



The Millmont Times

APRIL 2015

The Millmont Times 2000-2015

In April 2013 when we announced our plans to retire The Millmont Times it seemed as though that was a long time off in the future. However, those two years flew by rather rapidly. In fact, the last fifteen years seemed to have vanished as well. When I began this newsletter in May of 2000, I had no idea what the future had in store, and no idea how long I would continue publishing.

Much to my surprise this little newsletter became rather popular. As interest arose I became more encouraged and committed to continue the monthly publication. Readers should know that I am not retiring this newsletter due to lack of interest on the part of our readers or because I lack story ideas. Rather the decision to bring it to an end has more to do with my level of energy and our desire to eliminate some of the stress from our lives. I am not getting any younger, and the commitment and drive that it takes to publish this newsletter began to wane a few years ago. It was just over two years ago that my wife Janice and I began to give serious consideration as to how and when we should bring The Millmont Times to an end.

There are a number of adjectives that I could use to describe this newsletter. Adjectives such as enjoyable, rewarding and gratifying easily come to mind. However, the terminology that I think properly describes the impact of The Millmont Times has had on me personally is - life-changing. This humble little newsletter that I created fifteen years ago resulted in momentous changes in my life. In fact, it has altered my life entirely.

The idea of producing a monthly newsletter was first suggested to me by Brenda (Shirk) Rowe in April 2000 while she and I were both serving on the Millmont Village Green Recreation Association. The goal of the association was to promote recreational opportunities and activities for the youngsters in the village of Millmont. In addition to the Village Green Recreation Association, members of the Millmont Mennonite Church Youth Group were likewise involved with the young people in the community.

When I began the newsletter it was geared towards the residents of Millmont. Its purpose was to keep residents informed about community events and activities. In addition to keeping people informed, it was also our desire to elicit help and support from members of the community.

Volume I, Issue I, of The Millmont Times was published and distributed in May 2000. That issue consisted of four pages, and featured news about the Village Green Recreation Association. I also persuaded Bradley Catherman, then a teenager living in Millmont, to write an article about his sister, Brandi. At the time Brandi was a sophomore at the Mifflinburg High School. I was always hopeful that I could get the youth of the community to contribute articles for the newsletter on a regular basis. I was successful for the first few issues, however interest from the young people in the community soon waned.

I composed the four-page newsletter on my home computer using Microsoft Publisher 2000. I have had to replace our home computer several times over the last fifteen years but I have used the same edition of Microsoft to lay out the newsletter each month. I took the master copy to Staples in Lewisburg where I had one hundred copies produced at a cost of about \$15.00. (In February 2009 we switched to A+ Office Supply in Mifflinburg which was more convenient and less costly). After the newsletter was published I solicited children in the neighborhood (Lori, Stan, Eddie and Holly Weaver) to distribute it door-to-door. I asked them to place the newsletter under a rug or put it somewhere where the homeowner would find it without knocking on their door. I recall the times

(Continued on page 2)

Field Notes, by WCO Dirk Remensnyder



I had a conversation with a hunter at an outdoor expo in which he proceeded to tell me how DMAP tags had really hurt the doe population and shouldn't be issued. At the end of our conversation he happened to mention that he and his hunting buddy got DMAP tags this past year and both harvested a deer with them.

I can report that for the fourth time in two years an individual was arrested for refusing to follow SGL signs as to where he can park or not park his vehicle on Game lands.

(Continued from page 1)

when the Weaver children were not available, so I distributed the newsletter throughout the village.

After every household in Millmont received their copy of the newsletter I placed the extra copies in Shirk's Store and at the Millmont Post Office for people to pick up at their pleasure. Folks living outside of Millmont gobbled up those extra issues rather quickly. I continued to increase the number of copies, and by the end of my first year I was printing and distributing 155 copies, all at no charge.

There were a number of people during that first year that recognized the expenses I had with publishing the newsletter and offered donations. I recall the first person to hand me a donation was Lionel Blyler. Over the years I have been blessed by the monetary donations from countless readers and subscribers. The financial support that we received from each and every one of you has been a blessing, and we take this opportunity to thank you. It was because of your interest, kindness and generosity that we kept this newsletter going.

While I did not start The Millmont Times as an opportunity to make money, I also recognized that I could not continue to print an unlimited number of copies on a monthly basis without finding a way to offset my expenses. Soliciting advertisers was of no interest to me. I preferred giving the newsletter away rather than asking people for money to advertise in my publication. From time to time I did include advertising in the newsletter primarily for nonprofit groups or organizations.

What began as a four-page newsletter grew in size and content. As more folks living outside of Millmont expressed an interest in receiving the newsletter on a regular basis I decided to offer subscriptions by mail for \$8.00 per year beginning in June 2001. My first paid subscriber was Robert Davis. Over the years we raised the price of a one-year subscription, one time, to \$10.00 in May 2005. The Internet version of the newsletter has always been available free of charge at www.millmonttimes.com.

I continued to distribute the newsletter free to residents of Millmont until February 2003. I realized that the printing costs were getting so high that I had to discontinue that practice. It was at that time that the newsletter became available by subscription only. One Millmont resident, who had been getting the newsletter free since its inception was astounded that I was asking \$8.00 a year. It was apparent to me that this individual had no concept of the time, energy, effort, and money involved in publishing and distributing a monthly newsletter. By that time I was printing nearly 300 copies monthly and the newsletter consisted of 10 pages. My expenses each month were in excess of \$200.00.

By the end of 2003 the newsletter had grown to 12 pages. As it grew in both size and content, it likewise grew in circulation. I also recognized the need to expand my area of interest to locations outside of Millmont. As time went by I began to include articles about people and places in the villages of Swengel, Laurelton, Weikert, Pardee and Hartleton Borough. At the same time I also accepted the fact that I could not cover the entire county, so I purposely focused my attention toward the West End of Union County, primarily Lewis and Hartley townships and Hartleton Borough.

