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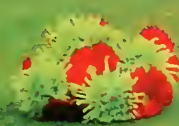
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over fried
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about the cover: Lisa H-Millard, a lifelong resident of Berwick,
recently appeared on HGTV's "Design Star."

Photo by David P.T. Flores

Spectrum Magazine

Behind the Lines

Creating a magazine requires endless hours camped out in an office, hunched over computer screens while trying to finish the seventh pizza to have been ordered that week, only to have what you thought was gold minutes before look unsatisfactory with further observation.

It might not be illogical to think we start seeing things that aren't really there, but if you open your copy of *Spectrum* and notice color on every page, don't try to clear your eyesight. It's true. For the first time, this national award-winning publication has switched to full color.

Why? The desire for color advertisement was expressed and it was noticed that the space was just not available. Plus, the stories in this issue were just begging to be painted with a different brush. Our story on healthy eating in schools features bright fruits and vegetables; our story on the state forests displays nature's beauty; our story on the designer requires vivid optical stimulation.

But with every step forward, we

must pause and reflect on what it took for us to reach this milestone. Our Spring/Summer 2005 issue featured Stephen Desantis, a homeless man living in an abandoned warehouse in Wilkes-Barre. Although Desantis became clean and sober, shortly after the publication, Desantis lived in a Wilkes-Barre apartment for two and a half years without contacting his family. In July 2007, he peacefully died in his bed due to unknown complications.

Frankie Desantis, his wife, wonders why her husband never contacted her when he had changed his life around. She says, "I understand that it is a risk for people to contact their forgotten families, but time heals all wounds, and many who are left behind have forgiven you all eons ago, and would only like the opportunity to meet with

you before traveling with your remains in a box. It is a very devastating experience to everyone left on this earth, whom your life has touched. Some survivors are plagued with the WHYs, and there are no longer answers to be given.

"I say to you, take the risk, reach out because families you have left behind years ago may really want to meet with you one more time. Resurrection of the family unit may not occur, but children should have a right to decide if they want or need you in their lives, you brought them here. This is no time for selfishness on your part. Will all people find a connection? Probably not, but Stephen would have, had he given his family a chance."

We take this time to pause and reflect. We serve the Columbia and Montour areas, and we may have color in our magazine, but without the color in the community and each person's life, no matter where they live, our publication would mean nothing.

—THE EDITORS



RUNNING ON EMPTY

THIS STORY BY

JUSTIN STRAWSER

You've driven 200 miles and the gas gauge is still hovering around "full." There are three possibilities. You have the most fuel-efficient car in American motor history, a 200 gallon gas tank, or the gas gauge is broken.

It might cost \$100 to tow your car to the nearest mechanic but all you needed was \$5 worth of gas and you could have driven the car yourself. "Embarrassing, huh?" says Rod Eves, service manager of Alexander Family Pontiac, Bloomsburg. He has seen a big increase in this problem in the past year.

"The fuel has changed. Back when

the price of fuel went sky high, there seemed to be sulfur in the fuel," he says, noting that although he can't be sure why, he suspects it is cheaper to not take the sulfur out of the fuel.

The sulfur that is present coats the copper wiring that detects the amount of fuel in the tank, like insulation, and a proper reading cannot be attained. It might never move the gauge or it might become erratic, jumping up and down from full to empty to everything in between periodically, he says.

GM is not the only company that has noticed the problem. Dave Kerr, Independence Ford service manager, says, "Customers have come in with concerns." He explains that the drivability of the car is not compromised. "When they fill up their tanks, they say they drive for 50 miles before it reads anything," he adds.

Service manager Tim O'Donnell of Zeisloft Brothers Chrysler, Danville, has not identified a large increase in sulfur-related damage. "There's been no particular change. If there was

a change, it wasn't a big increase." O'Donnell says. However, he says that the type of car and the company that built it may play a factor.

All hope is not lost. GM offers a top cylinder cleaner for about \$25 and Ford offers a similar 12 ounce bottle for around \$8. The harsh detergent chemicals often resolve the sulfur content. "You don't want to do this all the time," Eves says, "It's like taking a bath in acid."

The bad news is that the cleaner only works for a small percentage of jobs.

Many of the problems can only be solved by replacing the sending units. The price may be \$250-\$400 depending on the make of the car, Eves says. S



Haunting with Classes

by Justin Strawser

One by one, they enter. Young and old. Male and female.

They each carry a camera, maybe a beverage, as they break the eerie isolation of the room. A grand piano in the corner is untouched. The stained-glass window featuring a forgotten knight upon his noble steed welcomes guests.

About 30 students find their seats in a makeshift classroom at Caldwell Consistory on Market Square, Bloomsburg. But listen closely to their pre-class discussion and you'll find this is no normal classroom conversation.

"This room is very haunted," the teacher says, explaining the mysterious footprints some hear, heavy portrait frames swaying, and an instructor's observation of a man vanishing before his eyes while he was alone.

The teacher is Kevin Tersavige. By day, he works at Geisinger Medical Center as an orthopedic cast technician, has resided in Danville for two decades, and is engaged to Josette Burrows, a retired teacher from the Chattanooga, Tenn. By night, he trades in his cast making tools

for ghost hunting ones, his fiancé becomes his team mate, and embraces the hobby that first captivated his attention 23 years ago.

"People are just searching for answers. That's why I teach this class," Tersavige says. He may be right. According to a recent poll conducted by the Associated Press and Ipsos, about one-third of Americans believe there could be ghosts and nearly one-fourth say they've actually seen a ghost or felt its presence.

Don't be afraid; you can talk to us.

Tersavige is a ghost hunter raised by second generation Ukrainian parents who told the stories of ghosts and superstitions. Out of curiosity, his first look into the paranormal at a cemetery yielded no results; instead he found himself running from a skunk.

"I don't do cemeteries anymore," he says, "I'm getting too old to hurdle the tombstones."

Skunks didn't stifle his quest for answers. He continued to investigate and soon others with ques-

A ghost appears on the staircase of the Caldwell Consistory. Or, maybe, it's a ghosted image of the managing editor of *Spectrum Magazine*.

What is your

tions similar to his own joined him. Today he is the director and founder of Central Pennsylvania Paranormal Research Association, a group of about 100 members throughout the state. "We're the largest investigating team in the Commonwealth," he says.

Ghosts 101 and Advanced Ghost Hunting are a part of Bloomsburg University's non-



Who are you?

several of the students to chuckle.

That particular night, Tersavige is explaining to the novice ghost hunters the tricks of the trade.

