



LETTER OF THANKS

Ruth Sauder

As the date of June 21, 2009 arrived I wanted to put together this letter of past due deepest thanks and appreciation to everyone that donated time and effort. It all started last June 21, 2008 when there was public sale of a big old house in the small town of Hartleton, Pa. The house is near to the place where I have been packing eggs daily, seven days a week. I biked five miles twice a day through rain, heat, snow and ice to reach my place of employment. I was renting where I lived, so buying this house was a temptation to me.

But, I had some doubts about buying such an old house that would need repairs. The windows were in bad shape and the wooden siding left much to be desired. As the date of the sale grew nearer, I was informed that nobody had been there to look at the house, and the old 91-year old lady had to sell it. It had been in very bad shape when she bought it, 24 years before. She had gotten people to put strong pillars in the basement to jack up the floors and put two new chimneys up. There was also new wiring, an oil furnace, and two bathrooms. They fixed roofs and took off a big peak where it badly leaked, making four less rooms upstairs. There are still four rooms left as it once was a hotel and was made into two apartments.

By the day of the sale I had given the matter over to God. I trusted that if it were not good that I buy it, He would have someone at the sale that buys it beyond my means. I was at my job, packing eggs, until it was time to sell the property. Then I went to the sale. They could not get a bid so I started it at 22 thousand dollars. But no one would put another bid in, so they recessed. Suddenly, I remembered. Maybe I should go talk with them. I asked if I am supposed to say how much I would be willing to give? The attorney said, "That's just what we were talking about." I started saying I would give 35 or 36 thousand dollars. The old lady, who was a little hard of hearing, heard me say 35 thousand and she said, very relieved, "I am willing to let it go for that." So, when they put it up again, and all their begging brought no bids, they knocked it off to me. The lady desired to have 60 thousand dollars but she really wanted me to have it, and she was so afraid she couldn't get rid of it. I bought the stove and refrigerator and then went back to work. Till I was done packing eggs the sale was over.

Then, when Sunday morning came some doubts arose in my mind. I wondered if there is something like trusting God too hard? I mean, can we tempt God by thinking He

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Hartleton Mailbox by Postmaster Gail Hanselman

Well, spring finally made it but man has it been a wet one. It boggles my mind how one area can have an over abundance of rain while another area is having a drought. Just need to keep reminding myself that God is in control and He knows best!!

May 15-21 was National Dog Bite Prevention Week. The most likely to be bitten are children, elderly, letter carriers, meter readers and newspaper delivery persons.

Here are some suggestions to help you take the bite out of your dog:

1- if you think you and your family want to love and enjoy a family dog, do lots of research to be sure to pick the breed of dog that best fits your family.

2- teach your dog appropriate behavior. Don't play aggressive games with your dog such as wrestling, tug of war, or siccing your dog on another person. It's essential that your dog recognize members of your family as dominant figures not to be challenged.

3- be a responsible pet owner. Make your pet a member of your family. Dogs

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Shown above is the 405 Main Street home of Ruth Sauder of Hartleton. This home was formerly owned by Caroline Wenrick. The Atlas of Union & Snyder Counties, published by Pomeroy and Beers, listed this property as the H. H. Feese Hotel at the time that survey was printed in 1868.

could send someone to buy it, if it's not good that I have it? As I went to church that Sunday morning I trusted there would be a message that would give me encouragement that I had made this purchase in the right act of faith. When the first song was announced and I was still trying to find the page, the congregation sang out "My hetzie sei zufriede" (My heart be satisfied).

Some kind men of the church community said they would help make some repairs to make the house more livable. When the date came to settle up I questioned myself whether I knew what I was doing, writing out a check of my life's savings and I was not all worked up. I took a second look at this check. I never before wrote out a check of such a large amount. Then, suddenly, I noticed the check number was the same as the house number, 405! I suppose God was weary of my little faith. But if you would know how unhandy I am with a hammer and saw you would know why I trembled to buy a house so in need of repairs.

As time went on the men of the community came and made much-appreciated repairs and then I moved in. The week after the sale our chickens went out, so I was able to pack and move. When it came time to go back to packing eggs again I was settled in my house.

Now and then I heard snatches of rumors that there was to be new siding put on my house. I had hoped to get it patched up where siding was falling off, and maybe in a few years I could replace some of it. But I was told to go to the lumber place and choose the siding color. How I wished for someone to help me choose! Bit by bit I heard that when a load of friends from back home had been through the house, before I moved, they saw how poor the siding was. They had informed an elderly man of the church here that they wanted to see that new siding was on the house before winter. The man took it upon himself to be a Good Samaritan. So, the siding and a lot of insulation arrived here. The man himself couldn't do much of the labor since he had a stroke and was aged. His spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. Daily he lined up the men of the community and they came every afternoon and donated their time. The elderly man instructed them as to what was to be done and this old house was getting a face-lift! But, these men were farmers and had work at home too, and the Good Samaritan said he needed more help. As a result, a whole van of men and boys came from my home area for the day and they got a lot done.