While the newsletter was my creation, its success was not entirely through my efforts. I was fortunate to have a number of talented and gifted writers and columnists who voluntarily contributed articles for publication. Some people came forward on their own while in other instances I persuaded people to contribute an article each month. I used the word contribute literally, because that is precisely what they did. None of the monthly columnist received any remuneration for the articles they submitted to me for publication each month.

The first two columnists, WCO Bernie Schmader and Millmont Postmaster Samuel Smith were people whom I contacted and requested their assistance. Both of them began contributing articles in October 2000. Schmader's "*Field Notes*" were concise narratives, humorous in nature, which involved either himself or his deputies as they performed their duties for the Pennsylvania Game Commission. Schmader continued to provide me with his *Field Notes* until his retirement in May 2003. In July 2003, I enlisted the support of his successor, Union County WCO Dirk Remensnyder, to submit his monthly "*Field Notes*" to me. With the exception of his time away from his job during military deployment he has continued to submit them for publication.

Millmont Postmaster Samuel R. Smith's column kept readers apprised of new postage stamps, mailing options and news within the US Postal Service. Smith supplied me with a column "*Millmont Mailbox*" until his retirement in July 2009. Following Smith's retirement I approached Postmaster Gail Hanselman of Hartleton to continue the column under a new name "*Hartleton Mailbox*". That column continued through August 2013, following Hanselman's transfer from the Hartleton Post Office to the post office in Shamokin Dam.

Hertha Wehr approached me about writing a monthly column for the newsletter in the spring of 2002. Her first column, entitled "*Meanderings*" appeared in the May 2002 issue. For nine years she took readers on a voyage through her personal journey and travels. That journey included growing up on her parent's Lewis Township farm during the Great Depression and memories of her youthful days attending grammar school and Lewis Township High School. She also took us on an adventure to places she visited across the country and around the world. Hertha retired her column in May 2011. Hertha continued her column through the loss of her husband, Karl, in June 2003 and her son, Roger, in February 2006.

I approached Jim McCormick in late 2002 or early 2003 about writing a column for The Millmont Times. I was aware that he made an almost daily 4.5-mile trek around the outskirts of the village of Millmont with his binoculars, walking stick and camera. During his jaunts around Millmont he was monitoring the activities of birds and other wildlife. Many local residents did not know his name so they nicknamed him - "The Bird Man".

When Jim first committed to writing for me he said he would contribute for one year, or through one cycle of the year: winter, spring, summer and autumn. His first column appeared in the February 2003 issue. From the beginning it was clear that he had a gift for writing, and his talent as a wildlife photographer became even more obvious as the years went by. Jim continued his monthly column "*Bird Talk*" for exactly ten years, at which time he decided that it was time to retire. During that time he witnessed many changes to the habitat in the community. Some of those changes have not been beneficial for the birds or other wildlife. Having supplied me with an additional nine years worth of articles than he had originally planned, we respected his desire to take a break from the monthly grind.

(Continued on page 5)

Exploring the Bald Eagle State Forest

District Forester Raymond B. "Foxy" Winter

We hope that you have enjoyed our monthly column, Exploring the Bald Eagle State Forest (BESF). As we explored the beauty of the state forestland that envelopes Buffalo Valley it has been both adventurous and educational. In addition to getting outside and enjoying the natural beauty we have also had the opportunity to examine some of the historical characteristics of this large area of state forestland.

It would be negligent for us to bring our exploration of the BESF to a close without recognizing the man who spent the majority of his life devoted to the revitalization, restoration and preservation of this state forestland. Raymond B. "Foxy" Winter spent forty-eight years of his life, first studying to be a forester, and then making practical use of what he learned after attending Pennsylvania's first forestry school located at Mount Alto.

Raymond Burrows Winter was born near Huntersville, Pennsylvania in Lycoming County on December 20, 1881, the son of Jacob and Amanda (Burrows) Winter. He attended the local schools and graduated from Muncy High School with the Class of 1906. According to Winter's obituary he was one of 50 prospective students who sought entry into the Mount Alto Forestry School in 1907. The pioneering forestry school located in Franklin County first opened its doors in 1903. Of those 50 applicants only 10 were selected to attend the three-year school. One of those students was Raymond Winter.

A requirement of admission to Mount Alto for each first year student was for them to bring a horse to the school. A horse came in handy for the students who occasionally were sent into the nearby Michaux State Forest to fight fires. Freshman students were also required to wear a hat, referred to as a "dink", in addition to wearing a sign around their neck displaying their nickname. It is presumed that Winter earned the nickname "Foxy" while attending Mount Alto. It was a nickname that stuck with him for life.

Winter graduated from Mount Alto in 1910. He was fourth in his graduating class of eight students. On September 1, 1910 he was assigned to the White Deer Forest of Union County, which consisted of approximately 15,000 acres of state forestland located in White Deer, West Buffalo, Lewis and Hartley townships.

Riding his pony, Bess, from Mount Alto to Union County, Winter took up residence at the Forest House at the east end of the Fourteen-Mile-Narrows. The young forester, fresh out of college, soon had an opportunity to survey the terrain he would be responsible for managing. The conditions he found were alarming. Years before Winter's arrival the timber on this land had been extensively harvested by lumbermen. After the timber was removed, the large-scale lumbering companies had no use for the land so they sold it to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Vast areas of the White Deer Forest had been slashed and burned, with little virgin timber remaining.

The seemingly impossible task of restoring vitality to thousands of acres of forestlands had to be overwhelming for Winter. However, he began the task of renewing the forest, one acre at a time. In time he hired assistants and part time help to aide him in his work. Steven Roadarmel and Leslie Stover were appointed rangers in 1912 and together these men, and others, endeavored to restore the forest by clearing brush and planting thousands of trees. While they did the best job that mere mortal men could do, their biggest ally in restoring the landscape proved to be Mother Nature.

