

**George A. Caldwell Jr.**  
Hancock, 81

George A. "Mick" Caldwell Jr., 81, Hancock, Md., died Thursday, November 27, 2008, at Washington County Hospital in Hagerstown.

Born September 21, 1927, in Hancock, he was the son of the late George A. Caldwell Sr. and Pearl Breakall Caldwell, his stepmother who raised him, Mildred Dudley Cavender, and the husband of the late Leona M. Zimmerman Caldwell, who died March 12, 2000.

He attended Hancock area schools.

He was a veteran serving in the U.S. Navy from 1945 to 1946.

He retired in 1979 from the National Park Service/C&O Canal after 20 years. He was a member of Orchard Ridge First Church of God and he was a trustee of the church.

Mick and Leona enjoyed their retirement years together and they travelled often. They especially enjoyed working together at the Rock Shop in Bryce Canyon, Utah, for five summers.

He is survived by a daughter, Lana E. Weller, Hancock; two sons: Phil G. Caldwell, Augusta, Ga.; Darrell W. Caldwell, Hagerstown; four sisters: Frances Younker, Hancock; Sue Grove of Berkeley Springs; Edith Gloyd of Maricopa, Ariz.; Ruth Brush, Springfield, Ore.; a brother, Gene Cavender, Buck Valley; eight grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by two brothers: Lee and Newton Caldwell; and two sisters: Edna Hovermale and Agnus Clemm.

Memorial services were held Tuesday, December 2, at 7:00 p.m., at Orchard Ridge First Church of God. Pastor Jeff Hawbaker officiated. Burial was private and at the convenience of the family.

Grove Funeral Home, Hancock, was in charge of arrangements.

**Olive M. Cisney**

McConnellsburg, 81

Olive M. Clevenger Cisney, 81, a resident of Long-Term Care Unit of Fulton County Medical Center, McConnellsburg, died Friday, November 28, 2008, in the center.

Born July 9, 1927, in Todd Township, Fulton County, she was a daughter of the late David Seville and Emmer Fitry Seville Brant.

She had worked in sewing factories in Chambersburg, Mercersburg and McConnellsburg.

She was last employed at Fulton County Medical Center as a dietician.

She was a member of Evangel Assembly of God Church of McConnellsburg.

Surviving are a son, Charles L. Clevenger, Lemasters, Pa., and a daughter, Nancy Bard, Long Beach, Miss.; a sister, Stella Mellott, Mercersburg; and a half brother, Rev. Hayes Seville, Waynesboro; four grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

In addition to her parents, she was preceded in death by her first husband, Mack E. Clevenger; second husband, Foster Cisney; a son, Garry Clevenger; a brother, David Seville Jr.; a sister, Pauline Monn and a half brother, Thomas Seville.

Funeral services were held at 10:00 a.m., Wednesday, December 3, in Lininger-Fries Funeral Home Inc., Mercersburg. Rev.

Henry Barthalow officiated. Burial was in Fairview Cemetery, Mercersburg.

**Robert W. Horton**

St. Thomas, 82

Robert Ward "Bob" Horton, 82, St. Thomas, died Sunday, November 23, 2008, at his home.

He was born June 23, 1926, in McConnellsburg, to Russell and Ethel (Doyle) Horton. He was married to Margaret Stains on September 7, 1952.

He was a World War II veteran serving in the U.S. Navy. He was retired from Letterkenny Army Depot after 37 years as a security officer and truck driver.

He was a member of St. Thomas United Methodist Church.

He was a member of Masons Mount Zion Lodge #774 and the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite of Harrisburg. He was also a member of NARFE Chapter 1063 and AARP Norland Chapter. He loved to travel with his wife and spending time with his grandchildren and great-grandson.

He is survived by his wife, Margaret M. Horton; his daughters: Diane M. Mackey (wife of Wayne), Chambersburg; and Debra A. Englehart (wife of Joseph) Lugoff, S.C.; brother Gary A. Horton (husband of Christine), McConnellsburg; sister Delores J. Hund (wife of Robert), Silver Spring, Md.; grandchildren: Christine D. Shaffer (wife of Christopher), Joseph A. Englehart, Michael T. Englehart and great-grandson Dylan Robert Shaffer, all of Lugoff, S.C.; and a sister-in-law, Betty V. Horton, St. Thomas.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Russell and Ethel Horton; and a brother, John Horton.

Funeral services were held at 11:00 a.m., Wednesday, November 26, at Kelso-Cornelius Funeral Home Ltd., St. Thomas. Rev. Paul Crawford officiated. Burial was made in Union Cemetery, McConnellsburg.

Memorial contributions may be made to St. Thomas United Methodist Church, 360 St. Thomas-Edenville Road, St. Thomas, PA 17252 or Lutheran Home Care and Hospice Inc., 2700 Luther Drive, Chambersburg, PA 17202. Online condolences may be made at kelso-corneliusfuneralhomes.com.

**Justin L. Mellott**

McConnellsburg, 28

Justin L. Mellott, 28, McConnellsburg, died Tuesday, December 2, 2008, at Altoona Regional Trauma Center, as the result of a hunting accident.

Born June 24, 1980, in McConnellsburg, he was the son of Lee and Marie Mellott, Harrisonville. He was the husband of Aimee (Wolfe) Mellott, McConnellsburg. In addition to his wife, he is survived by son Logan, age 4; daughter Zoe, 10 months; his brother, Jason; and his wife's parents, Joe and Jan Wolfe, McConnellsburg.