"You're learning from my mistakes," he says. He then

presents the equipment a ghost hunter will need, including

flashlights, extra batteries, thermometers, and camer-

as. The cost of all the equipment can become expensive. "Don't buy

it all in one shot," he suggests, "You can find it cheap at a mili-

tary surplus store."

The hours wane as he verbally trains his troops. The knight in

his stained glass prison has lost its color, and the eerie picture has

faded, marking the coming night. It is then that Tersavige introduc-

es his audio player and asks, "Who wants to hear some ghost voices?" His question, as expected, is

met with enthusiastic responses.

Several peculiar sounds are heard from the speaker. Some are

clear, some aren't. Some sound

Are you waiting for somebody?

like little girls, others deeper, more demonic. Most of the stu-

dents bend forward, straining their ears to decipher the voices

when the clearest voice speaks, "Can you help me?" Chills spread

up and down everyone's spines.

These disembodied voices are called Electronic Voice

Phenomenon. When investigators host an EVP session, they

ask the supposed entity questions, usually requiring only one

word answers. "No one really knows how it works, it just does,"

Tersavige says. He admits that he doesn't care about how it hap-

pens, just whether or not it does.

Tersavige leads the class towards the auditorium, a location he tells them is the most active

part of the building. Reminding

them of their camera techniques, they step into a cold room, not bothering to turn the lights on.

Flashes light up the room as the students become photographers.

After several minutes, someone shouts out, "I got an orb!" Little

balls of light appear on various

Do you know you're dead?

cameras, suspected evidence that one or more ghosts are in the room.

He teaches his students to not always assume a place they are

investigating is haunted. "Come with a healthy skepticism," he says.

He also teaches them about the several kinds of hauntings, each with

different characteristics. "I teach the class how to discern one from

another, which ones are dangerous, which ones aren't," Tersavige says.

The traditional type of haunting that most people think about

are intelligent hauntings. "This is a person without a body,"

Tersavige says, noting that there could be many reasons why a per-

son doesn't move on after death. "They

could be attached to a place, have

unfinished business, have a fear of death, or died so quickly that they

don't know they're dead," he says.

Another type of haunting is called residual haunting. "The

building itself has absorbed powerful emotions," Tersavige says.

Two other kinds of haunting don't even involve ghosts. A pol-

tergeist is not a dead person, but rather someone alive who might

be causing the activity and they don't even know it. The next

kind, demonic infestation, is rare, Tersavige explains. "They're out to

hurt people. We document it and refer it to the church," he says.

After the photo session in the auditorium, the class sits in dark-

ness and listens to their teacher ask questions to no one in particu-

lar. "Do you know you're dead?" he calls out into the silence.

ur name?

credit Continuing Education pro-

gram. Each course costs \$59.

"Remember," Tersavige addresses the beginning class before he lists

the rules for conducting an investi-

gation. "You're a ghost hunter, not a ghost buster."

A woman calls out, interrupting the class. "Someone wanted to know

if I had my proton pack," she says. The *Ghostbusters* reference causes

Kevin Tersavige addresses his class in a makeshift classroom at Caldwell Consistory right before Halloween.



photo by David P.T. Flores

Seventeen more questions are asked, but no answers are heard.

"It's for the patient person," Tersavige says, who says he's had plenty of experiences, but has only seen the grand prize of a full body apparition three times in his life.

There's another class that Bloomsburg University offers which combats the information that Tersavige presents in his class. Whereas Tersavige's class is not for college credit, "Pseudoscience: Myths, Monsters, and Mayhem," a three credit course taught by Dr. DeeAnne Wymer, can be taken to fill general education credits.

Wymer, professor of anthropology and a leading archeologist who has conducted examinations of ancient civilizations, uses *Frauds and Mysteries of Archaeology*, by Kenneth Feder, as a textbook. She describes the class as a, "Fun way to get students to understand what science is, the limits of science, and the usefulness of science. It also builds critical thinking skills."

In addition to studying the topics of ESP and crop circles, Wymer also discusses ghosts. Wymer goes into a history of the subjects, explaining how human psychology works and how a person can be fooled or conned. "People don't realize how easy it is to be fooled, how easy it is to fool yourself, and how easy it is to be fooled by others," Wymer says.

She says she understands people's needs to believe in the supernatural, but adds, "This type of belief system and conning folks has killed people and taken a lot of people's life savings," referring to the pseudoscience of alternative medication.

Wymer believes that no one should assume that something

is supernatural on the basis that it can't be explained. "A lot of it is creeps and bumps and shadows, and because they're going in with expectations, they see what they want to see in the creeps and bumps and shadows. It's human tendency to find what you want to find. It's a self-fulfilling prophecy," she says.


When it comes to ghost hunting, Wymer says she's pleased the continuing education program is not for college credit. "Here's what you need for ghost hunting," she says, "A really vivid imagination and a lack of a real life."

Tersavige says there's always debates going on. "People say there's nothing out there. I tell them to come and face it with me," he challenges.

The debate of the validity of ghosts rage on. For some, such as Wymer, the answer is clear and leaves no room for interpretation. For others, such as Tersavige and the students who take his class, no answer can be clearly defined. **S**

"People are just searching for answers. That's why I teach this class."

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Local schools choose fruit over fries

by Kristin Saltzer



ten-year-old Marissa Shelhamer is one of many students who rushes for a salad on a daily basis. "Every day there is a big line of kids at the salad bar. We have a pretty wide selection of things to choose from," says Shelhamer, a fifth grade student at Central Columbia Middle School.

Over the past two years there have been drastic changes with the way food is presented to children. *Sesame Street's* star, Cookie Monster, switched his song lyrics from "C is for Cookie" to "Cookies are a Sometimes Food." The change occurred before the 36th season started when the Sesame Workshop Company put out a company-wide initiative, "Healthy Habits for Life." Students were also introduced to having healthier eating habits in school.

"It began when people started to lobby the state to give more funding to the national school breakfast and lunch program. The state has not raised the reimbursement to the food service program since about 1988," says Cindy Powlus, Bloomsburg School District food service director.

The state devised a plan that would help resolve the issue of lack of funding.

"The Department of Education put out a lot of recommendations and if you want free and reduced lunch programs you have to put further restrictions on what you feed the kids in order to qualify for the program," says Trudy Faux, Central Columbia Elementary school nurse. Faux has been a school nurse for nine years.

Like Central Columbia, Danville and the majority of schools in the district participate in the reimbursement program. "Of course most schools are going to

follow the guidelines and recommendations so they qualify, which helps in providing the meals for many of the students," says Faux.

The guidelines also came with a time frame which forces schools to be a little stricter each year on what they serve students, and to crack down on other rules if they wish to comply with the program.