Winter's career was interrupted during WWI. While he remained stateside he served for a period of time in the military before returning to his post in the White Deer State Forest. In 1917, prior to entering the military, his salary from the Department of Forestry was \$100.00 per month.

In early 1920 his duties were once again interrupted when he was transferred to the Cornplanter District Forest in Warren County. His replacement was Forester Arthur Silvius. This transfer was not one that Winter encouraged, nor was it a change that he was pleased with. Newspaper accounts show that he was transferred in April of 1920 and that he returned to Union County by August of that year following the resignation of Forester Silvius.

By the late 1920's Winter was responsible for the newly created Bald Eagle State Forest. This forest district was created by the merger of several smaller state forest divisions, including Jack's, Shade, Buffalo, White Deer, Tea Springs, McElhatten and a portion of Penn Forest. This state forestland is located in Union, Centre, Snyder and Clinton counties.

The area where Halfway Run empties into Rapid Run was one location that Winter and his subordinates focused much of their attention to. Located in this section was a deteriorating timber dam, and behind its breast was little more than a mud hole. While it was not especially appealing at the time Winter envisioned this site as an ideal place to create a state park. He also recognized that there was a considerable amount of work that lied ahead of them if their dreams were to materialize.

The creation of the Civilian Conservation Corps by President Franklin Roosevelt in 1933 was a stroke of luck for District Forester Winter and for the BESF. This federally sponsored program provided the manpower and funding to achieve many of the projects Winter could previously only dream about. By the summer of 1933 the BESF was home to six CCC camps. One of those camps was located in a section of the forest that was near and dear to Winter's heart, at Half Way Dam State Park.

While writing his memories in a pamphlet entitled "*Halfway to Winter*", he recalled making every effort to pool their equipment (whether begged, borrowed or leased) in order to accomplish some of the work at the park. At the Lavonia CCC Camp (also known as Half Way) 200 hearty young men were soon at work transforming the state park. The old timber dam was replaced by one made of native mountain stone. The park also witnessed many enhancements due to the efforts of the CCC boys.

The position of district forester was at one time a highly political office. When the political winds changed direction in Harrisburg the ramifications soon filtered down to the men in the forest districts. In late 1935, Winter was replaced as Bald Eagle District Forest by S. William Chubb. During this time he took a job with a federal department in Towanda. By May 1939 he returned to Union County and his beloved BESF.

During Winter's absence from the BESF the young CCC men were transferred out of Half Way and replaced with older men, veterans of WWI. Raymond Winter was disheartened. He later wrote that these former veterans were not as physically fit as the younger CCC boys who first came to Half Way in 1933. However, he also noted that the older men were skilled craftsmen. Following the arrival of the former veterans at the Half Way camp the beach house, pavilions, and other structures were erected.

On Thursday August 14, 1941, longtime bachelor Raymond B. Winter untied in marriage with Miss Ethel Rippel. Raymond was in his

(Continued on page 4)

Recipe of the Month

By Janice (Dorman) Shively

Grilled Vegetable Orzo Salad

1 ¼ C. uncooked orzo pasta
½ lb. fresh asparagus, trimmed
1 medium zucchini, cut lengthwise into ½-in. slices
1 medium sweet yellow or red pepper, halved
1 large Portobello mushroom, stem removed
½ medium red onion, halved

Dressing:

⅓ C. olive oil
¼ C. balsamic vinegar
3 T. lemon juice
4 garlic cloves, minced
1 tsp. lemon-pepper seasoning

Salad:

1 C. grape tomatoes, halved
1 T. minced fresh parsley
1 T. minced fresh basil
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 C. (4 oz.) crumbled feta cheese

Cook orzo pasta according to package directions. Meanwhile, place vegetables in a large bowl. In a small bowl, whisk dressing ingredients. Add to vegetables and toss to coat.

Remove vegetables, reserving dressing. Grill mushroom, pepper and onion, covered, over medium heat 5 - 10 minutes or until tender, turning occasionally. Grill asparagus and zucchini, uncovered, 3 - 4

minutes or until tender, turning occasionally.

When cool enough to handle, cut vegetables into bite-size pieces. In a large bowl, combine cooked orzo, grilled vegetables, tomatoes, parsley, basil, salt, pepper and reserved dressing; toss to combine. Serve at room temperature or chilled. Just before serving, stir in cheese.

As we come into the season of harvesting early spring vegetables from our gardens, this *Taste of Home* recipe comes to mind. This is delicious served as a main course or a side dish and is perfect for picnics.

Asparagus is one of the main ingredients. When I think of asparagus, I also think of Harry Snook of Weikert. Without fail, Harry made sure to seek out either Tony or me to share the asparagus harvest from his garden each spring. Harry was one of those dear people we met through this newsletter, and shall never forget. Sadly, we lost our friend as result of a vehicle accident in July of 2014.

It has been enjoyable to share some of my favorite recipes with the readers of *The Millmont Times* for nearly 11 years. I've shared personal creations and family heirlooms, recipes shared with me by friends and family, and others from publications.

Micalée Sullivan has asked me to continue sharing recipes in the new *West End Quarterly* publication and I am happy to do so! Look for my quarterly recipe in the August 2015 issue. Thank you for allowing me to tempt your palate with a variety of recipes that have been prepared in the Shively kitchen.

ENJOY!



(Continued from page 3)

late 50's at the time and Ethel was just three days shy of her 36th birthday. Following their marriage they resided at 400 Green Street in Mifflinburg. Raymond and Ethel Winter did not have any children.

By the time Winter retired as district forester, the Bald Eagle State Forest consisted of 180,000 acres. Thousands of those acres were added to the state forest through the efforts of Winter. During an interview with Robert E. Klingman (1926-2013) I learned that Winter was instrumental in the state purchasing large tracts of forestland that was added to the BESF. Klingman noted that some of that land was located on Shade Mountain in Snyder County and was purchased for as little as 50 cents per acre.

