



# Some Personal Penn's Creek History: The Senses

By T. Tyler Potterfield

August 21, 2013



Sunburian's arriving at Camp Thomas in 1915 for their first camping adventure. The wraparound porch offered views of the railroad tracks and a downstream view of Penn's Creek.



My parents brought me into this world on July 19, 1958. If there was a downside to my arrival, it was their having to miss the annual family gathering at our cottage, Windy Inn, on Penn's Creek. By the summer of 1959, my parents deemed me healthy and mobile enough to spend a week at the cottage amongst three generations of my Fahringer and Hoffman relations.

My family has vacationed at Windy Inn since 1919, and before that spent a week annually on the creek at Camp Thomas, starting in 1915. The first illustration shows my family and their friends arriving at Camp Thomas in the summer of 1915. By the time of my Penn's Creek debut, three preceding generations of my family, and my older cousins had spent portions of the previous 44 summers on the banks of Penn's Creek.

In considering my family's long history on the creek, I have wondered what aspect of creek-side vacation weeks and weekend visits consistently pulls us back. Fishing, socializing, eating, boating, and swimming are important attractions in their own right. However, I believe that the primary attraction is simply relaxing on the banks of the creek and allowing it to feed the senses.

For illustrations for this article, I have included a number of photographs of Camp Thomasites from 1915 and 1916. What strikes me about these snapshots is how many of them involve people simply contemplating the creek. One of the photographs (page 2) shows my uncle, Fred Hoffman, and his childhood friends taking in the creek for the first time. This photograph seems to convey a state of mystification on the part of these urbane Sunbury youth. Other images from the same summer, showing more seasoned campers, contain facial expressions that convey varying degrees of joy and contentment.

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# The Millmont Times

OCTOBER 2013

## Field Notes, by WCO Dirk Remensnyder



At a recent Law Enforcement training course a gust of wind came up and blew our training roster off of the table. With cat-like reflexes Regional Director Barry Zaffuto pounced on the sheet and brought it back. So this didn't happen again I handed him a staple gun to weigh the paper down and just as I turned around I heard a thunk, thunk, thunk. He decided he had a better idea to keep the training roster secure - with staples. Now if we can only get the staples out we can turn the roster in for credit.

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I can report that my deputies have cited two individuals for possession of marijuana on state game lands.

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Above photograph shows a group of Sunbury children taking in Penn's Creek from one of the docks on August 20, 1915. The author's uncle Fred Hoffman is second from the right.

During my first summer on the creek, when not in a crib, I probably spent all my time on the porch of Windy Inn, alternately taking in my large extended family and the creek itself. That experience and subsequent trips to the creek impressed two things on me. The first is that when you have a creek side cabin or camp, the creek fills nearly every moment of your time there. The second is that quiet contemplation is the primary activity of those who spend quality creek-side time. I have often sat with family members or friends engaged in the group activity of absorbing the creek in a state of quietude for long hours. Playing card or board games, sipping a cool drink, snapping beans or slicing peaches, reading a book, and/or conversation might diversify these creek absorption sessions. However, the creek always remained the centerpiece of these events.

I believe that this repeated experience can be traced back to the porch and docks of Camp Thomas in 1915. My great grandparents, Howard Dunham and Margaret May (Campbell) Hoffman, and several of their friends rented Camp Thomas from the Boop family for week-long vacations during the summer from 1915 through 1918. Some of my readers may remember the ruins of Camp Thomas, before the West End Fire Company burned it down in a training exercise a few years back. This unpainted ramshackle, barn-like affair was, I believe, the first cabin on the north bank of the creek between Trail's End and Pardee, dating before 1900. In 1919, a group of nine Sunbury families led by my great grandparents built Windy Inn, a new summer cottage west of Camp Thomas.

It is easy to understand why my ancestors at Camp Thomas and Windy Inn found the creek so irresistible, when you consider they came from Sunbury. Sunbury a hundred years ago was a populous and prosperous community but an environmentally unpleasant place to re-

side. My grandmother told me that she could remember Shamokin Creek running black through Sunbury with coal runoff and I suspect the Susquehanna in those days was equally polluted. As a rail hub, many trains daily crisscrossed the borough and coated its buildings with anthracite coal soot that gave it a gritty aspect. The sounds of Sunbury that signified its prosperity: train and factory whistles, the clanking of trains, and the drone of factories, must have made it quite a loud place to boot.

My Hoffman great grandparents lived up on the hill in East Sunbury on Fairmount Avenue. Rising above the busier wards of the borough, they could escape to a certain extent its mass of people, noise, and general commotion. Here they could relax on their front porch and retreat to their rear garden. My great grandfather and his friends even set up a quoits pitch in the alley behind their garage.

To take a real breather, my great grandparents would have found it necessary to get out of town. My great grandparents grew up in the rural precincts of Upper Augusta and Rush Townships of Northumberland County, so visiting their family who stayed in the country may have provided one avenue of retreat from the borough. The vicinity of the Forks of the Susquehanna boasted three places of amusement that the Hoffmans could avail themselves of on occasion: Packers Island in the North Branch of the Susquehanna, the Hotel Shikellamy (it burned in 1898 and its site is now Shikellamy State Park), and Rolling Green Park near Selinsgrove. All of these places required some logistics to get to by steamboat, streetcar, or railroad. Judging from what I have read about them these venues accommodated formal outings to picnic and listen to music. The formality is evident in the snapshots of my grandmother, Betty Hoffman (Fahringer), as a teenager at Rolling Green Park outings in 1918 and 1919.



Swimming in Penn's Creek near Camp Thomas on July 26, 1916.

Decamping Sunbury to spend a week on Penn's Creek was a great adventure compared to a buttoned-down afternoon at Rolling Green Park. Once bitten by the Penn's Creek bug, trips to the creek become a passion. The passion is easily passed on to friends and younger relations. I find that it is one that does not diminish in intensity. Every time I return to the creek I feel the same delight that I felt as a boy. That delight is fueled by the sensory experience of the creek.

Sound is a primary aspect of this experience. If you approach the creek through the woods, you hear it before you see it. Once you have entered the audible zone of the creek, the sound is inescapable and enfolds you like a comforter. Penn's has a considerable number of fine riffles each of which forms a wonderful gurgling chorus. If you camp or have a cabin near one of

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The snapshots above are of the author's grandmother Betty Hoffman (far right both pictures). These photographs were taken on formal outings around Sunbury in 1918 and 1919.

