

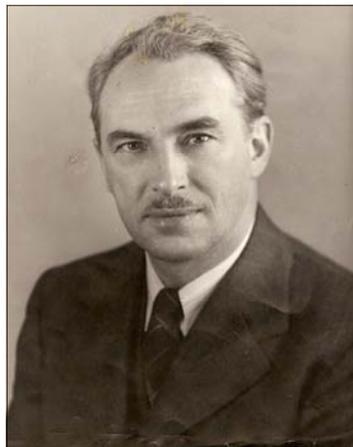


# The Millmont Times

AUGUST 2008

## P. J. Hoffmaster Union County Native Finds Renown in Michigan

by Judy Wagner



Some years ago while talking with the late Paul Reamer of Laurelton, he told me his mother's maiden name was Hoffmaster. This interested me as one of my husband's Reish ancestors had married a Percy Hoffmaster. Further research proved that Percy, who married Mary Etta Reish, was a brother of Emma Mae Hoffmaster, who married James William Reamer. They were among children of Benjamin F. and Mary Catherine (Stoneback) Hoffmaster. According to B. F. Hoffmaster's obituary, he died 1 November 1904 in Lewis Township, and was buried at Rays Church Cemetery, east of Hartleton. He was a Civil War veteran of Company G, 150<sup>th</sup> Regiment, PA Volunteers, and was survived by children: Mrs. James Spotts, Mrs. Lot Miller, Mrs. James Reamer, Mrs. Edward Edelman, and Eva, Oscar, Charles, Frank and Percival Hoffmaster. His wife had preceded him in death.

According to another researcher of this family, B. F. Hoffmaster was married a second time to Mary Schwarm and had several of the children with her. She is buried with him at Rays Church Cemetery, while B. F.'s first wife is buried in the cemetery at the Buffalo Valley Church of the Brethren, west of Mifflinburg.

Although B. F. Hoffmaster died in Lewis Township, he lived at one time in West Buffalo Township because his son, Percival, was born there. Percy Hoffmaster lived on a farm between Forest Hill and Cowan, and perhaps B. F. had lived there before that. I never took the time to investigate this further because I was more interested in Percy's family.

Percy Galen Hoffmaster was born 25 June 1868 in West Buffalo Township and died 15 April 1937. He and his wife are buried in the Forest Hill Cemetery. They had thirteen children: John, Annie May, Roy Ernest, *Percival James*, Irvin Reish, Mary A., Elizabeth Laura, Edna V., Pruden Galen, Alice E., Marcia Jane, Malcolm David ("Davie"), and Ethel E., the latter who died in infancy. (Davie lived in Cowan and Jack and I remember him fondly as one of the most friendly and jovial people we have ever known.)

While researching the family, I learned from Davie's son, Clarence Hoffmaster, that there

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## Millmont Mailbox by Postmaster Sam Smith

Have you ever wondered how much it costs to mail something after the Post Office has closed? That's not a problem if you have access to the internet. Just go to [www.usps.com](http://www.usps.com) and you can find out the cost with our postage rate calculator. With high gas prices, customers are finding out how much of a bargain the Postal Service's postage rates are. For as low as \$4.80, you can send a Priority package to California for delivery in 2-3 days! Many of our competitors are adding a fuel surcharge on top of their shipping costs-compare and you'll see how affordable our rates are. Many airlines are charging for extra luggage. If you are going on a trip or returning from a trip, you may want to consider shipping some items by Priority Mail to your destination or home address, it might cost much less!

It's the middle of Summer and as in years past, I will be celebrating the "Dog Days of Summer" with customer appreciation days on August 14 & 15 from 10:00-4:00, featuring free grilled hot dogs! If you need stamps when you stop in, the following new stamps will be available: Aug 7, Art of Disney, 4 designs featuring Mickey Mouse, Jungle Book, 101 Dalmatians, and Sleeping Beauty. Two new booklets of 20 stamps will also be available, Aug 14: Albert Bierstadt featuring his painting of the Valley of Yosemite, and on Aug 15 a booklet that will be very popular: Sunflowers. The Post Office will be closed Monday, September 1, to celebrate Labor Day.

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was a state park in Michigan named for his uncle, Percival James Hoffmaster. This really intrigued me, and it happened to be about the time Jack and I were planning a trip to Michigan to attend the annual Holland Tulip Festival. After checking a map, I found P. J. Hoffmaster State Park was not far from Holland.

It was a cold rainy day in May 2002 when we visited P. J. Hoffmaster State Park on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, near Muskegon. The park was not yet open for the season, and a few staff members on duty were young and unable to tell us anything about the person for whom the park was named. This proved to be very prophetic later on. According to a park brochure, it features "...forest covered dunes along nearly 3 miles of Lake Michigan shore. Its sandy beach is one of the finest anywhere." Walking to the beach, the dunes reminded

us a little of the Outer Banks of North Carolina, except there was no crashing surf, only gently lapping waves.

Eager to learn how a farm boy from Forest Hill came to have a Michigan state park named for him, I continued the pursuit after returning home, and was eventually successful when information was received from the park office.

"In 1913 Percival James Hoffmaster, the fourth of 12 children, left his family in Pennsylvania to work his way through Michigan Agricultural College – now Michigan State University. He was not one to talk about his past, so his reasons for choosing Michigan are unknown. But his abiding love for nature and practical awareness of conservation began on a [Pennsylvania] farm in a beautiful little valley surrounded by mountains."

Percy was born 6 December 1892, and since attending high school was considered a luxury by many families at that time, the Hoffmaster children were expected to find jobs at the age of fifteen or so. Wanting more education, Percy made his way to Rochester, NY where he heard salaries were higher, found a job and worked his way through high school. There were other Union County families who moved to the Rochester area about this time where they found work in orchards and greenhouses along Lake Ontario. But it is not known if this is what Percy did, or if he had relatives in the area.

After graduation from college in 1918, Hoffmaster joined the Army, but the war was over before he completed officer's training. He soon married, and since he disliked big city life, he and his wife moved to "...a former riverboat captain's home on the shores of the St. Clair River where they could watch passing freighters, blinking buoys, fogs, birds, and ever-changing water."

