to do," he added, agreeing that there were few athletes interested in the same classes he was. All those advanced placement tests he took in English and history before he entered WVU meant he didn't have to enroll in introductory classes, which saved him time, too.

Why physics? "Because it's hard; the hardest thing that I can find to do." Why mechanical engineering? "Because it helps me come at the physics with an application experience." The Chronicle fleshed out what Doss told me he was working on while serving as the research assistant to two WVU physics professors: "investigating the possibility of controlling a plasma's chemical properties with the aim of creating a superior source for molecular beam epitaxy and semiconductor growth." Hmm. Well.

Doss's next step is graduate school. He'll be going to the University of Michigan to work on a Ph.D. in applied physics, but first he's heading to Cambridge University in England for a year to get a Certificate of Advanced Study in Mathematics. The Brits call it "Part 3"; this self-contained program in applied mathematics is the same thing as a master's degree. It'll be his first time in England, and Doss plans to apply himself to traveling as well as math.

At Michigan, where he earned a full fellowship, Doss will work with astrophysicist Paul Drake, who accepts one graduate student a year. After that? "Who knows?" he replied. But he does have some idea that it will involve research. Academic research positions are rare, and since he's interested in applied physics, it's likely that he would work for a national lab such as Los Alamos. Despite my efforts to get him to say otherwise, Doss is not bothered by the idea of lending his talents to defense-related projects; that's where the jobs are. And as he reminded me, he's been involved in fencing since high school, becoming interested when instruction was offered at the Shepherdstown Men's Club, vigorously practicing with other interested area swordsmen, and continuing on with WVU's intercollegiate team. "It suits me," he said. "It's individual, not like a team sport. It requires quick thinking and reacting; it's a great outlet."

Doss has two younger brothers. Bryant, a rising high school senior, is a nationally ranked black belt in karate. Doss claims he could defeat him if they were to square off in their respective martial arts, though this was not put to the test in my presence. (I have heard

Bryant say that Forrest is a good older brother, and he only smiled when I commented, "at least you don't have to worry about him beating you up.") Chris will be in sixth grade next year. According to him, one of Forrest's nicknames around the house is "The Most Dangerous Man Alive."

So what does Doss have to thank good old Jefferson High for its contribution to his academic success? "I believe it prepared me as much as anywhere would have," he said. "And it supported me socially. I liked going there. I also think it's good to go to a public high school, which exposed me to lots of different types of people." Doss went to Shepherdstown Elementary School and attended a magnet school for gifted students in Charles Town for junior high. He skipped the eighth grade "because I could," and graduated at 16. "I've always been in classes with people who were two to five years older. I've gotten used to it: I've had more in common with them in terms of interest and capabilities," he said. He took all JHS's AP English and history courses as well as the advanced math and science classes. Doss said his teachers were good ones and doesn't admit to not being challenged. He has always been self-directed and motivated beyond the classroom. "If I'm interested in something, I read about it on my own anyway," he explained. Like almost everything else Doss told me about himself, this is likely an understatement. His mother once said that he devoured Shepherd University's collection of physics tomes before he finished sixth grade.

Is it true that Doss "hasn't done anything yet"? As with all young people at his point in life, his hour on the stage is in its first few minutes, and it remains to be seen what he does before his curtain falls. We can only hope that Doss proves wiser than Macbeth, a man brought down by his arrogance and ambition. But if his initial scenes are any indication, it's likely that Doss is someone from whom we will hear much more, and his tale will be one of purpose and integrity.

Freelance writer and editor Hunter Barrat has long stopped waiting for her write-up — or her close-up.

Kids Page

This issue's author of the Kids Page offers her theory for the popularity of the Harry Potter series. She proves to be a thoughtful as well as thought-provoking critic.

— Hunter Barrat, Kids Page Editor

the harry potter phenomenon

By Lindsey Long

On July 15, 2005, thousands of children across the country waited anxiously for the newest installment of the immensely popular Harry Potter series, by J.K. Rowling. Kids of all ages as well as adults participated in parties and games at their local book stores, counting down the minutes until midnight when the lucky people first in line would receive their copies of "Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince." Lines full of kids and adults laughing and talking, dressed in wizard's robes and cloaks and with scars on their foreheads (thanks to the face painters who gladly adorned lightning bolts on everyone) snaked out the front doors of Border's and Barnes and Nobles everywhere.

I went to the Border's in Hagerstown and attended the midnight "Magic Party" to get my copy. After waiting in line until 2:00 a.m. for my book, I was determined to stay up the rest of the night to read the 652-page book in one sitting (I only made it until 6:00 a.m. before falling asleep on the couch, about two-thirds of the way through). My fixation on these books did not start the day the first book, "Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone," hit the stores, however. I didn't even pick it up until after the second one had come out. Like many other children my age (I was nine at the time), I was skeptical whether these books were the real deal. My love for reading won over my hesitation, though, and I gave the first one a try. I was immediately gone — hook, line and sinker. The amazing tale of an 11-year-old boy finding out he was magical simply astounded me. Trolls, hook-nosed professors, a three-headed dog, and people morphing into animals took me into the fold of the muggle and magical worlds that Harry belonged to. The second book, "Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets," held even more surprises, including basilisks, acromantulas (huge spiders), and petrified students. It once again enchanted me as if I had a spell cast on me. I had always felt an attraction to fantasy books, but the sheer brilliance and creativity of these books captivated me, as did the

personalities of the characters Rowling was developing.

Harry Potter himself is a hero, but one who resents his fame (which is almost unheard of in both the fictional and real worlds). The most amazing thing about this character is his cluelessness about his heritage at the series' beginning. Raised by his uncle's family — they are muggles (non-magical folk) who despise him for his wizarding background, which they keep a secret from him—he does not know that his parents were both famous wizards killed by the evil Voldemort when he was one year old. He gets his first inkling when the giant Hagrid arrives at his door to take him to Hogwarts, the wizarding school. Each book tells of a successive year at Hogwarts, and Harry deals with everyday problems such as homework, girls and detention along with the supernatural, such as prophecies, talking to snakes, and phoenixes. His life is riddled with challenges and struggles, but he triumphs over the dark forces, and in a series of showdowns proves he is the only one who can stop Voldemort.

Through all of these trials, Harry is accompanied by his two best friends, Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley. Hermione, the brains behind the "Golden Trio," is a know-it-all muggle-born who loves reading but, for the first time, finds companionship in the unlikely forms of Ron and Harry instead of only from her beloved books. She must frequently endure prejudices

against muggles, whom some pure-blooded students think are inferior. Ron, a lazy pureblood with six siblings, still manages to hold his own through thick and thin. Ron is not prejudiced at all, and a romance seems to be blooming between Ron and Hermione in the last few books. The fights and struggles the

three overcome from the first

year at Hogwarts onward

help strengthen their

friendship. Along

the way, readers

also meet

Dumbledore, the

wizened wizard

and Hogwarts

headmaster. A

loving man of who

knows how many

years, Dumbledore

teaches that love

can conquer all,

even death. Believing

that no one is born

evil, Dumbledore

provides advice

whenever Harry

loses his way.

Along with allies

come the enemies. Draco

Malfoy, a Slytherin

(one of the four

houses at Hogwarts

that is primarily

made up of aristocratic

purebloods who

look down upon

muggles) who

looks on everyone

with contempt

and scorn and is

always flanked

by his two gorillalike

bodyguards. He

has been Harry's

arch-nemesis since

the first day they

met. Unseen secrets

lie within the

heir of the Malfoy

name, and in the

sixth book, he

seemed a little too

lenient when faced

with a life-or-death

choice. Severus

Snape, the resident

potions master of

Hogwarts, seems

to be working as

a double agent, yet

no one knows

which side he's

playing except for

Dumbledore. The

greasy git of a

professor has

despised Harry

not only for his

fame but also for

his father's

actions during

their school years.

I'm sure quite



a few mysteries remain intact under the potions master's sneer. Voldemort ranks highest on the enemies list, the embodiment of pure evil. As the latest book reveals, the young Tom Riddle was born with love in his heart like the rest, but a harsh upbringing and childhood affected him in such a way that he saw no alternative path but the dark one. Intent on killing Harry, Lord Voldemort tries and fails time and again to rid the world of the "Boy Who Lived."

To the parents who question why so many children have been drawn into the Harry Potter phenomenon, I can only think of one simple answer. We can all relate to at least one of the characters. Harry, the misunderstood boy who has too many burdens. Ron, the best friend who can never be in the spotlight but is a good friend through and through. Hermione, the know-it-all who craves friendship and is willing to help in any way possible. Even Draco, pressured by his father into a life he may not want. These books have a very important message for all children: the power of the heart can overshadow all others, even pure evil. In today's world, that lesson is probably one of the most vital a child can learn. In a world of violence and people who want to hurt the innocent, children need to understand that no matter how bad it gets, it can always get better, and Harry Potter helps teach a child that anyone can make a difference. These books are a good thing; if all they do is encourage children to read challenging books, then so be it.

In closing, I leave you with one of Ron's famous statements. These books are "Bloody brilliant!" and I highly anticipate the final installment

Lindsey Long, a ninth grader at St. James School, is a devout reader of all things fantasy and a leading expert on the Harry Potter books as well as on Garth Nix, Eoin Colfer and Tamora Pierce.

