

HAYCOCK HISTORICAL NEWS

The Newsletter of The Haycock Historical Society • Winter 2017



THE KINIUK FARM



ON OLD SCHOOL ROAD AND HILLSIDE LANE

by Richard Landgreen

an excerpt from the HHS book *Haycock Township and Eddie Bauer*

by Eddie Bauer and Pat DeWald

In the mid 40's, when I was five or six years old, starting grade school, during the summers I would stay with my grandparents on their farm. My family lived in Applebachsville at that time. A couple of my cousins, Stevie and Willie were also staying there. The farm was known as the Kiniuk farm by the neighbors. My grandfather and grandmother purchased the 78 acre farm in 1927 for \$3,700. My grandfather had emigrated from Ukraine in 1911 and my grandmother came over in 1912. They first lived in Ohio where their first two children Mary, my mother, and Mike, my uncle, were born. They must have moved to West Virginia as the 1930 census lists John and Ann being born in that state. Six more children were born in Haycock Township, Pennsylvania.

My grandfather was Wasyl Kiniuk and my grandmother was Pearl. In all they had fourteen children, with ten surviving to adulthood. Mary, my mother, was the oldest, the next was Mike, then, John, Ann, Elizabeth (Betty), Joseph (Joe), Helen, Kathryn (Kay), Walter (Walt), and Pearl, named after her mother.

All the children attended the Applebachsville one-room school house.

On Sundays, although raised Catholic, my aunts would go to Sunday School at the Pentecostal Church on Old Bethlehem Road near Saw Mill Road, but in later years they attended St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Applebachsville.

Aunt Kathryn said on Sunday mornings you could hear the people singing at the Pentecostal Church, the singing just drifted over the fields. At this time, in the 30's, my mother lived on the farm and worked in Quakertown at the hosiery mill.

Helen, Kathryn and Pearl, the younger sisters, would walk up and down the dirt roads in the summer picking wine berries, raspberries, and strawberries. Sometimes they would pick strawberries in Mrs. Scheetz's patch which was across



1947 in front of the house.

Back row John Landgreen (Dad), Mary (Kiniuk) Landgreen (Mom), John Rikli, Betty (Kiniuk) Rikli, Ann (Kiniuk) Bochniak, Steve Bochniak,

Front row, Mike Kiniuk, John Landgreen (brother), Bob Landgreen (brother), Dick (Richard) Landgreen, Stevie Bockniak

Photo courtesy of Richard Landgreen

Old School Road from their farm, and she would come out and chase them with a pitch fork. At other times she was very nice and would bring over baked goods or jellies, but she didn't like my aunts in her strawberry patch. From the berries my aunts picked, my grandmother would make jellies and jams.

After the girls got their chores done, on hot summer days they would head for the swimming hole at the bridge on Deerwood. This was known at that time as Weavers because the Weaver family owned the farm and the creek flowed through the farm. The creek was wider and deeper then it is now. After swimming, they would have to pick the blood suckers off. The Kiniuk farm had frontage on Old School Road almost up to the corner, so to get home they would head up the road and through their fields to home.

My Grandfather raised beef cattle and milk cows. He grew soybeans and corn, but the main crop was tomatoes. He did his own plowing, planting and cultivating. In 1940 there were six acres of tomatoes and my Grandfather had a contract with the Campbell Soup Company in Camden, N. J. The next year he started to plant more acres and got up to 50 acres on his farm, and rented 15 more acres from the Wilson Farm. This farm was across the road from the Kiniuk farm on what is now Old School Road. The Campbell Soup company would send a representative out to the farm to test the soil to determine which kind of tomatoes would grow best in that type of soil. The best tomatoes for his farm were the Marigold and Rutgers. The Campbell Soup Company supplied the plants and he had to pay the shipping cost of the plants. Planting the seedlings took some time. Two people could sit on the planter pulled by the tractor with a tray of seedlings between them and as the tractor went along the planter would punch a little hole in the ground every so often and you dropped a seedling in the hole. The planter also had a water tank and a little stream of water would water the seedlings. My Aunt Kathryn said she got the job of walking behind the planter to make sure the plants were planted straight and secure in the ground. Her sisters sometimes planted the plants upside down just to tease her.

