



The Drums of Millmont

by Richard King

Historians of the 19th century wrote about a strange phenomenon they called acoustic shadows, which carried the sounds of battle, its crash of cannon, its pain and plunder and the haunting drums of a nation being torn apart by Civil War, miles away from the actual place of battle.

If there is any truth to this mysterious wind, then it also carried those drums to me, sent across time, and from a place called Millmont near the misty mountains of Pennsylvania.

Deep are the roots of "Mystic Memory" that President Lincoln said bound us to the Union. Deeper still, are the roots of family, perhaps even a molecular memory residing in our cells that binds us to all who went before us, and all who will come after us. Each of us are links of an endless chain stretched between time and the hands of God.

My journey began when I decided to get some information about my grandfather, Clarence King; my own father had died when I was very young, so I knew almost nothing about his family. I did recall seeing a picture of Clarence in an army uniform from the Great War, so I thought that would be a good place to start. After much letter writing and with the help of my local senator, I was able to obtain my grandfathers World War I service records. Buried

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Photograph of the James and Laura (Kaler) King family. Front row left to right: Laura (King) Yohn, Laura (Kaler) King, James King, and Clarence King. Back row left to right: Hannah (King) Zimmerman and Lillian (King) Zechman. Photograph courtesy of Richard King.

Millmont Mailbox by Postmaster Sam Smith

Well another year has passed quickly by. People who clip coupons know that many of them have expired, and many gift certificates will have expired also with the end of the year. That's something I have a hard time understanding, if you spent money on a gift certificate and the business already has the cash, why should there be an expiration date? Well, you won't have that problem with a Postal Money Order. Did you know that a Postal Money order has no expiration date? Regardless of how much time passes after their issuance! Postal Money Orders are one of the safest ways to send money to a loved one, paying bills, ordering from catalogs or completing an eBay sale. You can purchase Domestic Postal Money Orders from any Post Office. For a money order up to \$500.00, the price is the amount of the money order and a \$1.05 fee, from \$500.01 to \$1,000.00; it is the amount of the money order and a \$1.50 fee. Postal Money Orders are a preferred payment because monetary funds must be used to purchase them. (Cash or a debit card.) Credit cards are not valid payment for Postal Money orders. If a Postal Money Order is lost or stolen, bring in your receipt and apply for a replacement for a small fee. International Money Orders are available at larger Post Offices also.

The Post Office will be closed Tuesday January 1, 2008 for New Year's Day and Monday January 21, 2008 to observe Martin Luther King Day. On January 9, 2008, the Lunar New Year stamps will be issued. If you are interested in sports cards, don't forget my show at the Shikellamy High School in Sunbury on January 5, 2008 from 9:00 AM till 3:00 PM. Jason Neitz, a San Francisco Giants baseball prospect from Lewisburg, will be signing autographs from 11:00 till 1:00. (See page 7).

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Clarence King, son of James and Laura (Kaler) King in his WWI uniform. Photograph courtesy of Richard King.

within the numerous documents were three words describing his mother, Laura Kaler, that would propel me on a ten year trek to discover my great grandfather. Those three words were, "Civil War Widow."

Genealogy is the work of the Soul, to walk back in time and embrace our ancestors, to share their tears and their laughter, their triumphs as well as their failures, is a transcending, even spiritual undertaking. It might even be said, that our ancestors themselves beckon us to discover them, leading us on to find them for some unknown purpose.

James Henry King was born on August 16, 1844 near Millmont, Pennsylvania. Even today when I read this, I can hardly fathom that when he was born, my family had already lived in Pennsylvania for generations. James like all the Kings before him, were people of the land. During the Civil War, James and his brothers Abraham and John all served the Union Cause.

James H. King was mustered into the 51st Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers on March 29, 1864. Three months later he would be fighting at the Battle of Cold Harbor in Virginia, a battle that the famed Civil War Historian Bruce Catton called, "One of the hard and terrible names of the Civil War, perhaps the most terrible of all."

When I walked this battlefield, I tried to imagine what it must have felt like for him, to be 20 years old, in the oppressive summer heat, fighting for his life, far from his home. He was one of the 7,000 union casualties of this battle, somehow surviving gunshots to the chest and leg.

After the war he returned to his beloved Millmont, married Laura Kaler, and started a family. His son Clarence, my grandfather, was born

in 1890. Clarence left Millmont to serve during World War I, eventually ending up in Rochester, New York. There he became a prosperous businessman, at one point owning a produce company, meat market and rooming houses. It seems he was blessed with everything except a long life. Clarence King passed away in 1938. His son, Kaler King, was my father.

When I began my search, I did not even have my grandfather's correct name. By the time I was done, I had read my great grandfathers Civil War records, and walked the battlefield's he had bled upon. I had learned about his father, and his father's father, and yet something still called to me, some unfinished purpose.

I decided to go to Millmont to place an American Flag at the grave of James King in the Old Cedar Cemetery at Swengel. As soon as my feet touched the ground of Millmont, I felt the swirling grace of time evaporate around me as past and present merged into one, and the sacred dust and soil of all my fathers welcomed me home.

As I knelt to place the American flag, the colors of his Union, next to this soldier's headstone at the Old Cedar Cemetery I finally realized what the purpose had been all along. In 1917 the wrong Union Regiment had been etched on his headstone. Instead of the "51st" they had etched the "15th." Somehow, from across the great divide, my great grandfather had summoned me to correct this egregious error. I was honored to be so chosen.

The Mystic cords of Memory that President Lincoln said stretched from every American heart to every patriot grave most certainly included a small plot near the misty mountains of Pennsylvania. It was near a place called Millmont, and that patriot was James H. King, Infantry CO. G 51 REG.

