

HAYCOCK HISTORICAL NEWS

The Newsletter of The Haycock Historical Society • Spring 2018

Applebachsville and the Peischel farm on Woodbine Lane, late 20's into the early 40's: Part two

By Bill Peischel

From the HHS book "Haycock Township and Eddie Bauer" by Eddie Bauer & Pat DeWald

About the beginning of the 30's the state started to require that cows for milking be tested for tuberculosis. We lost 6 out of 9 cows from the testing. Before this requirement we took our milk to Clear Spring Creamery on Creamery Road which only made butter. At the Clear Spring Creamery we drove the team up over a little rise and tried to get them to stop when the wagon was in the center of this rise. This made it easier to unload the milk cans. It wasn't always easy to get the horses to stop just where you wanted them to. Then you would drive down to the next door and get your cans back filled with the skimmed milk. This creamery only made butter so the cream was skimmed off the top. You got the skimmed milk back which we took home to feed to the pigs. To earn more money for the milk, we decided to sell the milk to the Breuninger Dairy in Richlandtown. To do this we needed to have the cows tested, have a milk house, and steam the milk cans. The dairy sold the milk in Philadelphia. The dairy was on Union Road across from Cress Gas. I would milk in the morning, take the wagon and team into Richlandtown, and farmers would be lined up on both sides of the street waiting to unload milk cans. While waiting we would chat with each other and this is where I heard from Mr. Drybola that the Hindenburg had burned up. He

had heard it on his radio that morning. Drybolas had a farm on Pullen Station Road and had a Delco plant under their porch. This generated enough electricity to run the radio and a few lights. We got electricity on our farm in 1934. Also while in Richlandtown, I would get supplies from Hobble's store and if we needed meat there was always one or two meat trucks in the area to buy meat from. The cows that didn't pass the TB test were taken to Herbert Kressler in Applebachsville for butchering.

Occasionally on Saturdays, I would worked for Howard Kressler, Herbert Kressler's son, who was as particular as his dad, mowing the yard and raking. After I would finish mowing, he would come over and look at the grass and say, "Do it again". He wanted everything to be perfect. Mrs. Kressler was also pretty fussy. One time I was helping out when they were converting the hotel into apartments and we were filling the big wooden barrel in the attic with water. The barrel had not been filled for sometime and the wooden stays had shrunk. As we filled it, it began to leak and water began to run into the large tray that the barrel sat on. The water began to overflow the tray and trickle on to the attic floor. I had to tell Mrs. Kressler that there was a little water in the attic but it had not reached the newly papered walls below. Mrs. Kressler also didn't like drinking, smoking or chewing tobacco. One time she



Back row, Richard and Bill Peischel, front row, Anna and John Peischel 1938

Photo courtesy of Bill Peischel

came into the butcher shop when Mr. Herbert Kressler wasn't expecting her. He quickly swallowed the tobacco he was chewing.

Mr. Kressler had several Reo trucks he used in his business; these were washed every week, usually on Saturday. Sometimes I would help to wash the trucks. The first time I washed them, Mr. Kressler asked, "Who washed the trucks?", and I said I had. He told me the tires are also part of the truck. After that the tires also got washed. Saturday also was the day to wash down the butcher shop and if it didn't meet with his approval, it was done all over again. The Reo trucks he purchased from a dealer in Springtown. A year or so later he purchased a Reo passenger car from the same dealer. On Sunday morning the family would pile into the Reo and drive to church. Then it was put away until the next Sunday.

Up the street from our farm was another farm on the corner of Woodbine and SawMill Roads which had gotten pretty run down and was empty for awhile. Then a fellow named Winkowitz with a bunch of kids bought the farm. He was killed at Bethlehem Steel. His wife lost the farm because before he was killed, he had purchased about one hundred dollars of wood from George Amey. After his death, she could not pay for the wood so George Amey and the sheriff put a lien on the farm. After that, it was rented out to many families until the Barndt family rented it. They lived there for awhile then Mr. Barndt bought the stable next to the hotel and turned it into a home. The Barndt's lived at the stable and farmed the Schuman farm which is just on the outskirts of Applebachsville.



