



Headstone of Lance Corporal Kenneth Shemory who was killed in action in Vietnam and buried in the Hartleton Cemetery.

West End Cemeteries, Headstones & Epitaphs Part II

The Hartleton Cemetery is the largest cemetery in size, and perhaps in interments, in the West End of Union County. According to a newspaper article published in *The Mifflinburg Telegraph*, the cemetery atop the hill just west of the borough originated sometime around 1887. A portion of this cemetery is located in Hartley Township while the other section is located in Hartleton Borough. One of the foremost aspects of this cemetery for those who visit here is the view. The panoramic view of the surrounding countryside from atop the hill is incredible.

Early burials in this cemetery originated near the flagpole. Over time burials flowed westward on the gentle slope. New additions to this cemetery were later added east of the flagpole, and more recent interments are flowing in that direction. This new section extends eastward as far as Polly Pine Road, although some of this property is under cultivation. The delineation between the old and new sections of this cemetery is obvious even to the casual observer. The old section contains a number of large headstones and monuments. The headstones erected in the new section are relatively uniform in height, the majority of them less than thirty-six inches.

Some of the older headstones only have the names and dates of birth and death. There are some headstones that have religious themes such as Bible text, praying hands or perhaps a cross. Modern headstones can sometimes be etched with a facsimile of a family pet, wildlife, date the couple was married, scenic views, or perhaps the home or farm where the person resided. There is one with a depiction of Christ at Gethsemane while other etchings reveal nicknames, Masonic symbols and items related to their occupation, such as tractor trailer driver. There are also headstones that include other vehicles such as cars, trucks and motorcycles. These black granite headstones with bright white lettering can be quite distinctive.

The headstone of Dorland Moyer (1938-1996) includes a replica of the badge he wore during his more than two-decade tenure as a Mifflinburg Borough police officer. Steve Winegardner who lives in Washington, DC, and works for the Library of Congress, had his headstone erected in advance of his passing. Etched on his headstone is the image of the Jefferson Building where he works.

Numerous veterans are buried in this cemetery. Elmer Vanatta, a member of the Army Air Corps who served in the European Theater during WWI is buried here. Following his military service Vanatta was employed as a pilot by the Air Mail Service of the Postal Department. During a portion of his employment he flew mail planes on the New York to Cleveland division. This flight path would have taken him directly over his birthplace near Hartleton and where his remains are interred today. Vanatta's white marble headstone includes an image of a bi-plane similar to those he flew during his military and civilian service.

Another veteran interred in the Hartleton Cemetery is Private Elwood Herman (1918-1945). Herman was wounded January 20, 1945 in Belgium, for which he was awarded a Purple Heart. After recuperating from his injuries he was returned to active duty. On March 27,

(Continued on page 2)

The Millmont Times

NOVEMBER 2014

Field Notes, by WCO Dirk Remensnyder



Recently Evangelical Hospital conducted a Hunter health screening which drew over fifty participants. Union County WCO's attended the event and handed out packets with various PGC information and answered any questions raised by the hunters.

I can report that I cited two different individuals for littering on Game Lands.

(Continued from page 1)



This altar tomb, or vault, in the Lincoln Chapel Cemetery is the only one of its kind in the West End. The names along with birth and death dates of Louis, Susan and Charles Crispin are engraved on the roof.

1945, while serving with the U.S. 7th Army in Germany he was killed by a German sniper.

Kenneth C. Shemory (1945-1968) enlisted in the United State Marine Corps on February 23, 1967. Attaining the rank of Lance Corporal, Shemory was sent to Vietnam in October 1967. He was killed in action on May 22, 1968 at age 23. On the day of his interment fellow Marine Corps soldiers carried the casket of Lance Corporal Shemory to his final resting place atop the hill at Hartleton.

A few of the epitaphs in this cemetery include the headstone of Denise (Graham) VonNeida (1956-2001) with the words "*You brought His peace*". Located nearby is the headstone of her daughter Heidi VonNeida (1978-2000), who died one year earlier, which includes the words - "*You brought His sunshine*".

Etched on the headstone of John Van Wert Johnson Jr. (1955-1985) is the epitaph - "*To have touched the lives of so many in such a short time was truly a gift*". Posey Perdue (1924-1980) and his wife M. Jacqueline Perdue (1927-1992) apparently had a unique sense of humor when they ordered their headstone. This is the inscription at the base of their headstone - "*Better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick*".

While I have seen a couple of headstones in this cemetery with dates earlier than 1887, I assume they are reinterments. One reinterment that occurred long after the cemetery was founded is that of Dr. Lewis Pellman Glover. Following his death in 1953 his body was laid to rest on Bunker Hill, a short distance west of (and within site of) the Hartleton Cemetery. His body was subsequently disinterred and moved to the Hartleton Hill Cemetery where he and his wife Dorothy (Lomas) Glover, now rest in peace.

The Lincoln Chapel Cemetery is located on land donated by John Lincoln (1782-1862) and his wife Hannah (1801-1880). They provided land for the erection of a church and burial ground in 1852. The present day church replaced the original church at that location in 1889. During an earlier era it was known as the Lincoln Methodist Episcopal Church. Today this house of worship is known simply as the Lincoln Chapel.