It Was Meant To Be! by Judy (Shively) Wagner

After locating his great grandparent's graves at the Old Cedar Cemetery in Swengel, Richard King stopped at Shirk's Store in Millmont. He asked Delphia Shirk if she knew anything about the King's, and Tony Shively happened to be in the store and remembered that I was doing research on the King family. After a telephone call and directions to our house, Richard stopped by, and we realized almost instantly that our common great-grandparents were James and Laura (Kaler) King. His grandfather, Clarence King, and my maternal grandmother, Hannah (King) Zimmerman, were brother and sister, making Richard and I second cousins. For years our families were out of touch with each other.

Richard and I have periodically kept in touch since our first and only meeting, and have exchanged photos and information on our families.

Richard said that something told him to stop at Shirk's Store. Had he not stopped there, and had Tony not been there, we would not have met. I think we both feel the circumstances were very peculiar—even mysterious. It was surely meant to be!



51st Pennsylvania Regimental Flag. Courtesy of Richard King.

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BIRD TALK

by Jim McCormick



“December is usually an odd month...” As the year draws to an end, it is time to reflect on 2007. Christmas Eve brought my whole family together for an evening of giving and receiving. There were gifts, of course, but more importantly, there was the giving and receiving of love. We are truly blessed, each and every one of us. 2007 was a year of unusual weather, but then, maybe we are moving into a new weather pattern. Global warming is not a ‘crackpot’ theory anymore. If this recent change in our weather is not the direct effect of global warming, it is an example of what we can expect in the future if we do nothing to stop it.

I have mentioned many times about what a tremendous resource the internet is for bird watchers. There are three main blogs that I check almost daily. The first is the one I have mentioned before, *Ohio Birds and Biodiversity* at: <http://jimmccormac.blogspot.com/>. It is a nature

blog that deals with birds, plants and anything else that interests the blogger, Jim McCormac (no relative of mine). It is updated usually several times a week. The second blog is that of William (Bill) Thompson, *Bill of the Birds* at: <http://www.birdwatchersdigest.com/blog/blogger.html>. Bill is the editor of the birder’s magazine, *Bird Watcher’s Digest*. His blog is filled with humor and a lot of interesting photographs of birds. The third blog I check is the blog of Mike McDowell, *Mike’s Birding and Digiscoping Blog* at: <http://www.birddigiscoping.com/blog.html>.

Mike is a serious nature lover and a fantastic photographer. Digiscoping is when you attach a digital camera to a spotting scope. The quality of detail in these photographs is breathtaking. I highly recommend you try to see some of these photos. If you don’t have internet access, it is worth the effort to go to the Library to see them there.

“December is usually an odd month” when it comes to bird watching; this year was no exception. Early in the month I saw three Killdeers in a several different places; the Killdeer had left the area at least by September or October. Then, a week later, as I was approaching the Covered Bridge, I heard the splashing of water and the flapping of wings as a flock of about twenty Common Mergansers took flight. It was a small mixed band of male and female Mergansers. I had not seen any males since the breeding season ended in late spring. Where have they been all this time? Even stranger was what I saw around Christmas day. I was bird watching on the edge of town, when I saw a Common Snipe fly up in Yoder’s field and immediately disappear again. Then another one popped up and dropped down. I usually only see Snipes from March to April. Where were these stragglers going to or coming from? Strange, indeed. The Mourning Doves seem to be everywhere and in large numbers, too. They usually only leave briefly during the coldest time of the winter. That time, of course, is still to come. No matter, any time is a good time to watch birds. There is always something to learn about those interesting little creatures that share our world.



Photograph of a White Throated Sparrow courtesy of Jim McCormick.



Field Notes, by WCO Dirk Remensnyder

Cadets in the Ross Leffler School of Conservation are assigned to seasoned field officers during the hunting season to gain valuable experience that will help them once they graduate and are assigned to a district of their own. Cadet Deal was the first Cadet assigned to me. One day we stopped at a school to drop off some owl pellets to a teacher that was doing a lesson on Owls, Raptors, and birds of prey. The teacher asked if we would like to do an impromptu program for the kids and since this is a good learning experience for a Cadet I told her Cadet Deal would definitely do a program. A program on Owls, Raptors and birds of prey was right up Cadet Deal’s alley since he once held a Falconry permit. During the presentation he went on and on about different types of Raptors and their characteristics. He was so into telling the kids about these birds that he didn’t miss a beat when the bell rang for a fire drill and all the kids got up to leave the classroom. Had I not gotten Cadet Deal to leave at that time, I’m sure he would have still been sitting there talking about Raptors when the kids came back inside from the fire drill.

Unfortunately, we had a fairly low bear harvest in Union Co. this year with hunters harvesting 27 bear. Since the end of bear season I have received 11 bear complaints and had two bear killed on the highways.

(Continued from page 2)

Epilogue.

On the ride to the Airport for my flight back to New York City, I became fully aware that my search had come to an end at the place where it all began. What had started as almost a lark to discover my grandfather, Clarence, had changed into something different, something finer. I discovered as much about myself as I did about my grandfather. As I watched the beauty of Millmont disappear in the rear view mirror, I knew this place had always been, and always would be a part of me. (Perhaps the best part) And how I wished that my grandfather had never left.

Editors Note: My sincere thanks to Richard King for writing this article about his great grandfather, James King, and for submitting it to The Millmont Times for publication. Richard was born in New York, NY in 1962. He currently resides in Shirley, NY. Rich enjoys collecting memorabilia relative to Millmont. He is also interested in corresponding with anyone who may have information about the Kaler or King families. For those with email, his address is: richking1@optonline.com

I met Rich on August 22, 2005 when he came to Millmont and stopped at Shirk's Store in search of information about his ancestors. By coincidence I happened to be in the store when he walked in and explained to Delphia Shirk that he was searching for information about the King family. I was happy to play a small role in getting cousins, Judy (Shively) Wagner of Mifflinburg and Richard King of New York, connected with one another.