Other rules apply to anything from school parties to fundraisers. Many schools have a "class mom" or "party mom" who arranges classroom parties or events. These designated individuals have majority say in what is brought to the party.

"We discourage bringing cupcakes and cookies, but we don't disallow it,"

says Pam Burrows, Danville Area School District food service director. She adds, "If cookies and such are brought in we do make sure that the rest of the party needs to have fresh veggies and fruit."

Fundraisers are not even safe from the changes. The policy states that selling unhealthy foods is acceptable as long as it doesn't compete with the school day. As far as not being able to sell outside of school, Burrows says there are no restrictions, although there is encouragement for the sale of healthy food or non-food items.

Burrows is also a registered dietetic technician who is responsible for writing and analyzing the menus, ordering the foods and supervising the cafeteria staff.

When Burrows was hired in May 2005, Danville went through drastic changes. "The district was focusing on the childhood obesity rate rising, so it opted to



"... it's nice to know the kids have knowledge on healthy food and the ability to make right choices."

start the program a year early. This was a big task that I focused on throughout that summer," says Burrows. High school students returned in the fall to big changes: no cupcakes, frozen yogurt instead of ice cream, baked chips instead of regular, and only one percent or skim for their milk selection.

Danville Middle School and Elementary School did not go through as much of a transformation because they didn't have as many choices as the high school. The biggest changes included hotdogs taken off the menus and whole wheat replacing white bread.

Despite the healthy alternatives, there was backlash. "I mainly received negative feedback from the high school level. That is where the main changes took place, and for them being used to having that food and then to just stop, some were not as thrilled as others," says Burrows. The only disappointment she heard from the elementary level was the lack of hotdogs and the introduction of wheat bread.

"I have a daughter in first grade and she packs her lunch so I did not hear a lot of complaints from her," said Amy Smith, "She does occasionally ask to take something for snack time that would be less preferable to school like cupcakes."

Like many students, parents seemed to take the alternatives without a fuss. "I had many people call and thank me for what had been done. I only received one call from a parent with a concern, and we have worked through the complaints received from the older students," says Burrows.

The development of the Student Cafeteria Committee, says Burrows, takes place in each of the school buildings. Committees meet once a month to discuss parent or student concerns, the menu and nutritional education lessons. Minutes are distributed to the elementary teachers who review them in their classrooms. The middle and high school meetings are held with the student government groups so the students can voice their own concerns. Meetings have now been opened to parents who can now experience a school lunch from their child's point of view.

Schools are continuously trying to improve their food service programs so that children are fed healthy meals at least once a day. "As a parent of a busy family, we spend a lot of time with quick meals. And if you have to go through the McDonald's drive-thru, it's nice to know the kids have knowledge on healthy food and the ability to make right choices." She adds, "We realize that if you're given a good healthy lunch and you have to go through the drive-thru for supper and it's not quite a healthy choice, at least you are balancing it out with healthy eating at school."

With continuing changes in school cafeterias, children are also being taught about healthy eating starting in elementary school. When entering middle school, they will now have physical education every other day instead of the once every six day cycle.

These two areas alone have helped students gain a wealth of knowledge about staying healthy.

"I believe that kids have become more health conscious. I think it's a great thing what the schools are doing," says Denise Shelhamer, Marissa's mother. Shelhamer adds that it's refreshing to know that if they must go through a fast food drive-thru; her daughter might choose the fruit over the fries.

Most teachers feel similarly to parents, but some foresee how it might go too far. "While I definitely agree that we need to concentrate on teaching healthy eating habits, and think it's a great idea, we should be able to rethink our approach," says Melinda Rosini, Danville Elementary fifth grade teacher, "I think only being able to offer 'healthy' foods at school parties are counter-productive."

Rosini says that parents are more apt to send in something for a celebration if they don't have to specially prepare it. Secondly, it is not realistic to think that the students should never eat sweets. If educators want to give the message that snacks and treats should only be enjoyed sparingly, a party or celebration is the optimal time to display that idea, she says.

Rosini says that she would never deprive a child of bringing in an unhealthy birthday treat. "I have children, there's no way I'd tell a child they couldn't pass out a 'birthday goodie' that they were excited about!" She says. The only negative comment from the children, Rosini explains, is that they miss having hotdogs at lunch.

School districts are locked into regulations from the state when it comes to the topic of whether they are pushing things too far with healthy eating. Although students have accepted the changes, if school districts wish to continue to provide, the reduced lunch program is the best option. **S**



UP TO SPEED

by Tara Stancavage

Sarah Koch has been feeling particularly bold lately. "My favorite thing in racing is winning," she said after enjoying an order of cheese nachos while sitting in a fold out chair next to her father's trailer in the pits at Greenwood Valley Action Track, near Orangeville. Sarah waited for her turn to compete on "Bike Night" in the kid kart division, with the first place finisher winning a new bicycle.

The 5-year-old from Lewisburg began her racing career at Selinsgrove Speedway in June 2007 and has already expanded her racing to Greenwood. In the kid kart division, she has already claimed 19 wins between the two tracks, and has a reputation as a "hot foot." Sarah did "exactly what we thought she'd do. Pedal to the floor," says Tricia Koch, Sarah's mother.

"It's fun and you get a trophy even if you get last," Sarah says, "I like the people who cheer for me and help me win."

Sarah's been coming to the races since she was two weeks old to watch her father, Jason, race in the adult caged division.

"Sarah always said when she turned five she was going to race," says Tricia. Her father has been racing since he was 12 years old. He is a regular competitor at both Selinsgrove and Greenwood Valley. He is also the 2000 Winner at Greenwood and is the Briggs Lite Track Champion.

"I will support her as long as *she* wants to do it," says Jason. He also enjoys spending time together with his daughter working on the kart. Sarah likes to help wash the tires and clean both of their karts. "I just like being together and doing something we both enjoy that we can do as a family," says Jason.

After Sarah's qualifying race, she returned to her pit area of J.C. Specialty crew members and patiently waited for her feature race. With a few minor tweaks and fine-tuning, Sarah was ready to compete.

Pulling up to the grid, the rank of the cars determined by their qualifying position, Sarah looked less like the blonde-haired, blue-eyed



Sarah Koch balances racing and kindergarten life.

Photos by Annelise Chayka and David P.T. Flores



Sarah prepares for a race



Sarah with her first-place trophy



Sarah washes her car

Gentlemen—and ladies—start your engines.

girl with curly pigtails, and more like a daring contender. Sarah's mother takes part in their good luck tradition by feeding Sarah Mini Oreos through her face mask on her helmet. With the roar of her kart number 20's engine, an ode to her favorite NASCAR racer Tony Stewart, Sarah pulled onto the track.