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# Exploring the Bald Eagle State Forest Hunter Road

Hunter Road begins off State Route 235 at the top of Jack's Mountain, in Snyder County. The roadway travels west to Bear Gap State Picnic Area, where it becomes Treaster Valley Road.

Hunter Road and Treaster Valley Road comprise just over 16 miles of improved roadway within the Bald Eagle State Forest (BESF). Janice and I enjoy traveling this section several times each year. Generally when we make take this mountain ride we continue to Siglerville and then further west to Milroy. Near Milroy we usually take advantage of one of the numerous restaurants along Old Highway 322 before returning to Union County through the BESF.

A 1922 state forest public use map reveals the name of this road as - "Hunters Road." Hunters used this roadway to gain access to their favorite hunting sites. Public use maps from a later era reveal that the "s" was dropped from the name, making it singular rather than plural.

Writing in the 1975 Snyder County Historical Society Bulletin, the late Frank Gill (1897-1998) stated that Hunter Road was named for its use by "hunters going to camp with four-horse teams to transport two-horse loads." Considering the steep incline leading to the top of Jack's Mountain it is understandable why four horses were required to pull wagons brimming with hunting and camping paraphernalia along with an assortment of provisions. During the era when teams of horses transported both men and gear to the favorite locations, hunters pitched tents and oftentimes spent two weeks in search of big game. Some of these organized groups returned year after year to the same mountainous locations to hunt.

When the Pennsylvania Department of Forestry began leasing small tracts of land in 1913 some sportsmen had their favorite hunting locations already chosen and were ready to take advantage of the lease opportunity. As long-term leases were arranged with the state, individuals, or groups, were permitted to build permanent structures on their sites.

The practice of leasing state owned land was discontinued in 1970, but not before more than four thousand leased campsites were issued statewide. Leased campsites are administered under 10-year agreements, and the cost of a one-quarter acre site is \$200 per annum. These campsites were intended for recreational and seasonal use only. While many sites have no electric or phone service because they are so isolated, some cabins on state leases are quite attractive and do have modern conveniences.

Today there are still numerous primitive campsites scattered across the BESF. Several of those campsites are located adjacent to Hunter Road. Two sites, No. 69 and No. 70 are located about 3 miles off State Route 235. One is on the south side of the forest road and the other is on the north side. Campsite number No. 46 is located in Treaster Valley about 1.7 miles west of Bear Gap State Forest Picnic Area. Contact DCNR for more information about utilizing these campsites.

Traveling west on Hunter Road from State Route 235 (about 1.1 miles) you arrive at Eddies Vista. The view from the south side of Jack's Mountain through Schrader Gap is appealing. In addition to the fertile farmland and Shade Mountain, portions of C. F. Walker Lake can also be seen in the distance from this vista.

A short distance beyond Eddies Vista is a sign designating a wildlife habitat improvement project on the north side of the road. The sign indicates that the Department of Conservation and Natural Resource project was designed for Aspen Regeneration. This project was undertaken with the aid of the National Ruffed Grouse Society, the Pennsylvania Bureau of Forestry, and Schlegel's Excavating.

Aspen trees are not only beautiful to the eyes in the autumn they are also beneficial for wildlife. In his book, "A Sand County Almanac", published in 1949, noted conservationist Aldo Leopold (1887-1948) wrote the following about aspen trees: "*He glorifies October and he feeds my grouse in winter*".



While I have difficulty distinguishing one warbler from another, those who are proficient at identifying these small birds have found this wildlife project area to be an ideal spot for bird watching. Enthusiasts have reported various species of warblers near the Aspen Regeneration project, including Chestnut-sided, Black-throated Green, Blackburnian, and Yellow-rumped warblers. If you are up for a bird identification challenge, this wildlife project along Hunter Road might be an excellent place to hone your skills.

Continuing west on the state forest road you will arrive at the intersection with Breininger Gap Road on the south side of the forestry road, and Summit Trail to the north. The road leads to Swift Run Road while the trail leads north over Middle Ridge to Henstep Valley Trail.

Henstep Valley Trail is also accessible from Hunter Road, just east of the intersection with Weikert Run Road. This trail is open for use by hikers, bicyclists, as well as licensed motor vehicle.

Near the intersection with Hunter Road and Weikert Run Road is an area that contains numerous vernal pools, not visible from the road. This particular section is known as the Grass Mountain Vernal Pools. Contained within this area are about 30 vernal pools that lie in or near the headwaters of Coral Run.

As you continue west on Hunter Road about 4 tenths of a mile beyond the intersection of Weikert Run Road you will arrive at the intersection with Short Mountain Road. Hunter Road continues to the right. Just beyond the intersection are numer-

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This is a downstream view from the porch of Camp Thomas in 1915. Note the mirrored reflection on the surface of Penn's Creek.

them, it will lull you to sleep at night. The purring of Penn's is one of the most relaxing things I know of. I believe a recording of it could provide excellent aid to prayer, meditation, or relaxation. Making a long audio loop of it is on my to do list for my next trip.

Another sensory charm of Penn's Creek is the smell of it. It has not been blown out in a storm, Penn's is the cleanest and purest water body I know of. The smell of the creek when you are near the water is a balm for a nose that is infused with bits of leaves, aquatic grasses, shale, sandstone, and algae. I am not a consumer of artificial air fresheners, but if a company could bottle the scent, I believe that I would buy it.

Seeing the creek is the third and most important of its sensory delights. I know of no stretch of the creek that is, if not spectacularly beautiful, at the least very pretty. Both its long sheets of flat-water and steep fast riffles are visual wonders. The fine natural plantings of hemlock, sycamore, and other native forest trees form beautiful long arbors along the creek; while the shrubs, grasses, and wildflowers create bucolic meadow banks. The long,

steep, and mostly straight ridges of Penn's Creek, White, and Paddy Mountains create either immediate dramatic foregrounds, where they meet the creek, or long pleasant vistas that cap creek scenes.

Looking at the early photographs and the scenery today, it does not appear that much has changed in the past 100 years. There are certainly more trees and more cabins along its bank, but the great scenery of the creek remains undiminished overall. Penn's Creek scenery creates a landscape effect equal to, or superior to, the work of a master landscape designer. Frederick Law Olmsted, to my way of thinking, could not improve it.