This cemetery includes headstones of all types and sizes, from small austere stones to those that are large and ornate. John and Hannah Lincoln are interred in this cemetery. The headstone of John Lincoln has a wreath of oak leaves and acorns etched into the face, symbolic of strength, life and immortality. Etched on the face of Hannah's headstone is a cross, emblematic of her Christian heritage.

There are several headstones with a lamb or sheep sleeping on the top or etched in the face. These are symbolic of innocence and were often placed on headstones erected of young children. One headstone in the Lincoln Chapel with a sheep includes the following epitaph: "*Little drops of water Little grains of sand Make the mighty ocean And the beauteous land.*" Numerous headstones here also show a hand with a finger pointing toward heaven.

One of the largest headstones in this cemetery is that of Dr. Samuel Knight (1817-1882), his wife Rachel (nee Lincoln) (1815-1875) and daughter Hannah (1844-1860).

Etched on the headstone of Elizabeth Zimmerman (1831-1911), wife of Joseph is the following epitaph: "*Darling mother she has left us Left us yes for ever more But we hope to meet our mother On that bright and shinning shore*".

The headstone of Mary E. Goodlander who died October 7, 1880 at age 84 is rather unique. This zinc obelisk, like others I have seen, has turned bluish-gray since its erection. This headstone includes the names of other people, including the surname Weikel. A representation of clasping hands can be seen above the name of Mary Goodlander. One of the hands is masculine and the other is feminine and is a representation of unification by marriage.

Zinc headstones are hollow and are quite weather resistant. They also have raised lettering, which makes them easy to read. According to research, the Monumental Bronze Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, was the only manufacturer of this type of marker in the United States. The company manufactured these zinc headstones between 1874 and 1914. The only other zinc headstones I have seen in the West End were one in the Rays Cemetery belonging to Luther Kleckner who died at six months of age, and one in the Hironimus Cemetery, which will be mentioned later.

John Paul Taylor (1917-2003) and Helen Alecia Taylor (1925-2001) have a large headstone in the Lincoln Chapel Cemetery etched with two very simple and touching words - "*Sweet memories*". The shiny black granite headstone of Ryan Schlegel (1981-2003) includes a view of Penns Creek from Chimney Rock.

The headstone of Donald Hackenburg (1932-2007) reveals that he earned 2 Bronze Stars during his military service during the war with Korea. Richard Schell (1932-1992), a 20-year Army veteran, and Purple Heart recipient is also buried in Lincoln Chapel.

There are a couple of headstones in this cemetery that have ceramic photographs of the deceased embedded in their headstones. The headstones of Michael D. Houtz (1984-2006) and Candy Hackenburg (1979-2006) include their photographs. The

(Continued on page 4)

Exploring the Bald Eagle State Forest

Black Bears

Flipping the calendar to November is not something I particularly enjoy. Recognizing the eminent changes in the weather in store, along with the abbreviated daylight hours is a little depressing for those of us who possess a strong dislike of winter. Scraping ice from windshields and shoveling snow are chores that many of us could just as soon do without. Colder temperatures, gusty winds and drifting snow may have been enjoyable when I was a youngster, but those days have long since passed.

Despite the changes and challenges ahead, there are also some bright spots that take place in November and December. Holidays such as Thanksgiving and Christmas can be memorable times, which help to lift our spirits as we approach the bleak and harsh winter ahead. For those who enjoy big game hunting for deer and bear it can also be an enjoyable time, and something to look forward to.

Although we do not hunt, an annual tradition that Janice and I enjoy is stopping by the check station at the conclusion of the statewide bear-hunting season to see how successful area hunters have been at bagging a black bear. The nearest bear check station is located at the maintenance building behind the Bald Eagle District Forest office alongside Route 45, just west of the intersection of Route 235. Checking the tally board posted outside the building is a way of learning how many bear were harvested locally. In addition to the total number checked, the tally board also reveals the weight and sex of each bear that was checked, as well as the county and township where each bear was taken.

The continuing debate revolving around the Pennsylvania Game Commission's management of the whitetail deer seems to be never-ending. However, gauging from the harvest data in recent years, the management of the black bear population in this state has been nothing short of remarkable. Thirty-five years ago the population of black bears in Pennsylvania was estimated at 4,000. Today that number has increased to 18,000, a whopping 450% increase. The odds of harvesting a trophy black bear for those with a license to hunt these large mammals is better than it has ever been. Some of the bear taken in recent years were enormous, with a few weighing in excess of 800 pounds.

Black bears were given protection by the state of Pennsylvania in 1905. A decade later the first season for the black bears took place, and the harvest totaled 188. During the 2013 season a total of 3,510 bears were harvested across the state, of which 58 weighed in excess of 500 pounds. As recently as 2011 the total black bear harvest was 4,350. That harvest figure is as high as the entire population across the state just three decades earlier.

