



The Millmont Times

JANUARY 2015

The Millmont Post Office Part I

Like other small villages in the West End of Union County, the development of Millmont was inextricably linked to the expansion of the railroad. Had the railroad not extended its line westward in the 1870's it is quite likely that Millmont, as well as other small villages along the rail corridor, would never have taken place.

Millmont was founded in 1874, and as the village enlarged and the population grew, so too did the need for a post office. Prior to the establishment of the post office in Millmont residents had to travel to Hartleton to pick up or send mail. The Post Office Department established an office in the village of Millmont on March 30, 1882.

Village post offices were often situated within a business, such as a general store. In 1882 the only general store in Millmont was the one operated by Emmaus A. H. Royer (1854-1927). Emmaus opened his general store circa 1879. On March 30, 1882 he was appointed Millmont's first postmaster, a position he held for nearly seven years. Royer's business was located on the east end of Maple Street, south of the railroad station. It was the largest building in the village and was a prime location for the post office. At various intervals between 1882 and 1917 the post office was located in this building.

Securing the postmaster position was a valuable asset and one that the merchants in Millmont coveted. For several years (1891-1894) there were four stores operating simultaneously in Millmont. The competition for customers to patronize their business must have been intense. One advantage to increasing traffic to your business was to provide space for the post office. The convenience of picking up your mail while at the same time doing a little shopping was a windfall for the business owner. Perhaps that explains why some of the stores in Millmont had trouble remaining in business for any length of time.

The second individual to hold the postmaster position at Millmont was John Fillman. Very little information about Fillman could be found. His tenure as postmaster at Millmont was rather brief, just over three months. When he was appointed postmaster on March 13, 1889 he was about 69 years old. Fillman served in that capacity until June 21, 1889.

The third postmaster at Millmont was Oscar F. Bowersox (1864-1936). Bowersox was one of two individuals to obtain two appointments to the postmaster position at Millmont. His first appointment began on June 21, 1889. He held the post until January 1894. Since he was engaged in the mercantile business in the village he relocated the post office to his business establishment located near the west end of Maple Street. O. F. Bowersox Cloth-

The following is a list of the postmasters who served at the Millmont Post Office from 1882 through 1921.

Emmaus A. H. Royer	March 30, 1882
John Fillman	March 13, 1889
Oscar F. Bowersox	June 21, 1889
Charles H. Orwig	January 26, 1894
Oscar F. Bowersox	December 21, 1897
Henry H. Ream	July 18, 1914
Charles G Kleckner	August 15, 1917
Ralph E. Ruhl	December 14, 1921

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Field Notes, by WCO Dirk Remensnyder



After speaking to a certain WCO about how his hunting season was going he informed me that it had been hazardous lately. It seems while driving on a steep treacherous snow covered road his vehicle slid off the road and partially down an embankment. A couple of days later during buck season he had a buck dart out and run into his vehicle head on. I know which WCO I will not be riding with anytime soon.

I can report citing a hunter for the second time in two years for hunting while on license revocation.

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This photograph taken circa 1914 shows the Henry H. Ream Cash Store that was located at the east end of Maple Street in Millmont. The large building also housed the Millmont Post Office when this photograph was taken. Henry H. Ream operated the store in Millmont with his father from 1910 until 1917. He served as Postmaster at the Millmont Post Office from 1914 until 1917.

The only person positively identified in this photograph is Miss Blanche Catherman, on the far left side of the photograph. She was an assistant in the post office.

Photograph courtesy of Wayne and Nancy Shively of Mifflinburg.

ing Store was located in a two-story building that was situated on the now vacant lot between 119 and 133 Maple Street.

Charles H. Orwig (1842-1922) was the fourth man to be appointed postmaster at Millmont, on January 26, 1894. A Lewis Township native, Orwig taught school as a young man. In 1887 Charles, along with his brother Phillip, built and operated a general store in the village of Millmont located at 1345 Millmont Road. Phillip's involvement in the business was short lived and Charles became the sole proprietor.

While his general merchandise store was located along the main thoroughfare in the village, his business did not house the post office, which was then located at the Bowersox establishment on Maple Street. After securing the postmaster position in 1894 Orwig had an opportunity to relocate the post office to his establishment. Oscar Bowersox was again appointed postmaster in 1897, which resulted in the relocation of the office to his Maple Street store. A circa 1890 photograph of Oscar F.

Bowersox, and others, standing in front of his clothing store shows "Post Office" in large letters on the glass transom above the entrance door.

Bowersox began his second stint as Millmont postmaster on December 21, 1897. In January 1899 Bowersox purchased Charles H. Orwig's general merchandise business at 1345 Millmont Road. Once again the post office was relocated to the building along the main thoroughfare. According to a December 1911 newspaper article, Miss Blanche Catherman was the "assistant postmistress" working for Bowersox. Oscar Bowersox, who was married to the former Agnes "Aggie" Coleman, continued to hold the postmaster position until July 1914. An interesting side note to Oscar and Agnes Bowersox is the fact that they were the first Millmont residents to install a telephone in their home, and among the first residents to own an automobile.