Klingman spoke highly of Winter and referred to him as his mentor. Klingman recalled Winter telling him that he tried to talk the owner of a large parcel of land that ran parallel to Penns Creek, near the boundary of Centre and Mifflin counties, into selling his property to the Department of Forestry. The owner of that land, long known as the Aumiller tract, was adamant that "he would never sell his land to the state". Unsuccessful in obtaining the land for the state, Winter approached the property owner and asked if he would be willing to sell the 338-acre tract of land to him, which he did. Sometime later Winter and his wife, Ethel, hired Jacob Barnett to erect a log plank cabin on the north side of the stream that ran through their property. (Years after Winter's passing this tract of land was sold to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Winter's cabin remains and is used as a research station by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission).

Klingman noted that Winter loved to fly fish in Penns Creek, particularly on the stretch in front of his cabin. Winter occasionally invited Klingman to accompany him to the cabin on some of his fishing trips. Klingman noted that one of the more unusual aspects of Winter's fly fishing routine was his desire to launch his boat to the middle of the stream where he dropped anchor. While seated in his boat he cast his fly rod about in an attempt to catch some of the speckled beauties.

According to Klingman, following the appointment of Maurice Goddard as Secretary of the Department of Forest and Waters in 1955 major changes were instituted in the department. As part of those changes younger foresters replaced some of the older men. Long time veterans of the department, such as Winter, should have recognized that times were changing. On July 1, 1955, Raymond B. Winter, then seventy-four years old, reluctantly retired from his post as district forester. He had worked for the state agency for more than four decades.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, through Senate Resolution 151 paid tribute to Winter by renaming Halfway State Forest Park, Raymond B. Winter State Park on September 27, 1955. On May 23, 1957 a formal dedication ceremony was held in his honor.

Even though he was retired from the department he never lost his love for the BESF, or the state park that bore his name. His health was failing during the latter part of his life yet his ties to the park that bore his name remained. He also had ideas and suggestions that he wanted to see implemented at the park. Following Klingman's promotions within the Pennsylvania Bureau of State Parks in the mid and late 1960's, Winter called on his young friend to stop by his Mifflinburg home to visit whenever he was in the area. Winter reminded Klingman that he was now in a position to persuade and influence officials in Harrisburg to adopt some of his ideas and suggestions. Not long before his passing at the Williamsport Hospital on October 20, 1968, Winter shared with Klingman a drawing that he made of a proposed toboggan slide that began on a nearby mountainside and ended on the lake. The park where he devoted so much of his life's work was always on Winter's mind.

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 2)

Since we wanted to continue a column devoted to the outdoors we started a monthly column entitled *Exploring the Bald Eagle State Forest*. Each month we went on an adventure through the more than 193,000 acres of state forest as well as the hundreds of acres of state parks. Over the two years that we ran this article we explored the natural beauty of the area as well as some of the historical sites located on state land. We are fortunate to have this public land right here close to home and encourage everyone to get outside and enjoy the natural beauty.

Lucy Hoover began submitting her column to me at the behest of a mutual friend. Lucy's column "*Penlines from my Kitchen to Yours*" first appeared in the April 2004 issue and has continued to the last issue. Her column chronicles the lives and activities of the Wenger sect of Old Order Mennonite's that reside in Buffalo Valley.

Janice began her "*Recipe of the Month*" column with the July 2004 issue. Each month she features precise details for a particular recipe that she prepares in our kitchen. Before eating her creation she takes a photograph of her finished product so it can be inserted into her article.

"*From the Diary of Elder Greene Shively*" became a regular feature of the newsletter beginning in September 2004. My great grandfather was born in 1870 and died in 1954 and throughout a large portion of his life he maintained a diary. His diary covered the period of years from 1885-1906 and again from 1931-1953. As pastor at the Buffalo Valley Church of the Brethren he often-times recorded the weddings that he performed and the funerals that he conducted. In his diary he also enjoyed keeping track of the weather. I know of a least one person who expressed to us how much they enjoyed reading that little tidbit of information each month.

With a desire to incorporate a spiritual aspect into the newsletter, I was pleased when Brenda Weaver of Millmont agreed to write a monthly column entitled "*Blessings from the Bible*" in the November 2006 issue. Since that time she has inspired and encouraged readers with her uplifting and motivating articles. Through words, and passages of scripture, she offered support and reassurance in the face of some of life's most difficult and challenging times. She continued to write after the loss of her son-in-law, Kevin Peachey in March 2008 and her husband, John, in October 2011. Her monthly column has been a blessing to many people who read this newsletter.

Well-known fly fisherman and Penns Creek aficionado Bruce Fisher of Weikert began writing a column he called "*Penns Creek Angler*" in March 2007. He was directed to me through our mutual friend, Emilie F. Jansma. Bruce's articles dealt with his experiences fishing for trout in one of Pennsylvania's premier streams. Bruce is also a talented photographer who incorporated his photographs into his articles. The last "*Penns Creek Angler*" column appeared in the December 2010 issue.

I was also grateful for the number of people who submitted articles to me for publication. A list of the people who wrote front page articles for the newsletter can be seen to the right. Along with their names are the titles of the articles they submitted. These articles were greatly appreciated.

In December 2003 we learned how to convert the newsletter into a PDF. This process allowed us to send the newsletter to people via email. As an ever increasing number of subscribers switched to the email PDF it allowed us to reduce the time spent folding, stapling and labeling each month. The Internet version also resulted in cost savings due to less expenditure on printing and postage. The free PDF edition, which is also in color, was well received and soon our list of email subscribers was equal to that of the hard copy edition.

The challenge for us each month was trying to send out 300 copies of the newsletter via email. We divided the email recipients into groups of 25 in order to facilitate the process. However, if there was one invalid email, every email in the group, along with their attachments, were returned to us as undeliverable. We became so frustrated by this monthly ritual that we decided to purchase space on a website where we could post one issue each month. Internet readers could then access the site to view or print that issue. While there are currently 136 issues available on the website our plan is to eventually make all 180 issues available.