After the planting, there was no spraying of the plants like today. Instead my brothers (John and Bob), my cousins, aunts and I would pick the tomato bugs and worms off the plants. We were paid 1 cent a bug or worm. Everything was

done by hand. When the tomatoes ripened we would start picking them. This was a big chore as time was of the essence to get the tomatoes picked and shipped. Each person was assigned certain rows and when your basket was full you placed it at the end of the row to be picked up. My aunts kept



The front of the house in 2008

Photo courtesy of Pat DeWald

track of how many baskets each person picked and we were paid 5 cents a basket at the end of the week. This later went up to 10 cents a basket. With so many acres to pick, neighbor kids and grownups came to pick. Kids from my aunt's school would also pick. The neighbors Chappy Johnson Sr. and his wife picked. The season was from the middle of July to the end of

September if we didn't get an early frost. And, of course, there was some fooling around with rotten tomatoes. Sometimes you would be picking and a tomato would come flying past your shoulder, or there would be a splat when you got hit in the back. Anyone driving their car down the rows was fair game.

The tomatoes were then taken to Camden in my grandfather's Diamond T truck to sell to the Campbell Soup Company. At the company the tomatoes were graded and we always wanted to get the highest grade because that got the best price, so the first two rows on top of the load were always the best tomatoes. I don't know how often this happened, but if the tomatoes didn't look too good, one or two dead garden snakes would be placed on top of the baskets. The graders at Campbell Soup didn't like snakes and after seeing them on the baskets, they didn't check through the rest of the tomatoes too carefully and gave a good grade. There were three grades for tomatoes, 1 was best, 2 next and 3 last. We could get 400 baskets on the truck which amounted to 4 ½ tons. The 6 acres produced 97 tons of tomatoes. My grandfather did tomato farming from 1940 to 1954.

Besides doing the tomatoes, my grandfather had steers and milking cows. One of the chores for us kids was to bring in the milk cows. The cows and steers were pastured together. When it was time to bring in the cows for milking, we would go out to the gate and call "Cow Bus, Cow Bus." One of us would open the gate while the other two would try to keep the steers from coming through the gate by beating them back with sticks. Once in awhile a steer would get through and then my Grandfather would yell at us to get that steer out of the barn, but he usually had to get the steer back out. I learned to milk cows, and while milking, the cats

would hang around to get a few squirts of milk. Giving the cats a squirt was a no-no, and whenever he saw us do it, it brought on a few sharp words. I think we milked about fifteen cows. If we were really bad and disobeyed, we were given chores such as picking up rocks in the fields, or cleaning the barn. When we cleaned the barn the manure was pitched up into the manure spreader and was then spread on the fields. We also had to take hay in a wheelbarrow out to the cows, or if the cows were in the barn, we would go up into the hayloft and drop hay down to the cows. We could give the cows hay but my Grandfather was the only one who gave them grain.

When I was too young to help with the chores and Grandma could not keep an eye on me, Grandpa would take me with him while he did his farming. I learned to ride a horse when I was only five or six because he would have me in tow and to keep me out of trouble he would put me up on one of the horses while he did the plowing with the team. I'd ride along on top holding on to the harness.



Richard Landgreen standing on the well in 2008

Photo courtesy Pat DeWald

Every week he would go to the Q-Mart in Quakertown and sell his eggs and other farm products that were in season. The Q-Mart had a live cattle auction at this time and this is where he sold his steers. He would also take live chickens and ducks. These were in cages and sold with the farm produce.

There were about twenty apple trees in the orchard, along with pears, cherries, and apricot trees. When picking time came around lots of people would gather and start picking. Eventually it would turn into a party with neighbors bringing food or drink to share. Walter Halewich played the violin, and others played the accordion. The dancing would begin with the polka. These parties would last the weekend with people sleeping in the barn or out under the stars. It only ended because most folks had to go to work Monday morning.

The 78 acres had been part of the 250 acre Emig property.