After a few weeks the man said he had a hard time getting people to help. He wanted another load from back home, but I knew my niece that had gotten the load together had quite a time of it. I hated to ask her again. So, I asked for help from Blair County, an area I lived in for three years, many years ago. I worked for a lot of people when I lived there. Eight men came and worked with some men from around here. With everyone's effort and donated time there was new siding put on the whole house, which made it look quite different.

I got some of the most needed windows replaced and hoped to replace the others bit by bit. However, the Good Samaritan said he would replace the rest. When the cold winds blew that winter I was safe in my house, not fearing that siding or windows were going to pieces.

I had to put cold air returns in, as the furnace wasn't properly set up. There are ceilings that I hope stay up a little longer and some floorboards you avoid stepping on. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

So many people have expressed a real joy that I finally have a home for myself, after living here and there while working for others for many years. This takes me by surprise, as I didn't know so many people pitied me. When people express their joy that it was some kind of miracle that I could get a house, at a price I could afford. I feel as if it's just as much a miracle that the old lady could get rid of her house.

She expressed her joy over and over to me, as she never had a daughter, only sons. She calls me her daughter and the sons call me sister. I substitute her for a grandmother and often go visit her and listen to stories of long ago.

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BIRD TALK

by Jim McCormick

I absolutely refuse to complain about this month's weather, the fact that it has rained nearly every day, the fact that it was either too hot or too cold and the fact that we have had almost no spring weather at all. I refuse to complain about any of those things! Instead, I will simply move on to the birds.....

The last day of April happened to be a Saturday and it was a great bird day. When I reached the concrete bridge on Penns Creek, I saw a female Common Merganser and her nine or ten ducklings scurrying off a small islet; she, of course, had seen me before I saw her. The Creek was quite swollen and they moved swiftly downstream, then, went on shore far from where I was. She may have been the same hen I had seen last May with twenty-three ducklings in just about the same spot. I knew I wasn't going to get a photo; I've played "catch me

if you can" with her before, so I moved on. It wasn't long before I heard a familiar sound that I was expecting to hear the next day, May 1st, the cheerful call of a male Baltimore Oriole. There it was high up among the freshly opened leaves; feasting on all the insects drawn to the sticky new leaves. Somewhat surprised I heard another familiar call; this time it was coming from a Gray Catbird lower down in a thicket. In fact there were several of them. I normally don't even expect them until a little later; I call them the *cinco de mayo* birds. I've seen them appear many times on the 5th of May. It seemed somewhat odd to me, though. As I said in last month's column, spring was rather late this year and many of the flowering plants had actually been behind schedule, so why were the birds coming back early?? I was in for another surprise when I reached Shirk Road and heard yet another familiar call; this time it was the flute-like call of the Wood Thrush. "Ee-oo-lay, ee-oo-lay...." This is a bird I have heard for many summers, but have only rarely seen. It is a rather lovely little bird, slightly smaller than a Robin; it has rust-brown upper parts and white under parts with distinctive spots.

May was filled with bird activity. The returning birds immediately got down to business. Nest building could be seen almost anywhere there was a place. I watched as a pair of Baltimore Orioles gathered their nest-building materials. Rather curiously another pair of Baltimore Orioles repaired the nest left, literally, hanging by a string; the nest had been built by Orchard Orioles last year. The eggs must have already hatched because I have watched for a couple of weeks now as both the male and the female are out of the nest and defensively guarding as I look at the nest from a safe distance. The leaves have mostly opened and it is getting more and more difficult to find many of the nests of the different birds. They are mostly tucked away in some hidden spot. Soon, very soon, the little ones will begin emerging. I see that the Starlings have nested in the fence post near Wilson's field again and I think they are just about to pop up! It truly is something to watch as the "change of the seasons" happens all over again!!!



The photo of the Song Sparrow was taken along Shirk Road. It was "Bringing Breakfast!!!" to the little ones!
Courtesy of Jim McCormick.



Field Notes, by WCO Dirk Remensnyder

As I recently found out, Game Wardens are not immune to Bear damage. A Bear broke into my chicken pen and even though the chickens escaped I had to fix the damage to the pen. All this occurred while I had a Bear trap with the door closed sitting about 30 yards away from the pen. Now I just need to figure out how I can get the bear to come back so I can dart him and tag him.

Citations were issued to three individuals who were found fishing on state game lands and had in their possession drugs and drug paraphernalia.

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I still feel very unworthy of all the people that put so much time and effort in getting this house in shape, and to the Good Samaritan that made it possible. People tell me that I have worked for many others for years for low wages, which I suppose holds true. But it was my life and I enjoyed it. Some of these people that came to help were people I never worked for. And some of those young boys from back home probably didn't even know me, and have forgotten already that they were here. As the Bible reads, those ones received will say, "when have we seen you thus? And helped you?" And the poet never mentioned about returning kindness only.