The photograph to the right was sent to me by Judy Wagner, and shows the Pennsylvania Monument at the Cold Harbor Cemetery in Virginia. Her husband, Jack Wagner, took the photograph in May 2000.



The photograph above shows the recently installed sign at the entrance to the Old Cedar Cemetery in Swengel. To the right is the headstone of James H. and Laura A. King, both of whom are buried in this cemetery. As a result of Richard King's research he was able to have his great grandfather's headstone corrected so that it shows that he was a member of Company G of the 51st Pennsylvania Regiment.



Thank You!

I would like to thank the following people for making monetary donations toward the publication of this newsletter: Richard & Susan Boop, Millmont; Lulu Hoffman, Millmont; Glenn Feaster, Millmont; David & Vivian Shively, Mechanicsburg; Theron W. & Martha J. Conrad, Sunbury; Harold & Patricia Zechman, Milton; John & Glenda Sheaffer, Mifflinburg; Marvin & Jane Benner, Mifflinburg; Ronald & Darlene Ulrich; Eugene Hoffman, Mifflinburg; Donald & Evelyn Miller, Mifflinburg; Neil R. & Cynthia Moyer, Mifflinburg; and Perry & Brenda Klingman, Lewisburg.

If you would like to receive a **FREE color** version of The Millmont Times each month via the Internet you can log on to our new website, www.millmonttimes.com, and download the newsletter directly to your computer. In addition to the current issue we also have all of the 2004 through 2007 issues of The Millmont Times available for download on our website.

Welcome to the following new mail subscribers: Mark & Dawn Schreckengast, Millmont; Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Veley, Mifflinburg; Michael Bezilla, Lemont; Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Erdley, Pennellville, NY; Martha Stover, Mifflinburg; Ethel Stover, Mifflinburg; and Neil S. Moyer, Mifflinburg.

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!!

Thanks also to Bob & Jeanne Jolly for allowing me to make copies from their collection of Glen Iron photographs; Judy (Shively) Wagner of Mifflinburg for submitting the article used on page 2; Martha Stover of Mifflinburg for donating newspaper clippings from The Mifflinburg Telegraph, and for allowing me to interview her; Milford Hoover of rural Mifflinburg for allowing me to copy a photograph from his collection relative to Hairy John's State Park; Barry Blyler, Levittown, Pa, for calling by telephone in order to help identify some of the faces on a photograph published in the December issue relative to the Millmont Box Factory; Jeanne Sampsell of Laurelton for allowing me to copy a circa 1940's brochure relative to the Union County Postmasters as compiled by Charles M. Steese; and Randall M. Stover of Aaronsburg for sending me his self published book of life stories entitled "Remembering."

Penns Creek Angler

by Bruce Fisher

In this month's article I'd like to suggest a few tips to help you become a better angler. First let me say I will not use the word "always" or "this will work." When I started fishing we didn't have the Internet and Chat Rooms to talk about fly-fishing. But I was fortunate enough to start my life long fishing adventure right here on Penns Creek. I was blessed with people that would offer a fly or help with a problem. But most of what I learned early on was by fishing myself or with a partner and it was a long learning curve. I didn't really like reading the way I do today but my grandfather would always save his old Sports Afield magazines so I could read them. He may have done it just to keep me quiet for a little while. The articles were mostly about hunting but on occasion they had great fishing stories written by Joe Brooks, Lee Wulff or reprints of older articles by Ray Bergman. These men were and still are giants both as writers and fishermen. I recently bought a copy of Ray Bergman's classic "TROUT" printed in 1938 and most of the information is still valuable today. Not to mention it's a valuable resource for traditional flies that are no longer made or very hard to find. Some of these flies include "Queen of the Waters", "Professor", "Yellow Sally" and the "Partridge and Gray."

Since that time we have come a long way with milestones in literature such as "Caddisflies" by Gary LaFontaine, "Selective Trout" by Carl Richards, Doug Swisher, and Dave Whitlock, "Tying Emergers a Complete Guide" by Ted Leeson and Jim Schollmeyer. Also Charlie Meck is a giant and one of my favorite writers in this day and age. First and foremost if you start reading the new books today they will save you thousands of hours of frustration. I just read a book called "Fish Food" by Ralph Cutter, it's a short read and is packed with tips and techniques. If you are not a reader there are hundreds of DVD's on the market and you are bound to learn something new. Some suggestions would be Charlie Meck and Eric Stroup's DVD "Practical Flies that Catch Trout", Ralph & Lisa Cutter's "Bugs of the Underworld", Don Bastion's "Tying Classic Wet Flies" and Dave Brandt's "Traditional Catskill Dry Flies." These works will give you a new perspective on how you fish for trout with a fly rod or how to tie a new fly.

Now I'll tell you some of my secrets that help me to catch more and larger trout. The first thing I do when I get to a trout stream is sit quietly and look for what bugs are on the water and then try to capture as many different variety as I can. Are they crippled flies, spinners, duns or nymphs? Next I will try to determine what the trout are selectively eating the most of, if any. You could have 5 different flies hatching on Penns at any given time. Penns Creek can humble the most talented and gifted anglers on the planet. It's only by studying the water that you will uncover her secrets. When you spot a trout rising keep looking until you see what the fish is eating. It could be any or none of the hatching flies you see floating down the creek. The fish might be taking nymphs just below the surface and all you will see is a flash. If you see a slight dimple rise but no bug on the surface the fish could be taking emerging flies stuck in the surface film of the water or they could be taking spinners that are falling 300 yards up stream and you can't see them. If you are lucky you will see the fly clearly and the trout eat it, now you are half way home. If it's a flash you see try putting on a nymph or wet fly of the most abundant fly you see on the water. If you see a dimple rise or the dorsal fin of the trout but no bug, put on a parachute or compara-dun style fly of the most abundant fly you see, these flies are designed to imitate emergers. If you can absolutely see the fly the fish is taking then you are in luck because there are only a few things you can do to catch that trout. The tactics I'm about to discuss work for all styles of flies be it nymph, wet or dry.