The Emig's had 10 acres of this 250 that they used as a wood lot and dump. When the 78 acres was divided off, the ten acre wood lot was surrounded by the new farm, so an easement was created. The easement for the new farm gave the owners permission to use the farm lane from the 78 acres to Oak Lane. This runs by the Mandic house now and is pretty close to the house. The Mandic farm had use of the farm lane to the ten acre wood lot. The easement runs very close to the Kiniuk house.

While I was staying at the Kiniuk farm, I would see Tony Yarema coming with his horse and wagon down the easement going to the wood lot with trash and returning with a load of wood. Other people used the easement. Eddie Bauer and his family used it to cut over to Oak Lane on their way to his grandmother's house on Pullen Station Road. They would walk from Boulder Lane, up Deerwood, then on to Old School and take the easement to Oak Lane, Oak Lane out to Old Bethlehem Road and finally to Pullen Station Road.

The house on the Kiniuk farm is stone; the windows are new, but are in the style of the day the house was built, and are eight over eight panes of glass. Only a small back porch has been added. The house has three rooms on the main floor; the door enters into the living room with a large fireplace and pie shape stairs in the corner. The other side of the house is divided into two rooms, one being the dining room, the other the kitchen. At one time, the living room with the large fireplace was the kitchen. My Grandmother had a wood cook stove which she used to feed the family of ten or more. There is a back door opposite the front door with the hand dug well being about fifty feet from the back door. The barn has a stone stable area with a wood barn above. It is hard to tell, but the stone stable area may be a lot older than the upper level of the barn. The roof is a gambrel roof.

This well had a hand-cranked conveyer belt to bring cold spring water up from the well. There was a large wheel with a handle, you turned the handle, and it in turn turned a rod with a gear that had the chain attached. This chain had little cups on it, and as you turned the crank, the cups would dip into the water, and the water would be brought up and pour out of the pump spout. I remember vividly all the water I drank from this well. If the tin cup was not on the wooden pole by the pump, I would simply cup my hands under the spout and drink from my cupped hands. I was fascinated by this free-flowing water. About fifteen years ago, the chain broke on the pump. An old neighbor told my aunt he could fix the chain. He removed the pump and took it home to fix. Before fixing it, he died and the pump was never returned. The well, although still filled with plenty of cold spring water, somehow seems empty to me. I now know my last chore on the farm will be to replace that old pump.

For a while the Kiniuk's had their mailbox on Old School

Road. The Kiniuk farm's east boundary was Old School Road. At one time there was a sharp bend in Old School Road at the corner of the property. Old School Road was a dirt road up until about 1960. This was straightened out by the Kiniuks and Wilsons giving some of their land. Now there is only a slight bend where the sharp "S" curve was. About 19 acres were sold off from the farm and are now the lots with houses on Old School Road. There is still an access from Old School to the farm, this goes over Kimbles Creek.

Kimbles Creek runs through the Kiniuk farm, but when I was a boy everyone called it Monroe Creek and the bridge on Saw Mill Road was called Monroe's Bridge. The Monroe farm sat on the north side of Saw Mill Road. In the summers we would go fishing and swimming in Monroe Creek (Kimbles). Also, there were not as many trees and we could see Snyder's, Mandic's, and Monroe's farm from the farm house.

The Monroe farm was a dairy farm of about 70 acres. He took his milk to the Kellers Church Creamery. Across the street from him was a lane to the Janson farm. This was another dairy farm. You could get to this farm from Saw Mill Road or the continuation of Apple Road. Apple Road now dead ends because of Lake Towhee Park, but before the park Apple Road continued to Deerwood Road. The Janson's were Latvian and Lidia their daughter was a preacher in the Pentecostal Church, but for some reason my aunts would sometimes go to Sunday school at the Janson farm. Aunt Kathryn remembers the house looked like a plantation house one might see in the south. One Sunday in about 1949 or 50, we were playing baseball at the farm when we saw this plane spiral down out of the sky. It came down on the Janson farm. Unfortunately four people were killed in the plane crash.

Sometime during WWII, my Uncle John enlisted in the Marines. During the war he was wounded in action at Iwo Jima. He was a sergeant in the United States Marine Corps.