I find nothing more appealing than gazing at the creek rolling along (at about the speed of a people mover at an airport). The surface is regularly broken with clusters of frothy bubbles, less-common floats of leaves and sticks, and the regular rises of bass and trout.

As the light changes, over the course of a long summer day, the appearance of Penn's changes dramatically. Early in the morning, the creek stays in calm blue shade. But when the morning light hits the water, the riffles of the creek light up like diamonds and objects on its banks are thrown into silhouette. In the early evening as the sun starts to recede, the creek, and its banks are wrapped up in a warm orange light.



This photograph shows two people sitting on the log dock jutting into Penn's Creek.

The surface of the creek beautifully mirrors its banks. If the water is slow enough and the air is still it can form a clear reflection of the creek banks, any mountains in view, and the sky, as shown in the photograph of the woman standing on the banks of the creek at Camp Thomas. However, for the most part, the fast movement of the creek and clusters of foam from upstream riffles blurs the surface. On the greenish-blue mirror surface, tree trunks are discernable as columns and breaks between them appear as white shafts. Fall on the creek's surface is really quite beautiful, when oaks, maples, and sycamores change the color of the creek to a blur of reds, oranges, and yellows.

Clearly the creek feeds the senses in multiple and memorable ways and leaves some of the most vivid impressions in a lifetime of memories. Those impressions have pulled me back to it every year of my life. I firmly believe that the sound, sight, and smell of Penn's are three of the most wonderful things in the world. I am extraordinarily grateful to God for creating Penn's Creek, and my family for passing a spot on it down to me. TP

**Editor's Note:** My thanks to T. Tyler Potterfield of Richmond, Virginia for submitting this article and photographs for publication in *The Millmont Times*. T. Tyler Potterfield grew up in the South and Midwest, but has sojourned to Penn's Creek every year since one year of age. Tyler works as a historic preservation planner for the City of Richmond, Virginia and as well is a landscape historian who has written extensively about parks, cemeteries, neighborhoods, and the James River in Richmond. Tyler and his wife Maura live in a Civil War-era house in Richmond's Oregon Hill neighborhood and they keep a cottage garden. Tyler is an enthusiastic swimmer of wild streams and avid fly fisherman. This is his first foray in Pennsylvania landscape history.

The small photograph in the upper left corner of page one show a view of Edmund Shively's 1934 Chevy Sedan delivery vehicle. This photograph was taken in front of the home in Millmont where he was residing at that time (18 Penn Street). Written on the side of the vehicle is "Edmund Shively Radios Washers Refrigerators Millmont PA." My thanks to Eugene Hoffman of Mifflinburg for his assistance in identifying the make and model of this vehicle.

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ous vernal pools that can be seen from Hunter Road.

Vernal, or seasonal pools, are wetland areas that fill with water on a sporadic basis, depending on precipitation, rising groundwater, or surface runoff. Some of these pools are short-lived. However, they attract various species of breeding salamanders, frogs, and toads. Plants and grasses also grow in these wet areas. In addition, birds and other wildlife find these wet areas attractive.

Hunter Road crosses Lick Run about 7 tenths of a mile beyond the intersection with Short Mountain Road. This mountain stream originates on the south side of the road and meanders through Lick Gap in Penns Creek Mountain. The stream then empties into Penns Creek west of Pardee. During the era when the Pardee Lumber Company was in operation water from this stream was diverted to their sawmill. This water not only filled their log pond it also provided the source of steam necessary to operate their circular sawmill.

Continuing west on Hunter Road beyond Lick Run you will enter a section of privately owned land. This property belongs to the Kreamer Rod & Gun Club. The club's cabin is situated on the north side of the forestry road, near Green Gap Trail. According to the membership roster located inside Kreamer Rod & Gun Club this remote cabin can trace its origins to 1917. That is when Clarence Roe, James Herman, H. A. Moyer, F. M. Moyer, A. D. Kreamer, C. R. Gordon, C. J. Middlesworth, and Aaron Fetter organized the hunting group. In all likelihood when these men first went into the mountains to hunt deer and bear at that location they traveled there using teams of horses and slept in tents during their outing.

Dr. Charles W. Boush, a well-known physician of Beavertown, was affiliated with the hunting group from 1922 until his death in 1942. Dr. Boush served the residents of Hartleton and the surrounding community from about 1898 until 1910 when he and his family resided in the borough. Some of his Union County patients continued to utilize his services long after he and his family returned to their native Snyder County.

Billy Mattern of Mifflinburg, his son Shawn of Millmont, and Steve Moyer of Laurelton are several Union County residents who are affiliated with the Kreamer Rod & Gun Club today.

From the Kreamer Rod & Gun Club to Bear Gap State Picnic Area is a distance of about 5.3 miles. Over this stretch, Hunter Road intersects with a number of other forestry roads and trails. Hoofnagle Road will be the first forestry road you come to. This road leads to Weikert Run Road and eventually to the village of Weikert. Some of the trails along this stretch of Hunter Road include Krebs Gap, Buck Notch, Boonie Hollow, Long Path, and Horse Gap. Near Boonie Hollow Trail is the spot where Union, Snyder, and Mifflin counties converge.

Strong Mountain Road on the north side of the forestry road will lead you to the top of Treaster Mountain. This unimproved forestry road is the site of the accident of Pardee Engine 59. This lumbering accident took place on January 15, 1892. William "Bill" Jordon lost his life in this accident as the narrow gauge engine he was attempting to bring under control tumbled over the mountainside. To read more about this accident see the January 2013 issue of this newsletter.

About one mile west of the intersection with Strong Mountain you will arrive at Bear Gap State Picnic Area. A restroom is available at this site along with numerous picnic tables and a roofed pavilion. This picnic area is where Hunter Road becomes Treaster Valley Road as it continues west. Red Ridge Road bears to the south, which leads to New Lancaster Valley Road.

Continuing west on Treaster Valley Road towards Milroy there is a neat little area on Treaster Run where we sometimes like to stop to take break. This hideaway was one that caught our attention one day as we pulled off the side of the road and investigated the source of the rushing water that we heard not far from where we parked our vehicle. This captivating spot is located on the south side of the forestry road near the Reading Gun Club.



This photograph was taken at the Whitmer sawmill in Treaster Valley. It shows a Pardee locomotive picking up two loads of bark and two loads of logs. Howard Harter stands in the jacket and white shirt atop the first load car of logs. Photograph courtesy of Wildcatting on the Mountain by Benjamin F. G. Kline Jr.