He first became a landscape architect and forester, but within two years he was encouraged by a superior to ask to be named superintendent of state parks, a non-existent office then. He soon got the job in 1922 when at the time Michigan had only a small assortment of "contributed" state parks. By 1934, twelve years later, Hoffmaster was appointed conservation director and Michigan had 72 state parks with nine million annual visitors. His stated mission was to encourage the wise use natural resources, and he believed education was the answer to achieve this goal. He regularly spoke to diverse clubs and industries about conservation, and encouraged the outdoor education of school children. It saddened him to see environmental abuse. He once said, "I cannot explain why people, many of whom are adults, will throw on the ground, beaches, and floors of park buildings, upwards of 5,000 tons of rubbish a year."

Hoffmaster went to Washington, D.C. in 1933 to make a case for the state's CCC workers. From then until 1941 nearly 100,000 CCC workers improved Michigan by planting trees, fighting and preventing forest fires, and building new park facilities. After World War II, Hoffmaster put prison inmates to work doing the same work the CCC had done.

Ever striving for more education, especially since conservation directors are confronted with legal issues involving lands, Hoffmaster went to law school, taking evening classes until he finished the work. He did not take the bar exam – all he needed was the knowledge.

"A man said to look like an artist, think like a philosopher, and speak in the low, persuasive tones of a professor" he eventually became "...the father of Michigan's renowned state park system. He served the state for twenty-nine years, 12 as superintendent of state parks, and 17 as director of the Department of Conservation – longer than anyone before or since. He watched eleven governors come and go." He recognized the diversity of his adopted state of Michigan, and believed all of the state's unique features should be represented by parks from the bordering Great Lakes (Superior, Michigan and Huron), inland lakes, forests, and sand dunes to the Upper Peninsula mountains. Not only was he concerned with parks, which he

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# BIRD TALK

by Jim McCormick

*“The monotonous drone of the air conditioner was suddenly interrupted by a flash of light and the distant rumble of thunder. Finally..... the much needed rain was on the way. The thirsty earth took it all in, leaving little extra for the creeks and streams.”* That’s how I remember this month’s one big rain. This has been a hot but mostly dry month. The season as a whole, however, has been quite good for most farmers, almost all the crops are doing well.

The rhythmic, pulsating sound of the cicadas announces we have crossed the midpoint of summer. The birds, too, are signaling the ending of summer.

July is the month the Common Grackles and the Red-winged Blackbirds begin to leave their breeding grounds. They are starting to flock around the area. There are still a few stragglers left, but they are the exceptions. Another sign of the change of the season is the appearance of unusual waterfowl on Penns Creek, such as Blue-winged Teals. The Green Herons have returned to the stretch of creek from the Covered Bridge to the concrete bridge downstream. There are at least two of them and maybe an immature one as well. They frequent this area until sometime in September. I have not seen the families of Common Mergansers at all this month. They have moved either upstream or downstream, but will return later this summer. They must travel up and down the Creek on fishing trips. The Great Blue Herons can also be seen near the Covered Bridge. On two occasions this month, I had the good fortune to see a Bald Eagle; both times on Saturday mornings. I was inside the Covered Bridge when I saw a large bird flying towards me. Thinking, at first, it was a Great Blue Heron that would land in the water nearby, I waited with my camera. As the bird got closer, I could see it had a white head and was flying too fast to be a Heron. It was flying about twenty feet above the water and flew right over the bridge and continued up stream. The second sighting was exactly two weeks later, only this time the Eagle was flying downstream. It moves like a fighter jet cruising just above the water. I have been watching a family of Wood Ducks most of this month. There is a hen with seven ducklings; the ducklings are nearly full grown already. They have all the same markings as the hen and it is difficult to tell them apart. I noticed a difference in behavior between the Common Mergansers and the Wood Ducks; when I tried to get close to the Mergansers, they would escape up or down stream. The Wood Ducks, on the other hand, try to hide in the weeds. There are some birds I have not seen over the last couple of seasons. I have not seen any Eastern Kingbirds, nor have I seen the Scarlet Tanagers for two seasons.

The subject of this month’s photo is a Brown Thrasher. I was walking along Shirk Road when I caught some movement in a sumac bush. As I looked through my binoculars, I could tell it was a recent fledgling calling for help. I tried to get as close as I could, but, just as I got close enough for a photo, it flew into the lower branches of another bush. In the upper branches was one of its parents. Normally the adult would just have flown away, but in this case it would rather distract me from the fledgling below. Adults will frequently use this maneuver when



Photograph of a Brown Thrasher courtesy of Jim McCormick.

their young are threatened; the classic example of this is the broken wing diversion of the Killdeer. Soon most of the migrating birds will begin to flock, preparing for the long trip home. The bird world is a fascinating one, enjoy it whenever you can.

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believed should be free and available to everyone, but he also stressed "...reforestation, oil and gas recovery, iron mining, fish and game concerns, and maintenance and/or restoration of historically important locations."

Hoffmaster once stated, "It is the aim of our conservation department and department of education, working together, to get every boy and girl in the seventh and eighth grade in an outdoor school camp for two weeks to learn conservation by actual contact with the land." The importance of this program was noted in several newspaper editorials at the time of his death, emphasizing Hoffmaster's firm belief that if children learned the wise use of natural resources those resources would be in safe hands in the years ahead.

Percy Hoffmaster disliked his first name, and to his family he was Hoff, and to others often Pete or P.J. "On one hand he was a gentle,

playful man", but in some ways "quite formal and forbearing". One person observed that a lot of people were in awe of him "[He] was firmly against naming state parks for people, explaining that nature and geography are long-lasting but people are easily forgotten." The fact that the young workers at the park when we were there didn't know who he was seemed to bear this out. (And don't most long-time Union County residents still refer to Raymond B. Winter State Park as Half Way Dam?) In a speech at the 1967 dedication of P.J. Hoffmaster State Park, a colleague and friend hoped he would be pleased about the park, but wasn't so sure Hoff would forgive them for naming the park for him.