Photo provided by parents

Lullabye for George

Part III

By Hope Maxwell Snyder

Last issue, Paul joined the Gutierrez family for dinner. He gave Maria a book of poems by Pablo Neruda and drank some of George's special punch, a potion that makes people tell the truth.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Maria Gutierrez

single mother of thirty who works as a translator

Lila Gutierrez

Maria's daughter, ten years old

Miguel Gutierrez

Maria's son, eight years old

Luis (Grandpa)

Maria's father and Lila's and grandfather from Mexico

George

a macaw, middle-aged

Paul Thomas

Maria's boss, thirty-seven years old

Vicki Smith

a retired neighbor

Marty Smith

Vicki's husband

Police officer

ACT 2

Scene 4

Lila, Miguel, George, Grandpa, Maria and Paul are sitting at the dinner table. They have finished eating.

GEORGE

Paul, would you like any more of my special blend of Cucumayo coffee?

PAUL

I'll have a little. This stuff is better than Starbucks.

GRANDPA

And you don't have to pay five dollars for it. I don't understand why intelligent people do things like that.

LILA

Grandpa, in this country, the harder it is to pronounce, the more it costs. Can you say "double skim latte"?

GRANDPA

What's that?

PAUL

I drink McDonald's.

GEORGE

That's because you don't like spending money.

PAUL

You're right.

GRANDPA

Hey, the punch kicked in! Ask him a question, George.

GEORGE

What do you think about Maria?

PAUL

I think she's real pretty.

MIGUEL

What about Lila and me?

GRANDPA

I'm not sure that's a fair question.

LILA

Why not? We need to know if he's worth it.

PAUL

You look like fine kids. I'd like to get to know you, but I have no idea how to do it.

GRANDPA

George and I, we'll show you.

MARIA

Father, you and George better stay out of my business.

The doorbell rings. Lila opens the door. Vicki and Marty walk in.

VICKI

Ooops, we didn't know you had company.

She looks at Paul and gives him her hand.

Vicki Smith. Pleased to meet you. And this is Marty, my husband.

PAUL

Paul Thomas.

VICKI

Oh, you're Maria's boss! I've heard a lot about you.

PAUL

Grandpa, aren't you going to offer them some punch?

GRANDPA

We already know what they think.

MARTY

George, we smelled the fine aroma all the way at our house! Could we have a tiny plate of your rice and frijoles?

PAUL

You feed the neighbors too?

MARTY

Vicki doesn't cook; it'll ruin her acrylic nails. I used to have hot dogs every night until George moved into the neighborhood and started feeding us, too.

PAUL

You don't mind the fact that a parrot cooks your meals?

VICKI

Oh, he does a lot more than that for us.

MARTY

There are all kinds of weird people in this world, and the way we see it, so what if it's a talking parrot with clipped wings that cooks for us and cuts our grass? This is a free country.

GEORGE

I don't get paid.

Marty and Vicki eat. When they're done, Grandpa goes to the freezer and pulls Miguel's old Oreo ice cream cake out.

GRANDPA

How about some cake? It's Paul's birthday.

MARTY

It looks a little wilted.

VICKI

Like it melted and froze again.

MIGUEL

That's my old . . .

GEORGE

We'll just pour some of my special punch on top, and it will flourish like a cardboard rose.

He pours punch on the cake and it revives. Paul tastes it.

PAUL

I didn't expect a birthday cake; this is too much.

GRANDPA

It's quite all right.

PAUL

I meant that it's disgusting.

GEORGE

And, it's bad for you. How about a fruit salad with some gelato?

LILA

Oh please, George! You make the best salad in the world.

VICKI

Oh yes, and the fruits he uses!

PAUL

Such as?

GEORGE

Cherimoya, guava, grenadine, kiwi.

PAUL
I never heard of cherimoya.
How do you get it?

GEORGE
I special order it from the
Neiman Marcus catalog.

VICKI
You can order from Neiman's?
You have a credit card?

GEORGE
Maria does. She gave me
permission to do the shopping.

Scene 5
*George serves the fruit salad
with gelato. They all eat.*

MIGUEL
George, promise me you'll
make this for my birthday next
year.

MARIA
What? No Oreo ice cream cake?

MIGUEL
Not for me! I'm going to eat
healthy from now on.

MARTY
Boy, George, you're making
health *fanaticos* out of all of us!

VICKI
That's not all. He sees what
others need.

(Glances at Paul and winks.)

PAUL
What do you mean?

VICKI
He helped ME quit smoking.

MARTY
He got me to eat less sugar.

VICKI
And drink less beer.

LILA
He taught me mythology.

PAUL
What did you do for Maria?

GEORGE
I'm still working on her.

MARIA
Maybe you could help Paul.

GEORGE
He has to want to change.

VICKI
What's his problem?

MARTY
He seems to need . . .

GRANDPA
A family!

*There is a loud knock at the
door. Grandpa goes to open it.
A police officer steps into the
house. He's tall and well built,
and looks about him suspi-
ciously and glares contemptu-
ously at Grandpa. Marty and
Vicki look at each other.*

GRANDPA
I would invite you in, Juan,
but you've already entered.

POLICE OFFICER
Jim, the name is Jim,
old man.

GRANDPA
The name is Luis Gutierrez, at
your service.

POLICE OFFICER
Is there some sort of celebration
going on here?

GRANDPA
It's a pow-wow.

MARIA
Jim, my dad's just kidding.
We're celebrating my friend's
birthday.

MIGUEL
He's her boyfriend.

MARIA
Hush.

POLICE OFFICER
Well, don't let me interrupt.
I'm here to serve a warrant for
someone's arrest.

MARIA
Who?

POLICE OFFICER
I'm not sure. I have several
complaints.

*Takes out a piece of paper and
reads.*
Against a certain parrot named
George, for walking around the
neighborhood without a leash.
Against your old man for
dressing up like a shaman and
smoking a peace pipe in the
town square while pretending
to bring on the rain. Against
you, Maria, for having a walk-
ing, talking parrot from abroad
living with you. But I only have
one pair of handcuffs, and I
don't know who to arrest.

PAUL
Arrest me. I'm the boyfriend.

VICKI
No, arrest me. I'm the one who
started this mess. I filed the
complaint.

MARTY
No, I think I should go. I helped
Vicki.

GEORGE
Officer of the law, I don't mean
to contradict you, but I'm not a
parrot. I'm a macaw.

POLICE OFFICER
What's the difference?

GEORGE
It's like saying that all Spanish
speakers are from Mexico. Why
don't you sit down and have a
cup of my special punch? It
might help you decide.

POLICE OFFICER
I reckon I will. Thank you very
much. Now, it's not alcoholic,
is it? I'm on duty.

LILA
Oh no, it's only magical.

ACT 3

Scene 1
*The police officer, Maria, Paul,
Vicki, Grandpa, Marty, George,
Lila and Miguel all sit around
the table. The officer drinks
more punch.*

POLICE OFFICER
My, George, this is good stuff.
I don't think I can arrest you
after drinking your syrup. It
makes me feel real good.

VICKY
You know, it cures you.

POLICE OFFICER
From what?

MARTY
From any obsessive illness you
have. What's yours?

POLICE OFFICER
Sometimes I regret becoming a
police officer and running after
people who break the law. In an
ideal world, everyone would
behave.

MIGUEL
That's the way it is at our house.

MARIA
Don't exaggerate.

GEORGE
Jim, haven't you always wanted
to paint?

POLICE OFFICER
How do you know?

GEORGE
I could tell by the way you
arranged your fruit salad on
your plate.

POLICE OFFICER
I guess I could go buy some
paints.

GEORGE
I'll order you some from the
Neiman Marcus catalog.
They're running a special.

VICKI
Are you sure it's not face paint
they're selling?

POLICE OFFICER
Now, George, you're not trying
to bribe me or anything?
Because I'd have to arrest you.

GEORGE
If you're still here after I've
finished riding my bike, we'll
discuss it.

*George goes to get his bike
from the closet. It's a miniature
red tricycle.*

MIGUEL
Wow, George! I like your bike.
Where did you get it?

MARIA
Let me guess. The Neiman
Marcus catalog.

GEORGE
It was on special. I ordered
matching ones for Grandpa and
for me. We figured we needed
them to take the children to the

park. We can all ride. Maria,
you should get yourself one.
Exercising is very important for
your health, and Paul is a biker,
aren't you Paul?

PAUL
As a matter of fact, I am. I'd
love go to riding with you all.
Maria, I know of a bike store in
town. I'll take you Saturday.

MARIA
But I'm supposed to be work-
ing on that huge translation
from the radio station.

PAUL
Oh, that can wait. What's more
important than riding bikes
with the kids?

LILA
I'm starting to like you.

Scene 2
*George, Grandpa, Miguel and
Lila sit around the kitchen
table. The kids are doing their
homework while Grandpa reads
and George writes postcards.*

MIGUEL
Who are you writing to,
George?

GEORGE
Some relatives in the jungle.
Are you done with your
homework?

MIGUEL
Not yet. Can I watch TV when
I'm done?

GRANDPA
No, señor.

MIGUEL
Play "Super Mario?"

LILA
Don't you remember? Today is
Wednesday. We're going to the
library to check some books
out.

MIGUEL
We've been going to the library
every single day.

GEORGE
That's what smart kids do.
Read books.

MIGUEL
Why is that so important?

GEORGE
Because they open the world of
the imagination.

. . . TO BE CONTINUED

Lindsay Guild

Drawn to the Weird

By Nan Broadhurst



Lindsay Guild

Lindsay Guild has her roots in the country, having grown up in Loudoun County. Her parents kept horses, and Lindsay dutifully took riding lessons in her younger years — until the age of 14. It was then she realized she could make her own decisions. That was a turning point for her, and the horseback riding lessons were the first to go. Though she loves animals, dressage was not her thing. She has been a free spirit ever since.