The Reading Gun Club is located less than a half mile west of Bear Gap State Picnic Area. Walking south on the unnamed trail will lead you to a narrow footbridge over Treaster Run. The sight and sound of mountain stream flowing over the large boulders is a melody that should appeal to anyone who enjoys the sounds of nature.

Treaster Valley, and the nearby mountain and stream, were all named after John Treaster who owned a large section of forestland in this area. In his book, "Wildcatting on the Mountain", published in 1970, Benjamin F. G. Kline Jr. wrote that John Treaster refused to sell his 25,000-acre holding to the Pardee Lumber Company. Following his death, John's heirs sold this large tract of forestland to William Whitmer, one of Pardee's rivals.

Whitmer subsequently erected two sawmills in Treaster Valley. The larger operation was located at Board Shanty Gap. This gap can be found on a U. S. Geological Survey map and on early public use maps. The smaller sawmill was a shingle and lath mill that was located at Buckwheat Shanty Gap. There is no identification

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of this location on either public use or geological survey maps that I have examined.

While Whitmer had forestland and sawmills in Treaster Valley he did not have the means to transport either the timber or sawed lumber to and from his mills. Adjoining landowner, Pardee Lumber Company, had both the tram roads and motive power. The dilemma between the two competing lumber companies was resolved when Whitmer and Pardee began a joint effort to harvest and transport timber, mine props, and sawed lumber. This joint operation was under the supervision of Albert Lichtenwalter of the Pardee Lumber Company.

Four miles west of Bear Gap State Picnic Area you will exit BESF lands. The improved gravel road soon turns to a smooth macadam surface. If you continue west you will travel through some beautiful Mifflin County farmland. This section of Mifflin County is known as Big Valley, and is home to several groups of Amish, including the Nebraska, Reno and Blyler Amish.

The Nebraska Amish utilize brown and white buggies for transportation and are the largest group in that section. The Reno, or Peachy Amish are sometimes referred to as the "one suspender Amish". They utilize black buggies. The Blyler Amish consists of one small group near Belleville. These Amish use canary yellow horse drawn buggies, also known as "yellow toppers" for their transportation needs. This unique mixture of Amish sects is what makes a trip to Milroy and the surrounding area so enjoyable. (You can read more about these Amish communities in the July 2010 issue of this newsletter).

Janice and I rarely make this trip to Mifflin County without stopping at a restaurant along Old Highway 322 for something to eat. Our favorite stop is either Arby's or Dairy Queen. Occasionally we patronize both. Other restaurants along this stretch of road include Honey Creek Inn, Bel-vue Inn and Restaurant, and OIP. Big Valley Antique Center is across from Arby's and there are a number of fuel stations along this highway.

The trip from Hunter Road in Snyder County to Old Highway 322 in Mifflin County is nearly 27 miles in duration. It leads through forestland and farmland, and makes for a beautiful drive during spring, summer, or autumn. We are blessed to have so much natural and scenic beauty all around us. Whether by foot, on bicycle, or by vehicle take time to get out in God's wonderful and great creation and enjoy the beauty that is all around us.

TLS

Editor's Note: My thanks to Jonathan Bastian of Mifflinburg for information he provided for this article. Other sources include Wildcatting on the Mountain by Benjamin F. G. Kline Jr., published in 1970; and the Snyder County Natural Heritage Inventory published December 2007.

**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:**

*Thur. Oct. 19, 1933. Tem. 28 - 60 (degrees) clear. Bro. Jonas Trutt took us down to Bro. Showalter's. Brought them up to church had short services then took him to the creek north of church & baptized him. Took Showalter's home & came to Trutt's for dinner then to visit Bro. Oliver Trutt at White Deer, then to Roy Denius. Mahlon proposes to be baptized on Sat. Edmd. Went to Lewisburg to hear Rodenhaver sing this eve.*

*Fri. Oct. 20, 1933. 45 Clear. Worked in the garage the AM. Bro. Anthony & Bro. Trutt went to visit Bro. Francis Libby & Bro. Cyrus Hoffman. They ate dinner at our place, after dinner visited Mary Kramer at Sunbury. Mother went along. Stopped at Denius' to see Mahlon. Then stopped at Bro. Mervyn's for supper.*

*Sat. Oct. 21, 1933. Clear. Tem. 48-70. Worked in garage this AM. This PM Edmd. Took us to church where we had a short service & at 4 o'clock baptized Glenn Trutt, Laurel Libby, & Bro. Mahlon Denius. Bro. SH Hertzler, Bro. Longanecker from Eastern District, Bro. Steffy, and Bro. Jos. Flemming was there too & quite a crowd of the Brethren remained with us over night.*

*Sun. Oct. 22, 1933. Tem. 60-70 Cloudy. Pres. At SS 141. Coll. 4.68. Chas. Glover took me to Conservation Camp in Narrows. Had short services. Came to church. Bro. Hertzler taught my class. Bro. Longanecker preached. Subject Family Record, Luke 10. After dinner the Brethren from the East (Eastern District) left. After dinner mother, Bro. Anthony & I went to Harry Wert's for supper. Billy and Donny sang at church.*

*Wed. Oct. 25, 1933. Tem. 40-55 Cloudy. I worked in the garage today as usual. Mrs. Abner Shively was buried.*

## Remembrance



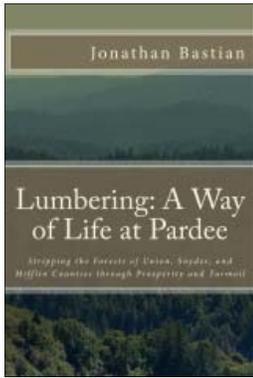
Mildred Anna Long, 92, of 531 Millmont Road, Millmont, entered into rest at 8 a.m. Thursday, September 5, 2013, at Rolling Hills Manor, Millmont, where she had been a guest for the past week.

She was born February 12, 1921, in Lewisburg, the daughter of the late Dewey Roy and Minnie Gertrude (Bickel) Chamberlin. On June 10, 1941, she married Franklin Reamer Long who passed away on February 18, 2005.

Mildred graduated from Laurelton High School. She worked as a dietitian at the former Laurelton Center, retiring in 1968. She then assisted her husband with the operation of the family farm.