He was employed at JLG in McConnellsburg as a mechanic. He loved hunting, fishing, the outdoors and spending time with his family.

Public viewing will be held Saturday, December 6, at Sipes Funeral Home, McConnellsburg.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made in honor of his son and daughter, c/o F&M Trust, 100 Lincoln Way East, McConnellsburg, PA 17233.

A full obituary will appear in next week's issue.

# The Blue Jay vs. The Squirrels

How one brave blue jay took on the squirrels

By Richard O'Mara

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

The blue jay speaks with the jagged voice of an old street vendor. A songbird she's not. But busy she is, trying to drain the feeder of its sunflower seeds and fending away squirrels determined to do the same or else she is off gathering bugs for her furry, gray progeny.

I see this tiny creature a short distance off, new to the world, balancing on the handle of a one-horse plow, an artifact of another century, its rusted steel blade lodged in the earth for a dozen years now. The chick is as motionless as the plow, and illuminated by a shaft of light through the canopy of maples, pines, and sweet gum trees. This incandescence brings to mind the cards with painted pictures of kneeling saints bathed in heavenly brilliance that priests used to distribute when I was a child.

My view of the baby jay is suddenly obliterated by the arrival of its mighty parent. Sweeping down, wings fully out, the mother blue jay pushes something into the throat of her young, then flies off.

Although I don't know much about birds, I have a book, "Birds of North America," which helps me identify

those I see. But I never seem able to match the mellifluous warbling, or even the eruptive sounds that emerge from the trees with the birds themselves. I hear the twittering, the whistling, the mysterious and subdued hoot of the owl, and the mewling of the catbird, but I never see them.

There is bird song in the air through the daylight hours as all sorts flit and swoop through the garden. Some even fly backward (the hummingbirds). I see the shrike dart to the feeder; then to a limb to consume its take-away, then it speeds back. A woodpecker struts goofily up a tree. Who needs wings?

The blue jays are not my favorites: They bring joy to the eyes but they are loud and aggressive. I wonder, are the sounds they make universal? Do the jays here in this small place in Delaware speak the same language as, say, jays in Florida or Maine?

Why such a question? Because some years back I met a man named Lance Workman who discovered that robins in his native Wales speak differently from those in Sussex, far to the southeast in England.

He had recorded the songs of these stay-at-home birds - unlike American robins, which migrate - and fed them into a machine he called a sonograph, which translates sounds into graphics on paper. The visual

representations varied; the songs were different in pitch, lilt, and intonation.

The biological psychologist concluded that the birds had regional accents, and as it is with many provincials, visitors were often eyed with suspicion.

"I played their song that of the Welsh robins to other robins in Sussex and used dummy robins to see if they would attack," said Dr. Workman. "I found they struck a defense posture when they heard the alien bird song, ruffled their breast feathers, sang louder and longer, and even attacked the models."

Within our particular green world, I can't decide which is more tuggish, the jays, many of which do not migrate, or the squirrels.

The squirrels come to dine each day on the squirrel-proof feeder. (Ha!) They arrive in threes and scare the birds with their long claws and teeth.

As I said, I don't know much about birds, and probably less about squirrels, except that they are clever, funny, and infuriating all at once. Maybe I need a book about squirrels.

I have a friend who spends much of his time reading Robert Burns and probably just as much time inventing ways to defeat the squirrels' efforts to steal food meant for the birds. He puts the seed on a platform 10 feet high with an

aluminum cone on the supporting pipe to keep the squirrels away.

This friend brought me a gift one day, a small flat, round piece of wood with a minute bench on it, and a long screw rising in front of the bench to hold a corn cob firm and perpendicular. This platform was supported by a length of pipe stuck into the ground.

After securing a corn cob on the device, I moved to the porch and watched the first squirrel leap up, eat a few rows of corn, then jump off. Soon another followed, then another, and I began to hope this would distract them from my bird feeder.

Nah! The next day I came out to witness a clash of feather and fur. The jay, probably tired of being pushed away from the feeder, but with immense courage all the same, brought her swordlike beak to bear against the squirrel. In one swift swoop, she scared him off the platform, then proceeded to peck off about five rows of kernels.

The squirrels below were chattering and running around like beheaded chickens, wondering what had happened.

I felt no sympathy for their confusion. Rather, I thought we had won one for the baby jay.

## Eau De Penn State Smells Of Flowers, Not Football

BERWICK, Pa. (AP) - Fans of Penn State can smell like the school for just \$60.

A fragrance developer says it has made a perfume and a cologne inspired by Pennsylvania State University's blue and white colors and its campus vegetation.

Masik Collegiate Fragrances says the perfume for the school in State College, Pa., smells of vanilla, lilac, rose and white patchouli. The cologne smells of blue cypress and cracked pepper.

The company's president says the 3.4-ounce bottles of fragrance should appeal to Penn State's vast alumni and football fans.

Masik also has captured the smell of the University of North Carolina, and plans to offer scents for six other universities next year.

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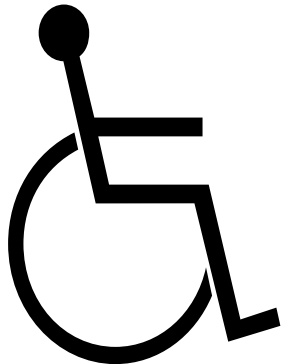
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