On Monday, 19 March 1951, P. J. Hoffmaster died suddenly at age 58 of a heart attack while at work in Lansing. He had been the state director of conservation longer than anyone in the nation. He had maintained an exhausting schedule for many years, previously suffering a heart attack and several hospitalizations. One friend observed that it was a miracle he had survived so long in the stressful post. Hoffmaster never took a vacation, and undoubtedly considered tramping through the countryside as part of his job just as good as any vacation because it was what he loved. "On Sundays he liked to take his children to Michigan State College to see the pigs and cows – one part of him had never left his [Pennsylvania] farm."

Both houses of the legislature stood in silent respect when reports of Hoffmaster's sudden death reached them. The governor declared his death a great loss to the state. Hoffmaster's widow received condolences from all parts of the country: from universities, conservation clubs, journalists, cherry growers, resort owners, and individuals from all walks of life. Many of the notes his widow received were listed in local newspapers at the time. The consensus was that Percy Hoffmaster was a first-class state official, and a high-class gentleman.

Hoffmaster was survived by his wife, the former Leah Seibly, a son, Robert James, then a student at The Sorbonne in Paris, and a daughter, Mrs. John (Margery) Fahrenbach, as well as two brothers and five sisters. His wife died 27 August 1970, aged 83 years.

So why did P. J. Hoffmaster select Michigan when he migrated from Buffalo Valley, Pennsylvania? Research has found members of his mother's Reish family were there before him in various parts of Michigan, from Kalamazoo County near Lake Michigan, to St. Clair County near Lake Huron. The latter was the first place Hoffmaster settled after his marriage. However, the family connection could be just coincidence, and there may have been other reasons why he chose Michigan.

The mystery of P. J. Hoffmaster State Park is solved, the Holland Tulip Festival a distant memory (and a bit of a tourist trap), and Union County Hoffmasters and those elsewhere may be especially proud of an ancestor who was known nationwide for his work in conservation education. According to an article in *The Detroit Times*, "The door to his private office was never closed. He often said, 'I have no secrets. My business is the business of all the people of Michigan.'" Pennsylvania's loss was Michigan's gain – for sure!

All quotations, except where noted, were taken from an article by Claire Korn entitled "P. J. Hoffmaster" in the January/February 1990 issue of *Michigan Natural Resources* magazine which was mailed to me by the P. J. Hoffmaster State park office. I would also like to thank Percy's nephew, Clarence Hoffmaster of Binghamton, NY, for sending me a large amount of information, including copies of obituaries, newspaper articles, and the photo of P. J. Hoffmaster. Clarence is a native of Union County, and a 1946 graduate of Mifflinburg High School.

Editors Note: My thanks to Judy (Shively) Wagner of Mifflinburg for submitting the above article about Union County native, the late Percy J. Hoffmaster. The photographs of P. J. Hoffmaster State Park used in this article are courtesy of the author.

# Penns Creek Angler

## by Bruce Fisher

The Cicada turned out to be the best hatch so far this year on Penns Creek! So many anglers came in to tell me about their catches of bigger than normal size trout. I've only seen this hatch once before, 17 years ago, and I only fished it for a few days. I had no idea that this hatch lasts more than a month.

A few things I learned this year about the Cicada were that the hatch is best fished at first light when the wings of the Cicadas are wet with the morning dew; they crash to the water because they are very poor fliers when their wings are wet. Some other notables are the best spots to find Cicadas are areas that have loose sandy soil, the kind you find around farm fields. The rocky areas seem to hold lesser concentrations. An angler could walk the creek and find thousands in one spot and walk a few hundred yards and find only a few. They seem to be grouped up in certain areas that were usually associated with the type of soil I mentioned earlier. Some anglers tried to use their regular trout leaders and were broken off by the big fish that suck down these Cicadas with a crushing hit. The trick is to use a very stout leader with a heavy tippet of 3x or stronger. The thicker leader and stronger tippet help cast the fly in the direction the angler wants it to go.

Some of the tricks the fishermen used were to tie two Cicada flies together and fish them in tandem. Doing this made each fly pull on the other and they looked more alive and they got more hits. After the hatch was progressing the trout became more selective



The supreme beauty of Penns Creek is evident in the photograph above. This photograph of the railroad trestle near the Paddy Mountain Tunnel is courtesy of Bruce Fisher's website.

and another trick was to tie a small dropper fly like a Blue Winged Olive nymph off the bend of the hook and some fish would come up and look at the Cicada and then take the dropper fly.

It seemed the best way to locate the groups of Cicadas was to drive the creek in the evening and listen for them and then go back in the morning and fish that area. Other industrious anglers went in the woods and picked the Cicadas off the trees and used the live Cicadas with a hook and water bobber and really did a job on the fish. This is kind of like Green Drake Bouquet fishing except all the fishing is done in daylight hours. Some of the elder statesmen of Penns Creek still practice the art of bouquet fishing during the famous Green Drake hatch. They simply collect the Drakes from the trees and put a few on a hook and then dap the flies on the water with a short line and a long fly rod. You see them after dark walking the stream bank listening for rising fish. Then they flip the live duns out and wait for the slurp and set the hook, it's a great way to fish.

Now we are into July and the Blue Winged Olives are everywhere. They range in size from size 22-16 and it can be challenging fishing for even the most gifted anglers. The fish seem to prefer the smaller flies and when your eyes start to fail you it

makes matters worse. The Slate Drake (*Isonychia velma*) came off just as expected. This particular fly hatches off the water unlike the Slate Drake of Fall (*Isonychia bicolor*) that usually hatches on the mid-stream rocks and stream bank. The Slate Drakes of June hatched in the morning and in the evening and also provided great spinner falls for the anglers that took advantage of the excellent water condition during the month of June.

Somewhere along the line the wonderful Sulphur hatches seemed to be missing. It could have been I just missed them because I only get to fish after work or on my day off. But something tells me the hatch was very sparse this year. I'm looking forward to another two weeks of good morning and evening fishing. Then I'll start my night fishing that I do from 9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. This fishing will only last a few weeks and then the creek will start to become too hot to fish even at night. So far we have been lucky with great water temperatures and willing trout. Lets hope the creek remains in good shape through the summer so we can all enjoy the solitude and beauty of the fall fishing season.

Editors note: The article above was to be included in the July issue of the newsletter. For all those who enjoy reading Bruce Fisher's Penns Creek Angler column you will be happy to know that this month you have two columns to read. The July and August articles, written by Penns Creek Angler columnist Bruce Fisher, are included in this issue of The Millmont Times. Below, and continued on page 8, is Bruce Fisher's August submission.