Men working for the WPA on West Sawmill Road

During the 30's my dad worked for the Works Project Administration known as the WPA, as did a lot of farmers in the area. Mr. Glassgold lived in Haycock and did the paper work to get the money for WPA jobs. Two of the roads that the WPA worked on were Roundenbush Road and East and West Sawmill Road. I know when you came out of our road, Woodbine, it was almost impossible to get to Old Bethlehem Road on West Sawmill Road. Going west from Woodbine was also bad; the road was about four feet lower than now and ran through a low swampy area. Isaac Thorner owned the property just after the small bridge and when it rained he could not get into his property. Mrs. Thorner and the

children, two girls and two boys, Sam and David, would stay all summer and Mr. Thorner would come down from New York City on the weekends. During the rest of the year, if the weather was good, they would drive down from the city and stay the weekend. When they were here, they would buy milk from us and I liked to talk to Sam and David about New York City. Mr. Thorner requested that something be done with the road by the WPA. Mr. Glassgold did the paper work for the project for the township and the project was approved. The men working on Sawmill Road created a channel for the water, built the bridge and used their wagons and teams of



**John Peischel and Anna Wukovitz on their wedding day.
April 20, 1912**

horses to bring in fill for the road. One person was in charge of blasting out the rocks in the road. The other five wagons hauled rocks and fill.

Dad used our team of horses and our wagon. He had gotten this team of horses in 1925 from a stable in Philadelphia where horses were kept that did the delivery work of hauling milk, ice and coal wagons. When these horses were no longer needed because the delivery businesses were switching to trucks the horses at the stable were for sale. He selected two, and rode one and led the other out of Philadelphia. He travelled up route 611 to Doylestown, where my brother took over riding and leading up route 313 and over to our farm. These two, Lady and Dolly, were a good

team and we had them for years.

When we moved to the farm my dad still worked in Philadelphia at Ditzler Bros. which made skylights and stained glass windows. This company made the stained glass windows for St. Isidore Church in Quakertown. When Leopold, my mother's brother, came over from Austria in 1924, he was my father's helper. Ludwig Konopeus also worked in Philadelphia at the Baldwin Locomotive Company. The men would come home on the weekends. Since I was born in 1920 and my folks moved to the farm in 1917, I don't remember how my dad got back and forth from the farm to Quakertown in the early years. He was still working in Philadelphia and coming home on the weekends into the early thirties. I do remember we had a Willis Knight in the twenties that my older brother would drive to pick up my dad in Quakertown at the train station. Around 1926 or 27 we got a new Whippet car. One time my older brother wasn't around when it was time to pick up my dad and my mom said "Bill do you think you could drive to Quakertown?" I was about eight at the time. My brother did come home soon after that so I didn't have to drive, but it wasn't long afterwards that I was driving. One time I went with my brother on a cold winter evening to leave my dad off at the train station. It was so cold that on the way home my brother asked if I would drive and he would run along side the car to warm up.

In the early 30's my dad quit working in Philadelphia and started farming full time. One year when my twin brother and I were in the eighth grade, we had so much corn to harvest that we didn't go to school for two months. We just harvested corn. After that, I went back to school but I had to really work hard to catch up. My brother decided to quit school and started working at H.S. Kressler as a butcher. Later, he worked for the A & P grocery store in Quakertown, in the meat department, until he was drafted for WWII. I was drafted later in August 1944. During the war it was hard to get farm help; most people were either in the service or working in defense. At this time we were farming about 150 acres, we had the dairy cows, chickens, hogs, and the team of horses. In the late 30's we did get a newer Allis Chalmers tractor and during the war we always had enough gas stamps to buy fuel for the tractor. On fields we would alternate crops. One field would be planted with corn, the next year oats, then wheat, then timothy would be sowed and clover for hay. Hay was planted for two years then the cycle started over again.

When we were harvesting corn in the twenties we would cut the whole stalk off near the ground and bundle about ten to fifteen stalks into a teepee shape and leave them in the field. We would do this for the whole field. The field would be covered with these teepee corn stalks. After the corn dried, usually early winter we would gather about ten of so of these teepee stalks into a circle and then take the ears off the stalks, husk the corn and toss them into a pile. Then we would drive the wagon pulled by our team of horses over to each of these piles and toss the ears onto the wagon. These would be taken back to the barn and put into the corn crib and the stalks were chopped up and used for bedding for the cows and horses. After the cobs dried, about once a week, I would take about ten or twelve bags of cobs to Clymer's mill. I was about thirteen at the time. The team and I would start out and then as we came down the hill just before Grim's store on the corner of Thatcher Road and Covered Bridge Road, the team

would be pushed by the wagon and start to gallop. The wagon brake was in the back of the wagon and was a lever you had to push which activated the brake on both back wheels. I would climb over the sacks of corn, jump to the ground, running with the wagon and try to push this lever. This took the weight of the wagon off of the horses and the horses would start to slow down. I then had to climb back into the wagon and over the sacks to the seat, get the reins, in time to turn them into the road to the mill. I never missed the turn, but it was touch and go sometimes. It was a bumpy ride, no springs on the old wagon, by the time I got to the mill I felt like my insides were all in a jumble. At the mill I would tie the bags onto the rope and Bill Clymer would haul the bags up to the third floor where the cobs were chopped up before going into the mill shoot. If I didn't tie the bags on tight and one fell off, all the cobs would fall out and I'd have to pick them up and get them into the bag again. I'd get a good scolding in German from Bill, to get the bags tied on tight. The corn was ground with oats for cattle feed.