"I like him [Tony Stewart] because he is fast and when he wins, he climbs the fence," she says. In 2005, following Stewart's second season win, after each victory he began climbing the fence that separates the fans from the track, something Stewart says he does to get closer to his fans.

"Don't get me wrong, Sarah is a girl every other day of the week," says Tricia of her daughter. Sarah says she enjoys being outside and doing "girlie" things,

including playing princess, painting her nails, and getting

her hair done. She says she enjoys watching the Disney Channel's smash-hits *High School Musical* and *High School Musical 2*. Her mother says Sarah watches the musicals as often as she can.

"I like the dancing and I know the songs," Sarah says.

But on Friday and Saturday nights, Sarah becomes a challenger among other children, ranging from ages four to seven years old.

The checkered flag waved and Sarah Koch's name rang throughout the stands at the Action Track as the kid kart's first place winner and Bike Night champion. Not only did Sarah take home a first place trophy but also a new bicycle.

"I like it because it has princesses on it," says Sarah of her new prize.

Sarah is now a kindergartener at Buffalo Crossroads Elementary and says her favorite subject is reading. Sarah plans to continue racing for leisure, but leaves her options wide open for a career choice. "If I can't be a clown, then I could be a teacher," she says. Her mother, who earned an M.A. from Bloomsburg University in reading in 2000, is a reading specialist with the Tuscarora Intermediate Unit 11. "Every time we ask her what she wants to be when she grows up lately, she says she wants to be a clown. She's not sure yet what she

wants to be but we enjoy reading together," says Tricia.

Sarah's mother also considers the future when Sarah may not be ready to race.

"I want her to do whatever she wants to do in life," says Tricia. She adds, "We've thought about the day if she wakes up and decided, 'Hey I don't want to go racing anymore,' and we're okay with that. It's completely her choice."

The Koch family has been long time regulars at the Greenwood Valley Action Track. "The track is always nice to race on and somehow they always defy Mother Nature and get the races in even when the weather is questionable," says Jason. Gerry and his wife Cindy Creveling, co-owners of the track, "really work well with the new racers, especially the younger children, to help them learn and improve their racing," he says. **S**

[The Greenwood Valley Action track is about 3 1/2 miles east of Millville, just south of route 254. The racing season runs from the end of March through mid-October. For further information about Greenwood Valley Action Track contact the Crevelings at (570) 458-4655.]



a competitor at Greenwood Track

Loyalsock state forest is a center for recreational, environmental, and commercial activity.

by Annelise Chayka

An adve for every

A group of weary hikers remove the backpacks from their shoulders and load them into a large white van. As the last few members trek up the last steep hill, the group recalls their experiences during the two day weekend hike. Seventeen members of the Glasgow Reformed Presbyterian Church traveled from Glasgow, Del., to hike and camp in the Loyalsock Forest.

"We wanted to get together not only to exercise and relax but also to experience the beauty of God's creation," says Joel Harrison.

A few miles away, Sarah Fite gasps over the scenic view at High Knob Outlook. Although Fite resides in the Philadelphia suburb of Rutledge, her family owns a vacation home a few miles away from the forest.

"I enjoy coming up here to get away from the hectic city



Adventure Season



Photo by David P.T. Flores



Photo by Richard Glinski



Photo by Richard Glinski

atmosphere; in the forest it is peaceful and relaxing,” says Fite.

The 116,000 acre forest is set aside by the state for commercial, environmental, and social recreation.

“Recreational facilities strive to keep people tied to the environment and instill a sense of conservation in children and adults alike,” says Richard Glinski, district forester.

The Loyalsock Trail is the forest’s most prominent trail. It consists of 59 miles of advanced hiking through the windy valleys and steep mountains of Sullivan and Lycoming counties. The trail was created in 1951 and maintained by the Boy Scouts; two years later the Alpine Club of Williamsport assumed all maintenance responsibilities.

“The Loyalsock trail passes through an old, quiet forest. It is rare to pass anyone else. Most of all, it’s a mystical place,” says Daniel Beyer who has hiked 52 of the 59 mile Loyalsock trail.

In spring, the forest is a haven for fishermen. The cool, deep waters of Loyalsock Creek serve as a habitat for trout. To ensure an abundant trout supply, the Fish Commission stocks several of the creeks throughout the forest.

“People make reservations weeks in advance and travel from all over the state to fish the trout,” says John Weaver, a Loyalsock state forester.

The forest also has over 50 miles of bridle trails that allure equestrians. Melanie Chapin has traveled over an hour from her home in Stillwater.

“I ride through farmland and fields because there are no local horseback riding trails available. It is enjoyable to be able to ride on a marked path,” she says.

Winter draws snowmobilers and cross-country skiers to the forest. The Highland Lake Snowmobile and Outdoor Recreation Club received a \$90,000 grant from the Department of Conservation and National Recourses to conduct a feasibility study on connecting the trails throughout the three different sections of the forest. The club is trying to acquire seasonal use of private land, which is necessary to connect the trails. The

“It is RARE to pass ANYONE else. Most of ALL, it’s a MYSTICAL place.”
—Daniel Beyer

possibility of building bridges over streams is also being investigated, as well as the development of new trail heads.

In an age when children grow up in front of a computer or television, foresters strive to interest today’s youth in exploring nature and becoming more physically active. The forest offers several educational programs including Women and the Outdoors and Orienteering. Rangers are willing to speak to individual groups.

The commercial aspect of the forest indirectly



funds the recreational facilities found throughout the forest. The revenue from the timber is given to the state, and then redistributed to the forest management.

About 60,000 acres of Loyalsock State Forest is reserved for commercial logging. According to the 2006 report, Loyalsock generated over \$2 million for the Commonwealth.

The areas set aside for logging have been reviewed, sampled, analyzed, and approved to ensure their harvesting will not jeopardize the balance of the forest, according to Glinski. He says the state takes "great strides to balance the commercial and environmental aspects of the forest."

Forest fires haven't been a problem for the foresters. On average, the foresters respond to 5-20 small fires a year. Fires are most prominent during the spring when it's windy and dry.

Although foresters take measures to ensure a healthy forest survival, Mother Nature provides several obstacles. Foresters deal with the invasion of the Gypsy Moth and the Emerald Ash Borer. These insects are capable

of causing severe economic loss in the timber industry and disrupting the delicate ecosystem of the forest.

After causing substantial financial damage in Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana, the Emerald Ash Borer is now exploring the Western forests of Pennsylvania. This insect mainly targets trees in the Ash family. Their larvae feed on the inner bark of a tree, prohibiting it from receiving water and nutrients, eventually killing the tree.