### Be prepared, Part 1

Nothing could be more true than having the right equipment and flies while fishing Penns Creek. So many times I've watched people come off the creek at night shaking their heads. I hear things like there were 10 trout in the pool I was fishing and I couldn't get a strike. They say they tried every fly in their box but nothing would work. Penns Creek has a way of doing this to anglers old and young.

The insect diversity in Penns Creek is so complex it amazes entomologists all over the United States and anglers that have fished the creek their whole lives.

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# Meanderings

by

*Hertha S. Wehr*

## Washboards!!

I receive a weekly copy of the New York Times. It contains articles that are taken from the daily issues. Some of the stories are world affairs; sometimes they deviate to health, human services, business, and occasionally they include human interest. The following caught my attention.

The Columbus Washboard Company was poised to close in 1999, there didn't seem to be a reason to keep its doors open any longer. Someone knew someone else who knew someone who might be interested in buying it. So, contractor and seamstress, Bevin and Jacqui Barnett became the owners. They rounded up a couple more people who were interested in seeing something come into Logan, Ohio that might stir up some interest. They trucked the assets-ancient machines, piles of wood, rolls of galvanized steel to a deserted shoe factory in Logan, Ohio. They learned to operate the machines and began to produce washboards. Mr. Barnett recalled that he "just figured it out".

After they got things working he went back to his contracting business and his wife and three other women ran the business. Mrs. Barnett began a Website, and then began a musical washboard festival in Logan. The company sales spiked in 2000 with 70,000 washboards being sold. Business slowed in 2001 so they opened the doors to any and all who were interested to learn how the Maid-Rite model (the Barnett model) was different from the old Dubl-Handi model. The old model got its name from the fact that it had larger ribs on one side and a wavy rumble side for delicate fabrics. Now the article got interesting. Another war brought a

revival. A captain in the Army, who was stationed in Kuwait, e-mailed a message saying he was leading a tank company of 75 soldiers and they sure could use some washboards. The "girls" (the youngest 42, the oldest 62) got busy and sent 75 washboards to the Captain.

After receiving more orders Mrs. Barnett researched what a soldier away from base would need along with the washboard and came up with the following kit:

- One metal wash tub-made in Mexico
- One coil of clothesline
- One pack if clothespins
- Two bars of soap-made by a church group in Logan
- Six tins of foot powder\*
- One washboard-stamped with an American Flag

It was five years ago since the Captain first inquired about their product. They have shipped a few thousand overseas. Only one has come back. The women hope he wasn't killed, but perhaps simply moved on. They sent it back addressed to Any Soldier. Relatives usually place the orders so sales go up and down. Some days there are a flurry of sales and some days only one will be sent.

Tourists began contributing to a fund for the \$25 it takes to assemble and ship the kits to theaters of war. They have also received funds from groups who heard of their mission. Letters and e-mails floated back from grateful recipients who say, "the contraptions work pretty good" and are surprised at their usefulness.

I can recall my mother using a washboard for extremely dirty clothes before putting them into the washer. I had a small one that I sometimes used when my children were small and the custom was to hand wash small children's clothes. However I never thought I'd see a comeback of such a simple, non-mechanical household device.

The information for this article was extracted from the New York Times. The title was "In Complicated Times, an Old Reliable Is Called to Serve".

\*The maker of the powder had decided to go into a different line of business and donated thousand of tins of Odor K'Zam. The ladies thought it might be soothing for tired, hot, feet. I didn't read any comments on the powder.



## Field Notes, by WCO Dirk Remensnyder

WCO Kris Krebs and I caught a bear to take to the Pa. State Police sponsored camp cadet at Susquehanna University. The program was a big hit with all the cadets, instructors and Troopers. Two days later, however, I found out the program was not a big hit for one Trooper after he cornered me in the barracks and read me the riot act on how hard it is to do a program about trucks for the cadets after following our bear program. As he walked down the hall I could hear him mumbling something about him getting a hold of the master schedule and changing it for next year so he wouldn't have to follow us. Maybe we are a tough act to follow.

On June 14<sup>th</sup> Deputy Barry Cooper instructed a Bow Hunter Education class and certified five new Bow Hunter Education instructors for Union County. This will lead to numerous courses being offered to Bow Hunters in the future.

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## Remembrance

Patsy Mae Snyder, 67, a lifelong resident of Hartley Township, entered into rest at 9:10 a.m. Monday, July 21, 2008, at Rolling Hills Manor, Millmont. She was born May 7, 1941, in Hartley Township, a daughter of the late Warren and Sarah (DeLong) Pick. On April 24, 1960, in Lincoln Chapel United Methodist Church, Laurelton, she married John Brice Snyder, who preceded her in death March 26, 1996.

Patsy was a 1959 graduate of Mifflinburg High School. She was employed at Donehower Sporting Goods, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania House, Lewisburg, Vicksburg Credit Union, Laurelton State School and most recently as a teller at the Mifflinburg Bank & Trust Co. She was a lifelong member of Lincoln Chapel United Methodist Church, where she was very active in many activities, including playing the piano, singing in the choir, president of the Women's Society, president of the administrative board and secretary of several church committees. She was instrumental in the design and construction of the church building addition, and she developed the initial Lincoln Chapel Church Cookbook.

Patsy enjoyed crafts and quilting, and she assisted in activities at the Laurelton Senior Citizens Center. Surviving are one son, Jeffery B. Snyder of Coal Township; three brothers and sisters-in-law, Donald E. and Marie Pick of Spring City, James W. and Wanda L. Pick of Millmont and Carl E. and Sandra K. Pick of Watsonstown; three sisters and one brother-in-law, Mary E. and Robert W. Goss of Millmont, Miriam L. Hilbert of Lewisburg and Judith A. Paynter of Milton; one granddaughter, Hannah G. Stewart of Milton; aunt, Lois E. Pick of Laurelton; mother-in-law, Emily Snyder of Millmont; and several nieces and nephews. Burial was in Lincoln Chapel Cemetery.



### Happy 80<sup>th</sup> Birthday!

The lady in the photograph to the left will be celebrating her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday during August. Coincidentally her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday will fall on August 8, 2008, or 8-8-08. Could it be that "8" is her lucky number?