Going to the mill sometimes was an all day affair. Sometimes there would be someone ahead of you and you would have to wait to unload. Other times, if the water level was low you had to wait for the level to fill up. The actual grinding of the corn and oats took time. After it was ground a conveyor belt with cups took the grain up to the next floor and dumped it into a shoot. On the floor below you put the bag over the shoot and pulled the wooden board out and the grain filled the bag. Then it got tied off and loaded into the wagon for the trip home. The mill pond was about three to four acres and supplied enough water for one day of milling. Then over night it would fill up again for the next day.

Besides milling, the brothers Bill and John Clymer ran a feed store. John did the feed deliveries to the farms in the area and Bill ran the mill. The mill had an office in one corner of the building which in winter was heated by a pot belly stove. The office was the only place you could carry on a conversation if the mill was running because there was so much noise from the vibration of the stones grinding and the belts flapping and going up and down. There was also a lot of dust in the air. The office was the place farmers gathered while their corn was being ground. While waiting for the corn to be ground, I would meet some of our neighbors in this office and we would talk about events in the area or the news of the day. Bill would be in the office and if he heard the mill having trouble, running out of grain or something plugged in the shoot, out the door he'd go and shut the mill down. Letting the stones grind with no grain could cause a spark and with all the dust an explosion, or ruin the stones. The top stone was the runner and the bottom stone the base.

Also off to the side of the mill building was a smaller building which held the cider press. The water wheel for the mill also drove the press. Farmers would bring their apples and containers for the cider. Sometimes they didn't bring enough containers and Bill Clymer would fill his containers which he then sold. There was always a supply of cider at the mill in the fall and winter.

As long as I went to the mill it was water driven, but later in the mid thirties when we got electricity in the area, the mill got a 5 horse power motor that drove a hammer mill at 2800 rpm's. We got a hammer mill for our farm also so I didn't go to the mill anymore.

For three or four summers our farm would become the home of Jack Clark and his wife. He would appear sometime in the late spring or early summer and camp under the tree in the side yard. The first couple of years they used a tent but later he had a home made trailer he pulled with his Buick. He spent the winters in Florida and then started north in the spring on the way selling clothing and novelty items. We were always glad to see him come. In the evening we would sit around and talk, he had interesting stories to tell about the places he visited in his travels and he would help with some of the farm work.

Then he just didn't come anymore.

Charlie Hafler lived on the farm on Strawntown Road. He was a good friend of my father's. I always liked going to the Hafler farm at thrashing time or when we would work together at hay time. Mrs. Hafler (Alma) made the best pies and the table was laden with food for the workers. When it was time to eat, we would wash up at the pump. Mrs. Hafler would bring out towels for us to use to dry off. We would then sit down to the delicious food, and of course stories would be told at the table.

Charlie would tell about the time when he was growing up and living near the Mandic farm on the farm that became the Kiniuk farm. He and his father and brother were setting in front of the fireplace with a fire burning one cold day when someone, either he or his brother, threw a live bullet into the fire. It exploded with a loud bang, his father jumped up and went to grab Charlie, but he darted out the door before his father could catch him. He never went home again. Eventually he started working for Quintus Weirerbach as the hired hand on the farm on Strawntown Road. Later he married Alma, Quintus and Sallie's daughter. He stayed and worked the farm which he eventually purchased. The farm is now owned by the Isaacs.