The unnamed Millmont correspondent for one of the local newspapers was obviously dissatisfied with the inhospitality she experienced during her routine visit to post office. In that column, published in the March 16, 1907 edition of the newspaper she wrote: "*What our little hamlet needs is a lock-up and a police force, which would do away to a certain extent the loafing and swearing and drunkenness about the post office. Go elsewhere and settle your disputes and then ladies can get their mail.*"

In 1910 Samuel Ream, a resident of Centre County, purchased the store on Maple Street formerly owned by Emmaus Royer. Samuel, along with his son Henry, operated H. H. Ream's Cash Store. On July 18, 1914, Henry H. Ream had the good fortune of being appointment postmaster at Millmont. His new position allowed him to relocate the post office in the same building that housed his cash store on Maple Street. The Ream's operated the store on Maple Street until 1917, about the same time that Henry H. Ream was replaced as postmaster.

Charles G. "Kleckie" Kleckner (1873-1961), a native of Lewis Township, was first appointed postmaster on August 15, 1917, during President Woodrow Wilson's term in office. It was also during 1917 that the post office moved from Maple Street (following the closure of H. H. Ream's Store) to Newt Shirk's Store located at 1345 Millmont Road. Kleckner's first term as postmaster continued until December 1921 when Ralph E. Ruhl replaced him.

Ralph E. "Ernest" Ruhl (1889-1988) was born in Lewis Township. He was appointed to the postmaster position on December 14, 1921. In August 1923, Ernest and Helen (Witmer) Ruhl purchased the property at 99 Maple Street in Millmont from J. George and Jennie Royer. Attached to the east side of this home was a small building that housed Royer's printing shop and a watch and clock repair business. When the Ruhl's purchased the property from Royer, they also purchased the printing business.

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Exploring the Bald Eagle State Forest

Samuel "Sammy" Osenbaugh

The Old Mountain Man

Part II



BOUNDARY OF STATE GAME REFUGE NUMBER 22:
UNION COUNTY
The ledge on the right is known as "Porcupine Rocks"

In a February 1919 letter to his supervisor complaining about the use of poison to exterminate free roaming dogs, District Forester Arthur C. Silvius wrote: *"Mr. Charles L. Braucher is responsible for this condition more than any one other person and in my humble opinion the Game Department would save considerable money and its work be much improved by his absence"*.

Silvius had concerns about acts of vengeance being aimed directly at state forest holdings by individuals upset over the indiscriminate killing of dogs. His concerns were justifiable. In April 1920 pyromaniacs set fire to the forest near the edge of Refuge No. 22 on Buffalo Mountain. This fire consumed more than 400 acres of forestland before it was brought under control. Two of the men who assisted in battling the blaze included Game Warden Charles L. Braucher and Refuge Keeper Samuel E. Osenbaugh. They along with numerous other fire wardens and private citizens worked diligently to bring the blaze under control.

In 1920 the Game Commission provided Osenbaugh with a substantial structure on Buffalo Mountain adjacent to Refuge No. 22 for use as his headquarters, which could also be used as living quarters. This 15' by 17' mountain stone cabin included a small cupola on the second floor that provided the refuge keeper with a 360° view of the landscape. The cost of the stonework for the building was \$204.00. This building is situated in the BESF where Old Shingle, Buffalo Flat, and Negro Hollow roads intersect. During the spring when Osenbaugh was busy planting various species of fruit trees and berry producing shrubs, the cabin provided a comfortable respite after a long hard day. The building was also useful during hunting season. While patrolling the refuge by day, Osenbaugh was able to spend his nights in the comfort of the cabin. In addition to keeping hunters from entering the refuge he was also responsible for keeping fishermen outside the boundary as well.

The year 1920 brought about numerous changes in Union County with regard to the Department of Forestry as well as the Game Commission. Game Warden Braucher passed away September 9, 1920, and was replaced by Miles L. Reeder. That same month various divisions of state forestland in Union, Centre, Mifflin and Snyder counties were incorporated into one district. Those divisions included White Deer, Buffalo and Jack's Mountain. By October of 1920 Arthur C. Silvius resigned from the Department of Forestry and went to work for the Anthracite Forest Protective Association in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. Raymond B. Winter, previously in charge of the White Deer Division, became forester of the new district named Ka-roundinha, and subsequently renamed Bald Eagle State Forest.