It must be since she also has 8 children, 16 grandchildren (8 doubled) and 16 great grandchildren!! Do you have any idea who this lady is? If not, turn to page "8" to learn the name of this lucky "80" year old.

## Blessings from the Bible

by Brenda Weaver

*"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."*  
1 Peter 5:7

Casting cares upon God can be hard work.

When carrying a load of worries we grow weary and tired; we long for refreshment and a chance to lay down our burdens. I don't know about you, but the thought of casting my care upon God brings mental pictures of expending great effort to heave the burdens toward God-upward at that. Our adversary, the devil, plants pictures like this in our minds, trying to convince us it is too much trouble to throw our cares on a God who is far away. If we believe his lies we do not know the perfect peace and rest of knowing-really knowing-our Father God and His kind care.

I want to stop believing the devil's crafty lies and remake the mental images of casting my care upon God. First, I will think about the verb, cast. My dictionary lists 29 definitions of the word. "To throw or hurl with force; fling" is the description I have been visualizing. I want to change to definition number 23: "To make a throw, as with dice or a fishing line." Rather than heaving upward, new pictures come to mind-gently throwing dice, not knowing what the results will be but hoping the roll will help me play the game, and casting a fishing line over the shimmering water, hoping for a catch. Yes, these images feel more restful already!

But how does one gently, skillfully cast a huge and weighty burden in the manner one would cast dice or a fishing line? I think of my own present load of cares. This week we will say goodbye to two children while helping our oldest child and her family (including our only grandchild) to pack for departure later this month. All of them are traveling far, to two other countries; one as a 21 year-old widow to her home in western Canada, one as a 16 year-old on a mission trip to a third world country with his youth group. Lastly we will say goodbye to our daughter's family as they leave for two years of mission work in Haiti. Our second grandchild is due to be born there in the fall. Then there is the child I dearly miss and haven't seen in almost two years. You might imagine all the things a mother finds to worry about, given these circumstances. How do I gently cast all of this toward God? Either my burdens need to be lighter or my God bigger and nearer.

Both are true! With surging hope and settling peace I consider: Weight has been added to my load by my distrustful worrying. My God is BIG, bigger than all my troubles, bigger than all my fears. He is ABLE to do amazing things. And He will love and care for my children under the Northern Lights in Alberta, the vault of sky in Colorado, and the star-filled, inky skies of Haiti. And while I will have to work at giving my cares to God, I do not have to fling them far. Three times in the last week God has given this verse to comfort my soul: *"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty"* (Psalm 91:1). If I dwell under God's shadow, He can't be far away! Now that is a verse I can pocket for this tear-bringing week. Again God's Word has comforted and encouraged and I KNOW, God's shadow reaches around the world. Our children will also dwell under His strength-giving shadow.

Prayer for today: *Almighty Father God, Thank You for Your Word and the rich treasures and assurances of Your love and care we can find there. Thank you for caring about my cares. Help me to cast them upon You. And thank You, thank You, you are near and we can dwell under Your shadow-the shadow of the Almighty. Amen.*

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On most days there are several different hatches occurring at the same time. This is when fishermen can have difficulty determining exactly what the trout are eating. To make matters more complicated there are many stages of an insect's life. The most important are the nymph, emerger, dun, crippled dun and spinner stages. If you sit and watch a particular fish it may be taking any stage or variety of fly that is hatching. Every fish is different and on a stream like Penns where there's so much food one fish may be taking Sulphurs while another might be taking Light Cahill's and yet another could be taking something totally different.

Let's go over the stages of the insect's life and see what form is the easiest to capture. First we have the nymph that is helpless when dislodged from the place it lives, usually under a rock or in the mud. A trout is always on the lookout for a nymph that is floating down the creek because it's an easy meal to capture. The trout simply comes out from its holding area and sucks the nymph in its mouth.

The emerger is just as easy for the trout to capture because it's in the transition from nymph to a dun. This is the process where the nymph swims to the surface, breaks the surface film and sheds its nymph shuck and turns into a dun. These emergers are momentarily stuck in the surface film providing an easy meal for the trout. This process can be as quick as a second or can take as long as a few minutes.

The dun is another matter. Some are quick to escape from the waters surface and others are very slow to get airborne. I believe this mostly has to do with the water temperature and how quickly the fly can get its wings dry. In the case of the Hendrickson the dun may float for minutes before it can fly from the water. A crippled dun is a fully emerged dun that has somehow become stuck in the surface film. You will see many of these flies at the bottom of a heavy riffle where the white water stops and a slow pool begins. What I think happens is the dun is in the process of drying its wings and gets washed over by the rough currents. Once the dun's wings are stuck to the waters surface these flies never make it out of the water. The trout know this and feed on them sometimes to the exclusion of the normal duns that surround it.

Another aspect of the crippled dun is a fly that could not make it out of its nymph form and complete the process of becoming a dun. You will see both the dun's body and the exoskeleton of the nymph stuck together in this type of fly. The crippled dun is one of the best flies to fish! The spinner is simply the easiest meal to capture because it is dead or very close to death. These spent flies cover the water and the trout simply wait for them to come to them.

In part 2 of this article I'll share some of what I think the answers are about being prepared and having the right equipment. But for now I'll leave you with some thoughts. There is a hierarchy among trout and the larger fish take over the prime feeding zones. It's the big trout that get to choose where and what it wants to eat. The fish that grow the largest expend the least amount of energy while gathering their food. Catch you Later, Bruce Fisher

**Editor's Note:** Penns Creek Angler is located at 17745 Old Turnpike Road (intersection of Route 45 and Fairground Road) and offers angling and hunting supplies, custom rods and repairs, lodging, and fly tying courses. You can telephone Penns Creek Angler at 570.922.1053, or visit their website at: [www.pennscreekangler.com](http://www.pennscreekangler.com)

### Thank You!

I would like to thank the following people for making monetary donations toward the publication of this newsletter: Pauline Shively, Millmont; Norman & Kathleen Strickler, Millmont; Eugene & Marian Kahley, Weikert; Doris Wilson, Millmont; Richard & Hilda Zechman, Lewisburg; Stanley & Marilyn Keister, Mifflinburg; and Karen & Baris Goktas, Aberdeen, Scotland.