Out of curiosity I did some research to see how many black bear were harvested in Union County in 1954, the year of my birth. The total statewide harvest that year was 403 bear. In Union County only one bear was taken, and one was killed in Snyder County. Fast-forward to 2012 when 82 black bears were taken in Union County while the harvest in Snyder County was 14. The statewide total that year was 3,632.

This year the black bear hunting season begins statewide on Saturday November 22nd and continues on Monday the 24th through Wednesday the 26th. Locally in Wildlife Management Unit (WMU) 4D the season returns from December 3rd through the 6th. This WMU encompasses most (but not all) of the Bald Eagle District Forest.

If you have an interest in seeing bear that come in to the check station, or if you might be interested in seeing the size, number and location where they are harvested, be sure to visit the check station in the maintenance building behind the district forest office. The check station at the BESF office is open from 10:00 a.m. until 9:00 p.m. on Saturday (22nd), Sunday (23rd) from 10:00 a.m. until 2:00 p.m., Monday (24th) and Tuesday (25th) from 10:00 a.m. until 8:00 p.m. and Wednesday (26th) from 10:00 a.m. until 6:00 p.m.

From 1978 through 1994 I served as a Deputy Game Protector under Union County Game Protector Bernie Schmader. Those 16 years were filled with interesting and exciting events, including a number of incidents involving black bear. One of those bear incidents had to do with Louise Knight of Lewisburg in September, 1983 while she and several friends were hiking the Hook Natural Area near the site of the Mifflinburg Intake on the North Branch of Buffalo Creek. Earlier this year Louise was asked to share her memories of that adventure. I indicated that I was interested in using her details of that incident in this newsletter. My sincere thanks to Louise Knight for sharing her memories of the encounter she and several friends had with a black bear in the Hook Natural Area:

On Sunday, September 4, 1983 - three friends and I decided to take a picnic hike along the Hook Tram Trail in the Hook Natural Area in the Bald Eagle State Forest. It was a splendid, warm and sunny day. We packed a lunch of fried chicken, potato salad and several other food items. Part of the food was carried in my backpack and the other part was carried in the backpack of a friend. For no particular reason we were hiking with 2 of my friends together in front, and I and another friend about 25 yards behind. I would estimate we had walked less than 1 mile, and all of a sudden there emerged out of the woods on to the path between our two groups a large black bear. I think he or she weighed between 200 and 300 pounds. I am sure my sudden fright has caused my memory to visualize the bear to be much bigger than it was. In any event the two of us to the rear halted immediately and started to back up in order to turn around and run. We yelled to our friends in front, who turned around, and saw the bear, who seemed interested in following them, not us. I and the other hiker ran as fast as we could until we got to a point where we hid behind some trees and brush where we felt somewhat protected. I had some fire-starter sticks and matches and was ready

(Continued on page 4)

Recipe of the Month
By Janice (Dorman) Shively
Slow Cooked Brussels Sprouts

2 T. vegetable oil
1 lb. Brussels sprouts, trimmed
Salt
3 T. butter
3 T. finely chopped shallots
¾ C. chicken broth

Heat vegetable oil over high heat in a large skillet. Add Brussels sprouts and brown all over by shaking the pan often. Season with salt, to taste. Remove Brussels sprouts from pan, reduce heat to medium high and add the butter to melt. Add shallots and sauté for a minute or two. Add the sprouts back in, add the chicken stock, cover, reduce heat to medium low, and cook for 30 minutes or until

sprouts are soft and tender. I retrieved this recipe from foodnetwork.com about 8 years ago, and have been making this dish for myself since then!

I decided to prepare it for our Thanksgiving gathering at my parents house last year. Unbeknownst to me, my family enjoys Brussels sprouts and loved this dish. I only made a single batch, and it was gone very quickly. This year I will most certainly make a larger portion for Thanksgiving dinner at my parents house.

Maybe you will consider preparing this very easy side dish for your Thanksgiving gathering too? Have a very Happy Thanksgiving 2014!

ENJOY!



(Continued from page 3)

to use them to scare off the bear if it came after us. We were reluctant to abandon our friends, who had run ahead of the bear and along with the bear were completely out of sight. After perhaps 15 minutes or so, we heard our friends yelling from high up the side of Jones Mountain. "Where are you?" We called back, and after a few minutes of their descending the mountainside, we reconnected. They told us they had run ahead of the bear as fast as they could. One of the hikers carrying the food decided to distract the bear with the food, so she dropped her pack, opened it, and quickly spread out the chicken and potato salad. They then ran across the creek (the North Branch of Buffalo Creek) and climbed the mountain until they were sure the bear was not following them. After we rejoined each other, we walked/ran as fast as we could back to the car. The hiker who had dropped her pack said that her pack contained her driver's license and wallet, other important ID's, and her regular prescription glasses (she was wearing sunglasses). I said to her, "We have to go back and get your stuff - You can't just abandon those things!." I could not persuade anyone to go back so we all drove home. When I got home, the thought of my friend needlessly losing her valuables bothered me so I called the Game Commission number and got in touch with Game Protector Bernie Schmader. He informed me that someone would meet me out at the Mifflinburg Reservoir and go along into the Hook Natural Area with me to retrieve the backpack. So I drove back out from Lewisburg to the meeting spot. There I met up with Deputy Game Protector Tony Shively. As I recall he had a shotgun with him as we walked back in to the spot where we easily found the backpack laid open. We also found the fried chicken and potato salad all neatly laid out and UNTOUCHED!!