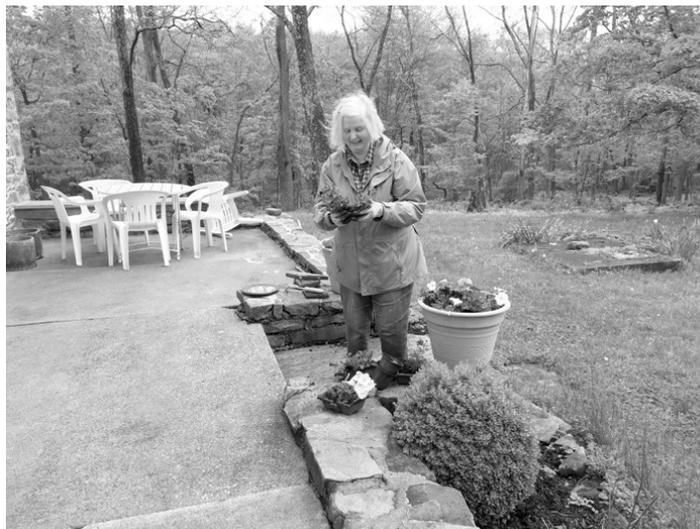


The story of Bill Peischel's military experience in World War II continues in the book:

"Haycock Township and Eddie Bauer" by Eddie Bauer & Pat DeWald

Online interview with Bill Peischel at:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MeJHVAVgBMw&feature=share>



Pat Dewald

Preparing the flower pots at the Stokes House, prior to one of our Friday morning visits.



Tending the Box Wood

Old Inn at Strawntown

From the Bucks County Traveler October, 1950

The old inn standing at Strawntown is one of the oldest in this section, predating stage coach days. Records fail to show just when it was built. The stone building originally was small and later enlarged by additions. The Philadelphia and Bethlehem coaches stopped there regularly. Maurice Block, a collector of antiques and old guns, operates the inn at the present time. An old cave to the rear of the inn, old as the inn, figured in Indian days. The place is now worth a visit.

Note: Formally named "The Stagecoach Inn," this is now "The Raven's Nest," located on Old Bethlehem Road in Haycock Township.

Spring Clean Up at our Headquarters



Cleaning the storm windows

THANK YOU

To all the members and friends of Haycock Historical Society that came out to help with the spring clean up.

THANK YOU

To Kimberlee Nentwig who cleaned the mural done by Chief One Star.

CORRECTIONS

In the Summer 2017 newsletter, in the article "The Founding of Lake Towhee," the name Ernie *Wright* should be Ernie *Reich*. Ernie (Ernest) Reich was also a member of the Haycock Fire Company.



Ken Fox and Molly



Raking up the walnuts



IN MEMORY OF

John J. Boylan

April 26, 1940– March 12, 2018



IN MEMORY OF

Robert Ulrich

August 7, 1935– March 2, 2018

Applebachsville in 1871

From Applebachsville—the Metropolis of Haycock Township, Bucks County Pennsylvania by Rollin Smith

Applebachsville has always been the only village in Haycock Township and very early was known as “The Metropolis of Haycock.” According to a description in the 1871 *Business Directory and Gazeteer of Bucks County*,

“The village presents a very handsome and attractive appearance. The houses are nearly all built of brick, which appears somewhat strange to the visitor, dconsidering the existence of such large quantities of stone, but may be accounted for by the stone being of a hard iron composition and not well adopted to building purposes.”²³

Another description of Applebachsville, also from 1870, by John P. Ropgers of Doylestown, reads:

“Turning towards the town we count at random, within view, on street or nearby in neighborhoods, say, a score of buildings, occupied as private residences, put up for comfort and convenience, plain and unpretending, yet neat and inviting in appearance. These are mostly constructed of brick, similar in size and structure, green lawns in front, productive gardens in the tear, superbly shaded, and avenues fragrant with flowers.”²⁴

Applebachsville was a thriving community with 154 farmers an auctioneer, a basket maker, seven blacksmiths, nine carpenters (one of whom doubled as the undertaker), a cigar

maker, a coach manufacturer, a coach painter, a coach trimmer, two drovers, an engineer, two harness makers, three masons, two mills and two millers, two physicians, a potter, two saw mills and a sawyer, a shingle maker, fifteen shoemakers, a spoke and handle factory, a tanner, a turner, two weavers and a wheelwright.

“The first schoolhouse was a small stone building which was erected about 1852 a short distance north of the village and Dr. Nelson Applebach was one of the first teachers. This building was torn down in 1862 and a commodious two-story brick building erected in its place.”²⁵

This schoolhouse still stands at the northwest corner of Saw Mill Road and Old Bethlehem Road. During the 1860s the school term was five months and the teacher’s average salary was \$35. One of the early teachers in the second schoolhouse was John Summers Stahr (1841-1915), a native of Applebachsville, and president of Franklin and Marshall College from 1889 to 1909. The schoolhouse was in use until the elementary school was opened in 1955 and the building was sold on May 19, 1961.



NOTE: The Applebachsville School is stone, not brick. The industries attributed to Applebachsville may be for a larger part of the township.