If you would like to receive a **FREE color** version of The Millmont Times each month via the Internet log on to the website: [www.millmonttimes.com](http://www.millmonttimes.com) and download the newsletter directly to your computer. In addition to the current issue we have also made all of the 2004 through 2007 issues of The Millmont Times available on the website.

Thanks to everyone who renewed their subscriptions for an additional year. Your support is what helps to make this newsletter possible, and is greatly appreciated!!

I would like to welcome the following new subscribers: Robert Reigle, Vicksburg; Charles & Tessie Weidman, Bloomsburg; Bob & Mary Goss, Millmont; and Stanley & Marilyn Keister, Mifflinburg.

I would also like to thank Marilyn Keister of Mifflinburg for donating a photo postcard of Camp Karoondinha B. S.A., Millmont.

### Moving?

If you are planning to move, or if your post office mailing address is about to change, please notify The Millmont Times at P. O. Box 3, Millmont, PA 17845.

This newsletter is distributed bulk rate each month, and therefore it will not be forwarded by the United States Postal Service to your new address. If there are any changes in your postal mailing address you can contact me at (570) 922.4297 or you can send an email to: [millmonttimes@dejazzd.com](mailto:millmonttimes@dejazzd.com).



*Happy  
80<sup>th</sup>  
Birthday  
wishes to  
Rhelda  
(Dale)  
Valentine*

# Penlines From my Kitchen to Yours

by *Lucy Hoover*

## June 16, 2008

Kenneth Martin (age 28) Lewisburg, had a calcium deposit removed from his ankle, which was caused by a previous injury. He may need to use crutches to get around for the next 10 days.

Marcus Stauffer, a blacksmith that comes to our area, was shoeing a horse and broke his leg.

## June 23

Ira Ray and Arlene Zimmerman of Millmont have a daughter named Ada Lucia. She has four brothers and six sisters. Grandparents are Phares and Ada Zimmerman and John and Esther Zimmerman.

## June 28

Curvin and I are at Evangelical Hospital. Baby Isaac Hoover was born at 3:43 p.m. He weighed 7 pounds 15 ½ ounces and is 19 inches long. We feel grateful to God that our baby arrived safely. He has three sisters. Grandparents are Lewis and Verna Hoover and Leah Brubacker of Millmont.

## July 8

Alvin and Annie Nolt of Mifflinburg have a daughter named Lauren Elizabeth. Grandparents are Amos and Emma Nolt and Harry and Alta Oberholtzer.

## July 9

David Seebold of Mifflinburg died last night. He had been ill for some time.

Harold and Marian Horning of Millmont have a son named Raymond. He has four brothers and one sister. Grandparents are Phares and Anna Horning and Allen and Lucy Oberholtzer.

## July 11

Levi Oberholtzer of Millmont donated a kidney to his sister-in-law Ella, who has been on dialysis.

## July 16

Daughter Marie came home from a one-week trip to Iowa where she visited with her uncle, Luke Shirk, and family. Her sisters were glad to have her back home again. They each packed themselves a lunch and went to play in their classroom out in the barn.

*(Continued from page 6)*

I was out setting snares for bear with PGC bear biologist Mark Ter-net so he could tag some more bear in Union County. Because I have not done this since the training school I paid close attention to everything that Mark said and told me. When setting snares for bear you have to make "bear foot prints" that the bear will step exactly into when following the bait trail with one of those foot prints being the snare to catch the bear. After Mark instructed me to make the bear footprints he went back to work setting up the snare. When he was finished and inspected my work he informed me that I was a no-go at the bear foot print station because evidently bear don't have quite as big a stride as a 6'10" WCO.

Incidents of people picking up and keeping wildlife have increased again this year. This neither bodes well for the people or the wildlife.

## Looking Back

The following article was copied from the August 7, 1903 issue of The Mifflinburg Telegraph.

### Camp Cherry Run

As customary each season, the following persons – Aaron Hassinger and family, D.J. Bingham and family, O.F. Bowersox and wife, H.Y. Barber, wife and child, Mrs. Kreisher and son, Charles Hoffman and sister Mame, George Miller, Miss Edna Klingman, Mrs. David Klingman and daughter Mary, John Rudy, Craten C. Rote, Maye Lepley, Misses Grace Mader and Dora Gessner of Sunbury, and Mrs. Noah Bingham, with the following visitors – Kate Reed, Bernice Bingham, Charles Hassinger, Harold Barber, Mrs. William Wehr, daughter and son, Joseph Hassinger, wife and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Noah Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Stenninger, Blaine Katherman and wife and child, editor John Hosterman and two nephews from Millheim, and John Klingman, held their annual outing along the banks of Penns Creek, in the vicinity of Cherry Run.

The advance guard, consisting of O.F. Bowersox, H.Y. Barber, G. Miller, Jas. Hassinger, C.L. Braucher, the "Peach Man," took the 6:55 a.m. train Tuesday morning, July 25, and went to the camp where they pitched tents, cut wood and put things in good shape for those to follow, and were all very glad to welcome them, for they carried the grub.

Of course it was a day of toil, but mingled with pleasure, for after we had the stakes driven and our large tents pitched, all who took part in the same indulged in cool spring water and a fair quantity of "ginger ale," which soon put us in good spirits.

Promptly at 11 a.m., the large party began to assemble at the "happy hunting grounds" of our camp, which we styled, "Camp Cherry Run." The good women, after complaining about the advance details for getting things in such fine order, made preparations for our first meal, and to say that all enjoyed the bountiful repast is a mild statement of its appreciation, especially by the "Ad Detail," whose great appetites seemed to be unappeasable.

On Tuesday evening, all seemed somewhat fatigued, but not too tired for a few initiations of new members. Hence, promptly at the hour set by the "initiation team," the goat was brought forward and they were put through the first

*(Continued on page 10)*

*(Continued from page 9)*

degree of "Camp Cherry Run." They seemed to enjoy it. The second night, one was found trying to console the goat who showed him such a merry time. Just ask "George."