First let me say I like to fish downstream with all flies, the reasons I do this are many. Foremost I like to fish downstream because the fish will see the fly first not the leader or fly line and if the fish doesn't want the fly I simply let it float past the trout a good distance and retrieve my line so it doesn't disturb the trout. After gaining most of my line back I do not false cast over that fish because the spray from the water on the line will spook the trout. I'll wait a few moments and cast again this time I'll pull the fly under the water or add a small split shot so the fly sinks about 2 feet ahead of the fish, in essence the fly becomes an emerger or wet nymph. If this method fails I'll slowly change my casting position without making waves that alert the trout of my presence and try the same thing again with the same fly. This tactic has worked so many times I can't begin to count them all. Now if this isn't the ticket I only have a few options, change the tippet to a smaller size, change to a different fly or move to yet another casting position. You could also make your leader and tippet length longer to eliminate any drag. You should stick with one trout at a time even if there are 6 other trout in the area. If you work on the closest fish first you can always move to the

next fish down stream and start the process all over. That's about it, other than that the trout is smart and wise. Of course you can cast a totally different fly to the same trout providing he doesn't get spooked and you can start the whole process over again. This is the process that works for me, if you can apply it to your style of fishing that's great. (Continued on page 6)



Merry Christmas and Happy Holiday's
Bruce Fisher



Meanderings

by

Hertha S. Wehr

Vicksburg

I had been associated with the Vicksburg Community Hall Association and had helped at the Vicksburg Library for a number of years but I never really delved into the history of Vicksburg. My curiosity was tweaked when my sister and I had lunch at The Daily Grind. I remembered the building when Joe Hackenberg had the Case Tractor dealership. The shelves and drawers were in place when it had been used for a country store. I couldn't remember being in the building since Joe had operated his business there. Tractor parts and supplies were stored on the shelves and in the drawers.

I hardly knew what to expect when we went there. We found the floors had been refinished, the shelves were cleaned of dirt and grime, as were the drawer fronts, (I didn't look inside the drawers!) and they too had been refinished. Then we began to speculate as to who had operated a store there in the past.

The present building is now the third one on the same site. In the late 1800's there was a dry goods and lumber store which was razed. Then David Smucker built a combination store and dwelling. He later sold the property, which burned in the fall of 1900. C.H. Gould built a combination store and residence on the same site. This is the building that houses The Daily Grind, and the shelves and drawers are the originals from his store building. The people who did the restoration are the McCabes. Nancy McCabe had a doll shop there before The Daily Grind started their business. If you wonder why, as I did, the rather unusual name for a lunchroom, it's quite simple once you enter the estab-

lishment. They specialize in grinding coffee of your choice, and there are a lot to choose from.

At the time the Goulds owned the store it also housed the post office, which was quite common at that time. Two doors west of the store is the Raudenbush home. It is now a Bed and Breakfast. Mr. Raudenbush came to Vicksburg from White Springs. He was the first postmaster of Vicksburg. He is credited with giving Vicksburg its name as a token to Grant's victory in the Civil War.

Several lots west is the once Reformed Church. A number of years ago a former member of the church told me it cost \$5000.00 to build in 1900. I learned later that a lot of donated labor was used and of course the stained glass windows were all dedicated to people, both living and dead. The land was also donated. In 1947 the Reformed Synod gave permission to dissolve the congregation and the community took advantage of the situation to buy it. The Vicksburg Community Hall Association was formed.

As soon as the paper work was finished the men of the community got together to dig out a basement, it's purpose was to make a dining room, kitchen, rest rooms and some storage space. One can hardly imagine the labor and devotion such a task required. It was all done by hand, a farm elevator was used to convey the soil out onto a truck, which hauled it away. A community library was started by using a former Sunday school room attached to the church. Again donated labor was utilized to build shelves and storage.

All kinds of organizations used the hall, Young Farmers, 4-H clubs, Extension Educational meetings, Homemakers, flower clubs, flower shows and many others. Public and private dinners were served. The minutes recorded the first chicken/waffle dinner on 11/3/54 at the price for adults \$1.25 and .75 cents for children. For many years that was a big event with a large crowd attending. Of course the price kept pace with the rising cost of everything else.

Two lots west was the Sone's Store. It was purchased from J. Paul Cook who operated a store there for many years. It is now a Tack Shop. There is also Boop's Sporting Goods store on the north side. A few more houses and then we run into farmland. I really didn't think I learned so much about Vicksburg so if we want to explore the south side of the road I'll have to resume the story another month.

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But if it doesn't work for you, develop your own process by studying the water. Keep this handy; in my next article I will tell you about some other tactics that work hand in hand with what I've just written. If you see me on the stream please come and say hello. I hope everyone has a great New Year.

-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

The small photograph in the upper left hand corner of page one is a view of Sholter's Store in Weikert. Standing on the front porch is Joe Sholter and daughter Laurie.

Recipe of the Month

by Janice (Dorman) Shively

Breakfast Granola

5 C. rolled oats (or 7-grain mix, flakes)

½ C. toasted wheat germ

Combine above two ingredients and place in large roasting pan, bake 5 minutes at 350°, stir and bake 5 minutes more.

Combine:

1 C. coconut

1 C. chopped pecans

1 C. slivered or chopped almonds

1 C. sunflower seeds

Toss above 4 ingredients with oat mixture and set aside.