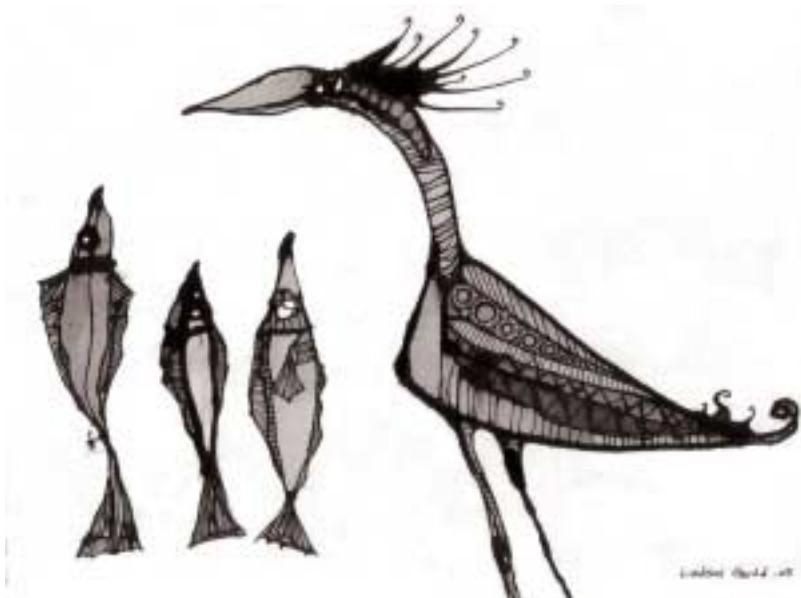
She studied biology and environmental science in college, and hopes to be a veterinarian or a park ranger some day. Now she is training herself to be self-sufficient, and plans to own some land eventually, which she hopes to farm. Her current home is a lovely old house on three-fourths of an acre with a couple of chickens, dogs, cats and a wild woods behind it. Though it is near to Shepherdstown, there is a sense of being deep in the country. She has worked at two greenhouses and an apple orchard, and loves physical labor involved with nature. She is also working closely with an historic restoration engineer to refurbish an old house. This job is like an apprenticeship, and she is learning a great many things she plans to use in her future undertakings.

Of course, many folks in Shepherdstown know Lindsay as the willowy waitress at the Blue Moon. She has been serving customers there for the last five years. The Moon has been a venue for showing and selling some of her art as well. She has also participated in several group shows in town.

Lindsay's studio is anywhere she lands. At a local life-drawing group, she would arrive with her drawing tools in an old purse, and flop down on the floor in front of the model and produce strong and impressive drawings with charcoal, ink, markers or whatever she had available. Her inspiration is Ralph Stedman, the artist who illustrated Hunter S. Thompson's "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" and many other books. She also admires the genius of Picasso and Dali.

For Lindsay, art is a naturally occurring phenomenon in her life. She doodles constantly, and loves to make interesting and fun sculptures. She has a papier maché tree on her back porch, with test tube vases inserted into the ends of each branch. She fills these with water and whatever is blooming at the moment. Also on the porch is her latest creation: a shadow box filled with the upright skeletons of baby birds, recovered from a chimney nest. Behind the skeletons is a photo of a flying flock of birds, with cardboard cutouts of buildings. Nothing is too strange for source material for Lindsay's imagination.

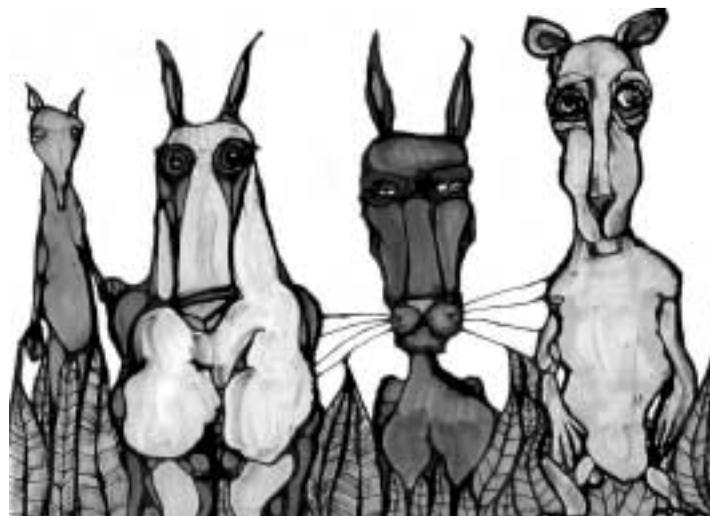
Lindsay's doodles often evolve into imaginative ink and marker drawings and then perhaps into paintings. She loves to create strange creatures, sometimes amusing and sometimes sinister but always weird. All of her art radiates whimsy and spontaneity. She has designed eye-catching CD covers for two local music groups, Stellar Watson and the N-U-R-B-S. Producing music album covers could also be a possible job idea for the future. Meanwhile, Lindsay will continue to express her fascination with the bizarre and wonderful wherever and whenever the spirit moves her.



Bird and Fish



Echo 1



Critters



Bird of Fire



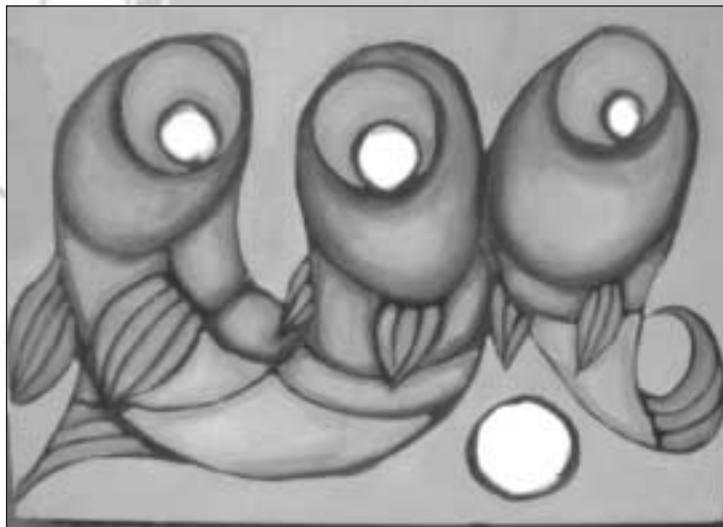
Pachyderm



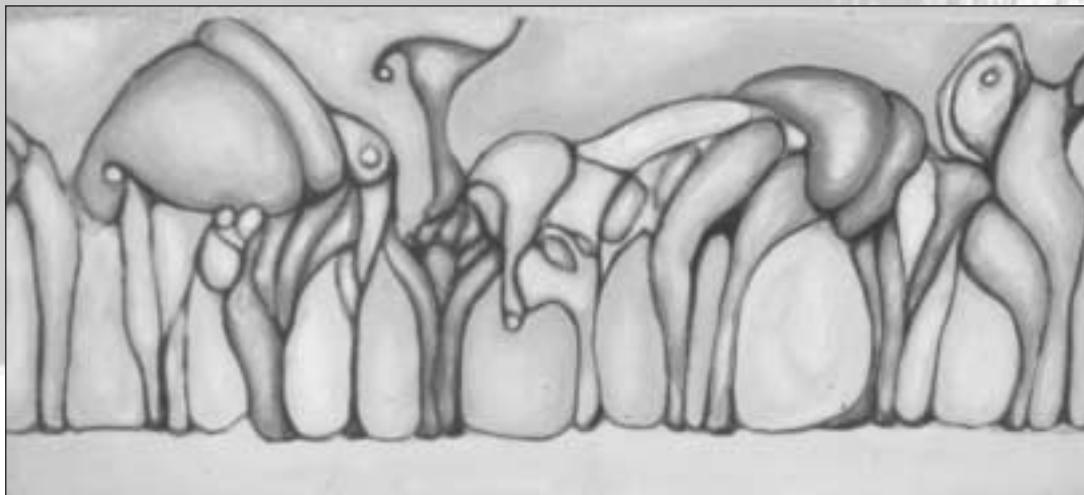
CD Cover for Hard Luck Soul by Stellar Watson



Angry Lizzy



Three Fish



Psychedelic Herd

Poetry by Tom Donlon



Photo by Lars Wigren

Tom Donlon

Tom Donlon earned a BA in English from Gordon College in Wenham, Massachusetts and a Master of Fine Arts from American University in Washington, D.C. In 1986, he moved to West Virginia as a self-employed carpenter with his wife and young family. Tom now manages a proposal team for Verizon in Falls Church, Virginia and lives with his wife and children in Shenandoah Junction. Poems have appeared in the *Antietam Review*, *Commonweal*, *Folio*, *Poet Lore*, and in other journals (some now defunct) and often in the *Bookend Poets'* column in the *Shepherdstown Chronicle*. Two poems were published this year in an anthology of West Virginia poets, "Wild Sweet Notes II," and another in an anthology, "Only the Sea Keeps: Poetry of the Tsunami." Two poems were recently accepted by the *Sow's Ear Poetry Review*.

Ballet Lesson

Lily writhes, her face contorted
from catching her finger in the car door.
She is six — too young to know such hurt.

She grips her hand. In her twisted face,
I see the pain of Dido, of Trojan women
holding their fallen men, their dying sons.

I kiss her hand. No cut, no blood.
She wipes her eyes, forgets her grief.
As we drive to class, she points out daffodils,

dogwood, redbud, forsythia that bloom
along this mountain road. Her pink-clad body
and blonde hair bounce on the car seat.

We follow the winding road to town
not looking too far ahead, nor behind,
but welcoming this warm, clear day. I pray

she will transform the pain of practice,
learn the plié, glissade, arabesque,
to greet her life on pointe, to pirouette,

to read and embrace in people's faces
the centuries of grief, the yearnings,
and yes, my little flower, to bloom.