(Continued from page 2)

headstone of LaRue Lyons (1909-1970) includes a family photograph.

It is difficult not to feel a tinge of sadness when gazing upon the simple headstone etched with the names of four young Campbell children - Dean, John, Dale and Esther. All of the children were under two years of age, three of them only one year old when they died in 1954, 1955, 1960 and 1971 respectively.

John W. Bankes headstone in the Lincoln Chapel Cemetery has a flag, which memorializes his military service during the Civil War. The sad etching beneath his name states: "Died a paroled prisoner December 6, 1864". At the time of his death he was 23 years, 1 month and 13 days old.

Three men who died on the Pardee Lumber Company operation are buried in relative close proximity to one another in this cemetery. Those men include John L. C. Goodlander, Charles Heimbach and Lincoln Smith. Smith's headstone has the following inscription: "He sleeps that long and dreamless sleep his voice is silent now - Death's seal is on his cold clay lips and we are lonely now".

Susan, wife of Thomas McCurdy who died September 7, 1873, is buried here. On her headstone is an open Bible with an etching of Amos 4:12. This Bible passage includes the words - "prepare to meet thy God".

The Old Cedar Cemetery in Swengel was associated with the church in Swengel originally built as a Union Church in 1878. This church later became affiliated with the Lutheran denomination. Following the merger of the four Lutheran congregations in the West End the Swengel church was sold. For a number of years this former church was home to the Donald Reiner's Bible Truth Depot as well as the Swengel Post Office.

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)



Above is the zinc obelisk belonging the Weikel and Goodlander families. Despite its age this headstone appears to be withstanding the elements rather well.

Old Cedar Cemetery is a fitting named, as 49 large cedar trees encircle the original section of the burial ground.

Granite headstones dominate this cemetery. Some of the larger stones include surnames such as Halfpenny, Smith, Bowersox, Boob, Catherman, Speese, Moyer, Walter, Knauer, Good, Rische and Shipton.

I found a few headstones that contained Bible verses but I did not uncover any unique epitaphs.

An addition to this cemetery is located just north of the original burial grounds.

The Pike Cemetery is located on the south side of Route 45 approximately one half mile west of Fairground Road. During an earlier era there was an Evangelical Church located on the east end of this cemetery. The cement steps leading to the entrance of the church can still be found beneath the tall vegetation.

There are a few pedestal headstones with vaulted roofs in this cemetery, but none of the headstones are unusually large. A few of the surnames on the headstones found in the Pike Cemetery include Frederick, Stitzer, Boyer, Weller, Weidensaul, Hackenberg and Koonsman.

The Hironimus Cemetery is located approximately seven tenths of a mile west of the village of Weikert. This is a quiet and serene setting for a burial ground, and is the westernmost cemetery in Union County. The oldest section of the cemetery is located adjacent to the church, which was constructed in 1880.

There are a number of Hironimus family members buried here, including those who provided the land for the cemetery and those that were instrumental in the founding of the church.

Surnames long associated with the Tight End of Union County at rest in this cemetery include - Galer, Johnson, Barnett, Pursley, Aumiller, Libby and Sholter.

Jonas Barnett (1838-1924) has the nickname "Old Uncle" etched above his name on his headstone. At the base is etched "A Most Honorable Man". Virginia Libby (1906-1989) was first married to Jonas W. Barnett (1901-1935). She later married James L. Bettilyon (1909-1988). All three are buried alongside one another in the Hironimus Cemetery. Etched on Virginia's headstone is the epitaph - "Here lies Virginia between her two good husbands".

A unique headstone at Hironimus is that of Hannah M., wife of David C. Johnson, who died at 32 years of age. The rose blossom molded into the headstone is an indication that she died in the prime of life. Her headstone is made of zinc, and is one of only few of its type in the cemeteries of the West End.

The New Laurelton Cemetery was associated with the Lutheran and Reformed congregations of Laurelton. This burial ground originated as plots in the Laurel Run Cemetery off Laurel Road began to dwindle. The association responsible for this cemetery was reorganized in 1983, and became known as Long Lane Cemetery Association. According to Ron Keister of Laurelton, president of the association, interments were first made in this cemetery circa 1899.

Many of the headstones here are granite or marble. There are a number of pedestal tomb headstones with vaulted roofs; some of them include an urn on the top. The larger monuments include surnames such as Dennis, Bingaman, Dunlop, Johnson, Hartman, Fauver, Shirk, Aumiller and Boop.

Kenneth S. Shirk is buried in this cemetery. The recipient of a Purple Heart during WWII he was captured by the Germans and spent time in a POW camp.

Access to this cemetery is located off of Long Lane just west of the intersection with Route 235. Cement steps leading up the incline to the cemetery provide convenient access.