Gypsy moths lay their eggs in the trunks of several hundred tree species. After the eggs hatch, the larvae move to the tree's leaves to feast. Healthy trees can often withstand a gypsy moth infestation. Evidence of the Gypsy Moth's destruction is apparent at High Knob Outlook, a popular area in both fall and spring seasons. In the picnic area, a sign informs guests of the detrimental effects the gypsy caused in the area. Infected areas are often reviewed and a plan of action is then decided. The forest will take 15-20 years to regenerate.

George Archibald has been riding his bike at Loyalsock for 25 years. "It is really unfortunate that it will take so long for the forest to regenerate," he says. "I wish something could have been done before it got to this point."

To alleviate the threat of foreign insects, transporting firewood into Pennsylvania is prohibited.

Since the forest is open year round, guests are able to enjoy a wide variety of recreational facilities. Snowmobilers rule the roads in the winter, while hikers and equestrians have authority in the summer.

"We hope the resources the forest conserves leads to improved lifestyles for the surrounding communities," says Glinski. **S**

[For more information, call the Loyalsock district office at: (570) 387-4255.]

Photo by Annelise Chayka

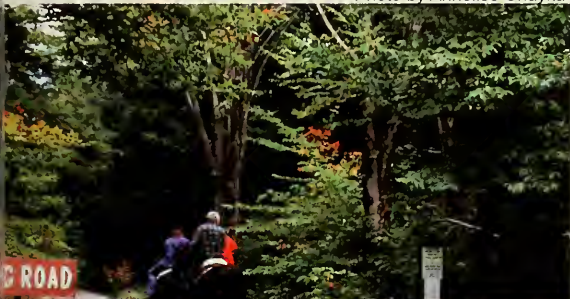


Photo by Richard Glinski



Photo by Richard Glinski

Small town girl

Big City Style

Story by Brittany Laumakis



Berwick's Lisa H-Millard got the chance to compete in Las Vegas on HGTV's "Design Star" and returned home with even more passion for her calling.

From the outside, the house blends in with the rest of the neighborhood. A step closer reveals the unique steel pillars and white geometrical curtains. If the door was left open, Lisa H-Millard's creativity would pour out the walkway and onto the street.

Inside, drawings and paintings decorate the pinstripe walls, while sculptures and a mannequin wearing a wedding dress attract attention. Deeper into the house, the rooms display abstract art, bold colors, a gas-pedal-shaped table, uncommon throw rugs and other things common to New York fashion flare. On Mary Street in Berwick, it's a little different and unusual, but that's the point.

"My friends thought it was the grossest house ever," H-Millard says, "but I said, it's fine. I can fix it." With inspiration from food, men's couture, and nature, the house was transformed into a work of art. The walls are decorated with some of her husband's unique artwork, and her coffee table displays a self-portrait made of spoons.

Season 2 of "Design Star" on HGTV got a taste of these imaginative designs. She applied for the show with only 18 months of designing experience at the time. Her first challenge was fixing her house to become her application.

She sent pictures of her house, sculpture examples, and a five minute video. The producers recognized her competitive personality, unique style, passion, and drive.

"I watched the first season and I thought they needed me," she jokes, adjusting the polka dot scarf around her neck. "I knew I was edgy and I knew I stood out," she says.

Among the 11 contestants in Las Vegas, H-Millard did what she could to stand out in the exciting city. The first design challenge was to

Spectrum Magazine

H-Millard's designs are pinstriped similar to men's couture and accented with rice paper art.



design a Las Vegas penthouse; she had the entry way. Her thoughts were, "Do what you know, own your style, and be true to who you are." Her industrial-punk design consisted of graffiti-styled walls, sculptures made of phonebooks, bold colors, and texture.

"I knew [the judges] would love it or hate it," she says. Turns out, her design was their least favorite. "It was something they never saw in a book before," she says.

What would be a setback for most, being eliminated first grounded Lisa but didn't bring her down. She says she returned home happier than ever and proud of her status and experience on the show. She received \$5,000 for her spunky, friendly personality. She had a week off of work, went to Las Vegas where she met new friends, and showed off her talent to the nation. "It's good compensation," she says.

Although she commends the show for its realness and production, she's glad that the show's design challenges aren't like her real-life design challenges. In her work, she's not confined to specific stores or strict time limits on shopping and designing. She also can use more

resources. "Quality is more important than efficiency," she says.

Hard work is nothing new to her. Long before design was even in the picture, as a child and teenager, she sacrificed her weekends and summers to earn what she wanted, including her first car. She liked challenges and succeeding in her own way.

Being different also helped shape her life. As a cheerleader, she was the one with the crazy hair and socks. "I was always trying to make the uniform more trendy," she says. Although obsessed with fashion, when she graduated from Berwick Area Senior High School, she decided against attending the Fashion Institute of Technology. In her opinion, all the other graduating seniors seemed to be going to FIT and it wasn't in her character to follow. Instead, she enrolled at Bloomsburg University as a math major.

Turns out, "I hated math," she says, acknowledging that she was only stifling her creative edge. Her family, as always, was supportive. "They were concerned with me finding a job. Regardless, they supported my decision



Photos by David P.T. Flores

H-Millard's closet doors are covered with square mirrors for a fun effect

and knew that ultimately a career in an artistic field was much more appropriate for my character," she says.

During school, she worked as a waitress at The Cracker Barrel where she met Lee Millard. "My Andy Warhol," she remembers, "I found him attractive because of his artist style." Many dates were often to art shows and exhibits.

As a waitress, she found inspiration in food. "I look at broccoli and I see different shades of green. There's a lot of texture; texture is the most important," she explains. She glances over to the wedding dress in the living room. "Like the texture of wax paper," she adds.

H-Millard graduated from Bloomsburg University in 2003; the next year she began her Master's in sculpture at The University of the Arts in Philadelphia. When she married Lee in 2004, she designed and made her dress with wax paper. "Most people didn't even that know when I was walking down the aisle," she says.

One day, while waiting tables, an acquaintance asked her if she was still looking for work in design. "He asked if I could dress walls like I dress myself, with lots of layers and color combinations," she says. As always, H-Millard was up for the challenge and entered her interview with a positive, honest attitude and a new hairdo to show off her personality: a platinum faux hawk.

She left school to pursue a dream job with Atlantic Equipment Specialists. She was finally putting her designing and food inspiration to work in cafeterias including Misericordia University, Alaska Native Medical Center in Anchorage, and her personal favorite, Liberty University of Lynchburg, Va. "I'm trying to make an oasis, an escape from the rest of their lives," she describes, noting she's going for the "wow factor."