Spring Concert at the Middle School

For Abigail

The jazz band swings the hall with Glenn Miller.
Pudgy boys stand in a row, trumpet a volley.
Girls with saxophones respond with pizzazz.
A snare drum chick-a-choon, chick-a-choons.

Mellow notes slide remarkably from trombones.
You tap your feet, snap your fingers, never mind
your cramped seat, shrill whistles from the balcony,
the occasional squeak or blat or wayward tone.

A brunette, seated, diminutive, cheeks puffed,
delivers deep notes from behind a euphonium.
Clarinetists, serious as ministers, keep the line.
A red-faced boy trumpets a solo to much applause.

Eighth-graders croon "America the Beautiful,"
then choristers in white step through a routine
from *Grease*: "We go together like rama lama lama
ka ding a da ding da dong," then bleat a Sandi
Patti song:

"Love in any language . . . je t'aime, te amo . . .
straight from the heart . . . fluently spoken here."
The concert ends with the click, click of sticks
and notes on a bell of an African farewell.

In the parking lot, you walk on air.
Oh spacious skies, oh amber waves of grain.
You are in the mood. Chang chang,
Chang-it-ty chang, shoo-bop, shoo-bop.

Hymn to my Wife Doing Laundry

Though hampers overflow in morning light,
you tackle several pungent loads a day
and measure out your life by dark and white.

Our youngest drop their dirty clothes at night
on bathroom floors, then bathe and dress to play,
though hampers overflow in morning light.

We ask our busy teens to help. "Yeah, right.
I'm tired of being your freakin' maid," they say.
You measure out your life by dark and white

and sort and fold your memories, a rite
you pass with clothes, then put them all away,
though hampers overflow in morning light.

The piles of folded clothes, all fresh and bright,
appear somehow in chests of drawers that way
and measure out your life by dark and white.

With iron will, you spritz and press, then fight
with tangled hangers as your hair turns gray.
Though hampers overflow in morning light,
you measure out your life by dark and white.

Love Poem

I lean over in bed,
prop one arm up with the other,
scratch your back, turn my head
to see the 10 o'clock news.

Two of our six are brushing teeth,
laying out school clothes. Who knows
where the others are? You'd think
having one would trigger birth control.

They peer in or barge into our room
hoping to catch us at something.
With them around, how could we?
How did we ever get six of them?
I switch hands and resume, hanging on
with a finger or two. Oh for the days
when we were young and fresh
when, as newlyweds, in our love rush,

in the basement apartment we rented
from a violinist, we snapped
the box spring frame. What operas
we mounted, what crescendos.

For twenty years, you, rock hard,
have endured the foul weather
I've rained on you. Forgive me.
I have taken you for granite.

ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL

The Green Screen

The American Conservation Film Festival, Episode Three

By Mark Madison

Cinema should make you forget you are sitting in a theater.

— Roman Polanski

The American Conservation Film Festival (ACFF) turns three this October and, like many toddlers, is experiencing some exponential growth and some growing pains. Shepherd University and the National Conservation Training Center (NCTC) will host the Third Annual American Conservation Film Festival from October 25–29. As in past years all the films are free but, like THE GOOD NEWS PAPER, not cheap. In addition to moving pictures NCTC will also simultaneously host the Potomac Arts Festival organized by the Potomac Valley Audubon Society. The arts festival has already lined up original artworks from 40 artists whose work will be displayed from October 28–29.

The ACFF film selection committee has screened approximately 80 films to bring the audience the best 25 or so films for your viewing pleasure — a service, alas, not provided at the local video store. The preliminary selections are as diverse as the environment they visualize.

The festival will be showing two films about the American bison, one of the earliest species to be rescued from the brink of extinction. “The National Bison Range” highlights the work of William Hornaday and Theodore Roosevelt to set aside a small refuge for this most endangered mammal, which had been reduced to about 300 wild specimens by 1900. Yet restoration of this species is never assured as “The Buffalo War” reminds viewers. “The Buffalo War” examines the killing of Yellowstone bison when they migrate out of the park. They are killed out of fear that they will spread brucellosis to local cattle. With no clear heroes or villains on either side of this vociferous debate, the film raises troubling questions about commerce versus conservation, public versus private lands, and endangered family ranchers facing their own precarious existence.

Food (and not just popcorn) is an important theme of every year’s film festival as agricultural lands make up the single largest North American landscape. In “The Future of Food,” Deborah Koons Garcia (Jerry Garcia’s widow) finds precious little to be grateful for in the proliferation of industrial agriculture and its genetically altered foodstuffs. The impact of our agriculture and

settlement patterns on native landscapes is chronicled in one of the most beautifully shot films of the festival, “America’s Lost Landscape: The Tallgrass Prairie.” “America’s Lost Landscape” reminds us of the extraordinary prairies that once dominated our nation’s core and now, at the edge of extinction, are belatedly being recognized as a natural treasure worthy of restoration.

The ACFF has always promoted Appalachian films and two films deal with local natural treasures. “Leave No Trace: Appalachian Trail” is the work of a local Shepherd University student, Tara Roberts, who hiked the entire trail several years ago and shares her tips for keeping the trail pristine for those who follow in her boot steps. “Mountain Memories: An Appalachian Sense of Place” is an evocative look at local photographer Jim Clark, a West Virginia native who works in Shepherdstown and takes stunning photographs of the state’s rapidly disappearing natural vistas, giving the title “mountain memories” added poignancy.

Also close to home, “Shenandoah National Park: The Gift” examines one of our most spectacular parks, while reminding us that there was a human dislocation that still haunts this landscape. The conflict over human resource needs is also depicted in the film “The Greatest Good” documenting the first century of the U.S. Forest Service and examining everything from evolving fire management decisions to the origins of Smokey Bear.

This year’s festival also emphasizes that conservation can occur in unexpected landscapes even our own backyard, particularly if it looks out upon a vinyl-sided house — a vista many of us share in West Virginia. Filmmaker Judith Helfand sought to answer the question “where did the blue vinyl on her parent’s house come from?” Her intellectual journey takes her from Long Island to Italy and eventually Louisiana to learn more about the ubiquitous polyvinyl chloride (PVC). The result is a funny, personal investigation into our modern habitats that reminds one of Michael Moore and “Candide.”



The original Smokey Bear from “The Greatest Good”

A bit further afield, two African films examine the contrasting ways humans function as top predators. “In the Blood” is a fascinating look at several generations of Roosevelts (beginning with Teddy) who have been hunting big game in Africa for the last century. At the opposite cultural pole are the hunters of “A Kalahari Family,” who have survived millennia in what may be the world’s harshest environment.

The timely film “Oil on Ice” looks at the ongoing contentious debate about drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, while “Oil and Water” convinces the viewer once and for all that these two liquids don’t mix. The Exxon Valdez oil spill is used as a cautionary tale.

Finally, this year we received two of the oddest and most haunting films we have screened. Taking the history seriously in “natural history” is “Proteus: A Nineteenth Century Vision,” which chronicles the art and science of the largely forgotten German naturalist Ernst Haeckel. Haeckel coined the word “ecology,” popularized the new science of evolution in Europe, and was a gifted artist. “Proteus” examines his scientific illustrations to visualize the truly different world scientists inhabited a century ago. “An Injury to One” is an equally engrossing film examining the social and environmental damage done to Butte, Montana, by copper mining. Focusing largely on the period during World War I, when social unrest and environmental destruction went hand in hand, this film has a unique cinematic vision that persists long after the credits.

Finally, this year’s family film festival features trash, ducks and the “Ecovan.” “Where Does My Trash Go?” follows some intrepid kids and puppets as they take a journey of junk. “Ride of the Mergansers” is a thrilling depiction of ducklings fleeing the nest to a backdrop of Wagner’s “Flight of the Valkyries.” After seeing this you will never be able to view Robert Duvall’s helicopter scene in “Apocalypse Now” in the same manner. Finally, four animated shorts from Australia depict a hapless driver of the “Ecovan,” who tests his wits against population explosions of flies, snails, termites and other biological opponents: a combination of Rachel Carson and Charlie Chaplin.

Bison, vinyl, Smokey Bear, copper mining and oil spills might seem to have nothing in common, but there are common themes that speak to the growing pains of the ACFF.

First, all of these films chronicle human interactions with nature; the complex attempts by our species of mammal to modify, adapt and sometimes despoil our habitat. The other characteristic we actively sought in each film was a distinct cinematic voice. None of these films looks like another and that is good. After 80 films, one wearies of a similarity in story arc, visuals, earnest narration and even talking heads. Boredom and experimentation drove us to select the different, the surprising and even those viewpoints at odds with our own. The selection committee tried to follow the festival first commandment: Thou shall not bore, nor lecture your audience, but rather entertain.

Now at age three, the ACFF founders have started to think about the identity of this growing event and, like any proud parents, we wonder what our offspring will grow up to be. Over the last three years, I have probably watched nearly 200 films for ACFF and the striking and unexpected theme among them is the idealism of the filmmakers. Although many of the subjects are depressing, the actual mission of these conservation filmmakers is wildly optimistic. Many of these films will impoverish their filmmakers, never find the audience they deserve and rarely appear on the large or small screen; yet films arrive in greater numbers every year to our Shepherdstown post office box. These filmmakers believe that if they *show* people what is happening, the audience will look to the better angels of their souls and do something about it. These filmmakers possess an extraordinary vision of people eventually doing the right thing, learning from their mistakes and together gathering at events like these to create a new landscape of hope. Now that is a plot too wildly improbable ever to get the green light.