A September 1923 newspaper article included details about Osenbaugh's activities in Refuge No. 22 in the vicinity of Panther Run and the North Branch of Buffalo Creek, also known as Cranberry Flat. The plan for the refuge was developed at the direction of District Forester Raymond B. Winter. Some of those activities included planting food and shelter trees within the refuge area. Those tree species included thousands of red, white and jack pine along with Norway spruce and pitch pine. Osenbaugh also planted fruit bearing trees such as apple, plum, mulberry, sour and black cherry and walnut. Unfortunately many of the fruit trees did not survive due to depredation caused by deer.

A number of people I have interviewed over the years retained fond memories of Sammy Osenbaugh. Some of them related to me the unique and interesting characteristics about the man. One person who was very familiar with him was Charles S. Mabus (1920-2013). Mabus first became acquainted with Osenbaugh in 1939 following his discharge from the Civilian Conservation Corps at Pine Grove Furnace. When he returned home his mother, Viola, and stepfather, John Wallace, lived along Route 45, east of the former Laurelton State School.

At that same time Sammy Osenbaugh and Edna Narehood were living in a small home at the intersection of Route 45 and Stony Run Road (this home is no longer standing). Living in close proximity to one another, Mabus developed a friendship with Osenbaugh and enjoyed listening to the old timer's stories. Mabus described Osenbaugh as a little guy who in addition to being short was also skinny. He also recalled his big ears, which appeared to stick out from his head even further because he kept his hair trimmed close to his scalp. Another distinguishing attribute Mabus recalled about Osenbaugh was his long pointed nose.

The only memorable item Osenbaugh shared with Mabus from his childhood was an incident in which he shot himself in the leg. Apparently he was playing around with loaded 22-caliber revolver when he accidentally fired the gun, shooting himself. Osenbaugh quipped - "she bit like a hot iron" - when he recalled for Mabus that painful moment when the bullet en-

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Recipe of the Month

By Janice (Dorman) Shively

Skinny Turkey-Vegetable Soup

2 medium onions, chopped
 2 medium carrots, halved and thinly sliced
 2 celery ribs, chopped
 ½ C. chopped sweet red pepper
 1 T. olive oil
 3 garlic cloves, minced
 4 C. water
 1 can (10 ounces) diced tomatoes and green chilies, undrained
 ½ C. frozen peas
 1 bay leaf
 4 tsp. sodium-free chicken bouillon granules
 ½ tsp. dried basil
 ½ tsp. dried thyme
 ¼ tsp. ground cumin
 ¼ tsp. pepper
 ¼ - ½ tsp. hot pepper sauce, optional
 ½ C. uncooked whole wheat orzo pasta
 2 C. cubed cooked turkey breast
 1 T. minced fresh cilantro

In a large saucepan, sauté the onions, carrots, celery and red pepper in oil until tender. Add garlic; cook 2 minutes longer. Stir in the water, tomatoes, peas, bay leaf, bouillon, basil, thyme, cumin, pepper and pepper sauce if desired. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat; simmer, uncovered, for 15 minutes.



Meanwhile, cook orzo according to package directions; drain. Stir orzo and turkey into soup; heat through. Discard bay leaf. Sprinkle with cilantro. Yield: 6 servings (2 ¼ quarts.)

This recipe comes from Taste of Home's *Heartwarming Soups* Magazine. I love making this soup after the holidays. It's healthful and delicious, and a great way to use up left over turkey. And, the soup freezes well! I like to freeze in serving size containers to take to work for lunch.

I use *Rotel* for the diced tomatoes and green chilies, and sometimes use turkey broth instead of the water, or meat from smoked turkey legs instead of cooked turkey breast. And, because I work with some gluten intolerant ladies, I made the soup with gluten free spaghetti broken into small pieces instead of the orzo for a recent ladies luncheon. It was a hit!

Happy New Year!
 ENJOY!

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The photograph above is a view of 99 Maple Street in Millmont. Adjoining the home (to the left) is the building that housed the Millmont Post Office from about 1923 until 1958.

Ruhl subsequently moved the post office into the front section of the adjoining print shop. During a 1996 interview with Helen (Schnure) Harter (1915-2013) she noted that her uncle, Ernest, served the community as postmaster, while at the same time he spent much of his time selling new and used cars for Buck Diehl in Hartleton. Harter was familiar with the situation because at age nine she moved to Millmont to live with Ernest and Helen (Witmer) Ruhl.

Following her graduation from the Mifflinburg High School in 1931, Harter became a clerk at the Millmont Post Office working for her uncle. On July 1, 1931, the office advanced from a fourth class office to a third class office. Being a third class office the postmaster position at Millmont was subject to nomination by the president and also required confirmation by the US Senate. These routine nominations often came to the president's attention from the congressman in whose district the post office was located.

One of the primary reasons for the change in classification was due to the volume of incoming and outgoing mail, much of it generated by the Rex Company, which was headquartered in Millmont. The Rex Company (owned by Rev. John Yeisley) sold advertising material such as calendars and fans as well as account books, jewelry and other trinkets.