There is a small cemetery located in the rear of the former Methodist Church at 2160 Pleasant Grove Road. The headstones in this cemetery are all rather modest. Some of the familiar surnames associated with the Pleasant Grove area, and who are interred here include Moll, Reamer, Rudy, Klingman, Troutman, Snyder and Wirth. The earliest legible headstones in this cemetery date to the 1880's.

The Pleasant Grove Church was erected in 1879. Today this former church is in private hands following the recent merger of four Methodist churches into one congregation that meets at the former Buffalo Crossroads School. The land where this cemetery is situated also appears to be under private ownership.

The cemeteries belonging to three separate Mennonite congregations also have headstones that are quite modest. One of these cemeteries belongs to a group of Old Order, or Wenger Mennonites, who immigrated into Buffalo Valley beginning in the 1960's. These folks utilize horse drawn buggies that can frequently be seen traveling the highways. Their first meeting-

(Continued on page 7)

Blessings from the Bible

By Brenda Weaver

"Your servant has nothing in the house except a jar of oil.".....see 2 Kings 4: 1 - 7

October will always carry painful memories for me.

Seven years ago in October we learned our son-in-law's brain tumor was growing after being dormant for four years. He declined rapidly and died in early spring, eight months after marrying our daughter. Three years ago in October my husband's nine month battle with cancer ended and I became a widow.

Grief has done its good work in me; I have been given abundant grace, and I have grown. Memories have been written and scrapbooked. Photos have been filed in albums. My children have mourned their losses. We've cried, and learned to laugh again. Much, much healing has occurred.

October will always be scarred with sad memories. But it is far too beautiful a month to be unhappy. And much joy in life remains, yes, even when you lose people very dear to you.

When life has thrown you big disappointments, one of the best gifts of healing is thankfulness for little things. A bike ride at dusk. The first star twinkling in the darkening sky. A warm marshmallow, toasted over the fire. A letter from a friend. The night sounds of summer, and fall. A kiss from a child. A handful of fresh green beans to surprise you when you clean up the garden in the fall.

As Thanksgiving Day nears I hope you will join me in being thankful for the pleasant little things, and ample provisions, like the ones here told:

* * * * *

I called it a widow's gourd. Let me tell you why.

In early spring the thought of gardening daunted me. *How can I do everything alone?* I wondered. In an effort to make gardening pleasant and manageable, I asked for help to cover half of the garden with landscaping fabric to control the weeds while I grew vegetables in the other half. My plan seemed to be working well, except that black fabric, and the assorted stakes and stones I had laid on it to keep it from blowing away, looked unsightly, especially from my view out the window by my kitchen sink. One day a visitor asked, "What's the deal with the black plastic?" That comment didn't improve my view from the window. I stewed and studied. How could I make it look nice? To buy mulch and cover it would be expensive. To make holes in it and plant of few plants would defeat the purpose; I wanted to garden less, not more.

As I do regularly now, I took my questions to God, who promises to be a husband to the widow. "Please show me what is best to do," I prayed. I considered that maybe I would just need to humble myself and accept a strange looking garden.

One day I purchased a caladium plant for my flower bed at a local greenhouse. After I planted it I noticed a small plant growing beside it. Thinking it looked like a melon of some sort, I dug it out carefully and carried it to the garden. I cut one small hole in the effective but offensive black ground cover and transplanted the mystery plant. A few days later I noticed it was shriveled and brown. *So much for trying to spruce up my garden,* I thought *now weeds will probably grow out that hole.* But after the first of many refreshing rains I was surprised to see the mystery plant was green and growing. Rapidly growing.

It grew and grew and GREW, stretching long vines to cover that black fabric. I soon saw I would need to do nothing to make the unused portion of my garden beautiful. God took care of it.

The plant continued to grow until it covered three quarters or more of the black ground cover! Finally it bloomed. And bloomed. And bloomed. Still I did not recognize what fruit would result. Pleasant rains interrupted summer sunshine. Half of my garden produced fresh vegetables for my table. In the other half of the garden small, yellow fruits with curved necks began to appear on the mystery plant. *Whatever will I do with all those long-necked pumpkins?* I wondered. *That will be enough to supply all of Millmont with pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving Day.*

I shared my garden blessing with family and neighbors. They watched the mystery plant and fruit until bumps and stripes appeared and someone announced, "Your mystery plant is a gourd!"

I smiled. First the plant beautified my garden. And now its fruit would be simple to pick and share with others. "Guess how many gourds are on this one plant," I told my family and neighbors, "the person who guesses most closely to the correct amount gets a prize." Grandchildren circled the garden, trying to count. Adults surveyed



Using several of the widow's gourds from Brenda Weaver's garden, next door neighbor Lucas Southerton was able to create a number of these unique and whimsical birdlike objects.

Photograph courtesy of Lucas and Angela Southerton.

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6)

the very productive plant and made estimations. I carefully recorded each guess on a slip of paper for the official count at our gourd-picking party to be held in the fall.

Well, the party is over. The gourds are picked. There are over two bushels of dead gourd vines waiting to be burned. They had grown in every direction, from one side of the garden to the other. Before long the black landscaping fabric will be covered with snow.

And the total number? One hundred fifty seven gourds from one big, beautiful plant.