She was a life member of Lincoln Chapel United Methodist Church, where she served on the Pastor-Parish relation board and the food committee. She was a member of the West End Senior Center, a former member of the Pennsylvania Farm Bureau, and served on the Board of Elections for Hartleton Borough.

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## Lumbering: A Way of Life at Pardee

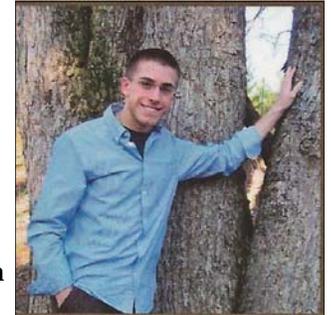
A locally known lumbering empire transformed the region and helped influence the State of Pennsylvania during the last twenty years of the 19th Century. Learn about the lumbering operation at Pardee and the secrets it has held onto for over 110 years. Find out why its last years are shrouded in mystery and what remains of the company that transformed Central Pennsylvania.

By using over 10 years of research, *Lumbering: A Way of Life at Pardee* provides an in-depth historical analysis of the lumbering operation near Pardee, PA. The book also discusses the implications and lasting effects of the lumbering operation at the beginning of the twenty-first century.

A lifelong resident of Union County, Pennsylvania, Jonathan Bastian received a B.S. Degree in Biology from Lycoming College. As a

hobby he has researched various historical aspects of Central Pennsylvania. His most extensive research focuses on the lumbering operation in Western Union County. Jonathan has served on the Union County Historical Society Board of Directors and participated in the county Rural Heritage Days as a Committee Member and Demonstrator. Additionally he has contributed to a local history newsletter, *The Millmont Times*.

If you would like to order Jonathan Bastian's new 98-page book featuring a number of maps and photographs visit Amazon.com and search for Pardee. The following link <http://amzn.com/1480252506> will also take you directly to the Internet page where you can order your book.



## History Found: 1937 in Mifflinburg and Surrounding Towns Comes Alive Again

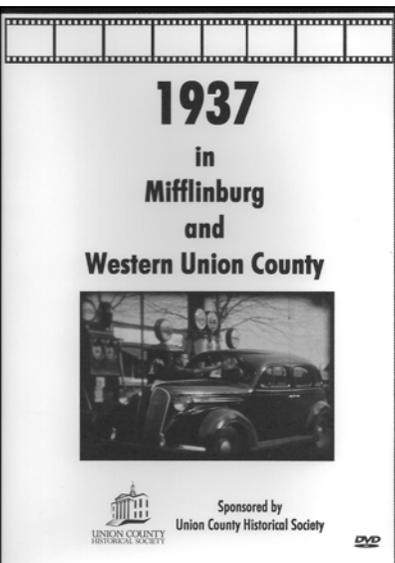
Life as lived in 1937 in Mifflinburg and central and western Union County comes alive again for 36 minutes on a new DVD. Back in 1976, James Schwartz, Mifflinburg funeral director, now retired, rescued from the trash four reels of 16mm film as the old Mifflinburg Firehouse was being demolished to make way for the new larger firehouse.

Schwartz kept the reels in his home until about 2010, when he offered them to the Union County Historical Society. At that time, Marion Lois Huffines was researching the history of Mifflinburg for her book, *Mifflinburg and the West End*, published by Arcadia in 2012. The reels contained 36 minutes of raw footage of Mifflinburg and surrounding towns, taken by an unidentified photographer in 1937. Under the sponsorship of the Union County Historical Society, Huffines contracted with McVicar Video Productions to have the film digitized and produced on DVD for sale to the public. She edited the film by reordering the segments more logically and provided subtitles identifying places and locations.

The 1937 film footage opens up a view of everyday life in the towns visited by the photographer. The black and white images are not fancy, not staged, and without sound or technical effects. The photographer traveled around the county, filming daily life and its routine activities. In the film, for example, gas station attendants pump gas while washing windshields and checking oil and water levels. The photographer filmed workers at Kooltext Knitting Mills, Kurtz Overall Factory, and Snook's mills in Mifflinburg, Swengel, and Vicksburg. He shows shop workers and displays in shop windows: Gast & Sons Dry Goods, Edmund Shively's Appliances, and Pete Pursley's General Store and Post Office. Other workers are shown busy too: Ken Erdley delivers milk for Wehr's Dairy, Knepp's Grocery Bus sells peaches at 14 cents per pound and egg noodles for 8 cents, the men at Swengel Mill stack bags of flour in the back of a truck, and hunters with rifles and their hunting dog stand ready to leave outside of Mazeppa Mill. Vehicles line the streets, and 1938 Studebakers are already being advertised.

The photographer visited every school in central and western Union County. He filmed students and teachers at Mifflinburg High School, Hartley Township High School, and Lewis Township High School. He visited every elementary school, preserving for us today the images of students at recess while their teachers watch close by in Swengel, Millmont, Laurelton, Green Grove, White Springs, Pontius, Rand, Creek School, Red Bank School, Forest Hill, Mazeppa, Buffalo Cross Roads, Cowan Grammar and Primary Schools, and Vicksburg. Everyone who was in school in this part of Union County in 1937 is almost surely in the film. Another piece of history was not missed: he filmed the men at the Civil Conservation Corps Camps in Weikert, where one sees Raymond B. Winter, and at Halfway, even going up to photograph from the lookout.

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## Recipe of the Month

### Courtesy of T. Tyler Potterfield

### Chicken and Sausage Gumbo

1 T. kosher salt, plus more  
 1 tsp. freshly ground black pepper  
 1 tsp. paprika  
 ½ tsp. cayenne pepper  
 3 lb. skinless, boneless chicken thighs  
 ½ C. (or more) vegetable oil  
 1 lb. andouille or other spicy smoked sausage, cut into ½” rounds  
 1 C. all-purpose flour  
 2 medium onions, finely chopped  
 4 scallions, thinly sliced (white & pale parts separated from dark)  
 2 celery stalks, finely chopped  
 2 green bell peppers, finely chopped  
 2 T. chopped garlic  
 8 C. low-salt chicken broth  
 2 bay leaves  
 1 tsp. chopped fresh thyme  
 2 C. ½” thick slices fresh (or frozen, thawed) okra, divided  
 1 ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 1 tsp. hot sauce  
 1 tsp. filé powder plus more (optional)  
 Steamed rice

Combine 1 T. salt and next 3 ingredients in a small bowl; sprinkle all over chicken. Heat ½ c. oil in a large heavy pot over medium heat. Working in batches, sear chicken until golden brown, about 5 minutes per side. Transfer to a plate. Add sausage to pot; cook until browned, about 4 minutes per side. Transfer to a plate with chicken.