If you have a little kindness shown pass it on,
It was not meant for you alone, pass it on,
Let it wipe another tear,
Till in Heaven the deed appears, pass it on.

As the year had passed, I thought of it on Sunday morning when I was on my way to church. How I was groping for some assurance one year ago. When I went to church, that first song stilled my misgivings. Then, this Sunday (2009) I was really surprised when the first song was announced, "My hetzie sei zufriede" (My heart be satisfied). This was the same song on the same day a year later. I expressed the coincidence and I knew the song leaders were totally unaware.

Thanks everyone! The Lord will reward thee openly if not here, it may be when your cross you lay down in exchange for a crown.

Editor's Note: This is an edited version of a letter that Ruth Sauder had published in *Die Botschaft* on July 13, 2009, and is published here with permission of Ruth Sauder. *Die Botschaft* is a weekly correspondent newspaper that includes reports from scribes in many Amish settlements across the nation.

Ruth Sauder of 405 Main Street in the Borough of Hartleton was born in Berks County, Pennsylvania, the daughter of the late Amos and Alma Sauder. A member of the Old Order Mennonite community, Ruth recalls how her father was one of the first members of that community to move from Pennsylvania to Wisconsin in 1973. Some half dozen other Old Order Mennonite families soon followed in Amos Sauder's footsteps. Ruth accompanied her father, who was a widower, to Wisconsin for a period of time before deciding to return to Pennsylvania. She later spent about three years as a hired girl in Blair County before returning to her native Berks County. Following the death of Milton Brubacker in 2004 Ruth moved to Union County so she could assist Milton's widow, Leah Brubacker, who passed away in 2009.

Fortunately for her, members of her faith community were willing to lend a hand following the purchase of her home in Hartleton. Adin Zimmerman enlisted the aide of some men from the Mt. View Old Order Mennonite Church off Kaiser Run Road in Millmont to assist with restoration efforts, including new windows and siding for the house. Ruth was also able to call upon some friends from Berks and Blair Counties to assist. A vanload of 13 Mennonites from Berks County traveled to Hartleton to assist during a work session at Ruth's home. Another group of 8 Mennonites from Blair County also came to Hartleton to lend a hand. These men freely offered their time and talents to someone in need, even though many of them did not know Ruth Sauder personally.

While she enjoys living in Hartleton, Ruth is thankful that Caroline Wenrick, the previous owner of her home, spent time and money preserving the old house. As a result of this purchase Ruth and Caroline have developed a lasting friendship, and they enjoy visiting one another. Caroline lives in an apartment a short distance west of the place she called home for more than two decades. The mother of 4 sons, Caroline refers to Ruth as the daughter she never had. Ruth refers to Caroline as her grandmother.

Ruth Sauder is employed by Edwin Martin of rural Millmont. Her job at Martin's is to prepare and package about 7,000 chicken eggs each day before they are sent to the hatchery.

Discerning the will of God was something Ruth struggled with when she purchased her Hartleton home. Prayer, reading God's word, along with advice from Christian family members and friends can and will lead us in the right direction.

The small photograph in the upper left hand corner of page one shows the home located at 44 Penn Street in Millmont circa 1921. Seated on the steps is Elizabeth (Coleman) Catherman. Seated on the porch is Ellen (Bowersox) Coleman, and next to her is her son-in-law, Jimmy Catherman on the swing. It is believe that this home was built by Charles Orwig circa 1886. During the last 120 years the home has had four owners: Charles and Caroline Orwig, James and Elizabeth Catherman, George W. Sr., and Bessie Wert, and Tony and Janice Shively.

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:

Saturday June 7, 1941. 54 degrees at 5:00 a.m. The drought just ended, says the Saturday News. Was the worst early drought in 50 years, yesterdays Item. Temperature was 80 degrees at noon. I sprayed Donald's potatoes.

This evening the Loysville Band played at a festival in Millmont, sponsored by the Lutheran Church of Hartleton.

Sunday June 8, 1941. 74 degrees at 5:00 a.m. and clear, a very beautiful morning. 84 degrees at noon, a pleasant day.

The Holy Spirit in World Missions, Acts 12:25 & 13: 1-12. Golden Text, Mark 16:15. Present 68. Con. \$3.15. I spoke from St. John 14:16. "Another Comforter."

Monday June 9, 1941. Another beautiful morning, the thermometer shows 58. It was a pleasant day. I was working in the garden and cultivated corn and potatoes. Donald (Shively) ran the tractor. Full moon.