While Postmaster Ruhl spent his day in Hartleton selling automobiles, his niece managed the post office and his wife operated the printing business. Whenever inspectors or auditors visited the Millmont Post Office to go over the records, Harter said that they always complimented her on how she maintained the office and how neat and organized she kept the books.

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tered his leg. He also remembered his mother "cuffing him around" because he was playing with a loaded handgun.

Although Mabus heard rumors that Osenbaugh may have been part Indian, he did not know for certain if that was true. One thing he did know, having witnessed it first hand, was Osenbaugh's ability to climb a tree. Mabus never saw anyone who could climb a tree with such ease, even shimmying up a tree to shake loose a coon while out hunting. Mabus declared - "he was quite a character".

Dexterity, agility and strength are a few of Osenbaugh's other well-known traits. Orvis E. Wallace and LaRue E. Shirk were two people who recalled one particular trick that Osenbaugh liked to perform when he came into Pursley's Store in Laurelton. Both men witnessed occasions when Osenbaugh set a No. 2 leg hold fox trap and then declared to his audience that he could bring the trap to his face and spring it with his nose - without getting pinched. Apparently his long pointy nose came in handy when performing that bold and audacious fete. He was even known to wager with his skeptics that he could pull off this stunt. Shirk remarked, "he was quick" as he never once saw him get hurt as a result of performing this antic.

Although he was just a little guy, he was nonetheless a strong fellow, according to Mabus. He said that Osenbaugh's jaws were as powerful as a vice. Osenbaugh was known for his ability to bite onto a wooden keg of nails with his mouth at Rutherford's Store in Laurelton and lift it off the floor, without the use of his hands. Mabus also heard him relate stories about snatching fast to a live beaver and placing it into a cage. In the 1920's several pair of beaver from Canada were placed in Refuge No. 22. Conditions were so favorable that within several years the population exploded. Game Commission personnel, including Osenbaugh, helped to trap some of these rodents in order to relocate them to other parts of the state.

Mabus also recalled hearing people talk about another stunt that Osenbaugh occasionally performed for the folks in Laurelton during his employment with the Laurelton Lumber Company. As the story goes, Osenbaugh was a passenger on the dinkey engine, known as the "Peanut Roaster", en route to the sawmill pulling several cars loaded with timber. He hopped off the moving engine as it passed through the village of Laurelton, where the rail line crossed Weikert Road. Upon exiting the engine Osenbaugh proceeded to turn cartwheels down the roadway, almost to the intersection of State Route 235 and Weikert Road.

Osenbaugh was well into his sixties when he and Mabus became friends. By all indication, his age was no deterrent in his ability to procreate. As was noted in Part I of this article, there were two young children living in the Osenbaugh and Narehood home in 1940. Within several years two additional children, Dorothy and Vera, were part of the household. By then Osenbaugh was over 70 years old. According to Mabus, his mother, Viola Wallace assisted Narehood with the delivery of the two younger children. During the birth of the last child Viola (the midwife) was pretty much on her own. As the birth of the child drew near, Osenbaugh went to the Mabus home and frantically summoned "Olie" as he referred to Viola Wallace, to quickly make her way to his home and lend a hand. The baby was delivered, and all was well, by the time Doc. Glover arrived at the Osenbaugh home.

One of the things Mabus recalled from the birth of the last child was Osenbaugh running around the room, in a high-pitched squealing voice repeating the same phrase - "no more, no more, no more". Old Doc Glover quickly reminded Osenbaugh that he said the same thing following the birth of the last child. According to Harold M. Hackenburg (1913-1997) the two youngest children were exceptionally smart. At some point Dorothy and Vera were both removed from the home and either turned over to foster care or adopted by other families living outside the area.

According to Mabus, Osenbaugh's transportation in his latter years was a Model T Ford touring car. His driving abilities might have been a little unsteady as I uncovered two newspaper articles describing accidents in which he was involved. During one of the accidents Osenbaugh struck two attendants from the Laurelton State Village who were walking along the highway one mile east of the institution. According to the June 1933 newspaper article Osenbaugh was clearly at fault when he hit the two women, Miss Agnes Bower and Miss Nellie Beck, as both women tried desperately to avoid being struck by Osenbaugh's vehicle.

Samuel E. Osenbaugh died at Geisinger Hospital in Danville on April 24, 1951, and was interred in an unmarked grave in the Hartleton Cemetery. Edna (Mitchell) Narehood died December 2, 1979, and is buried in the Old Cedar Cemetery in Swengel. A small white marble headstone marks her final resting spot.

Over the last fifteen years of publishing this newsletter one of the more rewarding aspects has been the opportunity to preserve the memory of some interesting residents from the West End of the county. Sammy Osenbaugh was a backwoods old codger who worked hard all his life, but had very little to show for it as life drew to a close. His relationship with the women in his life is not one to be emulated. However, despite his character flaws he was a man who left an unforgettable impression in the minds of the people who knew him personally. He possessed an uncanny ability to bring a smile to people's faces, and his life is worthy of a little recognition.