Wednesday, at 6:30, the bugle call was sounded by our chief cook through his nose, and we all arose and paraded for breakfast, after which we went to the station where we met the guests of the day. Dinner was served promptly at the hour set by Col. D.J. Bingaman, after which, the afternoon was spent in a most pleasant way. The main feature of the day was the "fantastic" parade, which escorted Misses Grace Mader and Dora Gessner, of Sunbury, to the train, headed by a trio of the "Citizen's Band," followed by members of the camping party. We cannot refrain from mentioning how sweet Mame looked in the "Peach Man's" overalls. This day was a day of "real thing," (excitement and amusement). Just think! Mr. Harold Barber, the brave, true and ever-obliging ladies' man, was on the scene of battle with his arms outstretched to catch any pretty maiden that fell his way. But, "lo and behold," he met with an accident, and brave and heroic as he is, while out boat riding with several of our pretty maidens, a great storm arose, (in his imagination) and, thinking of his beautiful companions, he plunged headlong into the deep waves of Penns Creek just to show the ladies his many funny stunts (as it appeared to them) for no danger was arising as the sky was clear. Too many trips to the fortuneteller we presume! But she told him he was on the wrong track, for the boat would not upset and to catch the pretty peach picker, he should learn drafting.

On Thursday morning, all of the camping party took a trip to Paddy Mountain Tunnel, where they enjoyed themselves at sightseeing and otherwise, especially otherwise (with the single folks), the tunnel being very dark.

At 6:30 p.m., the "clown," Bill Wehr, arrived by bicycle and the evening was spent in playing games, such as ring tag, hindmost to three, and this being our last night in camp, it was the night of all nights, for the "clown" allowed no one to sleep, except the baby. (Just ask "Osk", who hunted the night owl for him.) But at 3:30 a.m., the "clown" departed for home on his wheel, and we all got a catnap till the chief cook called for breakfast Friday morning.

Throughout our pleasant camp, much of our spare time was occupied by boating, fishing, quoit pitching, croquet and other games, interspersed with the sweet strains of music from instruments of a trio of the "Citizens Band."

Any one in need of a teaspoon or tablespoons should call on the "Bicycle Man" of Mifflinburg, or the Store Keeper, Jr. at Rand. They are both great "spooners," marked evidence of which being largely illustrated during our outing.

On Friday, we broke camp with fond memories of the very pleasant outing, and struck for home, vowing that next year a more lengthy sojourn will be spent in the same pleasant sport.

R E D

## *What's Happening at Christ's United Lutheran Church Courtesy of Shirley Kerstetter*

If you plan on attending the West End Fair at Laurelton anytime between August 3<sup>rd</sup> and August 9<sup>th</sup>, be sure to stop by Christ's United Lutheran Church food stand. Roast beef, Turkey, Smoked Ham, Pot Pie, Pork & Sauerkraut dinners, barbecue platters, hot Turkey sandwiches, homemade baked beans, pies and cakes as well as coffee, iced tea, soda, and bottled water will be available at the food stand.

Pastor John's Bible Study will be held on August 18, & 25 beginning at 10:30 a. m. and again on August 20 & 27 beginning at 7:00 p.m.

West End Bible School Picnic will be held at the park in Laurelton on September 14 beginning at 4:00 p.m. Please bring a covered dish to share. Hot dogs and drinks will be provided, but please bring enough table service for your family.

The Homecoming/Fall Kick-Off event fall will be held at the church on September 21 beginning at noon. Please bring a covered dish or dessert. The meat will be provided. We will be celebrating the history of the church. Information and memorabilia, such as pictures, stories, and certificates would be appreciated. A print of the church, crocks, and a wooden miniature of the church will be available. Crocks with a depiction of the church will be priced at \$30 each. Prints of the church will be priced at \$25. Wooden miniatures will be priced at \$17.

Christ's United Crafters will be holding a craft bazaar and bake sale on Saturday November 22 from 9:00 a.m. until 3:00 p.m. Refreshments will be available.

Angel Food Ministries is an ongoing program at the church. For more information about Angel Food you can visit their website at: [afm@4bellschurch.com](mailto:afm@4bellschurch.com) or you can call the Angel Food Coordinator at 966.5068.

If you are not from this area you can go to the Angel Food Ministries website: [www.angelfoodministries.com](http://www.angelfoodministries.com) and select a church closer to you. It is a great program.

### **Hope's Haven**

Opening Wednesday, August 20th from 10:00 a.m. until 2:00 p.m. you are welcome to visit "Hope's Haven" and choose clothing and food items for your entire family. Hope's Haven will be held at Christ's United Lutheran Church (Four Bell) 13765 Old Turnpike Road, Millmont. Our doors are open to everyone for this (Free) Food and Clothing ministry.

We also invite you to join us for a one-hour exercise class featuring Tai Chi and gentle Yoga stretches. Classes will be held Tuesday mornings at 9:00 a.m. in the Fellowship Hall at Christ's United Lutheran Church.

The small photograph located in the upper left hand corner of page one is a real photo postcard view of the Millmont Railroad Station circa 1910.

## Recipes of the Month

by Janice (Dorman) Shively

### Wintergreen (Pink Lozenges) Cake

½ lb. wintergreen crumbs (pink lozenges)  
1 ¼ C. milk  
1 C. sugar  
½ C. shortening  
3 C. cake flour  
4 egg whites beaten stiff  
3 tsp. baking powder

Dissolve wintergreen lozenges in the milk. Cream sugar and shortening together. Add flour, baking powder and milk and mix well. Fold in the egg whites. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) for about 35 – 45 minutes.

Frost with your favorite frosting.

My grandmother, Martha (Hassenplug) Dorman, Zimmerman, made this cake for almost every family gathering. While looking through one of her cookbooks, *Favorite Amish Family*

*Recipes*, a couple of years ago I came across a page that was splattered with a pink batter. It was her recipe for pink lozenges cake! The recipe is called wintergreen cake, but Gram always called it pink lozenges cake. I've made it for the Dorman reunion for the last two years, and it brings back great memories of my grandmother. We all remember her pink lozenges cake.



There is no frosting recipe to go with the cake. I used a canned ready-made frosting and added some bits of pink lozenges (that didn't dissolve in the milk) to the frosting. It is pink, and adds a hint of wintergreen to the frosting too.