Mark Madison teaches environmental history at the National Conservation Training Center and Shepherd University and is one of the co-founders of the ACFF.

A more detailed schedule of the Potomac Arts Festival can be found at: <http://www.potomacaudubon.org/artfestival/artfestival.html> or by contacting artfestival@potomacaudubon.org. The American Conservation Film Festival schedule can be found at: <http://www.conservationfilm.org/> or by contacting info@conservationfilm.org

For The Colors

By Keith B. Snyder

Mattie Brunson's father Joseph was an artilleryman in the Pee Dee Artillery of South Carolina. She remembered as a child her father gathering the children and opening a little tin box and pulling out a cherished piece of cloth. When Joseph slowly unfolded the frayed remnants of a South Carolina flag, "with broken voice, he told us of the times when he had seen it flying and took fresh courage, and of Baxter Rollins. Then we children went up and were allowed to touch with reverent hands the faded emblem, all more precious because of its wounds and tatters." For the soldiers of the Civil War, their national, state and regimental flags were more than cloth and thread, more valuable than life itself, like a beacon reflecting from its folds the love of country, of comrades and of home.

Every unit that marched onto the fields of battle across America was led by at least one flag purposely positioned in the center front of the regiment. The flags were the largest and most colorful objects on the field. Through the smoke and terror of battle they acted as a guide, a symbol and a rallying point. Many of the flags were sewn by the wives and mothers in the hometowns who sent their men off to war. Imagine standing on your town square in 1861 with farmers, laborers and merchants apprehensively enlisting, bands playing patriotic music and town leaders making speeches. At the conclusion of the day a flag would be presented to the new regiment or company. In Louisiana, Idelea Collens offered a flag to the DeSoto Rifles and stated, "receive then from your mothers and sisters, from whose affections greet you, these colors woven by our feeble but reliant hands; and when this bright flag shall float before you on the battlefield, let it...inspire you with the brave and patriotic ambition of a soldier aspiring to his own, and his country's honor and glory."

In addition to the symbolic value, a unit's flag also served important functional purposes on a battlefield. One of the most important functions was to help tell the two armies apart. This need was readily apparent at the first major battle of the war — First Manassas or First Bull Run. Most Confederate regiments that fought in the 1861 battle carried the Stars and Bars or First National Flag of the Confederacy. This flag was rectangular, had a square blue field with seven stars and three broad stripes of red and white. Hanging on a staff on a dusty,

smoke-filled field, soldiers could not tell the Confederate Flag from the Union Colors — colorful confusion reigned. This confusion led Southerners to adopt a new flag for battle. The Confederate Battle Flag — a red square with the blue St. Andrews Cross and thirteen stars — was more distinguishable from the U.S. flag in the confusion of combat.

In the Union Army, regulations called for a large six-foot-by-six-foot flag. As soldiers marched across the landscape, shoulder to shoulder, with iron and lead tearing through bodies, cannons and screams echoing in their ears, all concentration would be focused on loading and firing weapons and staying aligned with their comrades on the right and left. Having the flags positioned in the center front of the line of battle provided the inspiration, alignment and direction of movement to press forward. As the flag moved, so did the men. Another valuable, functional purpose for the flags was to serve as a rallying point. When a regiment retreated, soldiers looked for their flags and friends to gather. Even the words of a popular Civil War song exhorted the men to "rally on the colors boys, rally once again."

Union Colors in Battle, Library of Congress



Two particular flags carried at the Battle of Antietam illustrate the sacrifices made for the colors. The 125th Pennsylvania Infantry was organized just days before the battle. The morning of September 17 found this regiment advancing into the woods just north of the Dunker Church. Their color bearer was Sergeant George Simpson. Upon entering the woods, Confederates counterattacked and almost immediately Simpson was shot down, "he fell, his death was instantaneous... covering the flag with his body and staining it with his life's blood oozing from his right temple." Private Boblitz picked up the flag until he was shot down, and then Sergeant Greenland retrieved it and retreated with the regiment. That flag

was given to George's family and forty-two years later a monument was built on the battlefield by the veterans of the 125th. Carved into granite is a likeness of George Simpson holding his colors. The monument was unveiled by George's sister Miss Annie Simpson who brought the original flag back for the ceremony. The *Huntington Globe* reported that the flag "will wave again over the men who made the gallant and heroic charge into the Dunker Church woods...and the sight of it will revive many of the recollections and emotions of that exciting and strenuous day."

125th Pennsylvania Monument at Antietam



The flag of the 1st Texas Infantry was particularly special to the men. The white "lone star" on the Texas flag was made from their Colonel's wife's wedding dress. In addition, the flag was presented to the regiment at the Confederate Capital in Richmond by President Jefferson Davis and his wife. It was this flag that led the Texans into the cauldron of death that was the Cornfield at Antietam. As they advanced, the color bearer was shot down, another soldier picked up the flag but he too was shot down. Again and again these Texans saw a man in their front killed or wounded carrying the colors. The regiment would lose 82 percent of their soldiers killed and wounded and nine color bearers fell beneath their flag. Their greatest loss was their Lone Star flag, dropped in the din and destruction in the corn. The Union soldier who found it said "that thirteen men lay dead within touch of it and the body of one of the dead lay stretched across it." The Texans, like the Pennsylvanians would

do anything, including giving their lives to save their colors and all that they represented.

Lone Star Flag of the 1st Texas Infantry, Texas State Library and Archives



Abolitionist Henry Ward Beecher wrote during the war about what his flag represented. "A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, and the history which belongs to the nation that sets it forth." Thankfully our nation's flag was carried forth through four years of horrific struggle to reunification. As Jerome Watrous, a veteran of the 6th Wisconsin Infantry reflected, "We realized after Appomattox that the lives of thousands of our comrades who had died on battlefields had in a way been woven into our colors. Then we realized that it was equally true that we have been woven into the colors. It was not only our flag, the flag of our country, but that we were part of it. We had helped to cleanse it; we had given the new-born nation a new and clean flag. The old, faded, torn, furled flags are sacred remnants of the new-born nation's untarnished emblem."

Back in South Carolina when Mattie Brunson heard her father's stories about his flag she asked, "Who was Baxter Rollins?" Private Rollins, answered Joseph, was the sixteen-year-old color bearer for the battery. While serving the battery at Antietam, a piece of artillery shell knocked him down and mortally wounded him just as he fired the cannon. The wheels of the gun rolled over and crushed his feet. Crippled and dying, Baxter was carried to the rear. With tears in his eyes he said, "Don't take me to the rear boys, carry me to my flag. I know I must die, and I want to die by my flag."

Keith B. Snyder works as a Park Ranger at Antietam National Battlefield and an Aircraft Maintenance Officer with the 167th Airlift Wing.

A Piece of an Incomplete Puzzle

By Marge Dower

I used to think of my grandmother's attic as a huge box containing hundreds of pieces of hundreds of different jigsaw puzzles. No one wanted to throw this piece or that, because any day the rest of the puzzle might be found, needing only that piece to make it perfect.

That was certainly true about the Fruit Hill attic. Fruit Hill has been in the same family since it was built in 1830. In 1953, Ruth and Flick Hoxton found items as diverse as a "penny-farthing" in good condition (see the picture of Flick Hoxton riding it) and a body-shaped tin bathtub. To me, the most fascinating articles found there were letters to Ann R. Page and a small, beautifully bound book entitled "Mrs. Ann R. Page, a Memoir," written by her son-in-law, Charles W. Andrews, the rector of Trinity Episcopal Church in Shepherdstown. The date of the second edition of the book is 1856. It was published by the Protestant Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge in New York City. The little book gave a biography of Ann R. Page, but then relied heavily on the journal, which Miss Ann wrote in the form of her daily prayers, on excerpts from her many letters to friends and those she was mentoring, and on her own spiritual musings.

Ann Randolph Mead was born in 1781 at Chatham near Fredericksburg, Virginia, the daughter of Col. Richard Kidder Mead. From her earliest years she was extremely devout. Ann was disciplined in prayer and practice by her much loved mother. She was married in 1799 to Matthew Page, esq. of Annfield in Frederick County, Virginia, the owner of one of the largest estates in Northern Virginia. (Remember, at that time West Virginia was Virginia.) Upon her marriage she discovered that she was the mistress of an estate of over 200 slaves. Her duties as the wife of an important man included a constant round of parties, social calls, and Sunday dinner parties. A slight accident in the spring after her marriage plunged her into a deep period of depression, better known to mystics as the *dark night of the soul*. She wrote:

"In vain did I fast and pray ... I would rise early and read my bible. ...

No comfort came from week to week, and from month to month.

Regard in mercy, O God, the whole sad scene (that of slavery). Thy Sabbaths profaned, Thy Word is not known to the throngs who inhabit the smoky huts and till our fields. Their souls are so dear to Thee as ours who have had the priceless treasure of Thy word committed to us. (Her mother) said, 'your guests see your well-spread table, but God sees in the Negro's cabin.' "

In the year 2005, we would have found for her a psychiatrist or a spiritual advisor. Maybe we would have given her one of the many books full of spiritual writings to help and ease her soul, or a self-help book to tell her to snap out of it. But this kind of help was impossible to come by in 1800. For over a year she continued her prayers and writing of her agony until the burden dropped, and she felt "suffused with light and with a conviction of the presence of God." Though she was always in frail health, she felt a sense of purpose, which informed every phase of her life until her untimely death in 1838. She dropped out of the social scene with its rounds of parties and dinners.