In a saucepan combine:

⅓ C. honey or molasses

¼ C. vegetable oil

Heat but do not boil. Remove from heat and add 1 tsp. vanilla extract.

Pour over the oat mixture and return to oven. Bake 20 – 25 minutes, stirring every 10 minutes or so. Remove from oven and allow to cool completely. Store in an airtight container.

Variations

Fruit Granola: add 1 C. raisins or craisins and 1 C. of other dried fruit (i.e., papaya, apples, pineapple, apricot, dates, prunes) after baking is complete.

Apple Cinnamon: add 1 – 2 tsp. cinnamon to the honey / oil / vanilla before pouring over the oat mixture. Add 2 C. chopped dried apples after baking is complete.

Peanut Butter: add ⅓ to ½ C. peanut butter to the honey / oil and stir until smooth. Add the vanilla and pour over the oat mixture. If desired, add chopped peanuts to the nut / coconut mixture.

The base recipe came from my mom, Linda Dorman. She often made this tasty breakfast food for our family in the winter months. It's delicious, and easy to make! Be creative and develop your own variations to this recipe.

ENJOY!



Introducing our new website!

In recent months we have encountered numerous problems e-mailing The Millmont Times to nearly 300 subscribers. Therefore, we now have a website: www.millmonttimes.com. The website is not fancy, but meets our need to make each monthly newsletter available as a PDF to anyone that would like to retrieve it in this manner. Despite the fact that we pay a monthly charge for the website, there is no fee to access or download the current issue, as well as back issues of the newsletter. The website currently holds all of the 2004 through 2007 newsletters, and it is our goal to eventually post all of the past issues of The Millmont Times.

To view the January 2008 issue of The Millmont Times, or any issue that is posted, simply log on to www.millmonttimes.com, right click the icon below the month, and select *open link*. Each issue is in color and can be printed on your home computer in color or black and white, if you so desire.

You can add www.millmonttimes.com to your favorites. We will make every effort to post each issue of The Millmont Times by the 3rd of the month. Please check out the website and let us know what you think. There is an e-mail link on the website, and a guest book on the *About* page.

Sportscard & Collectible Toy Show

Benefit Shikellamy Marching Band

Saturday January 5, 2008

Shikellamy High School

9:00 AM till 3:00 PM

Admission \$1.00

Refreshments Available

Jason Neitz San Francisco Giants

prospect from Lewisburg,

Will sign autographs from

11:00 AM -1:00PM

Thank You

David W. Diehl of Apartment 21/22 Riverview Manor, Lewisburg, would like to thank all those who sent birthday greetings to him in honor of his 93rd birthday on December 17, 2007. Your birthday greetings were greatly appreciated!

Blood Drives

Friday, January 11, 2008 from 11:00 a.m. until 7:00 p.m. at the Buffalo Valley Church of the Brethren, approximately between one and two miles west of Mifflinburg.

Friday, January 18 from 10:00 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. at the Evangelical Community Hospital Apple Conference Room.

All person 17 years and older, in good health, and who weigh at least 110 pounds are urged to consider donating blood. For more information call 1.800.GIVE.LIFE.

Remembrance

Everett Vincent "Bing" Bingaman, 81, of 282 State Route 235 for 55 years and a life-long resident of Hartley Township, passed away unexpectedly at his home, at 4:03 p.m. Wednesday, December 5, 2007.

He was born Nov. 27, 1926, in Hartley Township, a son of the late Simon and Cora (Sholter) Bingaman. On April 7, 1951, at the Hironimus Union Church, Weikert, he married June Elizabeth Shawver, who survives.

Bing served in the Army from March 21, 1945, until his honorable discharge on Oct. 15, 1946. During World War II, he was en route to the Pacific Theater when Japan surrendered.

He was employed at Philco Ford, Watson-town, before joining the farm employees at the Laurelton State School, where he continued to work for more than 30 years. After he retired, he worked part-time as a courier for the Mifflinburg Bank & Trust Co.

Bing was a proud, Christian man, who loved and supported his family and friends. A skilled craftsman, he built his home and willingly shared his knowledge of carpentry, electrical and plumbing work.

He served on the board of the Hartleton Cemetery. In earlier years, he served as a firefighter for the Union County West End Fire Company and was a driver for the West End Ambulance Company for many years. Bing was a Pennsylvania forest fire warden for more than 50 years.

Bing enjoyed hunting, the outdoors and spending time with his morning coffee group at Witmer's Garage, Laurelton, where there will be an empty chair among his friends. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren, who all lovingly referred to him as "Pap," were his real love, passion and pride.

Surviving, in addition to his wife of 56 years, are one son and daughter-in-law, Earl L. and Wendy Bingaman of Millmont; two daughters and sons-in-law, Donna J. and Ronald "Bud" Raup of Millmont and Pamela A. and Harold "J.R." Erdley of New Berlin; seven grandchildren, Wendy Woodling, Miranda and Gavin Raup, Aaron, Claressa and Jonathan Bingaman and Andy Erdley; four great-grandchildren, Shandie Raup, Tanza Woodling, Kylie Bingaman-Marks and Kamdin Raup; one sister, Rhoda Nale of Erie; and one brother, Daniel Bingaman of Turbotville.

He was preceded in death by one son, Gary W. Bingaman, during Army duty on August 21, 1969; three brothers, William, Fred and Earl Bingaman; four sisters, Gladys Harvey, Isabelle Badinger, Mary Lou Bingaman and Ruth Bingaman; and one granddaughter, Hillary Danae Bingaman.

Burial was in the Hartleton Cemetery with military honors by veterans of Mifflinburg American Legion Post 410 and Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 1964.

Blessings from the Bible

by Brenda Weaver

Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, today, and forever.

"I am the Lord, I change not."