While Osenbaugh's burial plot in the Hartleton Cemetery is not marked, information exists to establish exactly where he is buried. One of my goals, before I am laid to rest in the same cemetery west of Hartleton, is to provide him with a modest stone memorial, preferably of mountain stone. That way others will know precisely where the earthly remains of Sammy Osenbaugh, the Old Mountain Man, lie buried.

TLS

Sources: Charles S. Mabus; Orvis E. Wallace; Larue E. Shirk; Lynn R. Shively; George J. Sholter; Harold M. Hackenberg; Hartley Township Census records from 1900 through 1940; Pennsylvania's State Game Refuges and Public Hunting Grounds Bulletin No. 14, published the Pennsylvania Game Commission November 30, 1930; the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission; The Mifflinburg Telegraph and the Lewisburg Saturday News.

Blessings from the Bible

By Brenda Weaver

*“Many, O Lord my God,
Are thy wonderful works which thou hast done,
and thy thoughts which are to usward;
they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee:
if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.”
Psalm 40:5*

“Reckon” is an old word, meaning to count, compute, or calculate; to look upon as being; regard.

The end of one year, and the beginning of the next, calls for reflecting and reckoning. As I look back over the past twelve months, I reckon God’s grace carried us through the difficult times, His mercies have been applied to our shortcomings, and His great love for us overarched everything.

I can reflect on the pleasantries of the year, including snow fun in the winter months, a mild and beautiful spring, one of the loveliest summers we’ve had in central PA in many years, and a long-lasting, lovely, crisp, and comfortable fall. I can remember the days or evenings spent with friends, trips to visit family, and the blessings of Christian brotherhood.

I reckon again on the blessings resulting from one Christmas gift last year—how one tiny, pretty zebra finch, coupled with a companion from the pet store, blessed me with happy songs, four clutches in the nesting basket, and eleven baby birds! I can count the baby birds, recalling their names: Ping, Quing, Ring, and Swing hatched before spring came, cheering my lonely January and February. Then Albert and Berta hatched while I was helping my daughter recover from emergency surgery in Alberta, Canada in March. Spring and Summer hatched in summertime and their sibling Autumn died. Then a second Autumn hatched along with Winter, arriving right on time with falling leaves. (I named the last four after seasons since I reckoned the parent birds, Wings and Sings, to be ever-bearing birds and I rather hoped they were getting ready for the empty nest phase of life!) Then too, I can recall the families or lonely friends who were blessed to receive my baby birds. I traded one of them for a pumpkin and a mum from a friendly family who had autumn items for sale by their farm. I can still envision their young children skipping with delight about the pretty little bird, and then helping me catch the bird when it escaped while trying to put it into their cage. Friends of theirs phoned asking for a bird, so another family was blessed. There was the widow friend who is now being cheered by the happy songs of Autumn. The last two went to a family whose birds had just died and whose cat had been killed on the road, and they were praying for a pet to cheer them. Their answer to prayer was mine as well, for I had been praying for homes for the last two offspring, and welcomed days with only Wings and Sings to feed and clean up after.

More importantly than baby birds, new friends have been added to my ever-widening circle of acquaintances. A growing Christmas card list presents a problem, as I have trouble getting to the end of it before the old year ends. But connecting with friends is worth the effort, so some of them can enjoy a winter letter.

I think about the pleasantries the New Year will bring. If all goes well, two new grandbabies will be added to our family circle. There is nothing quite like holding a new baby and smelling his or her sweet breath to make one feel richly blessed. There may be lots of things going wrong in the world, but holding a new baby is a very right, and honorable, and pleasant thing to do!

Our youngest child has finished classes for her nurses training. The New Year will bring her pinning ceremony and her graduation. Here is one momma who also wishes to reckon the arrival of her very own paychecks!

*“For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time
are not worthy to be compared with the glory
that shall be revealed in us”*

As surely as the year held pleasant things, it held sorrow and suffering as well.

“Life is checkered, shade and sunshine,” said the poet. Although Henry Wadsworth Longfellow identified love as sunshine, hate as shadow (“The Song of Hiawatha”) the poetic phrase may be applied to bliss and sorrow as well, for life certainly is checkered by them.

Among the sorrows of my year was watching the grandparents of my children weaken and fade, two of them suffering strokes that robbed more abilities and further dulled their aging senses. It is hard to watch strong, active, hard-working men and women become weak and frail, or discouraged by what all they can no longer do.

But as hard as it is to watch people you love age, it is the natural course of events. Not such was the death of my husband’s five-year-old great-niece. On Monday and Tuesday she went to school. On Wednesday she stayed home sick with what seemed like a normal cold turning into croup. On Friday she died; complications of an unusual and large pneumonia.