Out in back of the Mandic farm house, Tony Yarema, Mrs. Mandic's son-in-law, who lived on the farm, had a dirt motorcycle track. He and Steve Halewich, who was my godfather, would practice riding their motor bikes on this track. Some days, other riders from the area would come over and use the track. We could tell when they were running on the track as the dust would be flying, and the sound of racing motors could be heard over at my grandfather's farm. Steve would take me to motorcycle races. He and Tony both raced. The etiquette at these races was to have someone else push your bike to the starting position, and the rider walked behind the bike. You didn't want to push your own bike on to the track. At the races, I got the privilege of pushing Steve's bike to the starting line.

My Grandmother passed away in 1960, and my Grandfather in 1965.

After my Grandfather passed away, most of the farming

stopped.

For many years Aunt Kathryn has been landscaping the farm. The beautiful flower beds and plantings are her handiwork.

During 2002, my Aunt Ann was ill with cancer. She was living on the farm and was taking an experimental drug. She was advised that the drug might give her two more years of life. This did happen, she was better for two years, but after the two years she continued to get weaker and finally died. While on this medication, she needed oxygen which was delivered by Grand View Medical Equipment Specialists. Word got back to the doctors about this beautiful farm, and the doctors, with permission of the family, used pictures of the farm for their brochures. The following pictures are from the brochure.



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My childhood growing up in Applebachsville, being part of the farm, and attending the one room school houses of Haycock was a time of little monies and material things but a childhood of golden memories. It was the "good old days." I think of it like the TV show "Walton's Mountain."





The Haycock Township Community Center - formerly the Haycock Elementary School

Haycock Township has acquired the former elementary school and will be using it as a community center. The Haycock Historical Society will hold our regular meetings in one of the community rooms at the far left end of the building as seen from the parking area off of Old Bethlehem Road.



These doors near the left end of the building will be used for access to our meeting room.

Get a jumpstart on your spring cleaning this year.....and come out to the Indoor FLEA MARKET at the new Haycock Township Community Center!!!!!!!!!!!!

Date: Saturday March 18

Time: 8 am- 2 pm

Location: 1014 Old Bethlehem Road, Quakertown (Former Haycock Elementary School)

Admission is free but the fee for a table rental is \$20 (additional tables \$15 each) * All vendors will receive a food voucher to use at the market. Food, beverages and baked goods will be available for purchase.

Contact Dave Long at 215-536- 3641 for table reservations and/or donations.*If you have items to donate for sale at the market, they can be dropped off at the township building during business hours.

*****All proceeds will benefit the Haycock Township Community Center*****

Kringle 2016 – Bumpy to Bounty

It was very sad news to learn of the passing of our member, Loretta Belac of *Belacraft Pottery*, last October. She had been one of Haycock Historical Society's founding members and a much-loved participating Kringle artist, part of the event from the very beginning, when it was held at the home of Pat DeWald in 2003. Equally sobering were early reports that many key Kringle committee members would not be able to help in 2016 due to health or travel conflicts. All the bad news seemed to predict a dismal Kringle run. Since vendor applications are sent out in early September, artists/participants had no way of knowing the internal tribulations. They had sent in their application fees and were busily preparing inventory to meet the Kringle demand, come December. The show would go on!

So, **HOW did** the event go on to be the **best revenue-bearing Kringle on record?**

It could easily be said the weather was perfect for the crowd--not too cold, wet or warm. And, our abbreviated team *had* been running this fundraiser for so long, one could say, it was down to a science. Previous years' Bucks County Tourism grants, (*that helped furnish lightweight display panels and track lighting*) made a welcomed assembly difference, plus the addition of a dedicated shed for Kringle supplies at **ground level** helped cut down on difficulty and man-hours necessary to transport them and set up the hall.

