

HAYCOCK HISTORICAL NEWS

The Newsletter of The Haycock Historical Society • Summer 2021

THE CROUTHAMEL FAMILY OF SUNNY SIDE FARM

HAYCOCK TOWNSHIP, BUCKS COUNTY, PA

LOST TO NOCKAMIXON STATE PARK

By Linda Crouthamel Landis

There is a song, about the house that built me. My story is about the land and the special people in my life who helped shape my life, who I became, and who I am.

When asked about growing up in Haycock, I am known to reply, "It was like living in Mayberry. Kids wandered and explored the land, no fear, parents knew you would be home at mealtime or bedtime. There was a lot of front porch-sitting, sharing of stories of your day or past times, and of folks we fondly remembered. Stories passed down, generation to generation, hopefully never to be forgotten."

I can trace my ancestors all the way back to 1794, when Andreas Krauthamel, and his son, arrived in Philadelphia on the ship Edinburg from Wirtemberg, Germany. They settled in Bedminster and Haycock Townships in Upper Bucks County, Pennsylvania. St Peters Tohickon Church was built in 1743, 51 years before they arrived. I have found all my grandfather Oscar Crouthamel's ancestors' graves here, and we also have my grandfather's baptismal certificate from this church. The family of my grandmother, Hannah Martin Crouthamel, is



Drawing of the Crouthamel Farm by nine year old Donald Crouthamel

also here. I was very interested to read about my family's connection in the Winter 2020 edition of this newsletter. I knew we were related to the Harner family, but I did not



Oscar Crouthamel House

realize that my great-grandfather Pierson had a sister. I got some questions answered in this article. I knew Oscar's father, Pierson, died when my grandfather was only 14. We did not know what he had died from. A few years ago, we were told they thought it was the flu. Oscar (Pop) never spoke of this, what we knew was told to us by Dad. Even though Pop had a hard start in life, he



never complained. He was the kindest, gentle person, and Loved so much by us! A quiet man who thought before speaking and sharing his wisdom. So, after losing his father, Oscar was hired by his grandfather Cornelius to run the farm to support Oscar's mother, sister, and brother. They lived in a small log cabin, behind the big stone house. Pierson was born in this cabin built by his father, Cornelius. Oscar, Flora and Raymond were also born here. They lived here

WED 50 YEARS— Mr. and Mrs. Oscar C. Crouthamel of Quakertown R. 4, observed their 50th wedding anniversary April 5 at an open house. Mrs. Crouthamel is the former Hannah Martin of Haycock Township. Crouthamel, a farmer, is a retired employee of the Saucon Valley Country Club. The couple has one child, Norman.

until Raymond left to serve in World War I, and Flora married Enos Yost. At that time Flora's mother, Sarah, moved to Enos and Flora's home, nearby. Thus, Pop



Hannah and Oscar Crouthamel 1929

was able to start his life. Oscar lived about a mile from Hannah Martin, just up the street from the Mountain House Hotel. They never really said how they met, but I have post cards and notes from 1913 revealing correspondence from each of them. It was amazing that they only needed to address them to Richland Center, and their name and they were delivered. In this day and age, that's something. My grandmother lived in a few different homes in the area as she was growing up. I remember hearing about her family losing their home in a chimney fire. I think that was when her dad, Edwin Martin, had a sawmill on Haycock Mountain. Her father had several successful business ventures. Her brother was Sylvester Martin, the village blacksmith. Sylvester left home as a young man. My grandmother told me he ran away from home. He came home years later, after working for and learning the trade from a blacksmith. His talent was well known, far and near. In 1914, Oscar and Hannah



Bette and Norman Crouthamel 1957

married. My father, Norman, was born later in the house of her parents. They then searched for a farm of their own. They purchased a 56-acre farm with a stone farm house and barn, named Sunny Side Farm. It was bordered by Palmers' farm, and Doctor Emich on the other side. At the lower end of 4 large fields, ran the Tohickon Creek. Along Old Bethlehem Pike, there were 2 more large fields and a long driveway until you came upon the house and barn. They farmed the land and were self-sufficient. Between growing and harvesting season, Oscar worked at several jobs for extra



Donald, Mary, Carol, and Linda Crouthamel 1953

income. He worked at slaughterhouses and as an arborist at Saucon Valley Country Club. He worked seasonally for Saucon Valley until the 1960s. My grandmother also cleaned Dr. Emich's home, weekly. I remember the Emich home as being very elegant. They were a very nice couple who lived in Philly, and spent summers in Haycock. Their son John, my dad's best friend, also became a doctor. When my father was 14 years old, almost old enough to drive, he was asked by his grandfather, Edwin Martin, to drive truck for him at 16, the legal age. Before this could happen, Edwin died of pneumonia. My dad never lost his love of driving truck, which he always did as a side job, besides the farm and a fulltime job. Later, when Pop bought Dad a 1940 stake body truck, he got a job picking up milk from farms for Hendricks Dairy in Perkasio. He also worked in the plant cooling room.