Strain drippings from pot through a fine-mesh sieve into a 2-cup

heatproof measuring cup; reserve 1 cup drippings, adding more oil if needed to measure 1 cup. Wipe pot clean; return drippings to pot.

Heat drippings over medium heat. Whisk in flour. Whisk constantly until roux is the color of milk chocolate, 15 – 20 minutes. Reduce heat to low; add onions. Cook, stirring occasionally, until soft, about 10 minutes. Stir in white and pale-green parts of scallions and the next 3 ingredients. Cook, stirring often, until soft, about 10 minutes.

Slowly whisk in broth. Add bay leaves, thyme, and reserved chicken and sausage. Bring to a boil; reduce heat to low and simmer gently, skimming fat from surface and stirring occasionally, about 45 minutes.

Stir in 1 cup okra, Worcestershire and hot sauce. Simmer until chicken is very tender and flavors meld, about 45 minutes. Stir in remaining 1 cup okra; simmer until okra is crisp-tender, about 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Season to taste with salt. Remove bay leaves. **DO AHEAD:** Can be made 2 days ahead. Let cool slightly; chill uncovered until cold. Cover and keep chilled. Rewarm gently before continuing. Add 1 tsp. filé powder, if using.

Serve gumbo over rice. Garnish with dark-green parts of scallions. Sprinkle with more filé powder, if desired.

T. Tyler Potterfield of Richmond, VA shared this Epicurious.com recipe with me during a visit at Windy Inn in May 2013. I never made gumbo prior to this because the directions often look complicated. Don’t let the length of this recipe scare you. It’s not difficult, but is time consuming and yields a large pot of gumbo. The kitchen smelled wonderful while the gumbo cooked. (I didn’t use the filé powder, which is a Creole herb.)

ENJOY!



*(Continued from page 7)*

Still other institutions were not missed: Mifflinburg Bank and Trust, Laurelton State Bank, Strunk Funeral Home, B.T. Lance Monument Works, Brown’s Buggy Factory (later Sterling Bros. Throwing Mill), and Herbst’s mills at Laurelton and at Laurel Park. Incredibly, the photographer filmed the residents at Laurelton State Village for Feeble-minded Women of Childbearing Age as they moved about the grounds and did their work. And he filmed a fire drill of town-wide proportions as the Mifflinburg fire trucks race to Gardner Gottschall’s shop to douse a “fire” and remove a “victim” in an ambulance provided by Strunk Funeral Home.

Things have changed since 1937, but modern viewers will recognize places and some of the people. The DVD, *1937 Mifflinburg and Western Union County*, is on sale at the Union County Historical Society for \$15 plus tax. The Historical Society may be reached at (570) 524-8666 or by email at [info@unioncountyhistoricalsociety.org](mailto:info@unioncountyhistoricalsociety.org). It may also be purchased at Laurel Market and from Tony Shively in Millmont (570) 922-4297. It makes a great gift for those who want to know or want to remember what it was really like in 1937.



Photograph of Harry Bingaman, teacher at the Laurelton School, along with some students in the background.

*(Continued from page 6)*

Mildred enjoyed family gatherings, spending time with her grandchildren, little animals, and going on rides with family. She was a wonderful cook and was known for coconut cream pies.

Surviving are four daughters and three sons-in-law, Barbara J. and Daniel G. Snyder, of Hartleton, Joan D. and Ronald E. Gemberling, of Lewisburg, Shirley M. Walter, of Millmont, Joyce E. and Marvin K. Walter, of Hartleton; one son and daughter-in-law, Donald R. and Kafy M. Long, of Hartleton; 11 grandchildren and their spouses, Kathy and Gary Romig, Fawn and Gary Libby, Ronald and Julie Gemberling, Brian and Karen Gemberling, Connie and JR Keister, David Knechel, Crystal and Alan Kaler, Douglas and Tonya Walter, Jason and Danielle Dressler, Rodney and Marcy Long, and Sandra and Shane Witmer; 28 great-grandchildren; 10 great-great-grandchildren; a sister-in-law, Betty Lou Rote, of Mifflinburg; and numerous nieces, nephews, and cousins.

She was preceded in death by one granddaughter, Cynthia Lloyd in 1989; a great-granddaughter; Desiree A. Knechel; and son-in-law, Marlin Walter.

Interment was in the Lincoln Chapel Cemetery.

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

## August 15, 2013

Alson Martin of Mifflinburg broke his toes when he unhitched a piece of equipment and the hitch fell on his foot.

## August 17

Allen and Darlene Martin of Lewisburg have a daughter named Esther Marie. She has five brothers and two sisters. Grandparents are Phares and Ada Zimmerman and Irvin and Esther Martin.

## August 19

Weston Hoover (11) son of Aaron and Joanna Hoover had an infection inside the bone in his leg, above the knee. He had surgery at Geisinger Medical Center to clean it out and also put in a pic line so it can be treated at home.

## August 21

Our neighbor Fay Crisswell passed away. She had been in the nursing home in Lewisburg for about one year.

## August 24

A group of boys were biking home from a youth singing when Laverne Zimmerman (18) of Lewisburg lost control of his bike. He was taken to the hospital by ambulance where he was treated and released.

## August 25

Rebecca and Lamar Hoover of Mifflinburg were hit when she pulled out from Violet Road in front of a car that was traveling east on Furnace Road. Lamar has a bruised jaw and forehead. Rebecca and the horse are ok. The buggy's front wheel was shattered. The driver of the car is ok too.

## August 28

Mrs. Kenneth Martin (Eva) of Mifflinburg had surgery.

## August 30

My son, Isaac Hoover (5), came to me holding the top part of his ear and asked, "Mom, why didn't God weld this to my head?" I said, "Well he probably thought this is how it would work well."

## August 31

Last chance of the year to be out on a hot August day! We were at Alson Reiff's auction in Mifflinburg.

# Looking Back

The following article was published in the Lewisburg Saturday News on November 3, 1894.

## KILLED IN A RAILROAD WRECK

### DEATH OF AARON F. MIDDLESWORTH, OF MILLMONT, PA

Killed in a Wreck on the B. & O. Railroad Near Sykesville,  
Carrol Co., Md. October 12, A.D., 1894.

