

HAYCOCK HISTORICAL NEWS

The Newsletter of The Haycock Historical Society • Summer 2024

THE HAYCOCK MENNONITE BIBLE SCHOOL

By Marjorie Goldthorp Fulp, Jacqueline Holliday, and Gloria Beidler Bontrager

from Our Lost Tohickon Valley by Marjorie Goldthorp Fulp and Pamela Feist Varkony

The Haycock Mennonite Church had a very successful and loved Bible School every year in the first two weeks of August. Stanley Beidler was their leader. Their church was founded in Haycock in 1938 at the New Harrisburg one room school. When we started to attend their Bible school around 1950, they had a church building, built in 1942. The road it is on is now named Mission Road. The roads in Haycock didn't have name signs until about 1961. Children from Haycock, Bedminster, Springfield and Richland Townships would come to the Bible school. My cousins Kathy and Susan Bauer and Barbara Goldthorp would come from Philadelphia and stay with us for the two weeks to attend Bible school. It was very popular. A bus driven by one of the men from the church would pick us up and we rode through Haycock, into Pleasant Valley, back through Applebachsville, where a lot of kids got on, and on to Bible School. The teachers and their lessons were excellent. It was a loving, happy atmosphere. Everyone was so nice. We came home to lunch, which was often grilled cheese sandwiches and soup, or peanut butter and jelly. We four girls had a lot of fun together at summertime in the country. We went swimming, played "dress-up," took walks, listened to records, and had "tea parties." We also baked cakes and cookies, made chocolate-peanut butter fudge from my mother's old family recipe, and just engaged in general silliness.



Haycock Mennonite Church

Photo courtesy of Marjorie Goldthorp Fulp

Susan's memory: "This house meant freedom for me as a young child growing up in the city. When we got there, I could run free. Wish it was still here and the living room with the player piano. The water trough with the day lilies was my favorite spot besides the back porch and the stream (creek) that you could go to through the fields."

In the summertime members of the Haycock Mennonite Church would have meetings in the open countryside, picking different locations in the area. They were wonderful singers, and sang hymns at their gatherings. One evening they met by the little concrete bridge at the bend in our road. We kids skulked through the corn field to listen, thinking that we were not seen. I'm sure that we were noticed, but no one let on to our presence.



Anna Mae Godshall fourth from right, Margie Goldthorp second from right

Little white dog is "Skippy," Richard Hallman's dog.

Photo courtesy of Marjorie Goldthorp Fulp



David Goldthorp far left, Clayton Fox second from right

Photo courtesy of Marjorie Goldthorp Fulp



**Fourth from left back row-Lester Goldthorp Jr.
Third from right back row-Carl Bauer**

Photo courtesy of Lester Goldthorp Jr.

The Haycock Mennonite Church was started in 1938, by mission minded young men, with meetings held at homes, and then at the New Harrisburg one room school. More space was subsequently needed, so, in 1940, \$3,000 was raised for a new building, and thus ensued a search for a site for the church.

This is from "Haycock Friends Reunion October 6, 2007," by Jacqueline M. Holliday.

During that time the group was looking for land in the area to build a church. One day as Lester Bergey was driving to the Haycock area, he drove past a farm, and accidentally drove over a chicken that happened to be in the road. Being the honest Christian man that he was, he stopped, picked up the chicken, took it to the house, and knocked on the door. The owner of the home answered the door. Lester related to Mr. Julius Greishaber what had just happened and stated that he wanted to pay for the chicken. Of course, Mr. Greishaber was rather impressed; he asked what they were doing in the area. Lester said they were looking for land to build a church. Mr. Greishaber, without hesitating, donated his field for the group to build a church. The moral of this story – for every

action there is a reaction. God is working when we least expect it – even when we run over chickens in the road.

1942 – The church was built and later dedicated on January 25, 1942. Later on, additional land was donated by an area family.

On May 18, 1942 Stanley Beidler was ordained as the first pastor of Haycock.

1943 - In July 1943, Stanley was ordained as Bishop, and in November of that same year, the Mission board organized Haycock Mennonite Mission as a congregation.

Since Stanley was now bishop, a pastor was needed, so James Millen became pastor on November 28, 1943, and served in that capacity until August 1955.

1948 – J. Ammon Moyer was ordained as the first deacon on November 5, 1948, and remained a deacon until he went home to be with the Lord on December 9, 1976.