Since this publication began we have received literally hundreds of cards, letters, telephone calls and face-to-face comments that were thoughtful and complimentary in nature. We appreciated all of those remarks, and you will never know how inspirational and motivating your sentiments were for both of us. Evidently we were publishing something that was of interest to our readers and it was something they looked forward to receiving each month.

The number of subscribers continued to grow with each passing year. Over the past year the average number of hard copies produced is 343 per month. The average number of unique visitors to our website during that same time period averages more than 4,200 per month.

We have always been amazed how the newsletter, and the stories contained on its pages, have touched the lives of so many of our readers. While there were some issues that garnered more attention than others, we know a number of people who after reading a particular story felt compelled to go in search of the places that were written about on the pages of this newsletter. It was that type of interest and enthusiasm from our readers that evoked a sense of satisfaction and

Authors and Articles Submitted for Publication in The Millmont Times

Eli M. Reiff: The Immigration of the Wenger People to Buffalo Valley.

Brenda Weaver: Collecting Together for Fifty Five Years and Giving Thanks With Judith.

Eleanor Hoy: Hartleton As I Remember It; The History of the Eberhart Family; The Ruhl Family; Laurelton State Village and Ancestors who served their country during the Civil War.

Carl Catherman: The K/Catherman Family and The Other Walter Johnson.

Linda Fox: Memories of a One Room Schoolhouse.

Norma Sauers: Nazarene Church Celebrates 60 Years.

Jeannette Lasansky: African Americans in Hartley Township: Slave and Free.

Judy Wagner: Remembering a Soldier; The Lewis Cemetery; P. J. Hoffmaster Union County

Native Finds Renown in Michigan and Reish's Rye Whiskey.

Scott Sanders: Corn festival to County Fair.

Jane Foster: The Lighthouse in the Wilderness.

Terry Shively: Where Did The Buffalo Roam, The Covered Bridges of Pennsylvania, and Pow Wow: Magic, Miracle, or Myth.

Emilie Jansma: Railroad Dream, A Dream of a Ride on the L & T, Part I and Part II.

Donald Hoy: Life as a Young Milkman 1942-1961.

Emil Engleman: 40th Anniversary of Christ's United Lutheran Church.

Richard King: The Drums of Millmont.

Dahle Bingaman: The Bill Ruhl Story and The Sunday School Movement.

Luke Weaver: Fifty Years in the Buffalo Valley.

Ruth Sauder: Letter of Thanks. *Jay Rarick*: The Forgotten Soldier: Pvt. George W. Getz, Co. E, 53rd Penn. Vol. Inf. and The Boy from Mifflinburg High Part I and Part II.

Tyler Potterfield: Some Personal Penn's Creek History: The Senses.

(Continued on page 7)

Blessings from the Bible

By Brenda Weaver

“And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.”

I Corinthians 2:3

How does one write a “last article?”

The editor says I’ve been doing this since 2006. When I told my dear mother that fact she said, “And I have them all saved.” What a mom. What an affirmation.

I think back over the years, remembering how I wrote about joyful times and painful times. I hesitated to call these articles “devotionals” because my writings here have been largely personal accounts and the blessings I’ve gleaned from the Bible while living life.

In my mind I called them vignettes. Village vignettes. Written in a quaint, quiet village in Pennsylvania, where the robins arrive in February and the door still creaks open and closed on the old “country store.” We live in the presence of the mountain still, though the old mill has been torn down. Millmont. Fitting name for this pleasant place. Plans were to make it a town, with many more lots on the plans than were actually sold for homes. The railroad bisected the village, and it bustled. Businesses thrived here. Goods were shipped out by train. It is heart-warming to this author to know the home in which I now live held a large printing press. (No wonder the floor is bowed in that back room, and extra posts were placed beneath it in the basement.) The calendars and materials printed in this home were sent by rail to other communities. But while Millmont was still rather young, the car was invented. Eventually the railroad and the businesses died, and we were left with a peaceful, little village. No main road disturbs the village. Remnants of the railroad remain, visible only to the trained eye, or eyes of those who are old enough to remember.

A vignette by definition depicts something subtly and delicately. I hope I have done that. I hope you have seen faith in an Almighty God. I hope you have skipped along with me, gathering blessings from the Bible. And when crushing moments come, I hope we can remember the blessings that still emerge from that Book so full of comfort.

Yes, if I should ever gather these writings together in a book, I would title it *Village Vignettes*. (For those I may have missed saving I could refer to my mom’s stack.)

I want to personally thank you, Readers, for the encouragement you’ve been to me. I’ve heard from some of you. Most of you I will never meet or know. Yet you have been an encouragement to me. You gave me reason to write. Your reading eyes were my listening ears. During the most difficult days of my life there was still a Millmont Times Article to write. My heart and soul melted into them. When my husband lost his battle with cancer, I bled on paper. Through the valley of the shadow of death, in the throes of grief, and in the return of joy, writing has been healing, welcome, therapeutic.

So thank you. Thank you for being out there. Someone to write to when the day is done and the light still burns bright on my desk. Thank you for reading. Thank you for affirmations. Thank you for allowing me to talk to you about the blessings I find in the Bible, for everyday life.

If you will permit me...one more observation from the Bible.

* * * * *

*“...Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man,
the things which God hath prepared for them that love him”*

1 Corinthians 2:9 NLT

The verse above is often quoted or used in reference to the glories of heaven. Though scriptures describe heaven and some of the wonders believers in Jesus will experience there, the human mind is still not able to comprehend a blissful eternity in the very presence of God. In this way, 1 Corinthians 2:9 expresses our limited understanding of the *place* God is preparing for us. But consider the *plan*.