Tuesday June 10, 1941. At 5:00 this morning the sun is shining brightly. 53 degrees is what the thermometer shows, there is not a cloud to be seen. The moon is plainly visible in the western sky. "A perfect Day in June" not a cloud to be seen all day. I was planting beans and pumpkins in the corn. This evening I was up to the garage to help Jacob.

Wednesday June 11, 1941. It's 56 degrees this morning and clear. Miles Weather Calendar says it's going to be Hot. Mr. Curtis and son called on their way to Philadelphia and lunched with us. His son is graduating from a medical college tomorrow.

This afternoon I helped Donald plant corn. He is putting out about two acres.

I was up at the garage today putting on sections of the mower bar.

Thank You!

I would like to thank the following people for making monetary donations toward the publication of this newsletter: Eugene Thompson of Reading, Pa; John and Mary Dunkle, Ralph and Edna Ammon, John and Sandra Rudy, William and Karlene Sauers, and Kenneth and Patricia Smith all of Mifflinburg; Shirley Walter, Wayne Benner, Eugene and Darlene Hackenberg, and Adin and Alice Zimmerman all of Millmont.

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

I would also like to thank Linda Fox of Millmont for donating a copy of the Glen Iron Furnace; Sandy Winegradner of Mifflinburg for donating Shively family photographs and memorabilia along with some older Mifflinburg Telegraphs; and Joe White of Millmont for allowing me to copy some Millmont photographs from his collection.

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that spend too much time tethered to a doghouse or in the back yard have a much greater chance of developing aggressive behavioral problems.

4- help your dog become accustomed to a variety of situations. If you don't know how your dog will react to a new situation, be cautious. If you think your dog could panic in a crowd, leave him or her at home. If your dog may overreact to visitors or delivery people, keep him or her in another room.

5- BE NICE to your dog and to ALL dogs. Don't tease them and don't play too rough with them. Instead, teach your dog good manners. A trained dog is a happy dog. Remember to give dogs space when they are eating, sleeping, tired, sick or caring for puppies. Remember: dogs get cranky just like people and they may bite if they are suddenly surprised or hurt.

6 - WALK your dog!! Your dog needs plenty of exercise and attention. Many issues dogs have can be over come with daily exercise. Your dog will listen to you much better if he or she gets the exercise, attention and love they need. And remember as with all pets taking care of your dog is a daily commitment from you and your family. Dogs require work and effort especially when they are puppies but the rewards you get from a loving and obedient dog are so worth it.

New Stamps coming to your local Post Office.....

American Scientists, available on June 16th in four designs on a pane of 20 stamp; Mark Twain, available on June 25th in one design on a pane of 20 stamps; Pioneers of American Industrial Design, available on June 29th in 12 designs on a pane of 12 stamps.

Mifflinburg Church of the Nazarene V.B.S. June 20-24, 2011

Theme: PandaMania "Where God is Wild about You!"

Come experience cool crafts, awesome music, bible adventures, food, games & inflatables!

Location: Mifflinburg Church of the Nazarene, 12 Market St., Mifflinburg, PA

Time: 6:30 – 8:40 p.m.

For ages 2 through 6th grade!

A closing program will be held Sunday morning June 26.

Pre-Register by June 16 on line @ vbs.miffnaz.org or by calling 966-3543



Biography of George W. Wert Sr.

Although George William Wert Sr. was born in Blair County, and he spent much of his working career outside the boundaries of Pennsylvania, his heart belonged to his childhood home of Millmont.

Born in Altoona, Pennsylvania on December 30, 1895, George was the son of William C. and Annie Vestia (Catherman) Wertz. Exactly why William added a "z" to his last name is a mystery, since his siblings did not include the extra consonant in their surname. George Wert subsequently dropped the z from his last name as well.

William Wertz and his new bride Annie Vestia, the youngest daughter of George and Rachel Catherman, moved from Union County to Blair County shortly after they were married on December 29, 1892. Wertz was employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in Altoona. William and Annie were married for three years when they were blessed with the birth of a son, George.

The peace and serenity of the young couple was shattered when Annie became ill and died unexpectedly on February 3, 1898 at age 22. Annie Wertz left behind a grieving husband and a two year old son who retained no memories of his biological mother's tender embrace and loving affection.

Annie's body was returned to her parents Millmont home. Following a funeral service at Rays Church her body was laid to rest in the adjacent cemetery. A widower, William was compelled to find a suitable home for his infant son. He turned to his late wife's brother and his wife. James E. "Jimmy" and Elizabeth Catherman had no children of their own so they were happy to welcome the young boy into their Millmont home. They reared George Wert as if he was their own.

William Wertz returned to Altoona where he continued to work for the railroad. Some time in the early 1900's he lost both legs as the result of injuries sustained in work related accident. Those injuries were so severe that he subsequently lost his life. By the time he reached manhood George Wert had lost both of his parents.