Now my Perkasio connection. My mom, Bette Trumbore Crouthamel, grew up in Perkasio. She came from a large family, with 3 brothers in World War II, and 2 brothers-in-law also serving. My great-grandfather, Henry Trumbore, enlisted at age 16 and served during the Civil War, and was honorably discharged at the end of the war. My dad was on a bowling team at Menlo Park and met my mom while she was roller skating there. In 1944 they married, and along with two other couples, they headed for a weekend in New York City. While there they saw The



Donald and Linda Crouthamel 1952



Carol, Linda (Landis), and Donald Crouthamel

and hear the crickets and frogs. I remember catching lightning bugs (fireflies), and listening to my parents and grandparents talking of days gone by. How often I wish for one more night of this. We never tired of the stories of friends and relatives that had passed, sharing good memories of our family and our family history. I also remember Sundays after church, there was always someone visiting. On a nice sunny day, a summer picnic was suddenly organized. Tables and chairs were set up under our large apple trees, along a small stream, just a few feet from my gram's front gate. There were cloth table covers and fresh cut flowers, and a wide variety of food. Such great memories that were so normal with farm life. The farm was a place that never lacked for visitors, friends and relatives from Philly, Langhorne, Mauch Chunk, and more. Many times, relatives would come to the farm for a week at a time, again with good food, good stories, and good times. Some would come by train. We would go with Pop to the train station to meet our guests. When my gram would bake, she would make about 12-15 pies at a time. I would stand on a chair to reach the bowl. First, I had to wash my hands up to my elbows, much like a surgeon, because I would mix the pie crust for her. When all shells were ready, she would say, "Well, two cherry, one strawberry," and on it would go. Pies are still my favorite dessert. In the fall, while we were in school and Dad was at work, Pop would ready the cornfields, piling pumpkins at the end of each row, and putting corn in burlap bags. After dinner we would take the tractor and wagon, go to the field, and load up the pumpkins and corn. Whenever I see a full or Harvest moon, I remember those nights. Winter brought snow and sledding. We had a good hill right near our yard, and you could ride your sled down to the meadow. The walk back was not as much fun, but Mom's cookies and homemade hot chocolate made it even better. At Christmas we were allowed to cut down a Christmas tree from our woods. Don did the honors of selecting and cutting the tree. In the spring, there were new kittens, chicks, sometimes calves and baby pigs. Baby pigs are cute when little. They grow fast and quite large. I was often teased about falling into the pig pen. I was tagging along as my grandmother was feeding the pigs. By now they had gotten BIG! I was around 4, I leaned over the rail too much and I fell head- first into the pen. Luck was on my side. It was summer, the mud was very dry, and they were too busy eating at the trough to notice. Gram pulled me out by my

Dorsey Brothers, and Sammy Kaye. They loved their big bands. Upon returning home, they lived in Perkasio for a while. After my sister Carol was born, they decided to return to the farm. After my brother Donald was born, a house was

built on the farm. Soon after I was born, we were able to move to our house on the farm. Three years later my sister Mary was born, in 1950. My Mom, a lifelong town girl, with four young children, had quite a few adjustments with farm life. My dad worked a full- time job, along with part time farming, so Mom had her hands full. Mom was an excellent cook, and she also made most of our clothes. I remember



Donald Crouthamel

her sacrifices for our family. In 1953, Dad left Hendricks and went full time at Saucon Valley Country Club, as a grounds keeper and mechanic, retiring in 1989. With the four of us, after chores, we did not lack for playmates. Summer was the best. Again, after chores, we had time for exploring, climbing trees, making forts, and just being kids. Our constant sidekick and loyal pal was our dog Skippy. Not a house dog, he was free to explore anywhere he wished, but he always seemed to be there when you came outside, or off the school bus, or especially if you had a snack. BEST DOG EVER! I apologize to all my dogs who came after, love you all too!