You may be surprised, as I was, to note that the context of this verse is not a description of heaven. Rather, 1 Corinthians 2 speaks of the mystery of the wisdom of God and how the Spirit of God reveals to believers “*the deep things of God.*”

In verse one the Apostle Paul admits to his own short-comings in “*declaring unto you the testimony of God.*” Verse two leads into the theme of the chapter and Paul’s determination in presenting the Gospel of Christ. “*For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.*” Verses three to six compare the powerful wisdom of God with the fleeting wisdom of this world, including “*of the princes of this world, that come to nought.*”

Verses seven and eight lead into the often quoted 1 Corinthians 2:9. “*Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard...*” In other words, the natural man does not see and hear God’s wisdom, and plan of redemption through Jesus, with his eyes and ears. Nor can his mind comprehend the marvelous plan of salvation God brought about through the death and resurrection of His Son, Jesus Christ. God’s plan is so great, His love so steadfast, His wisdom so beyond our own, that we cannot fully comprehend what God has prepared for us—not just in heaven, but now, here on earth, when we ask Jesus to come into our hearts and

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 5)

accomplishment for both Janice and myself.

To our knowledge there has not been an issue of The Millmont Times that has been distributed without some type of error. Some time those issues were in the design and layout and other times it may have been grammatical or typographical. We strived for excellence although we know that we never achieved it. For a long time Janice and I maintained a running joke that whenever we published the first newsletter that was free of errors, we would retire. While we hope this last issue is error free, even if it is not, it will still be our last.

Offentimes after completing an issue I turned it over to Janice to proof read. It was always helpful to have a new set of eyes to read over what I had written in order to catch any typographical and grammatical errors. I usually told her to make me look good. She did more than that; she also offered insightful changes to some articles in order to make them easier to read and comprehend.

In the March 2015 issue Janice found a real blunder that I made in my main article. In that article I included information about Charles Wetzel and the fact that he was a "naturist". The word I meant to use was "naturalist". The difference between those two words is like night and day. Had Janice not caught that flagrant error I would have been embarrassed and red-faced. I might also have some explaining to do to Wetzel's descendants.

Another error that I made, which Janice did not catch, was in the October 2014 issue. Prescription and subscription are rhythmic words but as we all know they have total different meanings. I know the difference, yet I used the word prescription to describe the early schools of the county rather than subscription. It was one of those glaring mistakes that neither of us caught. I discovered my blunder after the issue had been distributed. Fortunately I was able to make the correction on the Internet version on our website sometime later.

The process of putting together an article never came easily to me. Every month there were challenges that came with each new story. I never had any formal training, never attended a writer's workshop and never took any writing courses. I suppose whatever writing style I developed it progressed along with the newsletter.

I also made every effort to produce a newsletter that was as factual as possible in order to support the topic I was writing about. My aspiration was to write a historical narrative on a variety of people and places, and in the process incorporate as much detail as possible. Some readers might agree that I went a little overboard at times. This article is a good example.

The reason I did not write about a number of topics is because I was always searching for more information to accompany the article. There are numerous topics that were placed on the back burner because I did not have sufficient information. Despite those regrets, I would like to bring this little newsletter to a conclusion with the idea that we did our best to preserve a small portion of the history of the West End of Union County.

It would be difficult for me to name favorites articles or topics that I have written about. Each story and each article were unique. Prior to working on the five part series about Hairy John's State Park in 2007 we twice traveled to Harrisburg in order to review and copy documents and photographs held in the archives of the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission. We also traveled to the Gettysburg Battlefield and the National Cemetery while working on the article about Corporal Joseph Ruhle and Jo-

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 6)

forgive our sins!

Verses ten and eleven of this chapter follow quickly with the remedy for what cannot be humanly understood: "*But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.*" The Spirit of God lives inside us when we ask Jesus into our hearts. This same Spirit helps us understand; it helps us where our eyes and ears fail.

I have heard some people use this "no eyes have seen or ears have heard" verse to discount personal accounts of seeing into heaven during a death/near death experience. How sad. Reading the verse in the context of the chapter gives no grounds for that surmise. I think of saints who hear heavenly singing as they approach death. I remember how I saw my husband's half closed, disease ravaged eyes BURST wide OPEN and GAZE INTENTLY at the wonders of his eternal life. And I know...

Sometimes eyes see. Sometimes ears hear.

But it is only when we are there—with new bodies and new, complete understanding—in the very presence of Jesus, at the right hand of Father God—that we will comprehend all "*the things that God hath prepared for them that love him.*" Oh that will be glory!

Prayer for today:

Dear God, Thank You, thank You, for the marvelous plan you devised for us to be saved, and welcomed into Your magnificent eternity. Thank You for the understanding the Holy Spirit brings to our uncomprehending, human minds. Thank You for what You have prepared for us now, and for what You are preparing for us there! Amen.

Correction

In the caption of the photograph on page one of the March 2015 issue I inadvertently described the gun that Jacob Shively was holding as a shotgun. In fact, that gun was a Marlin Model 39 lever action 22 cal. with an octagon barrel. I appreciate the fact that a couple of my attentive readers discovered my error, including a relative of mine who now owns this family heirloom.

Penlines

From my Kitchen to Yours

by Lucy Hoover

January 21, 2015

A son named Darren was born to Laverne and Priscilla Zeist of Lewisburg. He has one brother and two sisters. Grandparents are Jonas and Esther Zeist and Lester and Marlene Martin.

January 23

Clair and Esther Horning of Mifflinburg have a daughter named Kayleah. She has three brothers and four sisters. Grandparents are Samuel and Alice Horning and Joseph and Margaret Hoover.

January 24

Rebecca Hoover (17) of Mifflinburg was kicked by a horse and broke her right arm about the wrist.

January 27

Kevin and Luann Zimmerman have their first child, a daughter named Kira Beth. Grandparents are Lloyd and Lorraine Zimmerman and Melvin and Irene Oberholtzer.