Malachi 3:6

"Time always changes, God never will." The title and words to a song I heard recently keep floating through my mind as I think of the New Year. We do not know what changes we may face in the next year. Thankfully we can rest in the certainty of our God when we face the uncertainties of life! Sweet peace and rest are encapsulated in the verses above; **God does not change.**

When I typed this statement, stanzas of two old hymns rang in my ears. One is titled "Abide with Me;" the other "Abide with Me, I Need Thee." From the first:

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

From the second:

Be with me, Lord, where'er my path may lead,
Fulfill Thy Word, supply my every need;
Help me to live each day more close to Thee,
And oh, dear Lord, I pray—abide with me!

Abiding in the Lord makes all the difference! (See John 14 and 15.) When He abides in me, and I in Him, I can enter a new year of trusting in God's kind care.

Do you enjoy reflecting at the end of a year? Maybe you keep a journal and read parts of it again at the end of the year. I like reading Christmas letters from friends, telling me about their year. I also write a yearly form letter to send to friends, and I file a copy in a green notebook labeled "Our Christmas letters." Reading those letters gives evidence of change. Several years ago I wrote about the antics of our young children; now I write about their marriages, their jobs, or the birth of a grandchild. Of course time brings change, especially to a family; but tracing God's hand at work through those changes gives me hope in facing another year.

Picking up God's Word we can read of His unchanging love and faithfulness to the Children of Israel. Although they frequently turned away from God, He drew them with cords of love and chastised them with righteous judgment. We read of God's wrath and patience throughout the Old Testament, and then, after 400 silent years, the coming of a Saviour is announced!

Speaking of change, review in your mind the dramatic changes Christ's birth, life, death, and resurrection brought! Retired was the old way of living under the law; ushered in was the new way of living under God's grace through the work of Christ. Did God change? No. His perfect balance of loving mercy and stern judgment remain. But now Jesus can take away our sins and present us faultless before the Father. As long as we live, as hard as we work, as much as we praise, we can never thank God enough for His gift of salvation through Christ Jesus! If you have never personally received this gift, read the book of John in the Bible. You too can abide in the Saviour when you choose to allow the Saviour to abide in you.

Rephrasing one of the hymn stanzas we could say or sing:

Swift to a close ebbs out this passing year
In Christ abiding, I will feel Him near.
Change and distress in all the world I see,
O, Thou who changes not, abide with me.

Prayer for Today: *Oh Lord, Your gift of salvation dawned upon our troubled world nearly 2000 years ago; yet that precious gift is still available, still free, still abiding*

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Penlines From my Kitchen to Yours

by Lucy Hoover

November 16, 2007

Myron Keister (78) of Lewisburg died this morning. The funeral will be on Tuesday.

November 17

This is the weekend for the annual "Deaf Retreat" at Penns Valley. A few van loads from our area attended.

November 22

Thanksgiving Day. "We don't need more to be thankful for, but to be more thankful."

November 29

Elam and Maria Brubacker moved on their farm close to Penns Creek. Harry and Alta Oberholtzer of Millmont bought the home that the Brubackers vacated.

December 2

During the night mom (Leah Brubacker) was taken to the E.R. She had a heart attack, but is in stable condition.

December 5

Floyd and Helen Martin of Millmont have a son named Dwight Eugene. He has two brothers. Grandparents are Linus and Irene Martin and John and Esther Zimmerman.

December 6

Mom is at Williamsport Hospital where she had the balloon procedure done. She also had two stints put in her artery.

December 12

Samuel Horning (59) was taken to Evangelical Hospital. He is very sick because of an abscessed appendix.

December 14

Mrs. Mary Martin (76) went for surgery. She will need to stay two days.

After spending five days at home mom was taken to Evangelical Hospital. She has infectious pneumonia.

Wanted

Subscriber Dahle Bingaman recently asked me to put a notice in the newsletter with a request to the readers who can assist him in locating photographs of several of Hartley Township's one room schoolhouses. These schoolhouses were razed and the lumber used to construct the large schoolhouse in Laurelton that is now home to the Hartley Township Community Center. If you have photographs of any of these one-room schools you can contact Dahle Bingaman at 1280 Ranck Road, Millmont, Pa 17845.

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[or waiting to abide] in me. Praise Your holy, everlasting, unchanging name!

Note to those who may be praying for our daughter Lori and her husband Kevin: After several difficult weeks of progressively worsening symptoms, Kevin had an MRI. It showed no new tumor growth! Kevin's dosage of the experimental medicine was lowered and he has improved greatly. Doctors are hoping the reduced dosage will continue to war against the tumor. We are so grateful and rest in the God who is in charge. Thank you for your prayers!

Looking Back

The following was copied from the January 30, 1914 edition of The Mifflinburg Telegraph.

AN IMMENSE ELK CAUSES EXCITEMENT

Seen In Country Near Mifflinburg,
Attacks Residents and
Does Other Damage.

Authorities Should Intercede

Residents of the nearby country about a mile from Mifflinburg, and in the vicinity of the surrounding mountains on the west, saw and some had quite an experience with a large elk.

In the woodland near the country residence of Rural Mail Carrier John E. Grove, from Mifflinburg Post Office, he saw the tracks in the snow, its massive weight breaking right through the heavy crust the tracks of the beast which he said were as large, and looked like that made by a large cow.

Several residents in the vicinity of Mr. Robert Moll, who saw the elk in his and others fields, destroyed vegetation, near their homes, concluded to chase it therefrom, and on towards the mountains, which they did, or at least made the attempt, with the result that the beast was on the defense and instead "made for them," and in such a savage manner that the men ran for their protection, which might have been their life, took to the nearest place of safety, that of hastily climbing up a tree. Even then the animal tried its utmost to reach them. One party informed us that when the beast came to the wire fence, being so massive, was able to step right over it without the least effort.