²³ *Bucks County Business Directory and Gazeteer* (1871) 120.

²⁴ Paul H. Applebach, *op.cit.*

²⁵ *Ibid.*

STOKES HOUSE OPEN FRIDAYS

Stokes will be open for visiting and snacks every Friday morning 10 a.m. to Noon through the end of October.

Historic Hike Along the Delaware Canal

10 a.m. Saturday, October 6, 2018. Meet at the Parking lot at **Tinicum Park, Rt. 32** at 10 a.m. We will walk as far as the Homestead Store, Upper Black Eddy.

Led by Susan French - 610-847-5709

LAWN MOWERS NEEDED

We need volunteers to help with the mowing at our headquarters. Ken Fox has been doing most of the mowing in recent years and now would like to find volunteers to do alternate mowings. Please contact Dave Long if you are interested in helping.

Past years' issues of our Newsletter are available on our web site.

www.haycockhistoricalsociety.org

"Our Lost Tohickon Valley" and "Haycock Township and Eddie Bauer" are available as E-Books on Amazon

PRINT VERSIONS

"Haycock Township and Eddie Bauer" is available at Stokes Headquarters, Haycock Township Building, and Margie Fulp

"Our Lost Tohickon Valley" is available at Sines 5&10, Stokes Headquarters, Haycock Township Building, The Treasure Trove, Perkasio and Margie Fulp

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MEETINGS

Sept. 9, 2018: Steve Applegate will do a presentation at Stokes.

Oct. 18, 2018: to be announced

Nov. 15, 2018: to be announced.

Third Thursday meetings will now be held at the Haycock Community Center, formerly the Haycock Elementary School, at Old Bethlehem Road and Sawmill Road, in Applebachsville. The meeting room is Community Room West.

The meetings begin at 7 p.m.

OFFICERS

President: David Long cadklong@verizon.net

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Secretary: Nancy Stemler grandmom42@comcast.net

Treasurer: Paula Laughlin pmlreader@yahoo.com

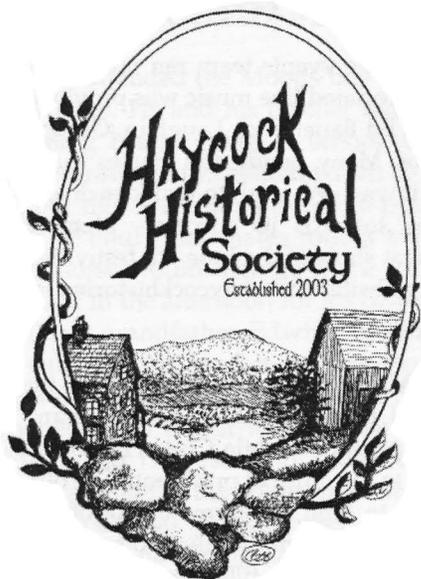
Ad Hoc:: Pat DeWald wdewald@verizon.net

Ad Hoc: Chris Handschin chandschin@verizon.net

Ad Hoc: Nancy Janyszeski ncj@epix.net

Please submit material for the newsletter or suggestions for interviews to Margie Fulp. (215-257-7472) or m_fulp@hotmail.com

HHD USA



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www.haycockhistoricalsociety.org

AN INVITATION TO MEMBERSHIP

YES, ENROLL ME AS A MEMBER OF THE HAYCOCK HISTORICAL SOCIETY!

I WANT TO BE PART OF RECLAIMING OUR HISTORY AND PRESERVING IT FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

- Individual Membership - \$20/year**
Receive quarterly newsletter and attend all special functions this year – Jan. thru Dec.
- Family Membership (Parents & Children in household) - \$30/year**
Receive quarterly newsletter and attend all special functions this year – Jan. thru Dec.
- Corporate Sponsor - \$100/year**
Gain advertisement in our newsletter by yearly sponsorship (ad size smaller than business card)
- Corporate Patron - \$200/year**
Gain advertisement in our newsletter by yearly sponsorship (ad is full business card size)
- Lifetime Individual Membership - \$200**
Receive honorary lifetime status, receive quarterly newsletters and attend all special functions
- Lifetime Household Couple Membership - \$250**
For just \$50 more, join as a household and enjoy all the benefits of lifetime membership

DATE _____

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ADDRESS _____

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PHONE _____ E-MAIL _____

**SEND APPLICATION ALONG WITH CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO HAYCOCK HISTORICAL SOCIETY TO:
P.O. Box 715, Quakertown, PA 18951**