The grandchildren had fun picking and piling them in groups of ten. My neighbor won the prize. And everyone took home as many gourds as they wanted to add beauty to autumn decorations. I shared them with friends. I piled them here and there in pleasing little heaps. The neighbor added bent nails to them for feet and legs and created a family of expressive, comical gourd geese.

I'd say that was a lot of beauty, and a lot of fun, from one prayer and one plant!

Like the widow in the Bible whose oil kept pouring from her container until all the containers she had gathered were full, I have gathered blessings galore from this free plant and its bumper crop. That's why I called it the widow's gourd.

For as long as they last, help yourself to the table of free ones in my front yard. And rejoice with me in how God provides in amazing ways.

Prayer for Today:

Dear Lord, You are the giver of good gifts. Thank You for caring for the fatherless and the widow like You promised to do. Thank You for the rich blessings of a pleasant summer, and a gourd-filled autumn to follow it.

(Continued from page 5)



An autumn view looking west from atop the Hartleton Cemetery.

house was erected off of Kaiser Run Road in Lewis Township, and is known as Mountain View Church. A cemetery adjoins the church to the east. The first burial in this cemetery was that of three-year-old Raymond J. Weaver, who passed away in April 1961.

The other two Mennonite congregations include the Millmont Mennonite and the Hartleton Mennonite congregations. The Millmont Mennonite Church is located at 1250 Millmont Road. Their burial grounds is located northwest of the church, with access off of Second Street in Millmont. The church for the Hartleton Mennonite congregation is located at 420 Laurel Road. Their cemetery is located on the east side of the church. The headstones in all three of these Mennonite cemeteries are modest in keeping with their parishioner's humble traditions.

While some may find it odd or perhaps morbid to be wandering through cemeteries, it can also be an enjoyable and enlightening experience. Cemeteries serve a functional purpose. In addition to having an area set aside to inter the deceased, a cemetery can also offer a

place of comfort for the living. A cemetery can be a place where the living are able to quietly commune with their departed loved ones.

Generally headstones reveal exactly where the deceased is buried. Information on the headstone can also provides dates of birth and death and perhaps other information can be ascertained that can be useful for genealogists and descendants.

A cemetery is also a place where we remember those who served during perilous times throughout this country's history. By visiting these sites we can pay our respects to those who have served as well as honor those who made the ultimate sacrifice for our freedoms and the way of life we enjoy today. Gazing across a cemetery where small American flags are placed alongside the headstone of veterans can be an touching reminder of the brave men and women who served their country.

One of the most poignant and memorable epitaphs that I came across was located in the Rays Cemetery. This one in particular is apropos to each and every one of us. The marble headstone of Peter Catherman (1809-1883) was etched with these words:

"Remember me as you pass by As you are now so once was I As I am now so you shall be Prepare for death and follow me."

TLS

Sources for this two part series: Tombstones Inscriptions of Union County, Pennsylvania by Mary B. Lontz 1967, 1992; Union County Heritage Vol. XIV published in 1994 by the Union County Historical Society and the Atlas of Union & Snyder Counties Pennsylvania published by Pomeroy & Beers of Philadelphia 1868.

The small photograph in the upper left corner of page one is a view of the headstone of Jeremy Loss (1971-1985) in the Hartleton Cemetery. Etched on the headstone are these words: "Erected in Honor of a Very Special Friend by His Buddies." Jeremy was accidentally shot on Christmas Day, 1985, which resulted in his untimely death.

Penlines *From my* *Kitchen to Yours* *by Lucy Hoover*

September 26, 2014

We're back from MO. We traveled on a coach to nephew Leroy and Leona Hoover's wedding with relatives on both sides of Leroy's family.

Curvin changed into mechanic clothes as soon as we came home and put a new alternator in the bus before it started on its next trip at 6:00 a.m. the next day.

October 1

Noah and Ella Nolt and family of WI moved to Union County.

October 4

Edwin Hoover of Millmont is in the hospital. He has appendicitis.

Matthew and Brenda Zimmerman have a son named Bradley Noah. He is their first child. Grandparents are Earl and Emma Weaver.

Three couples were published to be married this fall. James Zimmerman, son of Elvin and MaryElla Zimmerman to Eunice Oberholtzer, daughter of Eugene and Lydia Ann Oberholtzer, on October 23. Anthony Zimmerman, son of Leroy and Jane Zimmerman to Ruth Martin, daughter of Irvin and Esther Martin, on October 21, and David Zimmerman, son of Mervin and Ruth Zimmerman to Martha Hoover, daughter of John and Joanna Hoover on October 30.

Remembrance



Margaret Mae Himes, 97, of 1634 Pine Bark Lane, Mifflinburg, formerly of Glen Iron, entered into rest at 2:25 a.m. Tuesday, October 21, 2014, at her home.

She was born October 29, 1916, a daughter of the late Lester and Jennie (Heeter) Krick. On April 24, 1934, she married Sherman M. Himes, who preceded her in death on February 24, 2000.