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Oh the grief—the dark shadow—of watching a family adjust to the loss of a vibrant, vivacious, healthy kindergartener.

The Weaver Family Directory lies beside my computer. Since it was printed last year new names have been added; births have been celebrated, new babies enjoyed. Now another name will be underlined and addressed as “the late.” In the cemetery at the corner of town a new mound of upturned earth marks young Jackie’s grave, right beside that of her recently laid to rest grandmother.

For all the sorrows there are some checkers of joy, some windows of light. There are the thoughts of Jackie and Grandma Lois’s joyful, ecstatic embrace on the opposite shore of Jordan, that river of death. And recently Jackie’s Grandpa found a precious video clip among his collection of family photography. Jackie’s mother is holding her and her younger brother on her lap, beside the grave of her mother. Jackie’s four-year-old face suddenly breaks into rapturous joy as she exalts, “When I died, I will go to heaven and be with GRANDMA!”

Oh tears! Oh joy! Oh how life is checkered shade and sunshine, loss and gain, joy with sorrow, peace through pain.

Prayer for Reflection:

Dear Lord, I thank You for your blessings as I reflect on the passing of the year 2014.

I reckon Your blessings, Your new-every-morning-mercies, and Your great faithfulness. I grieve over losses, old and new. But I think of joyful reunions, and hidden blessings in the painful things You have allowed. Thank You for Your unmatched comfort.

Looking toward the New Year of 2015 I seek Your face, Your grace, Your guidance.

Amen.

Recommendations for the New Year:

If grieving or sorrowful, Read and pray Psalm 86.

As you consider the New Year, find and read Henry Wadsworth Longfellow’s poem “A Psalm of Life” (1839) ending with these lines:

“Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.”

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In November 1937, Helen Schnure married Wilmer “Red” Harter. They subsequently moved to Mifflinburg, but Helen continued her clerk duties at the Millmont Post Office. During my interview with Harter she recalled racing to the Millmont Post Office from her home in Mifflinburg in order to be there by 7:00 a.m. That was the hour when the office opened for business, and was shortly before the mail arrived. She said there were times when the vehicle she was driving ran parallel to the westbound train as she scurried to Millmont.

Harter said that she was earning \$17 a month working for her uncle at the post office. When Charles G. Kleckner took over the post office during his second stint as postmaster in 1934, she received an increase in pay to \$30.00 per month. She continued to work at the Millmont Post Office until her resignation on November 17, 1938. Marie Blyler, a native of Millmont took over the clerk responsibilities at the Millmont Post Office after Harter resigned.

In Part II we will look at several other postmasters who served the Millmont area, including more information about Charles Kleckner as well as Charles "Roy" Graham, Delphia A. Shirk, Harold "Hap" Sampsell and Grace Blyler. We will also examine the establishment of RFD (Rural Free Delivery) at Millmont and some of the carriers who delivered the mail on the routes. We will recall the era of the "Highway Post Office" when the Postal Department delivered mail to the offices, including Millmont, using a red, white and blue bus. We will also reminisce about the official dedication ceremony of the current Millmont Post Office in 1961.

TLS

Editor's Note: I would like to thank Sharon Denisen of Naples, Florida and Millmont, Pennsylvania for the information she provided for this article. Sharon donated information and photographs pertaining to the Millmont Post Office that were preserved by her parents, Harold R. "Hap" and Marie (Blyler) Sampsell. My thanks also to Wayne Shively of Mifflinburg for providing the photograph on page 2.

Sources: Helen (Schnure) Harter (1915-2013); Marie (Blyler) Sampsell (1921-2004); The Sunbury Daily Item and The Mifflinburg Telegraph.

The small photograph in the upper left corner of page one shows a wintertime view of Shively’s Garage in Millmont circa 1940. The garage was operated by Jacob G. Shively and later by his son, Edgar G. Shively.

Penlines From my Kitchen to Yours

by Lucy Hoover

November 26, 2014

Phares and Susan Reiff of Lewisburg have a daughter named Jane. She has two brothers and three sisters. Grandparents are Phares and Lena Reiff and Harvey and Rachel Burkholder of Shiloh, Ohio.

An ordination service was held at Mt. View Church to ordain a minister for the new church house, "Scenic Ridge" that is being built along Beaver Road. Leonard and Marilyn Zimmerman of Mifflinburg are the newly ordained ones.

The lot is cast into the lap;
But the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.
Proverbs 16:33

Jason Horning of Millmont was out hunting in the woods when he hopped over a log approximately two foot in diameter. He heard a sound and turned around to see the log rolling towards him. The log pinched him up against another tree. A hunter nearby heard his yell and pulled him from beneath the log.

December 13

Our Hoover family spent the day at David and Mabel Jane Brubacker of NY. They plan to move to Tennessee in February 2015.

December 14

We spent the evening at the "Rail Center" with the youth while they played volleyball. The other parents there were Levi and Lauretta Brubacker.