George Wert spent his grammar school years at the red brick grammar schoolhouse north of Millmont. He later attended the Lewis Township High School. He left the high school by the time he was 15 year old and moved to Altoona where he resided with relatives. He later obtained a job calling trains at the Altoona Railroad Station.

In 1921, Wert moved to Detroit, Michigan where he was hired by the Ford Motor Company. However, he frequently returned to Altoona to see his sweetheart, Bessie Wilcox.

Bessie was born in Shoenberger, Huntington County, on October 30, 1893, the daughter of John and Margaret Wilcox. She was employed in a department store in Altoona when she and George first met. On February 12, 1923, George W. Wert and Bessie Wilcox were united in marriage in St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church in Altoona by Rev. G. F. Snyder.

Following their marriage the newlyweds took up housekeeping in Detroit, Michigan. George remained with the Ford Motor Company for next 17 years. In 1938 they had a desire to return to Pennsylvania so they packed up their belongings and moved to Union County. George, Bessie, and their son, George Jr. were now residents of Millmont.

Employment options were not abundant during the 1930's and George Wert, Sr. was forced to find a job far from his home and family. In 1940 he secured a job with the Glen L. Martin Aircraft Corporation in Baltimore, Maryland. He was inspector at that firm until 1944 when he landed a job with the Western Electric facility located in the same city.

Looking for employment closer to home, and to his family, Wert returned to Millmont where he was employed as a supervisor at the Millmont Box Factory. The Box Factory was only a short jaunt west of his 44 Penn Street home.

When the Box Factory went up in flames on December 13, 1951, Wert, his son, George Jr., and about two-dozen co-workers of that firm were permanently thrown out of work.

George Sr. subsequently landed a job with Shipman's in Sunbury. In 1954 he went to work for the department of

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Shown in the circa 1943 photograph above is George W. Wert, Sr., his wife, Bessie, and their dog, Jiggs.

highways, retiring in 1962.

During the early 1970's I was a frequent visitor at the residence of George Wert, Sr. An ardent baseball fan he enjoyed talking about the numerous baseball games he attended while working and living in Detroit, Michigan. He also liked to talk about some of the baseball legends that he had the good fortune of watching play the game during the 1920's and 30's. Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, and Lou Gehrig were just a couple of the names that rolled off his tongue whenever baseball was the topic of discussion.

Wert also took great pleasure in displaying and showing the toys he preserved from his childhood days. It was clear that he took good care of them when he was a youngster because many looked barely used.

Having worked for the Ford Motor Company he was also a proud Ford owner. His last vehicle was a 1957 Ford, which was in very good condition when it was sold.

He also had a nice collection of old Millmont photographs. A number of photographs in my collection were the result of his willingness to allow me to make copies.

I recall the many times he shared with me his childhood memories of growing up in the village of Millmont. He never grew tired of talking about his boyhood hometown, and I always enjoyed listening. I inherited an interest in local history from my grandfather, Jacob G. Shively, and it was George Wert, Sr. who passed his affection for the small village of Millmont on to me.

Bessie Wert passed away in 1970. George Wert, Sr. died in November 12, 1977. They are buried in the Old Cedar Cemetery in Swengel.

In June 1978 their 44 Penn Street home was offered up for sale at public auction. Determined to remain in Millmont I purchased their house. Today my wife Janice and I, along with our 10-year old yellow lab, Evie, reside in the residence that George Sr. and Bessie Wert once called home.

TLS

Looking Back

The newspaper article below was originally published in the June 5, 1896 edition of The Mifflinburg Telegraph.

Under the Auspices of John C. Schnure
Post G. A. R., of Laurelton
REPORTED FOR THE TELEGRAPH.

DEAR EDITOR: The people in Hartley township are loyal and patriotic. Let me tell you, such gatherings, such music and such exercises as were conducted under the auspices of John C. Schnure Post, I have never witnessed before; and I doubt whether one would be able to find a more orderly or better disciplined post or a more loyal and patriotic community.

Soldiers, Patriotic Sons of America, Laurelton Cornet Band and citizens were out in full force to all the exercises at the various places.

The Patriotic Sons deserve to be called patriotic. One of the chief features was the music rendered by the L. C. B., which has been organized but two months, but in the organization, it was necessary only to bring together the talent, as the members are nearly all old and experienced musicians.

DUNKARD CHURCH

At about 8:30 the decorating party of G. A. R. met at Dunkard Church Cemetery and performed the usual decorating ceremonies. It has not been customary to have addresses at this place.

LINCOLN CHAPEL

From the Dunkard Church the Post proceeded to Lincoln Chapel, where they were met by the P. O. S. of A., L. C. B., and nearly all the citizens of Hartley township. The following exercises were carried out at this place:

Music by Band in front of Church.

Forming of line, consisting of Band, G. A. R., P. O. S. of A., and Decorating Party, the last consisting of sixteen little girls carrying wreaths and bouquets.

