

There's a feeling of autumn in the air now



by J. L. Biesecker

This past Friday morning, as night greyed into dawn, I was gently prodded awake by the unusually cool morning air reaching through the bedroom window. Slipping into an old pair of jeans, I hurried outside, shirtless and bare-foot. As I stood in the dew covered grass, I could see it, feel it and taste it. All of nature stirred awake, aware of it. The early morning air

had brought that refreshing message - fall will soon be here. My old hunting dog Pipe came out to stand beside me as we together felt the promise that the oppressive summer doldrums would soon be pushed aside for fall.

As I stood there with the morning air raising goose-bumps on my bare back, memories began to stir deep inside, memories that feel as if they go back many

generations, perhaps to the earliest of hunters. The promise of fall triggers the desire to be off into the woods and field with the familiar feel of my old Browning's walnut stock in my hands.

The hot summer sun will return with its oppressive heat, but the promise has been given and the outdoors will not be fooled. He can see through the veneer. Summer is on the way out. The last vestiges of summer will peel away just as surely as the velvet will rub off the antlers of the local white-tailed buck. Fall will be as sharp and bright as the six times he is now so carefully rubbing on several maple saplings.

We outdoorsmen are noticing the signs and in our minds anxiously collecting them. We seem to want reassurance that fall and hunting season are not too far away. The signs are increasingly plentiful as we move through August. We see the barn swallows collecting, the purple

martins gathering and leaving us. The local wild duck families are incorporating into increasing flocks. Visiting fellows such as the blue-winged teal are seen here and there about the river. The squirrels are cutting down the green hickory nuts, vigorously working at building a layer of fat.

As the signs increase our anxiety mounts. Dogs are going to need training, shooting reflexes must be practiced into sharpness, and excuses for buying new equipment will need to be manufactured so that the wife will believe that we really need it.

There will be more mornings with the taste of fall on the air, but non quite as stimulating as the first one that starts the stirring deep inside and reminds us to look about nature with expectation. In the chill that rides on the morning air, we hear the call and feel the promise that the frosty hunters moon will come.



Mrs. Antonis Skellaris

Mary Carol Erdman becomes Sakellaris—Erdman nuptials

Miss Mary Carol Erdman and Antonis Sakellaris were united in marriage on Sunday, August 17, at 4 p.m. in the Hellenic Orthodox Church of the Annunciation, Lancaster. The double ring ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alexander Veronis.

Miss Erdman is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Erdman, 96 N. Chestnut Street, Marietta, while the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Sakellaris, Kos Island, Greece.

and stephanotis with silk forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley.

Miss Emmanuel Karpathios, Lancaster, was matron of honor. Bridesmaids were Miss Tina Maser, Lancaster and Miss Jodi Fahringer, Marietta. Mrs. Karpathios also served as Koumbara and ushers were Michael Pittas, Lowell, Mass., and Wayne Erdman, Marietta.

The bride is a graduate of Donegal High School and is employed with Twin Kiss Restaurant, Columbia.

The groom attended schools in his native Greece and served 2 1/2 years in the Greek Navy. He is employed at House of Pizza, James Street, Lancaster.

Following the reception in the Parish Hall of the church, the couple honeymooned at a shore resort and plan to visit Greece in the fall. Their future home address is 504 W. Orange Street, Lancaster.

Given in marriage by her father the bride was attired in a gown of wind song satin with a princess styled skirt attached to a bodice with a raised neckline and trimmed with lace from shoulder to the hemline. Her waist-length veil and headband were trimmed with lace, as was the detachable train.