The Rev. C. W. Andrews writes:

"She sought every opportunity to awaken in others the sense of their duties to their slaves. She practiced economies unheard of in that time so that none of her beloved poor would be sold. She started a school for slaves and the children of slaves, which reached beyond the narrow limits of home and neighborhood. She was preparing them for emancipation."

By law, slaves who were emancipated at that time could not remain in the Commonwealth of Virginia, and what she had learned of the sad plight of those slaves who had been freed to go to the northern states made her loath to follow that road. She saw no way out, so she continued her faithful prayers of intercession on behalf of all of the souls in her charge.

In the year 1815 she heard of the meetings of Samuel Mills and The Rev. Dr. Finley who were making plans to form the American Colonization society*, which would be based on the British



Frontpiece of Memoir of Ann R. Page engraving by J. Sarian of a painting by McCoughoy



Flick Hoxton atop the penny-farthing

Picture courtesy of Ruth Hoxton

project in Sierra Leone. Emancipated slaves would be sent to the newly formed colony of Liberia in Africa. She compared that news to "a glimmering light like the light of a great taper at a great distance in the dark." She knew immediately what she was going to do.

Before Miss Ann would send any in her care to Liberia, she increased her efforts in teaching all her workers to read, write and to do basic business mathematics. She wrote and spoke unceasingly about the plight of the slaves and the sinfulness of owning them.

Two years before her death in 1838, she made an arduous journey around the state. For one who was frail, the trip took its toll on "Sweet Ann," as she was called by family and friends; still she tirelessly kept writing and speaking about the evils of slavery. The Rev. Andrews said that many people from all over the state of Virginia wrote him saying that they never had any interest in the condition of slaves, nor had they concern about them until they heard or read about Sweet Ann's work.

In preparing her own slaves for freedom, Sweet Ann did not hide the hardships, which they would undoubtedly encounter in their new life as free men. After she had taught, to the best of her ability, the skills that they would need in their new life, the choice to leave or stay was left up to the individuals.

Miss Ann sent her slaves out in three different groups: the first in 1832. She sent with them "every necessary supply for a 12-month period and a sufficient supply of many articles for two or three years. The mechanics, carpenters and others were sent with the tools of their trade." Though many of those who arrived in Liberia died of various illnesses, of Miss Ann's group only one perished. The high survival rate was

attributed to the ample provisions which had been sent with them."

Another piece of the puzzle found in the Fruit Hill attic was a bundle of letters from the former slaves to their beloved Miss Ann. These letters, some requesting more yards of calico, some sending thanksgivings and love, and many asking after those who chose to remain, have been given by the Hoxtons to the Richmond Historical Society for preservation.

This account is only a part of the small book lovingly written by her son-in-law. The rest bears testament to her spiritual journey in an honest and inspired way. I feel that as she prayerfully and honestly struggled with her faith in her journal and letters, she produced as meaningful a spiritual document as any of the more widely read volumes such as "The Letters of Baron von Hugel," Evelyn Underhill's spiritual advisor.

This little piece of puzzle fitted nicely in, and made clear, the picture of the impact of slavery in the early years of our country. It is a picture I had never seen before, but in the way of all puzzle pieces, I found that there were many more pieces of that puzzle to search for.

I had intended to write on the "penny-farthing," which has wonderful tales of its own, but the little book about Sweet Miss Ann caught my eye in the way that a miscellaneous piece of puzzle often does, and I think it will bear rereading more than once.

Besides, the penny-farthing and the tub aren't going anywhere soon.

*The American Colonization Society promoted the establishment of a free colony in Africa to be called Liberia. All slaves who wished would be given transport there. It was not an unqualified success; in fact it led to a battle between blacks and whites against blacks and whites. The politics of the time turned the enterprise nasty, but many people like Ann Page had only the highest motives and the deepest desire to see their slaves freed.

Dr. Mom Don't Need No Hippocratic Oath

By Al Henderson

With one major exception, Mom was the mother that all children have the right to expect — warm, loving, patient, encouraging, compassionate, and above all else, a good cook. She had one glaring fault. When it came to home remedies, Mom obviously had never heard of the Hippocratic Oath: “Above all else, do no harm.”

There were three of us children: my two older sisters and their “bratty little brother, Albert.” To one degree or another, we all suffered from Mom’s nostrums. (During the depression years of the 1930s, you had to be very sick before your folks would consider a visit to the doctor.)

As the oldest, Betty undoubtedly suffered the most from Dr. Mom’s home remedies. However inept she might have been, Mom took her role as healthcare provider seriously. For example, she considered checking up on her brood’s bowel movements a sacred obligation. I think it was an idea she picked up while reading a *National Geographic* article on Mohandas Gandhi. On rising each day, he is said to have greeted the household with: “I hope you have a good bowel movement this morning.”

Betty had the misfortune of missing one of nature’s functions several days in a row. Mom swung into action, giving Betty a dose of castor oil. It had the desired effect. Just to make certain Betty’s complaint didn’t return, Mom plied Betty with castor oil on a daily basis. After a week or so, Betty passed out in school. Mom, it seems, had overdone it — Betty’s digestive tract was coated with castor oil, which caused her to become anemic. Stop the castor oil, said the doctor, and bring on the Horlick’s malted milk!

Mom’s answer to the common cold was to “sweat it out” by giving us a glass of hot lemon juice laced with lots of sugar and a shot of whiskey. The older and bigger we were, the bigger the shot. Dad liked the remedy so much he often faked having a cold. This, of course, was a case of Munchausen’s Syndrome. Dr. Mom would soon catch on, and then Dad would bribe Betty to fake a cold so he could sneak the potion away from her. You might say this was a case of benign Munchausen’s by proxy.

Today if you’re taking a med for one thing, the TV commercials and magazine ads insist you need a second med to protect yourself from the first medication’s side effects. Everyone seems to have acid reflux, and you pay as much for one Aciphex tablet as Dad paid for a three-pack of Roloids.

It is as though Symantec were paying young computer nerds to write viruses so the company can successfully argue you need yearly Norton Antivirus subscriptions to keep your programs up to date. That’s what got me yearning for the good old days, the days of Epsom salts, mustard plasters and cod liver oil. Well, maybe not cod liver oil.

So, I began polling friends about the good old days and how they managed to survive the ministrations of their very own Dr. Moms. Here are some of their responses. To protect their mothers and others, only initials are given.

J. B. (retired jack-of-all-trades)

- Epsom salts for infections.
- Castor oil (if the doctor concurred).
- Vicks VapoRub, even if all that was needed was a little TLC.
- My grandmother believed in milk toast, which is why I never told her of any ailments I had — that stuff tasted like c__p!

J. P. (retired veterinarian)

- Mustard plaster poultice for colds, bronchitis and gripe.
- Iodex, a black salve for swollen throat glands.
- Mercurochrome, after wounds were foamed with hydrogen peroxide.
- Brown’s Mixture Tablets (Terpin Hydrate), for coughs and “croup.” The tablets were dissolved in water and you took several teaspoons at a time. Very warm, moist washrag as a poultice for an eyelid stye.
- Warm, soapy enema for childhood constipation.
- Paregoric for stomach ache (I think we called it Paregoric Acid).
- Baking soda for poison ivy, poison oak and bee stings. Apply as a paste and let it dry. This was followed by Calamine lotion.
- Oil of cloves for toothache.
- Cod liver oil (straight out of the bottle) as a winter tonic.

- For chronic cough, two doses of Milk of Magnesia or castor oil. (You were afraid to cough.)
- Lice comb. If Mamma had the slightest suspicion we had chicken lice, she combed our hair. One time I was caught in the neighbor’s chicken coop and Mamma scrubbed my scalp with Lysol. I never did that again.

K. B. (teacher)

- My grandma put perfume on my carpet when I was sick. Sometimes it helped and sometimes it made me sicker.

J. E. R. (professor of medicine)

- Peppermint tea when I was kind of sick.
- Chamomile tea when I was really sick.

J. K. (medical writer)

- Honey and lemon juice as cough syrup. I loved it!
- Tooth powder, both for cleaning teeth and for polishing metal.
- Cod liver oil daily. Ugh!
- Some kind of chest rub for colds called Guaycole (or similar spelling).
- Some brands that we relied upon and that may now be history: Fitch’s shampoo, Sal Hepatica, Horlick’s malted milk tablets, Grandpa’s tar soap, Swan soap, Oxydol, Dreft, Brylcreem, Necco Wafers, and Carter’s Little Liver Pills.

L. M. (publisher of computer training programs)

- Salt water gargle for sore throat.
- To cure hiccups: count to nine slowly while sipping water without taking a breath.

R. C. (retired hospital administrator)

- For extreme laryngitis: whiskey and honey.

A. H. (retired journalist)

- For depression: 14-pound generic lap cat.
- For severe depression: 20-pound generic lap cat.

Editor’s Note: For Mom’s occasional depression, she’d play the piano. If she really felt despondent, she’d play the Bolero and near the end, as Mom really whacked the keys, the neighbor’s dog would cry mournfully and we kids would

duck under our beds. Mom was on the warpath. (“It wasn’t me, Ma, it must have been Albert.”)

G. P. (restaurant owner and father of a 30-year-old daughter)

- Windex — a wonder cure-all, particularly for the zits of a nervous bride-to-be.

R. T. (raconteur extraordinaire)

- ZZZZZZZ. When Mom thought she was about to have a nervous collapse, she’d tell us kids it was our naptime.

J. B. (professor of medicine)

I’ve had a reasonable amount of experience treating Amish patients. As you know, they rely heavily on herbal and “natural” remedies. About 15 years ago, one of my patients with acute leukemia refused conventional chemotherapy because it wasn’t “natural.” Her herbalist prescribed a carrot juice supplement consisting of three large glasses of carrot juice a day.* She continued this faithfully and went into a transient remission of her disease with no other medications having been given. Unfortunately she relapsed a few months later and died.