Karim Rashid is one of the first designers that she wanted to model her career after. "After seeing a special feature of him and his work, I knew this was something I was interested in, but knew it would be a difficult journey to achieve his level of accomplishments," she says.

She was 18 months into her job when she took the chance to be on "Design Star." She says she knows that life is, "all about timing and it is odd to

me how things work out."

H-Millard attributes her confidence boost to the show and applies it when dealing with clients. "I know I look a little crazy, but clients see my passion and they get that," she says. Her overall presentation

"Rules were meant to be broken; own your tactics."

skills, including her new 3-D rendering program, grab clients' attention. "In 3-D they can turn, see the artwork on the wall, see the texture, and see what a room is really going to look like," she says.

The show is getting H-Millard noticed. "Going to the Bloomsburg Fair was crazy; even at the King of Prussia

Mall after interviews, people would recognize me from TV that morning," she says. But she doesn't let it get to her head.

She's still working at Atlantic Equipment Specialists but says, "There are a few open doors, but they're just open doors right now." She is thinking about moving but she won't be going far. The area isn't too far from the booming fashionable city. "Things can always progress to New York," she says.

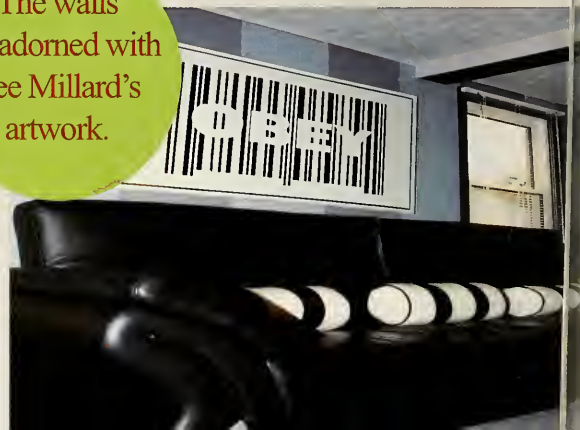
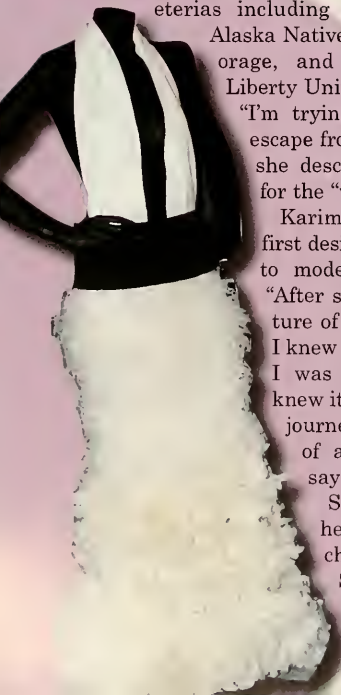
H-Millard continues her hard work in creating outstanding design. "I live, sleep, breathe and eat design," she says.

With determination she hopes to become a high end residential designer and break barriers in design. "Rules were meant to be broken; own your tactics," she says.

Leaving the house through the front door, one more glance from top to bottom in admiration and there's no doubt that Lisa H-Millard is the design star around here. **S**

[For more information, visit www.lisahmillard.com]

The walls are adorned with Lee Millard's artwork.

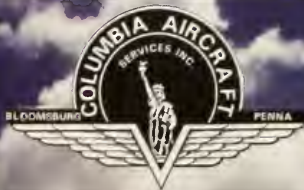


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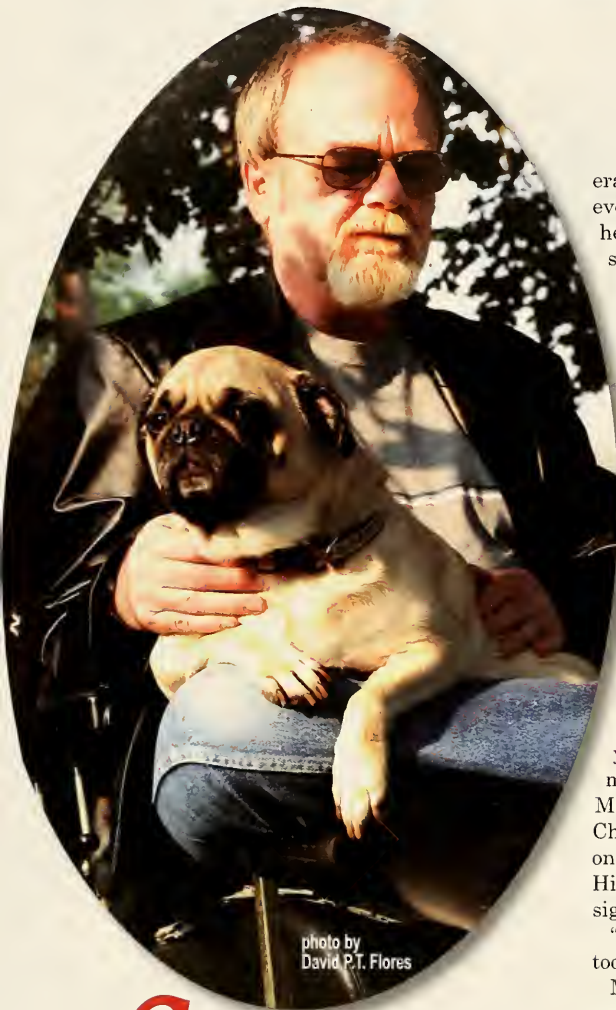


photo by
David P.T. Flores

by Christopher Fetterman

Sitting alone in his single-story ranch-style home in Bloomsburg, James Magill's closest companion spends most of the day in his lap. Harry, a tan pug with a scrunched-up face, remains close to Magill at all times. After jumping to the floor to get a drink, Harry trots right back to his owner and leaps up onto the wheelchair into his rightful place in his lap.

"Harry and me have been riding together for five years now," says Magill.

Magill, born and raised in Danville, has a degen-

erative neurological disorder that has affected almost every aspect of his life. Today, at 56, he needs a home health care assistant. Although he is able to walk, he spends most of his time in a motorized wheelchair. Despite his disability, Magill has risen above numerous obstacles to become an award-winning poet and writer.

Magill's writing has been recognized by the National Arts and Disabilities Center, the University of Toledo, Temple University, and VSA Arts, an affiliate of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. In addition, Magill was selected as a member of the Pennsylvania Statewide Independent Living Council, a governor-appointed leadership organization for people with disabilities. Despite every obstacle he has encountered, Magill has always focused on the positive aspects of life.

"My writing hopefully provokes the reader to better understand what a person's will can overcome, create, and accomplish in the face of everyday adversity," he says.