Dirge by the band while the little ladies strewed their flowers on the mounds of our heroic dead.

March into church. Music by choir. It is but necessary to say that it was the regular Lincoln Chapel Choir, whose teaching music inspired many a soul. Prayer by Rev. H. W. Newman, pastor. Music by band. Oration by Prof. Llewellyn Phillips of Bucknell. In commendation, everywhere was heard, "grand." Yes, it was masterly.

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Recipe of the Month
by Janice (Dorman) Shively
Lemon Poppy Seed Pancakes

¾ C. milk
1 T. cider vinegar
1 T. fresh squeezed lemon juice
1 egg
2 T. butter, melted
½ tsp. vanilla extract
1 C. all-purpose flour
2 T. white sugar
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. poppy seeds
1 tsp. lemon zest
Cooking spray

Stir the milk, vinegar and lemon juice together in a bowl; let stand 10 minutes to curdle. Whisk in egg, butter and vanilla extract.

In a separate bowl, mix together the flour, sugar, baking

powder, baking soda, salt, poppy seeds, and lemon zest until well combined. Pour the milk mixture into the flour mixture and whisk a few times until the batter is mostly free of lumps.

Heat a skillet over medium heat and spray with cooking spray. Pour ¼ C. of batter per pancake into the skillet and cook until bubbles appear on the surface, about 2 minutes. Flip the pancakes over with a spatula and brown the other side, about 2 more minutes.

I came across this recipe some time ago on the internet and it quickly became a breakfast favorite of mine. The easy to prepare pancakes have a very good lemony taste! Coupled with blueberry syrup, they make a great meal to start the day. The pancakes also freeze well. Layer wax paper between each pancake and you can easily remove as many as you want to microwave for a meal.

ENJOY!



BRIEF ANALYSIS OF ORATION

In introducing his subject he told us that principles are back of all struggles. His theme was, "Man is the basis of our Government." In our government man is the highest element. In ancient government, the state was placed ahead of man. To bring out this idea as embodied in our institutions, he gave the divisions of the government as follows: 1st, Judiciary, which, 1st, secures impartial laws. 2d, defines the relation of the individual man to the state. 2nd, Legislative. 3rd, Executive. In further bringing out this principle of personality, he took the workings of the government in which he said: Man is the important element in our government. In ancient governments there were property qualifications, but in our government we consider that man is more than his estate; man is worth more than his property and therefore he votes, because he is a man and not because he owns property, as in European countries. From this principle, the speaker deduced, that women should be allowed the right of suffrage as a result of this principle of personality; public opinion rules. This principle came from the ideas advanced largely by Jefferson. Hamilton rather leaned the other way. He favored a strong central government. France instructed Jefferson: England, Hamilton. Personality gives two principles: 1st, Equality; 2nd Civil Liberty. Science and philosophy could not reach this idea; Christianity alone taught it. Plato first looked into man but could not find therein the ideal state; then he looked up to Heaven and there he found it. I hope I have been able to bring out some of the depth and closeness of thought which were shown in this oration.

Music by choir. Music by band.

This completes the forenoon's exercises. Most of the soldiers and many citizens went to Laurelton for dinner. Our friend, James Pursley, called many of us his friends to his well-set table. James is a soldier, who was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness. He is also a good, jovial fellow.

AT HARTLETON

Shortly after dinner the G. A. R., the P. O. S. of A. and the L. C. B. proceeded to Hartleton. After the short parade and the decorating by fourteen little girls, all convened in the church where the following program was carried out:

Music by choir, "Where Sleep our Heroes?" The singing was very good. Prayer by Prof. Phillips of Bucknell. Music by L. C. B. Oration by Prof. A. M. Wender of Central Pa. College. The oration was full of thought and eloquence.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATION

We have met to pay honor to the soldier. He described very vividly the rise and fall of ancient governments, as Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome; then there came forth England, Germany, and the United States, the latest and the best. We are more patriotic and virtuous than other nations. The Professor then described the development of our country's history. First were the Indian settlers, then came the Pilgrim Fathers; then there grew up a strong settlement along the Atlantic coast; then came English tyranny, the Revolution and the establishment of our government. Now we are free. Then followed a period of development of the country. But now comes a civil war – a most cruel war. As a result of this war we are freer than ever. The professor said that while he was not permitted to fight for his country, he could be patriotic.

The soldiers were much pleased with the professor's oration.

Penlines From my Kitchen to Yours

by Lucy Hoover

First of all I will miss Hertha Wehr's column. I enjoyed reading her Meanderings.

April 17, 2011

Isaac and Ruth Reiff of Mifflinburg had a wedding reception for their son Harlan and Martha.

April 22

Michael and Jemima Hoover and sons of Lewisburg moved a short distance up the road in the house they bought recently. Mr. and Mrs. Galen Weaver and son of Lebanon County will be moving into the house they vacated.