She carried a cascade bouquet of cattleya orchid

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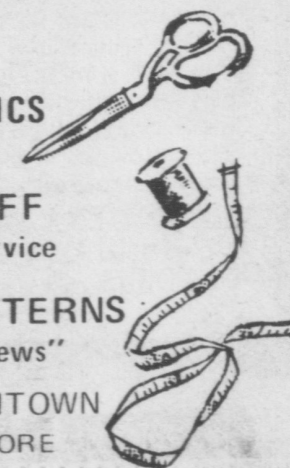
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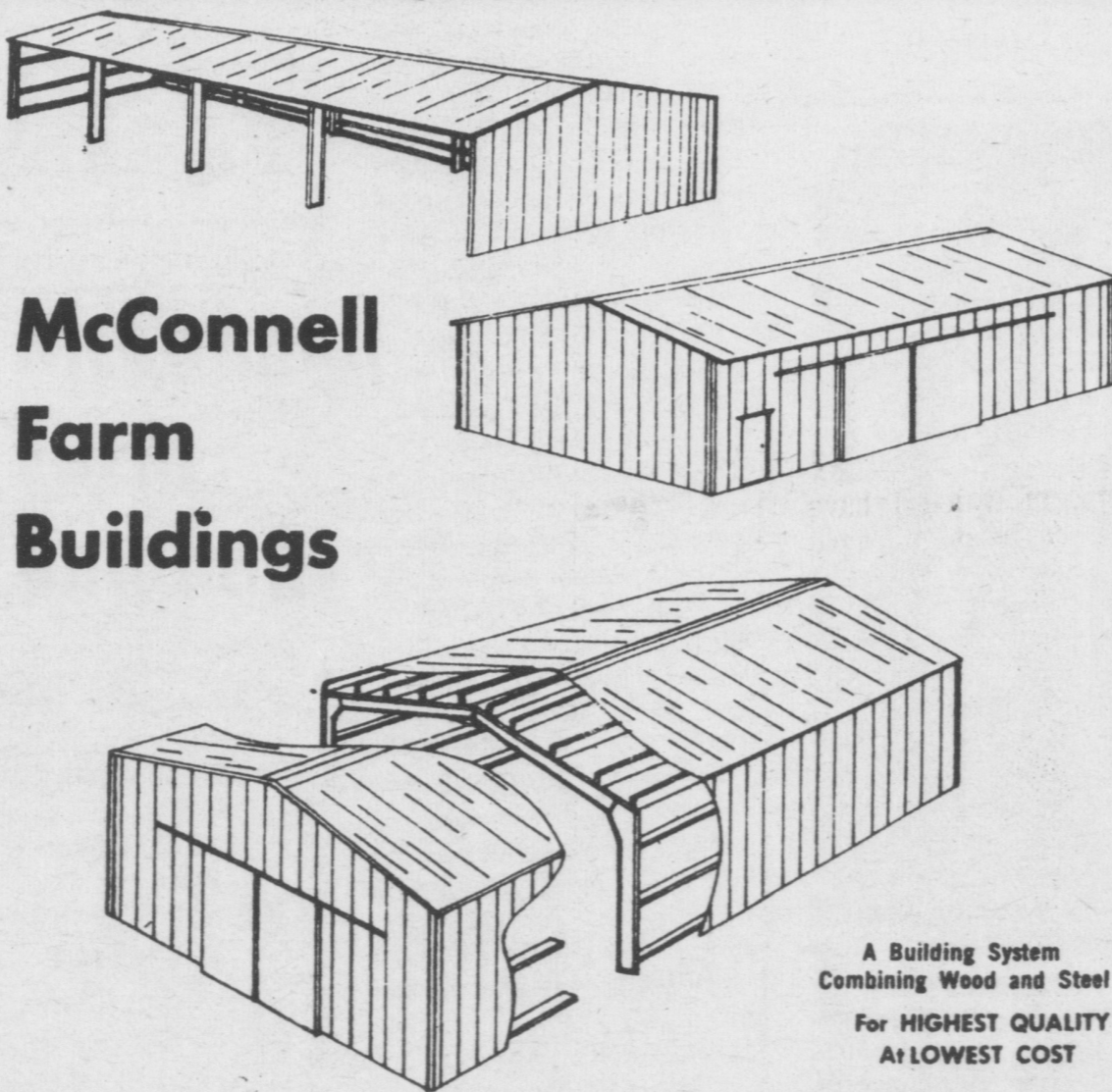
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