Summer evenings were spent on the front porch of my grandparents' house. I can still smell the pink rambling roses,

dress hem. It did not really bother me, I was fearless. I have so many memories of the farm. I felt sorry for kids who did not have a life on the farm, surrounded by family who loved and cared for you so much, memories that money cannot buy.

We often would visit relatives and friends on Sunday afternoons. In the 50s it was normal to dress in your Sunday best when doing this. So, after making sure we kids were presentable, we would wait in Pop's new station wagon with our grandparents, until mom and dad were ready. As kids would do, we would ask our grandparents questions about life when they were young, especially about their courting days. One of our favorite questions was to Pop. We would ask him how many times he kissed Grammie when they were dating. He would always laugh and say, "Thousands and thousands of times." We would giggle and Grammie would say, "Now stop, you silly kids." But I also have bittersweet memories. After 54 years, Grammie passed away. Our brother Don was serving in Vietnam, and she wanted to see him one more time, but that was not to be. But she did get to hold my son, her first great-grandchild, a few months before she passed. I remember after her funeral service, as I stood by my beloved Grandfather, the Minister came over to Pop. He said to him, "Well Oscar, you had her for 54 years," and I can still hear his reply. He said, "It was not long enough for me!" To me that is the real meaning of love. Pop survived Grammie by 12 years, and I know he missed her, as we all did.

A PIECE OF GROUND

My grandmother would always say that someday we would all get a piece of ground. To a kid, you think, "Oh, great, a bucket of dirt?" I now know what a piece of ground means. It's a building lot, but it's more than that, it's your inheritance that you are entrusted to treasure and take care of. Unfortunately, we never got our piece of Haycock, except for in our hearts. In 1961 the State of Pennsylvania took our farm under the act of Eminent Domain for the Nockamixon State Park. I have visited the park, I found our old barn bridge is still there, but everything else is gone. I was told our farmhouse with the beautiful stone was dismantled and the stone was used to build a home nearby. Our house was moved to a location nearby. I also wondered why so many homes were taken. Was it because they did not know how far up the water would reach? Funny how many big expensive homes are now being built on land which was to be preserved?



STORIES WANTED

We are collecting stories from members about what you are doing during the isolation for the COVID 19 pandemic. These stories will be placed on our website under Haycock Stories. Years later the stories will tell how we coped with the situation.

Please contact Pat DeWald with your stories.

KRINGLE IS BACK!!

We are happy to announce Kringle Christmas Shoppe will return this year!

The event will be held at the Haycock Township Community Center's great hall:

1014 Old Bethlehem Road, Quakertown

Dates and times are as follows:

Friday, December 3rd, 10:00 - 7:00

Saturday, December 4th, 10:00 - 6:00

Sunday, December 5th, 10:00 - 4:00

We intend to follow CDC recommended protocols for gatherings in place at that time. These may include facemasks and other safety precautions.

Long time Haycock Historical Society member, Haycock resident and talented home-editions crafter, Jane Nase will be celebrated as our featured artist this year! Look for an expanded variety of her famous heirloom bears and culinary treats.

If you would like to be a part of the fast and furiously fun "Elf" team this year, contact us at: kringleshoppe@gmail.com Join our sub-committee for a few short weeks leading up to and during the event and make a huge difference in our success!

If you love Christmas, there is no better way to put yourself in the holiday spirit, share laughs with friends and help our worthy cause while volunteering your time!

If you know a talented artist or craft person who should be in the show, please encourage them to visit our website at:

www.kringlechristmasshoppe.org



OUR GARDEN AT THE STOKES HOUSE

THANK YOU

To Bucks County Commissioners, For the donation of \$2000.00 to aid in the registration of Stokes as an Historic Building.

THANK YOU

To Valerie Slauter of Blooming Gardens, for her donation of plants for the garden, and geraniums for the planters. We now have a variety of plants in the garden.

From the Bucks County Commissioners to Haycock Historical Society:

We are pleased to enclose a donation from the Buck County Commissioners. We appreciate the work you do for the County of Bucks and hope these funds will assist you in achieving your mission and goals. It is incumbent for all of us to do what we can to make our community a better place and we applaud your effort to do just that. Respectfully: Diane M. Ellis-Marseglia - Robert J. Harvie, Jr. - Gene D. DiGirolamo



THANK YOU

To Doug and Lester Goldthorp, for fixing the garden fence by using a cedar log donated by Dave Long. With the price of lumber, this was a big savings.