Millmont Correspondent.

A. F. Middlesworth, in company with Tommy Houser, started on a trip south, their object in view was in search of employment. On their way they visited friends and acquaintances, and when they arrived in Hagerstown, Md., they found that the prospects for employment were not very flattering, so Thomas concluded to return home, (arriving here on the 10th), while Aaron continued his search.

On Saturday morning, Oct. 13th, sad news came by wire informing his parents of the death of their son A. F. Middlesworth who was killed in a wreck on the B. & O. Rail Road, near Sykesville, Carrol Co., Md. It was a great shock to his parents, friends and acquaintances, and cast gloom of sorrow over our town and vicinity. He was an honest, sober, industrious and highly esteemed young man, and had just about completed his course as student in telegraphy, under the tutorship of Mr. A. E. Grove, agent of the P. R. R. Company at this place. He had also been the Millmont correspondent of the Lewisburg SATURDAY News for several years. The remains were sent here by undertaker Weer of Sykesville, arriving on Monday morning. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock. The services were held in the Union Church, conducted by Rev. Heckman, his pastor. He took as the foundation of his remarks, these words, "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night," as you will find recorded in the 3rd chap. of 2nd Peter and part of the 10th verse. From this he delivered a grand and most affecting sermon, after which the remains were taken to the Lincoln Chapel Church Cemetery for interment. His age was 21 years, 3 months and 7 days. A very large concourse of relatives, friends and associates attended the services at the church which plainly showed the esteem in which he was held. The members of the Epworth League, of which he was an active member, attended in a body, and proceeded the remains from the home of his parents to the house of God.

Nearly a year ago Brother Heckman held a series of meetings at this church where a number of young people were converted to God, and the first one to lead the way to the altar of prayer was this young man, Aaron F. Middlesworth. He professed faith in God, and became a member in full standing of the M. E. Church, lived an exemplary, christian life, and while his parents, brother and sister, with a host of friends, mourn his loss, we do not mourn as those that have no hope, but with pleasing prospect through Christ of meeting our dear loved one on the banks beyond the river, where we shall never say "Good Bye." His brother Irwin B. Middlesworth, who has been residing in Chicago, Ill., for a number of years was home on vacation during the summer, but had returned to that city and was there one week when the sad news

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# *Blessings from the Bible*

*By Brenda Weaver*

*“Let love and faithfulness never leave you;  
bind them around your neck, write them on the tablet of your heart.”*

Proverbs 3:3



After the job was finished he told me, “I wanted to do it. Every hour I worked at fixing and sanding and painting I thought of John.”

Ron and John had become friends in their youth, partially because they attended the same church, and largely because their personalities were similar. Neither of them spoke a lot; they were doers. Both of them enjoyed tractors, although they heartily disagreed on color. Ron rooted for red. John was an “ever-green” man.

But my Dad’s little Farmall A was red, and John bought it to cultivate our strawberries. That little “A” hoed a lot of rows. John taught three of our children to cultivate with it and they spent hours on the worn out seat, their heads bent in the hot summer sun, cultivating row after long row of strawberry plants.

When John drove the tractor I always had to smile at the way his long legs and tall frame doubled close together on the small, old tractor. In my mind I still smile at the comical memory.

After John’s death, and unknown to me, my brothers-in-law arranged for Ron to fix up John’s old “A.” Ron just smiles about the hours he spent doing it. He says, “I just kept thinking how John would have said, ‘You should have painted it green!’”

Then one day I was told the tractor was done and I should come see it before it headed to my brother-in-law’s strawberry field to cultivate again. I still search for words to describe my feelings when Ron came driving that newly-painted old tractor out of his shop.

Now “cute” isn’t a word men usually use to describe tractors, but this one definitely was! At the familiar putter of the engine memories welled up inside me and squeezed some memory lubricant out of my eyes. I remembered the last time John and I had used the tractor together, he at the wheel, and I operating a hand cultivator attached to the back. We had been so full of hope those two days, convincing ourselves we might still be able to raise strawberries without the help of our grown children.

When I asked Ron if I could drive it he gave me a quick refresher course. With joy I climbed up to sit on a brand new seat, wondering why I hadn’t insisted John spend the money to buy a comfortable new one for those hours of cultivating. My heart seemed to bounce along happily as I bounced out their lane on the cute little, brightly painted “A.” My teenage daughter drove in the car behind me, snapping photos.

Ron recalled memories while he sanded and painted. Our children recalled memories of time spent with their dad and that tractor. Then I made some new memories to cherish as I drove the tractor toward the farm where it had served faithfully in the berry fields.

Memory is a wonderful gift from God. Happy is the man or woman who has his or her heart full of pleasant ones. When loved ones pass on we can oil our memories frequently and paint new ones with joy.

*“Those that are wise will shine like the brightness of the heavens,  
And those who lead many to righteousness, like the stars for ever and ever.*

Daniel 12:3 NIV

September sunsets slip away quickly in Pennsylvania. One moment the clouds are glowing pink. A few moments later the glow of twilight turns to shadowy dusk. Till I take the garbage out and wheel out my bike the clouds that were frosted pink just minutes ago look like they’ve been dipped in large vats of dark chocolate. Dusk steals over the countryside. I ride anyway.

Already an autumn chill hangs in the hollows. Pockets of the cool air surprise me as I bike out of town. A lone star sparkles just above the horizon. I do not see another star in the sky, but this one shines brightly, doing the job it was created to do. Coasting downgrade into our small village I suddenly identify with the lone star. I ask myself if I am faithful in shining brightly in my walk alone. Am I reflecting the love of the Lord to the people around me? Do I radiate joy even in my sorrow? Or do I allow the circumstances of life to snuff out my twinkle? I think of my single friends. I thank God they are willing to continue shining when they feel alone. I think of my mother and am thankful she didn’t refuse to shine during her

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years of walking alone. I think about the nearness of my God since I've experienced widowhood. I breathe deeply of the crisp autumn air. The eighth of October will mark the second anniversary of my husband's death. Because I know God is in control of all things I know He has allowed me to walk alone for this season of my life. He must have a purpose in mind. He must want me to shine like yonder star lighting the darkening horizon.

As usually happens when I am outside enjoying God's creation, I talk to Him.