Gloria Beidler Bontrager, one of the daughters of Stanley and Ethel Beidler, wrote the following memory:

Memories of Growing up in Haycock

Gloria Beidler Bontrager

My parents, Stanley and Ethel Beidler, moved to Haycock after the birth of their first daughter in response to a vision of living and working in a rural community for the purpose of spreading the gospel of Jesus' love. Dad and Mom learned to know the Haycock folk by visiting, helping out neighbors, and inviting folk into their home and lives. Dad looked for opportunities to mingle in and help others even though he also had a small farm with livestock and fields to plant himself. I remember him helping an elderly couple cut and bale their hay, feed their animals, and eventually clean up and sell their place once they had passed on. I remember getting into all sorts of situations because Mom and Dad had a heart to help anyone in any sort of trouble. It was a routine occurrence for Dad to assist the community drunk to arrive home safely when he really was unfit to be on the road at the wee hours of the morning. I remember Dad providing a small house trailer for a large family on our own property for awhile, so the father would have work (on our farm) and be able to provide for his children. I remember helping another large family that Dad came into contact with, who had just moved into the area from Georgia and needed to do laundry. My sisters and I, and Mom washed clothes, one load after the other in our wringer washer, and hung up clothes on lines all over our yard till there was no more space left and the afternoon was gone. Later a girl from that family became one of my best friends.

Of course, this was just the setting and atmosphere of our everyday lives. As a little girl I first went to the Quakertown Christian Day School, but when I reached time for sixth grade, for some reason, my parents began sending me and my younger sisters to the Haycock Elementary School. There I had the first male teacher of my life, Mr. Werner. He seemed strict to me, but all of us students knew who was teacher and in general I think we all learned and had a lot of fun even in the classroom. I specifically remember the fun we had on May Day, weaving the May Pole to music and performing special numbers for the whole community. Later, I remember the bus rides into town for junior high and high school in all sorts of weather. Snow and ice brought many adventurous rides to thrill us. Only when the buses really couldn't get through, did we

have days off, and then we spent many an hour building snow forts and scraping the snow off the ice on our pond.

As a young girl one of the things to look forward to in the summer, was the Bible School that my Dad and our church put on for the community. From the time I could enter the first nursery class till the time I was able to teach in the Bible School, I eagerly participated along with the rest of my siblings and friends. One sib recently reminded us that Dad took his one week of vacation from work every year to run the Bible School. At one point we had two school buses picking up children from the Haycock community in addition to many of the teachers picking up children along the way. The attendance for several of the best years was over 200 kids. I remember spending the Saturday before Bible school getting supplies together, sorting crayons, books, sharpening pencils, filling glue jars and placing these supplies in classrooms all over our little church basement and classroom tents. One particular year a big enrollment forced us to use the neighbor's vacant house for class room space. When we had a large tent for additional space we had only curtain partitions between the classes, but somehow the teachers managed to keep order and keep a relatively good atmosphere for learning. We had a singing period with rousing children's songs and lively participation. I can still see the hands waving for a chance to sing each child's favorite song in the space of that half hour. At recess we planned group games for the young (Farmer in the dell, etc.) and older children (Flying Dutchmen or baseball). At the end of the two week Bible School we had gifts for perfect attendance and a program for our parents. On the last day of Bible school we had a special treat of orange popsicles and often a little gift from our teacher.

Our church was family oriented. Activities were planned so that entire families could participate together. Holidays were especially times when we planned special events such as dinners at Thanksgiving for the elderly of the community, or Christmas caroling in the community by groups of singers. But some of the highlights of my growing up years were times spent with the youth group. Our family had a pond and invited the entire youth group or groups of my siblings' friends to skate in the winter time. We usually had a fire burning to keep hands and feet warm and sometimes also had the group in afterward for homemade ice cream. We also used the pond, pasture, and woods as a milieu for hosting 3 Philadelphia

city churches on the fourth of July for a picnic. Of course, then we also had games of baseball, volleyball, quoits, etc. Our life was full of activities and fun, but also full of purpose and meaning. We knew we belonged to a community that cared and looked out for each other. A community that wanted the best for each individual and group of persons. I will always fondly remember those growing up days in Haycock and am sure that those years formed and made me into the person I am today.



Julius Greishaber, who donated the land for the church, and the Henry Wostman family at the home next to the mission

Photo courtesy of Eddie Bauer



The Beidler family in the 1950's-Faith, Ethel, Baby Jewel, Edith, Gloria, Eva, Luke, Rose, Stanley, and Hope.