April 24

Elmer and Mary Jane Zimmerman of Mifflinburg have a daughter named Alivia Dawn. She is their first child. Grandparents are Esra Zimmerman and Ammon and Erma Martin.

April 25

Mervin Nissley (81) of Lewisburg passed away. He was under Hospice care for the last few weeks.

Today was the funeral of Pamela Stahl (63) of Mifflinburg. She had not been well for quite a while.

April 26

Today was the funeral of Mrs. Amos Burkholder (Anna) 74 of Kentucky. She had not been well for the last 7 months. Anna was a twin sister to my mother, Leah Brubacker. In March it was 2 years that my mom passed away because of congestive heart failure.

April 28

There was a tornado watch for our area early this morning. There were many people who lost heifer and calf barns. Some lost a barn and trees were uprooted. As far as I know no one was injured.

April 29

James and Annetta Horning of Lewisburg have a son named Kenneth Roy. He has five brothers and one sister. Grandparents are Amos and Laura Horning and Isaac and Lizzie Weaver, all of New Holland.

May 2

Timothy Hoover (4), son of Warren and Louise Hoover of Millmont came home after spending two days in the hospital.

May 3

Linus and Lucirose Martin of Mifflinburg have a daughter named Larose. She has one sister. Grandparents are Linus and Irene Martin, and Paul and Lucy Weaver.

May 8

Amos and Mary Zimmerman of Mifflinburg had a house warming party for his sisters, Lydia and Lena. They will soon be moving into their new house along Route 304.

May 11

Mervin and Mabel Stauffer of Mifflinburg have a daughter named Malinda. She has four brothers and one sister. Grandparents are Edward and Lena Stauffer of Narvon and Isaac and Lizzie Weaver of New Holland.

May 12

Amos and Susie Zimmerman of Mifflinburg had the wedding at their home for their daughter Elaine and Seth Reiff.



Above is a photograph of an immature Eastern Screech Owl taken in the editor's back yard on Monday night, May 30th. Neighbors spotted the family of 6 inhabiting English Walnut trees in our back yard on Saturday May 28th. The owl's have been quite an attraction, drawing curious onlookers daily.

Happy Father's Day

A Dad is a person
who is loving and kind,
And often he knows
what you have on your mind.
He's someone who listens,
suggests, and defends.
A dad can be one
of your very best friends!
He's proud of your triumphs,
but when things go wrong,
A dad can be patient
and helpful and strong
In all that you do,
a dad's love plays a part
There's always a place for him
deep in your heart.
And each year that passes,
you're even more glad,
More grateful and proud
just to call him your dad!
Thank you, Dad...
for listening and caring,
for giving and sharing,
but, especially, for just being you!
Happy Father's Day

Author Unknown

Blessings from the Bible

By Brenda Weaver

*“It is good that a man should both hope
and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.”*

Lamentations 3:26

Dainty, wild columbines clung to the ledges of a rock wall near the road. I pointed them out to my husband. (I was spending a day with him by traveling along in the company delivery truck.) I remembered how John had marveled over wild columbines many years ago on a rocky roadside near our home. That was way back when our children were little. Now they are grown or heading rapidly to adulthood.

Columbines are amazing. They seem to thrive in little soil and will multiply in rocky surroundings. Columbines come in a variety of colors or combinations of colors, but here in central Pennsylvania I’ve only ever seen wild ones that are red with a hint of yellow. Their scarlet heads thrust skyward on tall, arching stems and then the blossoms bow and appear to be looking at the base of the plant—almost as if they were dainty ladies carefully watching their steps.

I thought about my husband and what a good father he’s been to our children. No, he didn’t do everything right; no parent ever does, but he did enjoy them and spent lots of time with them. He played with them, and they adored him for it. “Tap My Finger” was played from the bird house pole, “Andy Over” over the roof of the garage. Television did not capture their minds so simple games with Dad were exhilarating. He also taught them how to work, without a lot of fuss. From the time they were old enough to lift them, the children helped pick up stones from the hay fields. Then there were the grueling jobs of planting and hoeing strawberries. (“If we each take another row, we’ll soon be done,” John would say.) Picking berries was more enjoyable because they could always eat of the fruits of their labor, and it was one of the few jobs the children got paid to do.

John rarely used the rod of reproof on their “seats of correction,” but the children knew when he meant business and their attitude or behavior needed improvement. When they were very young John’s daily ritual was to come home from the farm, lie on the living room floor, and allow his children to enjoy him. Creepers and toddlers would crawl over him, poke his eyes, or pull his hair to their delight. He’d rest his head on their bellies and complain when his “pillow” wiggled, which only made it wiggle—and giggle—more. When they were old enough, he gave them his famous “helicopter rides” by flipping them in the air from his swinging legs, while lying on the floor. His big hands would catch them as they landed feet-first on the floor beyond his head. How many times the children would interrupt their laughter long enough to say, “Do it ‘aden,’ Daddy!”