This wild elk has caused a great deal of alarm to residents in and near the vicinity of the nearby mountains, as well as others; not only is it savage, but it is destroying young fruit trees, by eating off the tops, as well as destroying, in some instances vegetation. It is reported as being very large, weighing from about six to eight hundred pounds or in that neighborhood.

In all probability it has escaped from the State Reservation, in our neighboring county of Centre, where a number have been placed by the State Officials. For the safety and protection of all concerned, the proper authorities should intercede in this matter.

A peek into the life of....

William P. Shively

William Paul “Bill” Shively was born on Memorial Day, May 30, 1924, in the village of Millmont. He is the second of six sons born to the late Jacob G. and Florence R. (Catherman) Shively. David Shively is his oldest brother, while his younger siblings are Donald, Harold, George, and the late Edgar Shively.

Bill has fond memories of growing up in Millmont during the 1920’s and 1930’s. His love for the area is so great that he never had any interest in living anywhere other than the small village where he was born.

Some of his earliest memories revolve around a small cabin alongside Penns Creek in the area known as Brown’s Dam. The cabin was located on the south side of the creek, a short distance west of the covered bridge. Rev. John Yeisley owned the cabin, and the land it was situated on. Bill’s older brother, David, and their father enjoyed numerous outings along the creek at Brown’s.



Bill holding his prize catch taken from Penns Creek. This photograph was taken near Cherry Run on July 3, 1939.

As a young boy Bill enjoyed spending time with his paternal grandparent’s, Rev. Greene and Adda Shively, who also lived in Millmont. He recalled how much he enjoyed sitting next to his grandmother in the front pew while attending Sunday services at the Buffalo Valley Church of the Brethren. Although he was young at the time, he enjoyed singing hymns alongside his grandmother, who, according to Bill, had a beautiful singing voice. Love Feast at the church was also a special and memorable event.

Bill also served as his grandmother’s messenger boy. If Rev. Shively’s sermon continued longer than Adda thought it should, she would pull a pencil and a piece of paper from her purse and write a brief note that she instructed Billy to take to the pulpit. The message was simple – it was time to quit. After receiving the message Rev. Shively reported to the congregation that his wife had advised him that it was time to quit, and perhaps he had better do that before he got into trouble.

Martha (Walter) Stover of Mifflinburg recalled when her parents, Carbon and Rhoda (Keister) Walter lived at 43 Maple Street in Millmont, next door to the Jacob Shively home. One of the things she remembers is listening to Billy Shively and his younger brother Donald singing hymns while their mother played the piano. Florence required her preteen sons to sing a particular hymn over and over until they had it memorized. In all likelihood Billy and Donald were practicing in advance of the Sunday recital in front of parishioners at the Brethren Church. The young brothers also sang at other area churches, and on at least two occasions they sang live over Sunbury radio station WKOK.

As a youngster Billy always looked forward to the summertime festivals that were held on the Village Green in Millmont. The P.O.S. of A. Band sponsored the festivals as a fundraiser for the organization. The local Boy Scout troop, of which Bill was a member, also used the opportunity to raise funds. Money raised by the scouts was used to purchase uniforms and other items that the group needed. The day after a festival Bill and other young folks in the village scurried over the festival grounds in search of a nickel or dime that may have been unknowingly dropped by attendees. While a nickel or dime may seem like useless pocket change today, during the 1930’s finding either of them lying on the ground made a youngster feel rich.

In the mid 1930’s Jacob and Florence Shively purchased a cabin alongside Penns Creek at Cherry Run. As a self-employed automobile mechanic it was not uncommon for Jacob to spend six days a week, and as many as 12 to 13 hours a day working at his trade in order to provide for his family. Those long hours allowed little time for family activities. However, after attending Sunday services at the Brethren Church the entire family headed to their cabin at Cherry Run where they spent the afternoon enjoying the outdoors.

Bill recalled a funny incident that happened in the village, sometime during the late 1930’s, following the wedding of Millmont residents George Moyer and Helen Walter. He and other young men in town organized a “belling party” in honor of the newlyweds. Bill borrowed a sledgehammer from his father’s garage and when he and the belling party arrived at the Moyer residence he began hitting a piece of sheet metal. The group of young men tried their best to roust the newlyweds. Suddenly another individual joined the group clanging on an old saw blade. That person was none other than the groom, George Moyer. All those present had a hearty laugh when they saw Moyer taking part in his own belling.

In 1941 Bill graduated from the Mifflinburg High School. Following graduation he took night courses at the Sunbury High School to learn the machinist trade. He later spent nearly two years at the Watsonstown Ordnance Works, where he operated various machines.

On September 25, 1943 he was inducted into the U. S. Army, and sent to Camp Barkeley in Texas for basic training. Assigned to the Medical Detachment of the 168th Red Bull Infantry he was witness to the horrors of war during campaigns in Italy and Africa during 1944 and 1945. Corporal Shively was discharged from Fort George Meade, Maryland on March 1,

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Four generations of the Shively family. Left to right: Terry, William holding his great grandson, Ian Jacob Shively, and on the right is grandson, Dion Shively.

1946. Returning to the village of Millmont following his discharge was a joyous event for Bill and his entire family.

He was united in marriage to the former Pauline M. Bowersox on March 5, 1948. They were married in the home of the groom's parents in a simple ceremony performed by Bill's grandfather, Rev. Greene Shively. Together Bill and Polly have five children: Terry, Trudy, Tony, Tracey, and Tammy.

For a short period of time Bill worked at ACF. Work at the Milton factory was oftentimes slack, so he decided to find a job with steadier employment. In 1950 he was hired as a lathe operator at the Lewisburg Chair and Furniture Company (Pennsylvania House). Later he was a lumber scaler at the furniture factory. At the time of his retirement in 1986 he was a machine operator.