Jere and Ruthann Martin of Lewisburg have a son named Jeffery Levi. He is their seventh son. Grandparents are Levi and Lydia Martin and George and Edna Martin.

February 1

John Mark Horning (11) son of Elton and Delores Horning of Middleburg, broke his leg. The same day his cousin, Darren Nolt (3) son of Larry and Miriam Nolt of Middleburg broke his arm in a sled riding accident and is in Lancaster General Hospital.

Church services are being held at the new Scenic Ridge Church along Beaver Road since January 18th.

February 15

Amos and Elva Brubacker have a farewell singing for Elam and Maria Brubacker family. They plan to move to Spencer, TN in two days.

There will be a CAM Benefit Auction at Burkholder Youth Center on March 7th.

February 23

Alson and Faith Martin of Mifflinburg have a son named Rylan Luke. He has two brothers and three sisters. Grandparents are Linus and Irene Martin and Mrs. Jonas Weaver.

David Zimmerman (15) son of Abram and Wilma of Mifflinburg has a broken arm.

February 24

Ammon Martin of Mifflinburg was taken to the hospital by ambulance.

March 6

Chris Burkholder (18) of Mifflinburg had an appendectomy.

March 7

Thank you to everyone who participated in any way at the CAM Benefit Auction held at the Burkholder Youth Center. It was your help that made the auction successful.

March 9

Marvin and Roseann Hoover of Mifflinburg have their second son. His name is Wilson and he has one sister. Grandparents are Amos and Lizzie Hoover and Vernon and Norma Martin.

A March 19th wedding is planned for Lawrence Hoover, son of Earl and Anna Hoover of Mifflinburg, to Marlene Zimmerman, daughter of Allen and Lovina Zimmerman of Mifflinburg.

Looking Back

The following article was written by Jacob G. Shively for the Pennsylvania Dutchman. In 1953.

ANTONIO FARETTI THE OLD MUSIC GRINDER

I wonder how many readers of the DUTVHMAN remember the old organ grinder, Antonio Faretti, who for over a half of a century was somewhat of an institution throughout central, and perhaps other parts of Pennsylvania.

My grandfather, J. S. Shively, (1827-1912) told me that when he was about twenty, two Italians of about his own age appeared one day in their harvest field, each carrying a large "grinding organ" on his back. When one of them started to play, all work ceased. After the first tune the player indicated that a small donation would produce more music. One after another the harvest hands added their coins - mostly the large copper cents then in circulation.

Music, then among these common folks was a rarity: and so much was it enjoyed that several of the harvesters followed the music grinders to other farms, all thoughts of work forgotten.

For a number of years the pair returned each summer during haymaking or harvest time. Although they played the same tunes over and over their listeners never tire of them. Then one summer Antonio Faretti came alone. He said his partner had died. Thereafter Antonio was never quite the same jolly, carefree fellow he had been before. Antonio continued to make his visits each summer, and three generations looked forward to his coming.

Among my first recollections is that of seeing him coming up the gravel walk to our house, his music box, which was almost as large as an ordinary trunk, strapped to his back. He was a heavily built man and had a large mustache. He wore an overcoat in the hottest weather.

On coming into the house he would play a selection, then wait for a contribution. "Grandpap" usually furnished me with enough coins to cover the entire range of his selections, which I believe was about a half dozen, then there would be a loud snapping sound and he was ready to start all over again. I always kept him going until it snapped at least once. My favorite selection was After The Ball.

I shall never forget his last visit, which was about 1907. There was a rap at the kitchen door when the hired girl opened it, in fell, Antonio, his music box on top of him. Mother and the hired girl had quite a time freeing him from his harness as the box weighed as least fifty pounds. I was greatly disappointed when he did not offer to play for us.

After dinner he talked with grandfather for a long time, recalling incidents of by-gone days, to all of which I was an attentive listener. On leaving he took grandfather's hand and said that this was the last time they would meet in this world but he hoped to meet him in the world to come.

We helped him to get his burden on his back and with faltering steps he went down the gravel walk for the last time. To a little lad of six it seemed that someone really worth while was passing out of his life.

(Continued from page 7)

seph Gutelius that was published in July 2004. Both of those young men were killed during the July 1863 battle. Our search for the Swengel Band Wagon took us to Lancaster County in 2007 where we had an opportunity to view the wagon and talk to the owner, Arthur Reist.

Like Hertha Wehr and Brenda Weaver, Janice and I also lost loved ones during the time we have been publishing this newsletter. My father, William Shively, died in January 2008 and I lost my brother, Terry Shively in November 2008. Losing a father and brother within ten months was a challenge that was difficult for many family members.

Since I began this publication in May 2000, I have met so many wonderful people and made many new friendships. We could probably publish an entire issue naming those new friendships we have made and what those friendships have meant to us. Many of these people we never would have met had it not been for this newsletter. It was because of this newsletter that I met my wife Janice. The Millmont Times has truly been life-changing for both of us.

It was sometime in mid 2003 that I was complaining to one of my subscribers, Norma Bennett of Hartleton, that I needed someone to assist me with this monthly publication. At that time I was enlisting the aid of my mother to collate, fold, staple and label the publication for mailing each month, which was a big help. However, I was hoping to find someone who would enjoy writing stories and articles and help to assemble the newsletter on the computer each month. During that telephone conversation with Norma she just happened to drop the name "Janice Dorman" of Hartleton in my ear. Unbeknownst to me she also dropped my name in Janice's ear.

I did not immediately act on her suggestion and neither did Janice. After a couple of months pondering the idea, I devised a plan to call Janice in search of information about the Hartleton Union Church. Since she was a resident of Hartleton, and a member of Borough Council that met regularly in that church, I assumed that she would be in a perfect position to help with that request.