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:

Tues. Jan. 3, 1933 - Worked in the garage this morning. Mother, Catherine and Edmund were to Dr. Boush's at Beavertown on account of mother's rheumatism. They came to Beaver Springs and met Edw. Boop and I. We bought Brother Jesse's printing press and brought it home on Boop's truck. Donald Shirk was along and it was near midnight till we got it unloaded at Edmunds.

Wed. Jan. 4, 1933 - Worked in the garage. This evening mother and I prepared calendars for printing with church announcements.

Thurs. Jan. 5, 1933 - Worked in the garage and finished calendars. In memory of a great President Calvin Coolidge who died suddenly of heart failure Thursday Jan. 5, 1933, Flags were floating (half-staff) at PO and other federal public buildings in honor of our president.

Looking Back

The following article was written by Jacob G. Shively (1901-1970) and was published in the Spring 1959 issue of Pennsylvania Folklife.

Old Sweitzer's Ghost by Jacob G. Shively

My grandfather, Jacob S. Shively (1827-1912) was, in my estimation, a very serious, honest and conscientious Christian man; and was so regarded by the entire neighborhood in which he lived. He often remarked that he preferred to do business with a drunkard rather than a liar, because the former could often be depended upon when sober, but the latter, never.

The point I wish to make is that he, and many of the other good old folks, told the stories about witches, ghosts and tokens in all seriousness; even though we, in the light of present knowledge, must conclude that they were drawing heavily upon their imagination; possible sparked by some natural phenomenon.

I shall never forget the effect that grandfather's stories had on me as a small boy. After one of our evening sessions I would run to bed, draw the covers over my head, and not hazard a glance into the darkened room until morning.

Among the stories that affected me most were the ones about the hairy man who appeared from behind a forked pine tree along the old red ridge east of White Springs, the headless dog that ran ahead of a party consisting of himself and two other men while returning from camp meeting in the same vicinity, and the ghost of Old Switzer. He usually ended our session with that one. The last time I heard him tell it was about 1908. It was about as follows:

"My grandfather, John Steese, bought the old LeRoy tract, at the big spring about a mile and a half south east of the present town of Mifflinburg, from Andrew Pontius, and moved there when my mother (Rachel) was about ten years old.

LeRoy, to whom my mother always referred to as Old Switzer, was murdered by Indians at the time of the Penn's Creek massacre, when all of the white settlers in the valley were either killed or driven out. It was believed that he had some warning of the impending raid and had buried considerable money and other valuables in the ground near his cabin.

Mother said that it was a common thing, on moonlight nights, to see what appeared to be a man, emerge from the shadows at a certain spot, walk in a straight course for a considerable distance, and then suddenly disappear.

About midway on his course he would always produce flint and steel and light his pipe. This appearance of Old Switzer became so common that the people of the neighborhood took it for granted and thought little of it.

One night when mother was all most grown up, the young folks of the neighborhood held a party at their place. During the evening one of the guests remarked that it was about time for Old Switzer to walk his beat. One of the young men, probably to impress the others of his bravery, announced that he was going out to ask Old Sweitzer where his money was buried.

Taking his stand precisely where he knew Switzer would pass he waited for him. He appeared on schedule, lit his pipe, and by the time he approached the young man, those watching from the house could see smoke from his pipe like a small cloud. He continued at his regular gait until he

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was within a hand's breath of him. The young man then walked around him and continued on to the spot where he disappeared. Even after the apparition had gone, the young man remained standing like a statue. Finally several of the boys mustered enough courage to carry him to the house. Mother said that he was as stiff as a board and unable to talk. He seemed stunned and queer for several days, but finally recovered. When he regained his speech the first thing he said was, "I'll never ask Old Switzer for his money again".

Oft times in the morning, mother said, they would find holes dug in their fields, where treasurer hunters had busied themselves during the night. One morning an unusually large hole was seen and after that there was no more digging; nor did the ghost of Old Switzer ever appear again. They concluded that the treasure had been found, and that Old Switzer's spirit had found peace".



Artifacts from the Glen Iron Furnace

In the August and September 2013 issues of this newsletter I published a two part series of articles about the Berlin Iron Works at Glen Iron. In recent months Donald and Evelyn Miller of Mifflinburg brought several artifacts to me that they discovered at the site of a summer cottage they formerly owned, located at 206 Laurel Drive. The property where the cottage is located once belonged to the Church family, who were for many years associated with the Berlin Iron Works, later the Glen Iron Furnace.

Among the artifacts the Miller's discovered near the cottage, which they purchased in 1986 and sold in 2003, was a section of hollow wooden pipe that retained the markings from where it was banded together. Also among the items they discovered near their cottage were numerous pieces of slag, a by-product from the days when iron ore smelting process. The pieces of slag were of various sizes, shapes and colors. Today the cottage is known as Iron Ore Camp.