Margaret was a member of the Christ's United Lutheran Church, Millmont. She enjoyed quilting, baking, canning foods, playing her old organ, and chatting on the phone with her friends and family. Even at the age of 97, Margaret enjoyed playing "Angry Birds" on her grandchildren's iPad.

Surviving are four daughters and two sons-in-law, Marie and Donald Pick, of Sugar Loaf, Bernice Hornberger, of Royersford, Janice Moore, of Northumberland, and Pearl and Norman Strickler, of Millmont; three sons and daughters-in-law, Harold and Peggy Himes, of Mifflinburg, Dennis and Barb Himes, of Spring City, and Kenneth and Ruth Himes, of Honeybrook; two sisters, Hulda Ditzler, of Milton, and Pauline Shuler, of Jersey Shore; two brothers and sisters-in-law, Robert and Leatha Krick and Paul and Gloria Krick, all of Limestoneville; 17 grandchildren; 34 great-grandchildren; 10 great-great-grandchildren; and numerous nieces and nephews.

In addition to her husband of 66 years, she was preceded in death by one sister, Mildred Snook; and one grandson, Barry E. Pick.

Burial was in the Baker's Church Cemetery, McClure.

Looking Back

The following newspaper article was originally published in The Sunday Breakfast Table in Williamsport, Pennsylvania on November 8, 1885.

VERY WILD YOUNG MAN

THE DIME NOVEL CAREER OF A UNION
COUNTY BOY

The Son of a Wealthy Farmer 15 Miles from Lewisburg Goes West and Returns as a Tramp – Finally He Gets Riches.

Lewisburg – Nov. 7. – John Braucher is an old fashioned German farmer living in the Buffalo Valley, at the base of Jack's Mountain near the village of Millmont, Union County about 15 miles west of Lewisburg. He owns two fine farms in the valley, which on account of its fertility is regarded as one of the garden spots of Pennsylvania. He is worth \$50,000, and is held in high esteem in the neighborhood. He has a son named Charles, who has had a remarkably checkered career for one so young. Charles is now 22 years old, tall, brawny, black-eyed, and shrewd. The old man is of somewhat stern and unbending disposition, and Charles inherits from him a similar strength of will and purpose.

CHARLES LEFT HOME

Determined to be his own master and to see the world for himself. He made his way west and knocked about on the prairies for a year. Then he grew homesick and decided to return. This was in 1879. He tramped homeward overland, in all sorts of weather, and finally reached the village of Troxelville, situated six miles south of Millmont, near Jack's Mountain in Snyder County. Here his resentment again resumed the mastery, and although so near, he did not care to return to his parental roof. He secured boarding with a German family in Troxelville, and on every clear day he would take a pick and shovel in hand and ascend the mountain, which intervened between Troxelville and his father's level acres. He would climb out to the overhanging crest of the mountain, whence he would look down for hours upon his father's fields below.

AGAIN HE WENT WEST,

Where he traveled largely, encountering many strange experiences, and finally brought up at a lumber camp, on the shores of Lake Michigan. Here he found employment and remained until the beginning of last winter. He corresponded occasionally with his father in a perfunctory way. Then he began to grow homesick again, and determined to come East. His funds were scant, but he eked out the expenses of his journey homeward by selling stationery and corn cures of his

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 8)

own manufacture. He reached Mifflintown, in Juniata County, in the middle of March, having traveled afoot from Williamsport. He registered as "Charles Brooks" at the Jacobs House, which just at the time happened to lack a stable boy. The new-made "Brooks" learned of this vacancy and promptly secured the job. By an indirect correspondence he

MADE HIS FATHER BELIEVE

he was still in the Michigan lumber camp. He would send letters to a chum of his at Huron, who would then mail them anew, and the old man would receive them bearing the Huron postmark. The father's letters to Charles in like manner went first to Huron and were then transmitted to him here, from where they started. The old man would repeatedly counsel his son not to work so hard at lumbering, since it was altogether unnecessary, and he had ample means to keep him well without work. This correspondence was continued until June 1, when Charles left the employ of the Jacobs House and the rubbing down of horses, and returned home, after eight years' voluntary absence. He was joyfully received by his father. He soon again bade adieu, though this time amicably, and once more drifted westward. This time he achieved a happy and sudden success. To one of his acquaintances here he has just written from Flagstaff, Arizona, that he has secured a mining claim there of thousands of dollars. It is located on a peak of the San Francisco mountains, 1,000 feet above the timber line and 12,000 feet above the sea. He writes that he will probably return east before long, when he will doubtless share his good fortune with a pretty maid who serves tables in the Jacobs House of Mifflintown.

Editor's Note: The farm where Charles L. Braucher (1864-1920) grew up, is located at 606 Millmont Road, between Hartleton and Millmont. During the early 1900's Braucher owned his parents farm and was known far and wide for his peach, plum and apple orchards. In the early 1900's he was often referred to as the "Peach Man" because of the vast number of peach trees he maintained, and his abundant harvests. Charles was married to the former Sarah VonNeida and they were the parents of three children—Nellie, John, and Bessie.