Photo courtesy of Eva Beidler



The Greishaber/Wostman house that sat next to the Haycock Mission

Photo courtesy of Eddie Bauer



This is the Haycock Mennonite Bible School circa 1958 in front of the mission. The dog being held on the right is Skippy, who also attended our one room school.

Photo courtesy of Marjorie Goldthorp Fulp



New Harrisburg School in 1938, where the Haycock Mennonite congregation held its meetings. Members are on the porch.

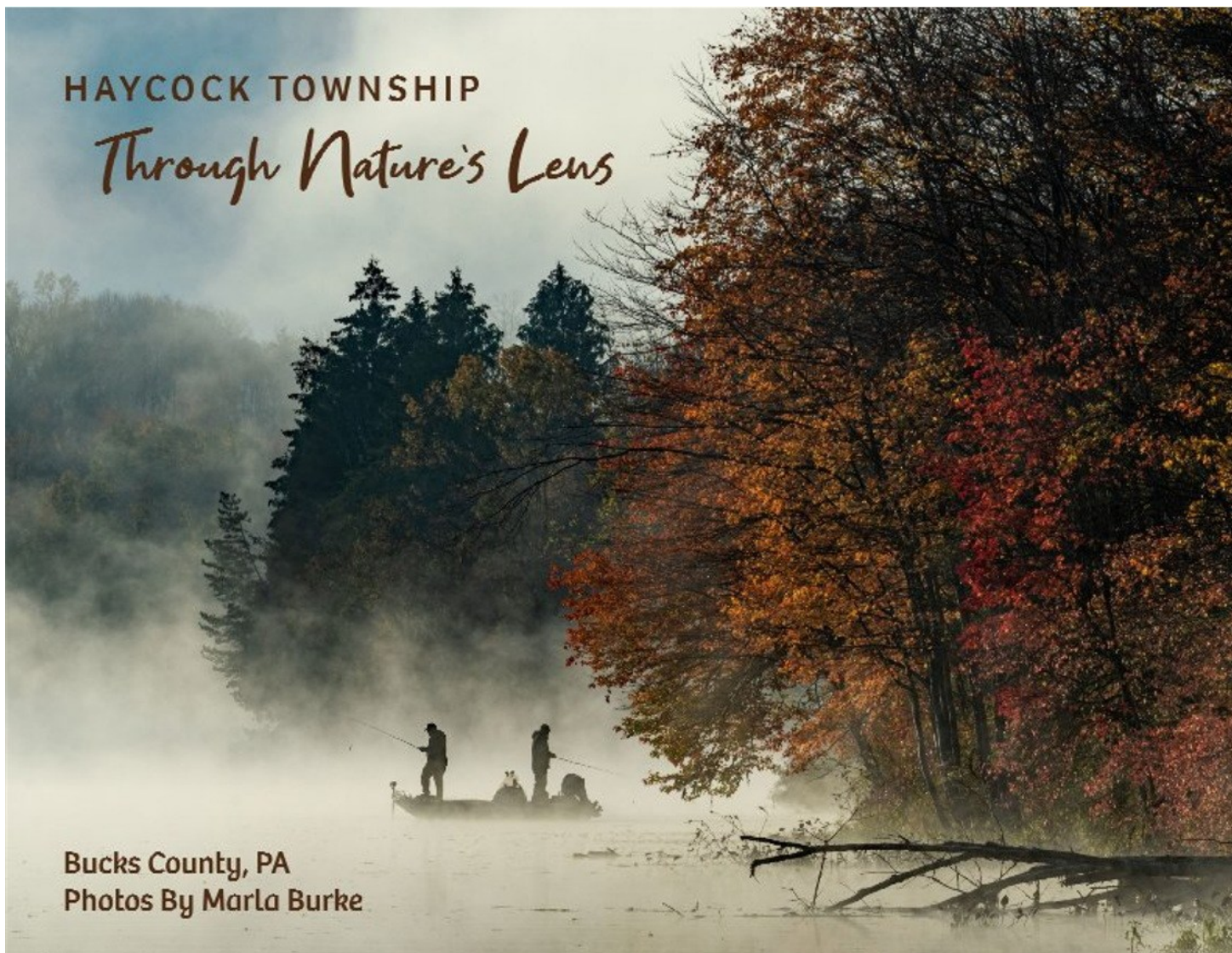
Photo courtesy of Eddie Bauer



Ethel and Stanley Beidler teaching Bible School circa 1963

Photos courtesy of Eva Beidler





HAYCOCK TOWNSHIP

Through Nature's Lens

Bucks County, PA
Photos By Marla Burke

Haycock Township Through Nature's Lens

by Marla Burke - *The new HHS book, illustrating the beauty of Haycock.*

Around February 2024, I was reading about a dam that was being breached because of torrential rains. The picture of the dam looked very much like the dam that holds back the waters of Lake Nockamixon. My mind started wondering, what will happen if the Nockamixon dam is breached? I began wondering how long do dams last? While speaking with some construction minded people, I was given an answer of about 100 years. It appears the concrete used in this type of dam begins to deteriorate. Our dam is 50 years old. Is it at half its life? After the next 50 years, what will Haycock Township look like? Will the Tohickon Creek be back, and Lake Nockamixon gone?

With that in mind, as an amateur historian, it seemed a good idea to document what we have now because what we have now is a very beautiful, tranquil setting. Our little piece of Bucks County is a gem, and the 1450-acre lake is a big part of it. Nature, our streams, woodlands, wildlife and the rocky landscape is all part of what exists now.

To document the feeling and spirit of Haycock, we turned to Marla Burke and her camera. This book is the result of many hours of Marla and her camera along with her comments about each picture. Seventy-one pictures show the wonders of Haycock. Seventy-one pictures bring the songs of the birds, the winter snows, the rushing streams, the beauty of Haycock to your fingertips. That is how we captured *what we have now*. Hopefully future historians will use this book to understand *what we had*.

Our new book, Haycock Township Through Nature's Lens, will be available at the 21st opening of the Kringle Shoppe, priced at \$35.00.