Memories of Fish Warden Art Snyder

After reading the main story featured on page one of the December 2014 issue of this newsletter about The Wardens, Miles Reeder and Art Snyder, Mifflinburg resident, Bill Mattern, contacted me in order to share with me one of his childhood memories of Fish Warden Art Snyder. Mattern loaned me a copy of his booklet "The Penns Creek of My Youth" in which he recalled an occasion where he and Art Snyder, had an encounter along Penns Creek. Mattern wrote: "Mr. Art Snyder was the fish warden in the area. He knew me personally for I was a good friend of Tommy Lingle, his grandson. We lived then in Mifflinburg. One day I was hooking mullet off the bridge (over Penns Creek near the village of Penns Creek) when who was to drive past me? It was Mr. Snyder, and he saw me and I saw him, and worst of all he knew what I was doing. I nearly messed my pants. He pulled to a stop on the north side of the bridge, got out and came walking towards me. My god, what to do? Should I drop my rod into the water below? Could I con myself out of this? This seemed the best idea! Hi Bill, how's the fishing? Art said. Not very good, I replied. I'm fishing with a triple hook and a grasshopper, it that all right?, I added. Reel in your line Bill, he replied. My heart skipped a beat. I was "hooked" and I knew it. I reeled in my line with the bare hook attached. Bill, take that hook off and don't let me catch you again trying to hook fish. I did that as he walked away. Now I know Art could have cared less about hooking a bony mullet, and he likely was grinning to himself, knowing that he had scared me near to death. I did continue to hook mullet, none the less!"

Thank You!

I would like to thank Richard and Susan Boop of Millmont; Ruth Diamond of Indialantic, FL; Caroline Wenrick of Hartleton and Donald and Kathryn Shively of Millmont for their generous donations, which help to defray the expenses involved with this publication.

I would also like to thank George Sholter of Weikert for sharing numerous old photographs from his collections and Bill Mattern of Mifflinburg for sharing with me his book entitled - "A Creek Runs Through Me".

I would also like to thank Robert and Mary Ann Losik of Fair Oakes, California (and Weikert) and John and Jeannette Behel of Mechanicsburg for the hospitality they provided to me during a December 31 visit to their Jolly Grove cottage. In addition the Losik's presented me with several postcards featuring fishermen on Penns Creek while the Behel's gave me a 2015 calendar featuring photographs of Penns Creek and the Chimney Rock area of Weikert.

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Internet subscriptions can be obtained FREE by visiting: www.millmonttimes.com

All of the newsletters published between January 2004 through the current issue are now available on the website. Please use the following address if you are interested in contacting the editor, making a donation or changing your address: Tony Shively, Post Office Box 3, Millmont PA 17845, telephone: (570) 922.4297 or E-mail: tshively@dejazzd.com

January Birthdays & Anniversaries

2 – Joan Klinger	12 – Ann M. Koonsman	22 – Helen Camp
2 – Brady O. Koonsman	13 – Mary Catherine Hummel	22 – Hertha Wehr
3 – Edward Martin	14 – Della Schneeberg	22 – Gerald Starks
4 – Stacey Witmer	14 – Helen Raker	23 – Fred Yarger
5 – Sarah Gordon	16 – Marge Schmader	24 – Kenneth Rishel
5 – Harry Oberholtzer	16 – Julia Libby	24 – Richard Martin
5 – Donna Fultz	16 – Jason Zimmerman	24 – Randy Lyons
6 – Rachel Keister	16 – Diane Hackenburg	25 – Sandy Aikey
6 – Lisa Martin	17 – Leroy S. & Verna H. Zimmerman - 1961	25 – Ellen Kahler
6 – Betty Wallace	17 – Lucille Wenrick	25 – Betty Makosy
6 – Arlene Zimmerman	18 – Lee Sauers	25 – Warren Zimmerman
6 – Craig Yarger	18 – Keyen Bingaman	26 – Helen Martin
7 – Norma “Pat” Bennett	18 – Glenn Kuhns	27 – Evelyn Miller
8 – Pauline (Crebs) Levan	19 – Donald & Phyllis Ruhl – 1973	29 – Lottie Sheesley
8 – Colby Yarger	20 – Bob Losik	29 – Richard Wenrick
10 – Arlene Martin	20 – Anne Little	29 – Margaret Yarger
10 – Linda Sholter	21 – Tracey Beaver	30 – Eugene Antol
10 – LaNell Reiff	21 – Jennifer Martin	30 – Daphne Martin
11 – Carol Wilson	21 – Bill Mattern	30 – Stan Weaver
11 – Leroy Zimmerman	22 – Wilmer Zimmerman	31 – Marcus Zimmerman
12 – Travis Brown	22 – Dianna Lloyd	
12 – Peter Makosy	22 – James & Helen Camp - 1961	

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