In the autumn of 1965 he was elected to the office of Lewis Township Tax Collector. He began his duties in January 1986 and continued to hold that post through the end of 1981.

During the 1960's and 1970's Bill was an avid bowler at the Mifflinburg Lanes where he was a member of several area teams. It was during that same era that he became a CB enthusiast. Being both a tax collector, and an antique

collector, it was only logical that he chose the moniker "Collector" as his CB handle. He and many of his CB friends engaged in conversations on a daily basis for a number of years.

A dye-in-the-wool Republican, he regularly listens to the Rush Limbaugh program in his retirement. He follows the New York Yankees, and is a supporter of Joe Paterno and the Nittany Lions.

I have been told that throughout his life my father-in-law has possessed a very competitive spirit. Those who shared a baseball diamond, a bowling lane, sat across the table from him during a game of Hearts, or pitched quoits with Bill would probably be able to speak about that more than I can. Because of numerous health problems Bill is unable to do any of those things today. However, that competitive spirit is something that he has not relinquished. Although macular degeneration has robbed Bill of most of his sight he is still able to play Internet checkers with the aid of powerful magnifying glasses. Oftentimes when Tony and I stop by the house to visit we will find him locked in battle against an unknown checker opponent. Frequently he and his opponent each have just one checker remaining yet neither of them is willing to even consider the game a draw.

Bill has three grandsons: Dion Shively, Jeremy Beaver, and Tyler Radel; and one granddaughter: Tiffany Radel. On November 11, 2006 Bill became a great grandfather for the first time following the birth of Ian Jacob Shively. Bill eagerly awaits the arrival of his second great grandchild, which is due in the very near future.

Despite the many health issues that have beset him in recent years his mind is sharp as ever. He recently reminded us that he and Polly would soon be celebrating their 60th wedding anniversary on March 5, 2008. That is an accomplishment that would make his parents and grandparents proud. It is an accomplishment that his children and grandchildren are mighty proud of. Someday when his great grandchildren ask questions about their great grandfather, William Shively, they will learn much about his life, and they will be proud of him too.

Editors Note: Some of the information used in this article was extracted from memories of his life that Bill wrote several years before macular degeneration robbed him of his eyesight.

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 January 28, 1934. 28 degrees to 48 degrees. Cloudy and stormy. Standards of the Kingdom. Matthew 5:1-11, 43:44. Golden Text Matthew 5:8. Present 107, contribution \$3.86. I taught my class and preached from Luke 23:8. Ate dinner at Mervyn's. This afternoon we went to the Geisinger Hospital to visit sister Martha. She took sick on Friday. Bro Mervyn and I anointed her. Mrs. Harry Loss was there in the same ward. This evening mother and I went to C.W. meeting. I spoke on the subject "Enough is enough." Billie and Donald sang "Searching Heaven For You."

Monday January 29, 1934. 8 degrees above this morning, remaining about the same throughout the day. I worked in the garage.

Tuesday January 30, 1934. Some places here it was zero and others places report as low as 10 degrees below. A great change since Sunday. I worked in the garage. Market - Butter 20 cents, eggs 20 cents, wheat 85 cents, corn 50 cents, and oats 40 cents.

What's Happening at Christ's United Lutheran Church by Shirley Kerstetter

Christ's United Lutheran Church members will be making and selling chocolate peanut butter and coconut Easter eggs from February 4 through March 17.

A pancake supper will be held at the church on Tuesday February 5 beginning at 5:00 p.m.

Advent breakfasts will be served every Wednesday at 8:00 a.m. from February 6 through March 19.

The West End Community Bible School will host a winter event to warm the body and spirit. On Friday February 8 all are invited to fellowship at Lincoln Chapel United Methodist Church beginning with a meal at 6:00 p.m., followed by an old-fashioned hymn sing led by the musical talents of the Hironimus Union Church Strings Ensemble. On Saturday February 9 a Bible study for both children and adults will begin at 10:00 a.m. For more information call Judy Moyer (922.1798) or Lori Jo Showalter (922.1655).

January Birthdays & Anniversaries

2 – Brady O. Koonsman	19 – Donald & Phyllis Ruhl – 1973
3 – Edward Martin	20 – Anne Little
4 – Stacey Witmer	20 – Carl Catherman
5 – Sarah Gordon	21 – Tracey Beaver
5 – Harry Oberholtzer	21 – Jennifer Martin
5 – Wilmer Zimmerman	21 – Billy Mattern
5 – Donna Fultz	22 – James & Helen Camp - 1961
6 – Lisa Martin	22 – Helen Camp
6 – Betty Wallace	22 – Wilmer Zimmerman
6 – Arlene Zimmerman	22 – Hertha Wehr
6 – Craig Yarger	22 – Gerald Starks
7 – Helen Harter	23 – Fred Yarger
7 – Norma “Pat” Bennett	24 – Richard Martin
8 – Colby Yarger	24 – Randy Lyons
10 – Laura Rishel	25 – Sandy Aikey
10 – LaNell Reiff	25 – Ellen Kahler
11 – Carol Wilson	25 – Betty Makosy
11 – Leroy Zimmerman	25 – Warren Zimmerman
12 – Peter Makosy	26 – Helen Martin
12 – Ann M. Koonsman	27 – Evelyn Miller
14 – Helen Raker	27 – John Stamm
16 – Marge Schmader	29 – Richard Wenrick
16 – Julia Libby	29 – Margaret Yarger
16 – Jason Zimmerman	30 – Daphne Martin
16 – Diane Hackenburg	30 – Stan Weaver
16 – Regina Oxenford	31 – Marcus Zimmerman
18 – Keyen Bingaman	31 – Linda Walter
18 – Glenn Kuhns	31 – Hilda Zechman

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