Magill's writing career began when he was eight years old. His essay on "What Christmas means to me" took first place from WCNR Bloomsburg radio. Motivated by his disdain for how commercialized Christmas had become, Magill wrote the winning essay on what he thought was the true meaning of Christmas. His insight into the human aspect of Christmas was a sign of things to come.

"I was tired of the materialism of the holidays, so I just took the initiative myself," he says.

Magill never planned a career in poetry. In 1975, he earned a B.A. in sociology with a minor in psychology from Bloomsburg State College, but never took a course in literature or poetry.

"I didn't go to school for it, I didn't plan it. I didn't read books on it, it just is. I think of it as a natural ability," says Magill.

Seven years later, he graduated from BSC with an M.A. in exceptionalities.

"I wanted to better myself and be more able to deal with life and its many twists and turns," says Magill.

He has spent parts of his life traveling, which has inspired several poems. Perhaps the most influential experience that Magill draws from is his stay in Alaska. While there, he held several jobs including work as a fisherman, substitute teacher, and college instructor.

Magill considers Alaska his home, and was greatly influenced by the personal freedom that can be experienced there.

"I will always consider Alaska my home because I feel it nurtures and invigorates the human spirit. It's just a different kind of freedom, the vast wilderness

and different cultures, you were free. You just were. Being in Alaska put me more in touch with myself," says Magill.

A bulging green folder full of poetry sits on his kitchen table and is evidence of the vast amount of work he has done, and it continues to grow.

"I've written over 1,000 pieces, but unfortunately I didn't save all of my early work," he says.

Magill began work on a 64-page collection of poems, *Reflections on the Human Condition*, about two years ago. Since most of the poems were already written, he spent most of that time compiling them

and organizing them into a manuscript. The hunt for a publisher began in summer 2007.

"I would consider it the paramount of my writing career to have this manuscript published, so waiting for a publisher is a little frustrating, but I'm staying positive," says Magill.

He has hosted several local seminars where he talks about his life experiences, his literary work, and offers tips to young writers.

His advice to other writers is to "listen to others much, but listen to yourself even more." As always, Harry makes the trips with him.

"Harry and I have been sharing our mutual space and time in a way that defines unconditional love," says Magill.

At the end of the day, Magill knows the most stable thing he can count on, Harry, will be there with him. **S**

[James Magill can be contacted at jwm2125@aol.com]

"I would consider it the paramount of my writing career to have this manuscript published."

W O R L D W I D E

*At the opening
of each and everyday
When I take in the electronic
Along with the papered news,
I get this tired urge to roll over
To escape the global blues.*

*So please don't tell me
How or what to think
Because one of these days
I'll arrive at a better place,
And then I'll be able to understand
What my mind tried so hard to erase.*

James Magill



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Of drumming and lightning in the Faso



Story and photographs
by Behzad D. Noubary

It wasn't the drumming that awakened me. This was, after all, "funeral season" in Burkina Faso, a period well after the harvest that this West African country of mostly subsistence farmers has the time and money to mourn the death—and celebrate the life—of those who passed away in the last year with all night drumming and dancing sessions.

Having lived in this village in southeast Burkina as a Peace Corps volunteer for the past 20 months, I was used to going to bed to the rhythm of the drums. What made this time different is that the drumming started suddenly in the middle of the night: 2:30 a.m. Next I heard the neighbors I share my courtyard with gathering their plastic mats hurriedly and running inside. Everyone had begun sleeping outside in an attempt to escape the heat. Still half asleep, I rolled over on my back and opened my eyes. Through the dome of my screen tent I saw dark clouds rapidly covering what was once a brightly star-lit

sky. The wind was picking up, too. The rains weren't supposed to begin for another three months. A thought suddenly crossed my mind and I sat up so quickly; my head hit the top of the tent: lightning!

For the past two weeks the big topic of discussion among everyone had been the theft of the solar panels that powered two of the largest water pumps in the village. My guess is that at least one-third of the village got their water from the two pumps. Now everyone is forced to use the manual pumps and wells scattered across town. At all times of the day there are long lines of women and children with their water

barrels on wheels and on the back of donkey carts waiting for their turn at the pump. What will happen, then, if the pumps break from overuse? Everyone posed the question; no one seemed to have a good answer.

The solar panels had been a gift from the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. A big metal sign stating this in French, English, German and Arabic still hung from a pole where the panels had been. Many theories were posed as to how they could have been stolen without anyone noticing. They were, after all very heavy and guarded by a chain link fence. Any group stealing them would have to have had a big truck, knowledge of how to disassemble the panels without breaking them and the ability to do all this without waking any of the nearby residents.

One theory was that it was the

graphic by Jon Gass



Saudis themselves who stole them since they would have the technical expertise. But this didn't explain how they would have known to escape through the small paths in the bush. This being a border town, the paved road is blocked on each end for road tax collection and police checks. Because of this, the thieves had escaped via the bush (border police, by the way, had been informed the morning after the theft but unfortunately their car was out of gas at the time).

The thieves' knowledge of the area implied local involvement. More obviously, I was told, the fact that none of the nearby residents had been awakened by the commotion of the truck proved involvement of local sorcerers. They had put a spell on the neighborhood causing the people to sleep so deeply that night that they did not notice the theft until the next morning

This wasn't the first time that I had come across widespread belief in supernatural powers. Officially, over half the Burkinabé subscribe to an organized religion, but even they hold on to many traditional beliefs. Fellow volunteers visiting me sometimes remarked that this seems to be even more of a factor in my village. Maybe this is because we were only 20 miles from Benin, the voodoo capital of West Africa. Mysticism plays a role in almost all aspects of life here. The nightmare you had last night means that someone was testing your strength in order to decide whether to "attack you". A baby dying of malaria means that the neighbors were jealous. Sorcery even plays a role in international soccer! France's dismal performance in the 2002 world cup, I was told, had been caused by the failure of their players of West African origin

to pay proper respects to the witch doctors after winning the previous World and European Cups. They had become too European and begun to think that their athletic skills had been the only reason that they had played well.

After the theft of the panels the village chief held a meeting of village elders and a decision was made. The thieves would have a two-week grace period in which to return the panels. If they didn't, they would be struck dead by lightning wherever they may be. The announcement of the decision was made by the official town crier, riding around the village on his bike holding on to the handlebars with one hand and a megaphone with the other.

Through conversations with my friends and colleagues I came to realize that I was the only one not convinced that this would work. I had expected this from my neighbors and other villagers that still lived purely off the land.