For a couple of years Charles Braucher was employed by the Pennsylvania Division of Forestry, from which he resigned in circa 1912. He was later employed by the Pennsylvania Game Commission as a Game Protector for Union County. He died of a heart attack while performing his duties on September 9, 1920.

Thank You!

I would like to thank Paul and Jane Foster of Camp Hill; Jim and Cam Hironimus of White Hall, Maryland; Bernice Dluge of Elysburg, and Grace Kuhns for their generous donations. These donations help to defray the cost of printing and mailing this publication.

I would also like to thank everyone who contacted me relative to the Laurelton Baseball team photograph on page 9 of the October issue. Those people include Herb Teichman of Millmont, Kenneth Pick of Shillington, Ron Keister of Laurelton and Carol Schnure of New Berlin. Herb Teichman and Bernice Dluge provided me with all of the names of the players. Those players include front row left to right: Al Goodlander, Duly Rutherford, Paul Susan, Bill Schnure, LaRue Shirk, Ray Keister and Kenneth Dunkleburger. Back row: Jim Zimmerman, Merrill Coup, Ernest Keister, Stan Wagner, Bruce Schnure and Cecil Hironimus. Teichman's copy of this photograph also indicated that it was the Laurelton Baseball team from the 1936/1937 season.

I would also like to share my sincere thanks to those who have contacted me by mail, email, or by telephone to express their concerns about the retirement of this newsletter with the April 2015 issue. Over the past 15 years I have endeavored to preserve the history of numerous people and places from the West End of the county, and I sincerely thank all those who have contributed to that effort. Unfortunately the remaining five issues will not provide me with sufficient time to write about all the people and places I had hoped or planned. I apologize for that, but hopefully everyone will understand.

Bingo Fundraising for the Hartley Township Recreation Center

Bingo will be held on Saturday, November 8th and 22nd at the Hartley Township Recreation Center. All proceeds from Bingo are used to support the activities of the Rec. Center located on Ball Park Road, next to the West End Library. Anyone who would like to come out and enjoy an evening of fun while at the same time support their local community recreation center is welcome to do so. The doors will open at 5:45 p.m. and the Bingo games will begin at 6:30 pm. Food and beverages will also be available for purchase.

For more information you can contact Lori Jo Showalter at: lshowalter@westendlibrary.org

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:

Wed. Nov. 22, 1933. Temp 40. Clear. Worked in the garage. Abner Shively went on a visit to Wisconsin. He is 84 years old, and his twin sisters are 86.

Tues. Nov. 28, 1933. Temp. 25. Clear. Worked in the garage. This evening Florence (Shively), mother & I went to Parents Teachers Meeting. I opened the meeting. Edmund (Shively) had a group sing songs at the meeting.

Thur. Nov 30, 1933. Temp 30. Clear. Worked in the garage. The poem We Thank Thee Lord was in the Telegraph. This was the most delightful Thanksgiving Day I can remember. This evening we had a short program at the church. Some recited poems and some talked and Billy (Shively) sang alone. Donny (Shively) fell asleep. They did sing one song together. Vivian (Mensch) sang several songs too.

The Millmont Times is distributed during the first week of each month. The newsletter is also available at Shirk's Country Store in Millmont. Their telephone number is 570.922.4222. The single issue cost is \$1.50.

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

November Birthdays & Anniversaries

1 – Edwin Oberholtzer	11 – Paul Long	20 – Rick & Wanda Kerstetter - 1999
3 – Frank & Helen Raker - 1941	11 – Shane Failor	20 – Donald Hoy
3 – Leon Klock	12 – Jeanne Jolly	20 – Betty Shively
3 – Bob Walter	12 – Lucy Martin	21 – Grace Kovacs – 103 years old
4 - Election Day	12 – Tyler Hopta	21 – Pat Gross
4 – Lindsey Aikey	14 – Tina Sholter	22 – Wanda Kerstetter
5 – Eugene & Marian Kahley – 1956	14 – Ruth Kostenbader	26 – Joe Smith
6 – Holly Potoeski	15 – Edward & Lucy Martin - 1984	27 - Thanksgiving Day
6 – Henry & Linda Dorman – 1965	16 – Steve Hackenberg	27 – Shirley Kerstetter
6 – Roger & Betty Shoemaker – 1965	17 – Charles Neese	27 – Harry Mensch
7 – John Renninger	17 – Kim & Sue Blyler - 1972	29 – Amanda Salter
7 – Bettie Catherman	17 – Stanley Catherman	29 – Paula Dorman
7 – Mark Bingaman	17 – Katherine Neal - 101 years old	30 – Mary E. Jordan
8 – Harvey Hoover	18 – Ray W. Hassinger	
9 – Jonathan Potoeski	18 – Jim & Cam Hironimus – 2003	
9 – Robert & Fran Stroup - 1963	18 - Lois Page	
9 – Marie Zimmerman	18 – Amos Brubaker	
10 – Donald L. Groff	18 – Terry Kline	
10 – Joe White	19 – Esther Zimmerman	
11 - Veterans Day	19 – Angie Walter	
11 – Ian Shively	20 – Sam & Debbie Smith – 1993	

The Millmont Times
P. O. Box 3
Millmont, PA 17845