I'm glad that page 82 in that cookbook has the pink batter splattered on it, or I would never have known Gram's recipe for pink lozenges cake.

ENJOY!

### 5<sup>th</sup> ANNUAL RURAL HERITAGE DAYS AUGUST 13-16 LEWISBURG:

On the Dale/Engle/Walker farm off Rte 192 just west of Lewisburg, will be held four distinct days and offerings to celebrate Pennsylvania's rural heritage. Now is the time to plan for coming and especially to make reservations for the Friday early evening event which is a hayride to and then a tour of the 19<sup>th</sup> century still working Grove's Mill. That event is limited to the number of people who can attend. Any questions about all the events can be answered by call the Union County Historical Society, the event's sponsor at 524-8666 or by going to its web site at [www.unioncountyhistoricalsociety.org](http://www.unioncountyhistoricalsociety.org).

Wednesday, August 13th will be a four-hour event for young people and their families at the farm. Available will be a lunch including soft ice cream and fruit made by Amishman Samuel Yoder and his family. There will be juggling, hoop rolling, small games and competitive events like sack races with prizes. There will be pony cart rides, small animals and the milking of a cow as well as the making of butter, soap, noodles from scratch, the shelling of beans, and tours of the 1793 hearth. Also, there will be spinning, treadle sewing machine work, and a busy colonial washerwoman and her children. An assist will be given on hanging clothes out to dry after seeing an exhibit on aprons and there will be a very special hands-on making of dollies from corn husk which one can take home. There is no admission fee.

Thursday evening August 14, starting at 6 PM, there will be a new event: an 18<sup>th</sup> century viewing of "Whatever Did They Wear?" See boys, men and the ladies show off their 18<sup>th</sup> century attire as they play games or stroll through the audience. One will listen to early music and sample light refreshment of the period provided, by the local DAR chapter, on this well-to-do 18<sup>th</sup>-century farm. Bring a lawn chair. The event starts at 6 PM and there is no admission fee.

Friday evening August 15<sup>th</sup> at 6 PM is the very special hayride to Grove's Mill with Society host architect Ted Strosser and a tour of the mill by miller Curtis Falck. This is an event that is unique to our area of Pennsylvania. Reservations are required through the Society office and are \$6 for adults and half price for children. The ride is limited to 35 people s call ahead.

Saturday, August 16 is the biggest day on the farm and includes a chicken barbecue by Eli Reiff and friends. The events starts at 10 AM and runs to 4 PM and includes old time music all day, ice cream making, horse drawn wagon rides, hit and miss machinery doing bindering and threshing, lathe turning, box and shingle making and more. There is stone and butter print carving, rail fence splitting, gunsmithing, blacksmithing, tinsmithing, wheelwrighting, and the shoeing of horses. There is the making of rye straw hats and baskets — long gone trades, hearth cooking, the making of corn husk mats, hooked rugs, samplers, colonial pockets, quiltmaking, and juggling balls in addition to a sale of antiques and collectibles. There are exhibits on counted cross stitch work with Valerie Beiber Mertz, on hooked rugs with Marge Smith, on quiltmaking, on 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> century "apron memories" and the historic wagon shed. For an hour or six hours there are favorites with many new demonstrations and exhibits to take in. Some of the crafts are on sale: rye straw hats for men and women, hand carved butter prints, items made by the blacksmiths and tinsmith, juggling balls and more. Food sampling is encouraged. Come join the fun with the family. Suggested parking donation is \$3 for a car full! It is a great way experience many things in a perfect farm setting.

From the diary of the late Elder Greene Shively, born in White Springs in 1870 and a resident of Millmont from 1918 until his death in 1954:

*Sunday August 9, 1931. Showers. Temperature 60 to 80 degrees. This PM I preached the funeral sermon for (Henry) Franklin Dorman, born March 5, 1858 aged 73 years 5 months and one day. Died August 6, 1931, son of David Dorman. The children are Lincoln, Lewis, Samuel, Daniel, Mrs. Ed Embeck, Mrs. Bright Bailey, and Mrs. Edward Catherman. The weather was very inclement.*

**Researchers Day at The West End Library  
Friday October 3 and Saturday October 4, 2008**

On the above two dates historians and genealogists Emilie Jansma (Weikert, Pardee, & Tight End), Jeanne Jolly (Hironimus Family), and Tony & Janice Shively (Millmont & Hartleton) are scheduled to be present and available at the West End Library with various resource materials. They will also be available to answer questions from individuals interested in items relative to genealogy and West End history. Interested individuals will be asked to contact the library staff in advance to schedule appointments. Watch for additional details in the September issue of The Millmont Times.

**August Birthdays & Anniversaries**

1 – Cory & Charlene Yarger - 1988	14 – Paul & Betty Long - 1947
1 – Anna Shirk	14 – Glenda Sheaffer
1 - Mae (Kuhns) Sullivan	14 – Tom Catherman
2 – Irene Musser	15 – Galen & Esther Keister - 1959
2 – Pat Kline	16 – Pearl Gower
2 – James C. Catherman	17 – Steve & Pat Libby - 1968
3 – Chris Bilger	17 – Levi Brubaker
3 – Brandon Bilger	18 – Oliver Hummel
3 – Adam Dorman	20 – Forrest Hoffman
3 – Sean Klingman	20 – Dennis & Lena Susan - 1966
5 – Sandra Winegardner	20 – Glenda Murphy
5 – Alta Z. Oberholtzer	20 – Henry Dorman
7 – George & Helen Wert - 1952	22 – Sue Blyler
7 – Kim Blyler	23 – Nancy Hendricks
7 – Carol Martin	22 – Kyla Mattern
7 – Carolyn Catherman	24 – Ruth & Sam Ely - 1964
8 – Brandi Spotts	24 - Grace Kuhns
9 – Mary Ella Martin	24 – Tom Guyer
10 – Marlene Martin	24 – Lois Feaster
10 – Angie Dorman	24 – Brenda Klingman
11 – Jeff Erdley	28 – Menno Zimmerman
12 – Kenneth & Beverly Catherman - 1962	29 – William “Bill” Little
12 – Naomi Aurand	
12 – Betty Zechman	
13 – Mary Ellen Hoffman	

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[www.millmonttimes.com](http://www.millmonttimes.com)

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