Here’s the interesting fact: Her type of leukemia was acute promyelocytic leukemia, a form of leukemia that we now know responds to a derivative of vitamin A called all-trans retinoic acid. A few years after I took care of her, a groundbreaking article reported a clinical trial by Chinese and French researchers with all-trans retinoic acid. It showed that patients with acute promyelocytic leukemia could easily be put into clinical remission with the drug, but then needed follow-up chemotherapy to cure the leukemia. I believe the carrot juice (high in vitamin A) had the same effect as all-trans retinoic acid would have in her case. Spontaneous remissions of leukemia almost never occur.

* Long ago the Amish had observed that rabbits never have acute promyelocytic leukemia. To learn more about rabbits or, for that matter, about Baron von Munchausen’s, contact alhenderson@adelphia.net.

On Having It All

By Marie Carter

I do my best thinking when I knit. Granted, I took up the hobby only three weeks ago, but it promises to be my path to finding answers to such pesky questions as, “What is the meaning of life?” and “Where do all of our teaspoons go?”

I don’t expect to become an expert knitter, although I must admit my knitting style does have a unique look to it. It’s not like those boring perfect little stitches they show in knitting books. Anybody can knit those, but it takes real talent to know exactly where to drop a stitch.

So far, my knitting and thinking have resulted in no less than my discovery that indeed I Have It All! Not bad, considering how much of my knitting time has been consumed by trying to unsnarl the yarn.

Yes, I am sure of it, I must have it all, because all of those women’s magazines at the supermarket checkout lines tell me I do. You see, *it all* is code for women having both a family and a career. And for those of you who are overachievers, also implied in *having it all* are a beautiful home, bright children, a perfect figure, and the admiration of one and all. Who knew that *it all* included stacks of dirty dishes or endless meetings? Who knew that *it all* did not include sleep? It looks so glamorous in those magazines.

My conclusion is that we’ve been had! That’s right. If you have ever needed proof that men are smarter than women, this is it: Women have bought into the notion that we are responsible for maintaining our families’ well-being, managing the communities’ activities, and successfully climbing the corporate ladder to the top by the age of 40. Oh yes, and by the way, we should look good while we’re doing it.

Let me pause to say that, naturally, this rhetoric does not apply to my own life! I have the privilege of living in Shepherdstown, a charming community that I share with many interesting and



generous friends. I have a loving and healthy family, a productive and challenging job, and scores of servants to do my bidding. (Okay, that part about the servants is just a fantasy, but the rest is true.)

Why, then, the whining? Because I think that both women and men have allowed our modern, commercial society to define what *it all* is and, in fact, to declare that *having it all* should be the goal of every good American. Says who? I say, let’s rebel and create our own definition of *it all* or, better yet, free ourselves from the idea that our lives somehow must measure up to some external standard. What if we decided that *it all* included, say, spending quality time with our children — or with ourselves? Or, we could define *it all* as meaning that we would be personally satisfied and happy with the person we know ourselves to be, not the person others say we should be. We might find ourselves much happier by changing our thinking about *having it all*.

For those of us who are goal-oriented and just a little obsessive-compulsive (in a good way!), I propose that we adopt the following easy-to-follow plan for “having it all.”

Pursue a career that fascinates you. At times you might hear a woman say, “I work only because I have to.”

Guess what? That’s the same reason most men work! Ask some men you know and they probably will say that, if money were no object, most of them could think of things they would rather do than work for a paycheck, including, in some cases, staying at home with their children. Knowing that most of us will need to earn money at some point during our lives, it is important we find work that is meaningful to us. And then, we should stop experiencing guilt about feeling fulfilled and rewarded in our work. It is okay to love your job!

Toss out your *thin* clothes. You know what I’m talking about; we all have them — those tiny little clothes that fit us at some point in the past. We think we will fit into them again some day, if only we are disciplined enough to lose weight. We believe that it is our fault that we can’t look like we did in younger years. (Trust me, sometimes that is a good thing!) Let’s stop being so hard on ourselves and accept a healthy, reasonable size and then move on to more important things!

Give your spouse or partner credit for his or her wonderful qualities instead of always focusing on annoying habits. Yes, they create coffee rings on the kitchen counters, leave their dirty clothes on the floor as if they’ll

magically be transported into the laundry, and still think the dishwasher can remove dried tomato sauce. But...they also put up with our snoring, tirelessly play catch with the kids and dogs, and have a knack for making us smile when no one else can.

Pursue your own deeply abiding interests. Don’t make choices because of what you think people of your gender should or should not do. It took me years to accept that I love babies. I love their smell, their cute little feet, and most of all I love holding them. This may be a little too girlie-girlie for this post-feminist era, but there it is. By the same token, I have a friend who changes the oil in her car and wields a power tool with the best of them. She’s proud of the fact that she’s remodeled much of the home she shares with her husband and two children.

Let go of unrealistic dreams or goals. Remember when you were a kid and fantasized about being a rock star or professional athlete or president of the United States? Me neither, but that’s not what I’m talking about here. Another layer of dreams and goals that might be unrealistic are those that have you succeeding beyond all reasonable expectations in your career or producing children who are off-the-scale brilliant. Those are the ones that can make us feel bad about ourselves and not appreciate what we have.

Sometimes our dreams and goals match perfectly with where we are right now, but we are too busy to notice. Pause for a moment and consider, just maybe, you already have it all — or at least the really important stuff.

And you can always buy more teaspoons!

Marie Carter lives in Shepherdstown with her husband Dan and their son Ethan.

Volunteerism in Public Schools: The Power of One

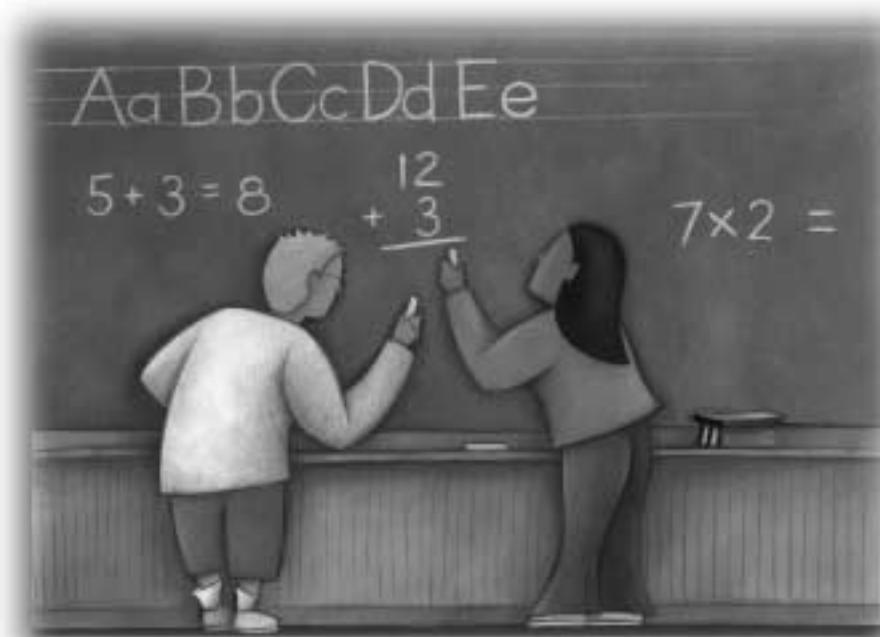
By Suzanne Offutt

He who opens a school door closes a prison.

—Victor Hugo

“Never believe that a few caring people can’t change the world. For, indeed, that’s all who ever have.” This quote from Margaret Meade, a 20th-century anthropologist sums up what happens when a few caring people step forward to act on a problem that they see. Our community schools, like most community schools around the country, need the help of our community members. This past school term, 70 percent of Jefferson High School’s 2005 graduating class reported that they were pursuing some type of postgraduate education. That’s commendable and it’s a high number relative to the rest of the state. Most of those students had caring adults who functioned as parents, teachers, mentors and role models for them. They motivated them to succeed, to complete high school, and to envision a future for themselves that included more education. Thirty percent of that graduating class, however, didn’t say that they were going on to any postsecondary training. What kind of future will many of them face without some help from our community? Many studies show that we haven’t reached these students and they’ve left high school with little sense of direction about their lives. We will not succeed with only 70 percent in the future. We need more adults involved in our schools; adults who can volunteer their time to work as mentors and role models for students.

The role of the caring adult in a child’s life is most often seen as the parent’s role. In our changing society, however, parents are increasingly less involved in their children’s school lives. Parents don’t attend school events as frequently as they did a generation ago; they don’t visit classrooms; and they don’t volunteer as much. Parental disengagement isn’t just a perception based on low attendance at school events. It’s occurring at all school levels; it’s downright endemic at the secondary school level. Many factors are influencing this school disengagement. Most two-parent households are now two working par-



ents. Parents believe that they are fostering a sense of independence and responsibility in their children when they remain aloof from the school. Teenagers often communicate messages to their parents that they aren’t welcome in their school world. In some cases parents don’t know how to become involved. As their kids proceed through middle and high school, they know that their role is different than it was in the elementary grades, but they don’t know what they should be doing anymore. Simply walking through the door of a school building has an emotional impact on many adults. What’s more, for those who don’t spend much time with teenagers, just being in their school world can be unnerving. There’s often a significant underlying intimidation factor that has a negative effect on parental involvement and participation. Parents who aren’t fluent in English will find any interaction with the school a major challenge, and some cultural backgrounds don’t prepare parents to believe that their role is important. So, the predicament is that schools need to have parents more involved while societal pressures make that increasingly more difficult.