THANK YOU

To Perkasio Historical Society by way of Louise Doll, for framed Birth and Baptismal Certificates of Mary Emma Ott and "Elfi" Emanda (Ellemanda Ott), daughters of Jerimiah Ott and Louisa Ann Kramer of Haycock Township.

On July 24th we held our first event since the Covid lockdown. Many members and guests enjoyed refreshments, music and a tour of the Stokes House.



A nice group of members and neighbors attended the Stokes Open House on July 24th.



Steve Applegate



Phil Diehl, Rich Laughlin, and Scott Janney



Award Winning Photo of sleeping fox by Marla Burke

Congratulations!

To Haycock Historical Society member and renown resident nature photographer, **Marla Burke**, for having won the coveted first prize centerfold photo in Pennsylvania Magazine's July/August 2021 edition! Marla has received many awards recently, while experimenting with potential of photography as an artistic medium. Additionally, she has developed her unique technique of **Photo-Popping** (raised-surface photography). She was 2016's featured artist in Haycock Historical Society's Kringle Christmas Shoppe and remains a vital participant and set-up team member. For more information on Marla and her work, visit www.photopopping.com

FALL CLEANUP

Saturday, November 6th, 10 a.m. to Noon, Fall yard and house cleanup day at Stokes, with lunch at noon. There are lots of walnuts to pick up in the yard. If anyone uses walnuts, they are welcome to them. The grounds around Stokes are beautiful, thanks to you all for your time and work at Stokes. You make it happen. **Pat DeWald**

FRIDAY MORNING COFFEE

Friday coffee at Stokes will continue each Friday through the end of October. It will be nice to visit with everyone again. We will have seating under the tree if weather permits. Covid protocol will be observed.

HHS NEEDS A WEBMASTER

Is there a member who is interested in maintaining the HHS website ?

FREE ACCESS TO PENNSYLVANIA RECORDS ON ANCESTRY

<https://www.phmc.pa.gov/Archives/Research-Online/Pages/Ancestry-PA.aspx>

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 in Perkasio, and Margie Fulp

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MEETINGS

September 16, 2021: 7 p.m. Recovering History through metal detecting. Presentation by **Jim Bongiovanni** from Pennsylvania Historical Recovery Services.

SUNDAY October 10, 2021: 1 p.m. to 3 p.m. “Homesteaders’ Day at the Stokes House.” Presentation by **Steve Applegate**. Steve will cook Frontiersman Stew over an open fire, do a muzzleloader (long gun) demonstration, and give opportunities to fire the muzzle loader, shoot hand-made wooden bows, and do axe throwing.

November 18, 2021: 7 p.m. “Meet Henry Mercer.” Presentation by **Mercer reenactor Jamie Bradley**, who will give the story behind famed historian, tile maker, and architect Henry Chapman Mercer.

Third Thursday meetings are 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 Thursday meetings begin at 7 p.m.

OFFICERS

President: David Long cadklong@verizon.net

V. Pres: Andrea Silvestri asilvestri@haycocktownship.com

Secretary: Nancy Stemler grandmom42@comcast.net

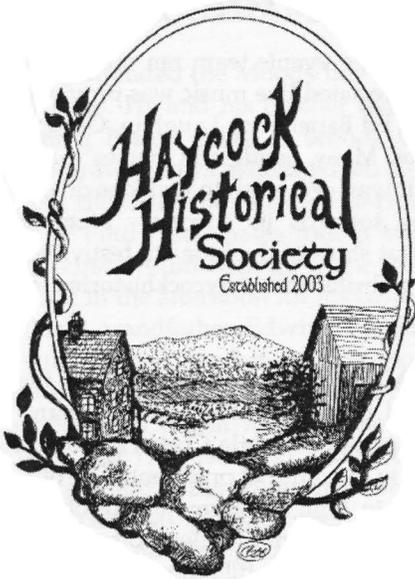
Treasurer: Chris Bauer cbauer@haycocktownship.com

Ad Hoc:: Pat DeWald wdewald@verizon.net

Ad Hoc: Chris Handschin chandschin@verizon.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 _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

PHONE _____ E-MAIL _____

SEND APPLICATION ALONG WITH CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO HAYCOCK HISTORICAL SOCIETY TO:

P.O. Box 715, Quakertown, PA 18951