They are uneducated and living a traditional lifestyle. But they were not the only ones who thought that the chief's solution was the right one. The fellow teachers at the high school I teach at, all college educated, also expressed their satisfaction with the chief's decision. Even the local Catholic pastor who had spent the last ten years with French missionaries wanted to change the subject as I tried to get him to admit that the entire thing was foolish.

All of this was going through my head as I hurried to break down my tent before the first drops of rain fell. Knowing that tomorrow there would be news of people having been struck by lightning, maybe nearby, maybe as far away as a neighboring country; and that I would be the only skeptical one asking for evidence of the deaths. And finally beginning to understand, after almost two years here, that the comfort my Burkinabé friends would receive from their belief that the right persons were struck is not too different from the comfort I take as an American from my belief in due process. **S**

[Upon graduation from Bloomsburg University, Behzad Noubary worked as a management consultant in Washington, D.C., before joining the Peace Corps for a two-year stint in 2002. J

Term Papers AND Ter

by Tareva Tabron

I was a 17-year-old college freshman when my life “officially began.” I had only been in school for a month, but in that time I decided who I wanted to marry, figured out I wanted to be a journalist, and that I wasn’t sick from late nights and campus food. I realized I was pregnant.

I was devastated. Many of my goals depended on me never getting pregnant. I hated to be tied down, always imagined my life without children and not getting married until the last possible minute. I didn’t want to make a commitment to anything but travel and a good time.

I also had a reputation to uphold. Those who thought they knew me saw me as the chaste, smart, talented church girl with the really strict mother. I’m not sure how many people knew I wasn’t just quiet and reserved. The “holier than thou” church folk couldn’t believe I had fallen victim to pre-marital relations, and my true friends believed I’d be the last one to ever have kids.

I didn’t think it was a good idea for my mother to know about the pregnancy, especially since I had seriously considered terminating it. But my mother figured it out without hearing it from anyone or stumbling upon a home pregnancy test. Of course, she was extremely disappointed; the Christmas 2003 season was the most depressing holiday season I ever endured.

By then, I had gotten over the shock of being pregnant, and that my mom wouldn’t let me have an abortion. Had I been honest with myself I would have admitted that it was a relief to not have to go through with something I believed would have been worse than becoming a mother at such a young age.

Still, I was at home for winter break, and a lot of things in my life were falling to pieces. I was dismissed from college because my grades were so low and the stress was too much. Also, my relationship with the father of my unborn child ended badly.

Without missing a semester, I was reinstated at Bloomsburg University after much persistence and explaining the reasons for my academic failure. When I got settled back into my room, I let go of my old life and goals, and let myself grow up.

Around the sixth month of my pregnancy, I began to show. It wasn’t that I was hiding my pregnancy, but I felt people could figure it out without me having to explain it. Eventually, it was obvious—as were all the stares I’d receive walking to and from classes. People stared at me as if I had a disease, or as if they were just really confused. Perhaps they were; I didn’t think it was any of their business. Although I was comfortable with my body and my pregnancy, I was annoyed at the intolerance.

Besides the stares, I also had to deal with a lot of stereotypes, and not just from students. So-called advisers and other adults automatically assumed I would suck the welfare system dry and raise my child without a father or any hopes of ever securing a job.

Many of these people appeared dumbfounded when I told them I would be working part-time, attending school full-time, and raising my child with support from her father. I also had an apartment that I secured on my own. I did not live in the projects or in assisted housing, and I didn’t have help from HUD.

Even with all this against me, I continued to put my child and education first. I realized that every decision I made from that point on would affect my child. I found an apartment close to school, secured a job working at the Women’s Resource Center on campus, and sought help from the Welfare sys-

tem. Although some would be embarrassed by having to go on welfare, I’m glad I did.

The case workers helped me get medical coverage and financial assistance so I could focus more on finishing school and raising my child than paying bills. I didn’t work while I was pregnant so that I could focus on raising my grades. At the start of the Fall 2004 semester, I was selected by my adviser to go to an awards luncheon recognizing students who had shown significant academic improvement.

I found the time to patch things up with my child’s father, Christian. By the time Jada-Marie was born in June 2004, her father and I were back together.

After her birth I went back to school and began working at the Women’s Resource Center. With the help I was receiving I was able to spend important time with my child. I was always home at night, I didn’t have ridiculously early mornings, and I was off every weekend; yet, the bills were paid and we made do in our small apartment.



Tareva and Jada-Marie Tabron

m Pregnancies

Christian and I went through a lot of ups and downs. I understood how hard it must have been for him, coming from a tight-knit family and small church, and having few responsibilities. This is why I put up with so much, and I'm glad I did. He turned out to be a great guy, and we married shortly after Jada turned two years old.

By the end of my junior year, I was stable enough to get off of welfare. Every time I wanted to give up I thought about my daughter and how disappointed I would be if I didn't graduate. Even with state assistance, the burdens were enormous and I was under a lot of stress.

In March 2007, we found out there was another baby on the way. The timing wasn't perfect; I was due to deliver in November during the last semester of my senior year.

Things were different the second time around. I was married and happy, and had gotten a good grip on life. I was far from being a typical 21-year-old college student, and looked at life as a wife and a mother. Being pregnant was a far cry from disappointing. I had never been that excited. I was now in the first semester of my senior year and working through morning sickness.

During the summer I worked full time as a full-time staff writer/paid intern at the Hazleton Standard-Speaker, a 21,000-circulation daily newspaper. Although it was a struggle just to get up and go every day, I loved it. There's something about going out and finding people who have a story to tell and being able to give them a voice the entire community can hear. It was a bittersweet day when my internship ended. I was excited to have learned so much, to have been doing what I enjoyed doing—and receiving an "A," but I was also sad to be leaving.

I returned to BU in the fall for my last semester and still had to deal

with the stares and stereotypes that people seem to automatically place on any young black pregnant woman. For awhile, I felt a need to explain myself. I wanted to tell people that I am married and that whatever they were thinking about me was most likely untrue. But, I quickly got over it. I looked at those people as closed-minded and somewhat immature.

I attribute my good attitude towards the way my life has turned out and all the success I've had to my strong relationship with God. During all the trials I endured, my Christianity and close ties with family and friends kept me grounded. I stayed active in my church, and stayed in prayer.

Music has always been my first love, and although I don't have as much time now as I did when I was younger, I continue to express myself through it.

I surprise myself when I look at where my life is right now and how far I've come. I never thought I'd be satisfied with this kind of life, and at times I didn't think I'd be able to make it work. But, I thank God things worked out, because I wouldn't have it any other way. **S**

[Tabron's child was born in November 2007. She graduated in December 2007 with a B.A. in mass communications/journalism.]



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