One day when his children were climbing over him at lunchtime, one of them threw her arms around his neck and proclaimed, “Daddy your stink smells good!”

On the times when one of them disagreed with him John would draw an imaginary line on the floor. Then he would dare the child to step across the line. When the child did John would laugh and say, “Now you’re on my side!” And thus the argument was defused. When his children became young adults, John had a way of connecting with them that further built trust and respect.

John expected a lot. In a way he expected his children to be like columbines: Cling to the Rock. Watch your steps. And bloom where you’re planted. And with his expectations and his great love for them his children made him their hero (most days).

He still is.

This year, this week, we all find ourselves waiting. Waiting for John’s first post-treatment scan. Waiting for results.

It is good for us that we both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord, as the verse above says. For regardless of the results, God loves us and we can trust Him. And our children can say, “Dad showed me so.”

“The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him.” Lamentations 3:25

Prayer for today:

Dear Heavenly Father,

Thank you for goodly earthly fathers.

Help us to seek You. And be our hope as we wait on You. Amen.



In the May issue I published the photograph to the left in an effort to see if anyone would recognize the people in the photograph. The photograph was given to me by Jack and Judy Wagner of Mifflinburg. Shortly after the May issue was published I received a telephone call from Mervin Kline of Swengel. He recognized the photograph from a book he owns entitled "Haines Township Life & Tradition" published in 1976. The same photograph was published on page 33 of that book. The names of the people are as follows: William Musser and wife Lydia with their family on their farm at Fiedler, the Henry Fiedler farm. The older children, born to his first wife Barbara Hennigh are standing in the rear (from left to right) Daisy, Bula, Reuben, Mary, and Bertha. The smaller children, left to right are - Lusion, John, Cleave, William, and Liddia.

My thanks to Mervin for his help in identifying the photograph and for providing the names to the faces.



The photograph to the left was provided to me courtesy of William Koons of Mifflinburg. Shown in the photograph is a group of men associated with the Pardee Lumber Company. According to the book entitled "Wild Catting On The Mountain - The History Of The Whitmer And Steele Lumber Companies, by Benjamin F. G. Kline Jr. the engine shown is the Pardee No. 121. The crew assembled in front of the engine includes Monroe Knepper, fourth from the left. Al Lichtenwalter in the center with hands in his suspenders. Others in the photograph include Dave Libby, left foreground; John Rheppart, fifth from the right along engine; and Penrose Knepper, first from the right along the engine. My thanks to William Koons for sharing this and other lumbering photographs from his collection.



Recognize Anyone?

The photograph to the left is from the Hartleton School, and was taken in 1914. It is assumed that all of these students would have been residents of the Borough of Hartleton.

The photograph was purchased on May 30, 2011 at the public auction of the late Delphia Shirk of Millmont.

If you recognize the teacher, or any of the students in this photograph please contact me at the address or telephone number provided on page 12 of this publication.

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All of the newsletters published between January 2004 to the current issue are now available on the website.

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June Birthdays & Anniversaries

3 – Amos O. Zimmerman	15 – Karl & Shirley Eberhart - 1958	22 – Lois Kahler
4 – Lily Martin	15 – Theodore & Carolyn Catherman - 1942	23 – Keri Yarger
4 – Adin Zimmerman	15 – Selin Göktaş	24 – Lindy Mattern
6 – Tom Potoeski	17 - Robert & Jeanne Jolly - 1950	27 - Clair and Carole Jacka - 1953
5 – Sarah Shively	17 – Lamar & Lois Kahler - 1950	27 – Bob & Nancy Katherman – 1969
5 – Colby & Miranda Yarger - 2004	17 – Charles Zechman Jr.	27 – Rose Libby
5 – Holly Weaver	18 – Ava Lynn Potoeski	28 – June Rowe
6 – Truman & Betty Motter - 1959	18 – Oren & Doris Sheesley - 1960	29 – Norman Wenrick Jr.
6 – Tom Boop	18 – Vanessa Walter	29 – June Bingaman
7 – Lori Peachey	18 – Becky Maust	30 – Larry Brown
9 – Evelyn Bolig	19 – John & Brenda Weaver – 1982	30 – Sam Diehl
9 – Kay Guida	19—Father's Day	
10 – Lloyd & Marian Zimmerman - 1947	20 – Bernie & Marge Schmader - 1964	
11 – Jeanie Lyons	20 – Darryl Kline	
12 – Elwood & Leah Showalter - 1948	20 – Donald Gordon	
12 – Lena Susan	20 – John Weaver	
14 – Norman Jr. & Becky Wenrick - 1959	20 – Dale Hartman	
14 – Robert Stroup	21 – Chelynn Bingaman	
14 – Flag Day	22 – Rhelda Rishel	

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