I left a message on her answering machine that did not get returned for quite sometime. Two weeks went by before she returned my call. As a result of that telephone conversation she invited me to her house to look through some of the church records. That meeting took place in November 2003. I am not sure if ours was a whirlwind romance, but by the end of December 2003 we were both discussing marriage. We were both middle age single adults and we each knew what we were looking for in a spouse. On May 9, 2004, surrounded by family and a few close friends (including matchmaker Norma Bennett) Rev. Richard VonNeida (Janice's great uncle) united us in matrimony in the Hartleton Union Church.

Janice has been a valuable assistant. Working alongside one another on this newsletter has been more than a hobby for both of us, and more than just something to occupy our spare time. For both of us The Millmont Times has been a labor of love. We sincerely hope that Micalée Sullivan and her West End Quarterly publication evolves into something as meaningful and rewarding for her as this newsletter has been to us.

Many of our readers have been alongside us on this incredible and memorable fifteen year journey, and we appreciate your commitment and support. We have heard from a number of you in recent months lamenting the fact that this newsletter is coming to an end. While we are grateful for those heartfelt sentiments, we are nonetheless content with the timing of our decision to bring to an end The Millmont Times with, Volume 15, Issue 12. Janice and I wish each and every one of our readers the very best, good-bye and God bless.

Tony L. Shively &
Janice L. Shively

(Continued from page 4)

Ethel Winter, a retired schoolteacher, died July 27, 1974. She and her husband, Raymond, are buried in the Huntersville United Methodist Church Cemetery.

At the conclusion of his comments at the official dedication of the state park in his honor in 1957, Winter said: "*Then to all of us let's live and let live, ever mindful that our task is to leave this world better than we found it*". There is a powerful message in that statement, and one that should guide all of our lives. The world was a better place because of him, and the Bald Eagle State Forest and R. B. Winter State Park are better places thanks to efforts of District Forester Raymond B. Winter.

TLS

Sources: "Halfway to Winter" by Raymond B. Winter and published in 1967; Robert E. Klingman and mountalto.psu.edu.

Catherman/Katherman Genealogy

A new Catherman/Katherman genealogy (including the Dorman and Rearick families) will be available in July. If you would like more information you can contact Carl R. Catherman, 906 Market St., Mifflinburg PA 17844; phone (570) 966-6236 or email - rcrath@dejazzd.com.

Remembrance

Janice and I extend our sympathy to the family of Jack C. Shirk of Hartleton who passed away March 10, 2015 at age 88. Jack was very helpful when I was searching for information about the Borough of Hartleton where he resided his entire life.

We also extend our sympathy to our dear friend, Emilie F. Jansma of State College, who lost her husband, J. Dean Jansma on March 24, 2015. Dean and Emilie Jansma are two of the many friends that Janice and I have made since this publication began in 2000. We also extend our sympathy to the family of Luther Boop, age 74, who passed away March 20, 2015.

The small photograph in the upper left corner of page one shows Raymond B. Winter standing alongside the monument that was erected in his honor by the Buffalo Valley Sportsmen's Association. This monument is located at the state park and was formally dedicated on September 16, 1967.

Thank You!

I would like to thank the following people for making a monetary donation toward the publication of this newsletter: Richard and Gail Erdley of Mifflinburg. We also appreciated the note they sent along with their donation.

I also appreciate the very thoughtful letter that was sent to me by Edna Ammon of Mifflinburg. To my knowledge I have never met this longtime subscriber, but the words of her letter on the retirement of The Millmont Times touched Janice and myself in a special way, and we thank you. I also appreciated the recognition and the plaque that the Lewis Township Board of Supervisors presented to me at their March meeting. Thanks also to Eli Zimmerman of Spencer, TN for the letter he wrote.

I also want to thank William "Lee" Saxon of Millheim for stopping by the Millmont Post Office to talk to me about the Knauss brothers thrashing operation of Swengel and for allowing me to copy photographs and material. Unfortunately I did not have the time or space to include any of the information in this issue. Hopefully at some point I will be able to make use of the material he provided. Thanks also to Mike Bezilla and Eugene Hoffman for allowing me to copy their photograph of the October 1940 excursion train that stopped at the Paddy Mt. Tunnel for a photo opportunity for the passengers and to Roger Winegardner for his donation.

April Birthdays & Anniversaries

1 – John & Mary "Lib" Dunkle - 1955	11 – Kathryn Shively	25 – Harold & Catana Zimmerman - 1966
1 – Florence Krepis	14 – Sandra Keister	25 – Donald & Kafy Long – 1968
2 – Kenneth Shuck	15 – Laoretta Brubaker	25 – Glenn & Rita Kuhns – 1998
4 – Ruth Lenhart	16 – Tyler Radel	26 – Jim Hironimus
4 – Peter & Betty Makosy - 1975	17 – Galen Keister	26 – Karen & Baris Goktas - 2003
4 – Vicki Gordon	16 – Florence R. Hassinger	26 – Randall Erdly
5 – Harvey Ilgen	16 – Larry Wilson	26 – Anna Brubaker
5 – Larry & Carol Wilson - 1966	18 – Mervin Kline	26 – Trudy Shively
5 – Lilee Dorman	19 – Joyce Bartolo	28 – Susie Brubaker
6 – Oscar & Ella Maust - 1957	21 – Richard & Susan Hassenplug - 1973	28 – Robert Rowe, Jr.
8 – Lydia Ann Zimmerman	21 – Dave Hopta	28 – Betty Klock
9 – Norman Strickler	21 – Harold Hackenburg	29 – Connor Shively
11 – August "Pop" & Dolores Barnett - 1958	22 – Richard VonNeida	29 – Forrest McClintock
11 – Evie Groff	24 – Betty L. Hess	30 – Clara Southerton
11 – Harold Zimmerman	24 – Margaret Boney	30 – Donald G. & Renda Shively - 1977
11 – Elam Brubacker	24 – Lucy Hoover	30 – Polly Libby

The Millmont Times
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