Schools are turning to their communities for the additional resources that they need to help provide a network of caring adults to support students. School volunteers positively touch the lives of many people. Students know that special someone cares, teachers gain the satisfaction of knowing that they are more effective having been freed from time-consuming tasks and volunteers experience a feeling of pride seeing the progress of the students they assist. Teachers, students, staff and volunteers

develop a very close relationship — they come together to form a school family. Volunteers help bring together a community of learners with even greater educational opportunities. Volunteers can share the richness of their own lives, the wisdom of age and the luxury of self-controlled time to contribute to their local schools. The sharing enriches all of the community.

Walt and Sue Pellish probably didn’t set out to start over again with young children, but each of them has. Both of them have been working at Shepherdstown Elementary School as a part of Big Brothers/Big Sisters and as PASS partners for the past few years. Sue initially began working with Angela as just an extra friend to help the child through some rough family times. After five years, Sue has included Angela in family vacations, introduced her to her own extended family, provided financial and mentoring support to other members of Angela’s family, and helped Angela see greater possibilities in herself for her own future. Walt works with Jimmy, a young boy who also needs a special friend to devote time to him alone. He’s helped this child gain self-control over his bouts of anger to the point that Jimmy can choose not to react with physical aggression when he gets angry. Sue works through the Big Brothers/Big Sisters program and Walt volunteers for the PASS program, which is “Promoting Academic and Self-esteem Support” through linking students in need of social or academic support with a caring adult.

The PASS program started in Berkeley County about 20 years ago. The highly successful program is mod-

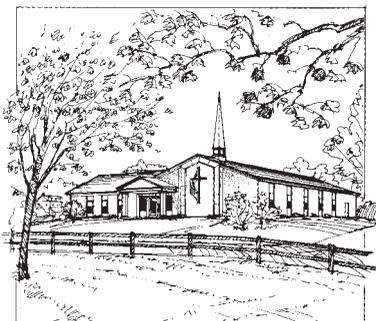
eled after similar programs from around the country where students in need are linked with mentors. For all the sophisticated intervention programs that educational institutions have devised to help meet the unique needs of students beyond the classroom, the model of one caring adult working as little as 30 minutes per week is the most successful. It’s economical to boot. Jefferson County Schools have had a PASS program for about 15 years now. Coordinated by school social worker Lisa Carper, the program operates in most elementary schools with limited activities in the secondary schools. A school-based or community coordinator manages most programs. Their jobs include recruiting mentors and students in need and matching them up. They help volunteers coordinate suitable times to meet with students and find spaces to work in what are already crowded buildings. But despite the obstacles, public schools need the help of volunteers as caring adults now more than ever.

Many volunteer opportunities are available to work with young people in our community. In Jefferson County, all elementary and secondary schools welcome volunteers. You may call the Board of Education at (304) 725-9741 to ask how to reach each school. The Volunteer Center of the Eastern Panhandle operates as a clearinghouse and network facilitation for community members who would like to become more engaged in their community. They maintain a Web site that lists organizations in need of volunteers and the nature of the work needed. Trina Bartlett, MSW, the Volunteer Center Director, may be contacted at 725-8972 or by email at volunteercenter@citlink.net

Suzanne Offutt is the principal at Shepherdstown Elementary School and has worked in educational settings for the past 30 years. She, her husband, Michael Zagarella and their two children, Jade and Logan, make their home in Shepherdstown.

Editor’s Note: The children’s names in this article have been changed to maintain their confidentiality.

Religious Worship and Education Schedules



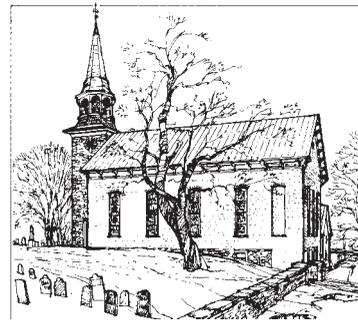
Asbury United Methodist

Rt. 480 (Kearneysville Rd)
Rev. Rudolph Monsio Bropleh, Pastor
Telephone: (304) 876-3122
Sunday Worship: 11 a.m.
Sunday School: 9:30 a.m.



Baha'i Faith

Entler Hotel, German Street
Telephone: (304) 876-3995
Sunday Worship: 11:30 a.m.
Discussion Group:
1st & 3rd Fridays, 8 p.m.



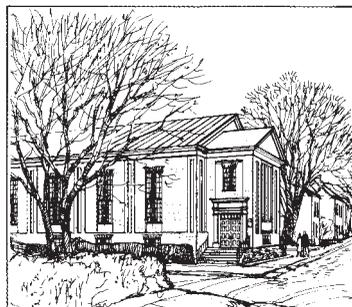
Christ Reformed U.C.C

304 East German Street
Bronson Staley, Pastor
Telephone: (301) 241-3972
Sunday Worship: 11 a.m.
Sunday School for all ages: 10:10 a.m.



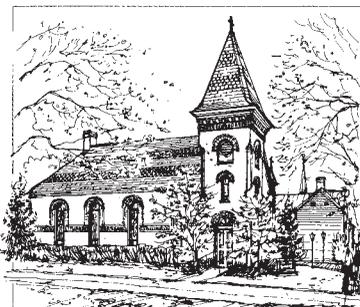
Christian Science Society

Entler Hotel, German & Princess Streets
Sunday worship & Sunday School: 10 am
Testimony meetings: 1st & 3rd Wednesdays
3 pm from September through May
7 pm during June, July, and August
Reading Room: 1st Wednesdays 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Telephone: (304) 876-2021
Sentinel radio program Sundays 7 a.m.
on WINC 92.5 FM



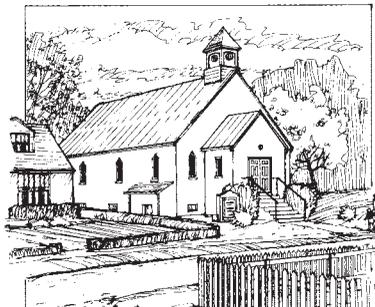
New Street United Methodist

Church & New Streets
Dee-Ann Dixon, Pastor
Telephone: 876-2362
Sunday Worship: 10:45 a.m.
Sunday School: 9:30 a.m.



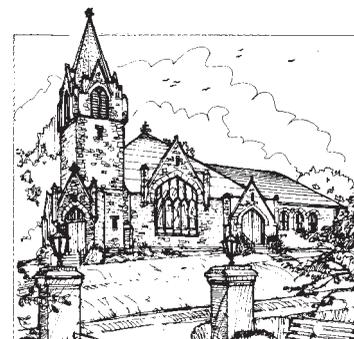
St. Agnes Roman Catholic

Church & Washington Streets
Father Mathew Rowgh
Telephone: (304) 876-6436
Sunday Eucharist: 8 a.m. & 10:30 a.m.
Saturday Eucharist: 5:30 p.m.
Sunday School: 9:15 a.m.



St. John's Baptist

West German Street
Joe Liles, Pastor
Telephone: (304) 876-3856
Sunday Worship: 11 a.m. & 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 9:30 a.m.



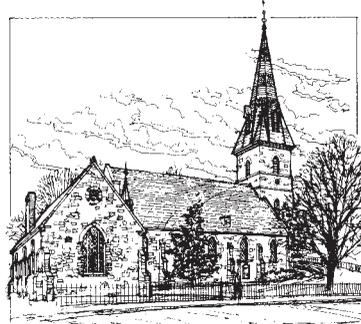
St. Peter's Lutheran

King & High Streets
Fred Soltow, Pastor
Telephone: (304) 876-6771
Sunday Worship: 11 a.m.
Sunday School: 9:45 a.m.
St. James', Uvilla
Sunday Worship: 9:30 a.m.
Sunday School: 10:45 a.m.



Shepherdstown Presbyterian

100 W. Washington Street
Randall W. Tremba, Pastor
Telephone: (304) 876-6466
Sunday Worship: 8:30 a.m. & 10:45 a.m.
Sunday School: 10:45 a.m.
Nursery year 'round
www.spcworks.org



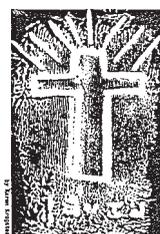
Trinity Episcopal

Corner of Church & Germans Streets
George T. Schramm, Pastor
Telephone: (304) 876-6990
Sunday Worship: 8 a.m. & 10 a.m.
Sunday School: 10 a.m.



Unity of Shepherdstown

Minister: Reverend Anne Murphy
Morning Celebration Services
Sundays at 11 a.m.
Shepherdstown Train Station
Seasonal Classes & Workshops
Telephone: (304) 876-3755
www.wideturn.com/UOS/page2.htm



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IN **SHEPHERDSTOWN** WV

October 14 and 15, 2005

Readings from Gerald Stern, Winner of the National Book Award for Poetry in 1998, and Rob Carney, Winner of the 2005 Frank Cat Press Annual Chapbook Competition.



Gerald Stern
This Time



Rob Carney
New Fables, Old Songs

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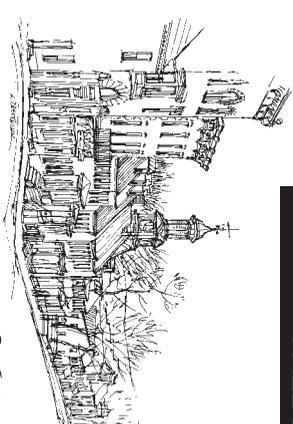
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