*Dear Lord,*

*Thank you for encouraging me with one brightly beaming star in the sky tonight. Thank you for reminding me the lonely walk of one can still twinkle brightly for You. Thank You for the beauty of creation and the changing seasons. Thank You for Your nearness when I bike or walk alone. Thank You that loneliness can translate to valuable time spent with You!*

(Continued from page 9)

came by wire of the death of his dearly beloved brother Aaron, a very sad homecoming indeed. The shock to his parents, brother and sister, in the bereavement and loss almost more than frail humanity was able to bear, but they have the sympathy of the community, and for true spiritual consolation they can only look to Him who giveth and taketh away. Job said, "Blessed be his name."

[In the correspondence received from the deceased there was stamped the evidence of unusual natural talent, and his manuscript always went to the composing room without any revision. What he wrote was always on the bright side of life, and instead of saying things to wound he scattered good cheer everywhere. His untimely death will long be lamanted. ED. NEWS]

#### RESOLUTION OF RESPECT

The following resolutions on the death of Aaron F. Middlesworth, of Millmont, Union Co., Pa., who was killed in a railroad wreck near Baltimore on the night of the 12th of Oct. A. D., 1894, were recently adopted by his friends:

*Whereas*, It has pleased God in his all-wise Providence to remove from our midst our beloved neighbor, friend and brother Aaron F. Middlesworth, so gentle, so genial, and whose sunshine of good nature brightened into new life all about us; that such a one should be the victim of such a distressing tragedy cannot help but touch the heart-string of everyone and plunge the community into deep mourning. Echo answers, "God moves in a mysterious way."

RESOLVED, That we humbly submit to the will of Almighty God, and calmly say thy will be done.

RESOLVED, That language is inadequate to express the sorrow we feel in the loss of him whose life, though short was so full of Christian and social integrity, and promise of usefulness, having been a consistent member of the Millmont M. E. Church as well as a member of the Millmont Epworth League. In his death we realize that a golden link has been broken and social friendship to be again joined together in the haven of eternal rest.

RESOLVED, That we extend to the bereaved family, our heart-felt sympathy in this their hour of affliction, and we tenderly commend them unto Him who will unveil a sliver lining in this dark cloud of sorrow.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in the SATURDAY NEWS, and a copy transmitted to the bereaved family, also a copy of the same to be entered in the minutes of the Epworth League of Millmont, Pa.

J. T. Miller  
A. J. Catherman,  
Lottie Royer, } Committee.  
Sallie Feese,  
Lydia Thomas



### The Regina Hartman Society

Courtesy of Leanne Keefer Bechdel

The Regina Hartman Society held their August meeting in St. Mary's Park in Lewisburg. Past President Michael Bucher (on the left) passed the society gavel on to new local society President Isabelle Taylor.

This national first place award winning society is raising funds to support the National Society of The Children of The American Revolution's national 2013 project, which is raising 50,000.00 to support Student Veterans of America. The Pennsylvania State project is raising funds to restore the George Spangler farm in Gettysburg.

The N.S.C.A.R. is the nations oldest and largest patriot youth club with membership available to anyone under age 21 that is lineally descended from someone who rendered material aid to the cause of American Independence as a soldier, sailor, civil officer or recognized patriot in one of the Colonies or States of the United State. Our club activities focus on patriotism, service and education about our American heritage and local history.

Regina Hartman Society is ALWAYS seeking new members. Donations toward National and State projects are always welcome and tax deductible as allowed by law. For more information visit [www.nscar.org](http://www.nscar.org) or email our Sr. society president Jennifer Bucher [j.reitzbucher@yahoo.com](mailto:j.reitzbucher@yahoo.com) or Leanne Bechdel [sparrow2@gmail.com](mailto:sparrow2@gmail.com).

## Thank You!

I would like to thank the following people for making monetary donations toward the publication of this newsletter: Harry & Terry Mensch of Harvest, AL; Ruth Diamond of Indialantic, FL; Clifford and Diane Valentine of Millmont; Mervin and Patsy Kline of Swengel; Fred and Janet Miller of Mifflinburg; Gilbert and Sandra Picarelli of Biglerville; James and Peggy Gross of Hartleton; and Rita O'Brien of San Antonio, TX.

I would like to welcome the following new subscribers: Mr. and Mrs. Allen Dauberman of Millmont and Margaret Keller of Port Trevorton.

I would like to thank everyone who renewed their subscription for another year. Your support is greatly appreciated and is what makes this newsletter possible.

My thanks to C. Wayne Nolen of Millmont for allowing me to make copies of two early U. S. Geological Survey maps; Jean Musser of Millmont for donating newspaper articles (including one of Doctor Glover) as well as a photograph of the Salem School; Sam and Shirley Diehl of Millmont for providing information and a photograph of Buck Diehl's Garage that was once located in Hartleton; Emilie F. Jansma of State College for donating a copy of the Genealogy of The Aumiller Family, Descendants of Conrad Aumiller 1705-1989; and Orville "Bear" Spangler for loaning me a copy of the 1939 blueprint of the Weikert CCC Camp.

### October Birthdays & Anniversaries

1 – Wendy Bilger	9 – Teresa Yoder	20 – Maria Brubaker
1 – Diane Martin	10 – Renda Shively	20 – Elisa Beaver
2 – Zachary Kline	11 – Carol Yarger	20 – Randall Stover
2 – James Maust	12 – Mildred J. (Moyer) Hostrander	24 – Mary Louise Jones
3 – Peggy Aikey	14 – Eugene & Grace Antol - 1950	24 – Richard Zechman
4 – Dale Dorman	14 – Kenneth Catherman	24 – Scott Feaster
4 – Michael Aikey	14 – Annetta Oberholtzer	26 – Ella Mae Maust
5 – Catherine Hassinger	15 – Marcellus Brungart	26 – Sara Kistler
5 – Sherry Osborne	15 – Kathy Groff	27 – Karl Eberhart
5 – Carole Jacka	16 – Ralph Aikey	27 – Pauline Shively
5 – John & Janet Renninger – 1968	17 – Bill & Anne Little - 1980	27 – Alvin Nolt
7 – Delight Showalter	17 – Kenneth & Kathy Groff - 1970	28 – Kim & Carol Yarger – 1972
7 – Harry Aikey	17 – Janet Renninger	29 – Shirley Diehl
8 – Miles Schrader	19 – Henry & Naomi Aurand – 1963	30 – Arlene Martin
9 – Betty Shoemaker	19 – Laura Dorman	30 – Denise McClintock

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