Proceeds from the sale of this book will fund the HHS Environmental Enrichment committee. The purpose of this committee is to help with bird habitat, wildflower management and encourage good stewardship of environmental resources.

Pat DeWald



IN MEMORY OF
PeggyAnne Diefenderfer
February 11, 1941—June 14, 2024



Pat DeWald in the garden

Our team of gardeners have been working hard all summer to keep the garden beautiful.



Visitor to our garden

Kringle Christmas Shoppe XXI

Our annual fundraiser will be held December 6th through the 8th this year. Think about joining the “Elves” on the committee that makes the magic happen. We meet about 10 times between September and the actual event. If you want to be involved in this specific-term group, meet great friends and know your help is appreciated as part of our non-profits major fund-raising initiative, please leave a note with either Chris Handschin or Sue McLaughlin at:

kringleshoppe@gmail.com

FRIDAY MORNING COFFEE

Friday coffee at Stokes will continue every Friday through the end of October. Hours are 10 a.m. until Noon.

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
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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OF
DOYLESTOWN



MEETINGS

September 19, 2024: 7 p.m. Marla Burke, will introduce her new book, Haycock Township Through Nature's Lens (see page 6)

October 17, 2024: 7 p.m. Joe Cappella and Pat DeWald will give a presentation on Haycock Historical Society's Archives

November 21, 2024: 7 p.m. Kathleen Zingaro Clark, author of three well-received *Images of America* books about Bucks County history, will present on her book Bucks County Inns and Taverns. She will share dozens of vintage photos while highlighting some of the most historic colonial gathering spots that still exist between Bristol and Springtown today

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.

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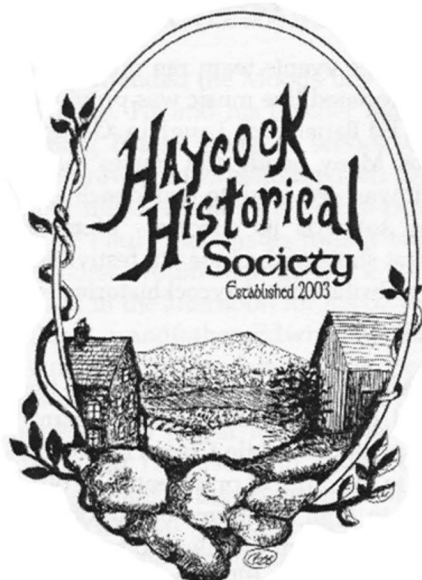
Please submit material for the newsletter or suggestions for interviews to Margie Fulp. (267-772-0711) or margiefulp@gmail.com

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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.
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- ☐ **Corporate Sponsor - \$100/year**
Gain advertisement in our newsletter by yearly sponsorship (ad size smaller than business card)
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P.O. Box 715, Quakertown, PA 18951