A tremendous debt of gratitude for our record success is due to the children of Loretta and Ivan Belac-- Faith, Marc and Katheryn,-- who donated ceramic pieces and props from their artist-mother's inventory to be sold and used during our event for the expressed benefit of Haycock Historical Society. Avid collectors and those in search of anything *Belacraft* clamored to purchase one last piece of Loretta's trademark leaf-impressed pottery. Because we had an ample collection of our Haycock Historical Society American Chestnut Leaf Commemorative Plates on hand, commissioned from her in 2009, a record many of those were sold as well, boosting our over-all revenue.

But, beyond the obvious, the design and organizational skills of member and newly retired teacher, Sue McLaughlin, had the hall looking fantastic and ready to receive the crafters' inventory in record time this past year despite our limited number of dedicated volunteers. Crafters and member helpers were directed to exactly the critically needed places to haul props and help set up the Latvian church annex, making Kringle a remarkable teamwork feat, worthy of time-lapse photography!

The dedicated advertising and promotion volunteers, members Janet Medori and Margaret Guttman, did stellar jobs reaching out into the local business community to circulate event flyers, obtain gift donations for Kringle's signature raffle prizes and insure a record-breaking attendance of over 1000, with many return visitors. Committee member, Dorothy Bevilacqua, transformed donations from the local businesses and our artist-vendors into the most beautiful and profitable raffle offerings to date. Several visitors slipped in *only* to buy raffle tickets!

Much talk is currently circulating about the future of Kringle. Members of Bucks County Latvian Baptist church have been very kind and helpful with the lease of their facility

over the past ten years and we remain grateful for this collaboration. We have developed a superb working relationship in the quaint village chapel which would seem the perfect pairing. Yet we are steadily expanding and slowly outgrowing that space. Time constraints to get the annex set up and ready to receive crafters and guests combined with our limited volunteer group make the pressure daunting. And--there is that parking issue?!

With the take-back of the former Haycock Elementary School by Haycock Township for the purpose of a much-needed community center, there is a possibility Kringle may be relocated there in the future. Before that can happen, a tall wish-list of repairs to the building are needed. **The call is out for skilled volunteers and funds this year!** All throughout Haycock's history, the good residents have donated their time, skills and funds to give our community what we needed without having to raise taxes or rely on county or state funding. In our past, churches, schools, even the Haycock firehouse, were built with labor supplied by local volunteers. If our Haycock still produces such civic-minded and generous people to fund and/or do the repairs to the building this year, Kringle may indeed be held in our new Haycock Community Center in 2017. Time will tell. Cheers to hope! My humble thanks to every single person who donated time and talent to make Kringle the success it was!

Chris Handschin, Social Events Director

CORRECTIONS

"The Other Side of the Mountain" by Joseph Lindmeier that appeared in the Winter 2016 newsletter was also from the HHS book, *Haycock Township and Eddie Bauer*, by Eddie Bauer and Pat Dewald

THANK YOU

To Janice Peischel for her generous donation.

IN MEMORY OF

Stephen Flood

March 13, 2016

HEADQUARTERS REPORT

Stokes will be open for coffee on **Fridays, 10 a.m. to noon, April through October, 2017** - come and have a cup of coffee and enjoy the old house and grounds.

Saturday Programs at Stokes for 2017

June 17 - 10 a.m. to noon - bayberry candle making demonstration.

July 15 - 10 a.m. to noon - bees wax Christmas ornament making.

HHS has molds for cherubs, but if you have an old chocolate mold you would like to try, it can also be used to make bees wax ornaments.

Stokes Clean-Up day

Saturday, April 22 - 9 a.m. to noon - lunch provided
Rakes and weed whackers are welcome.
We will also do some spring cleaning inside Stokes.

Thanks everyone, Stokes is looking very good thanks to all your help.

Pat DeWald

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

March 16, 2017: My family's escape when our homeland, Latvia, was seized by the Soviet Union in 1940 Zenta Rieksts Benner will tell her story about her family's flight from Latvia in 1940

April 20, 2017: The History of the Haycock Fire Company, 1954 to 2000 Chris Bauer will share a video of the Haycock Fire Company's history.

May 18, 2017: Plants for the Garden Gardener Carol Schroeding will do a power point presentation and bring plants to buy for the current growing season.

NOTE NEW LOCATION!

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.

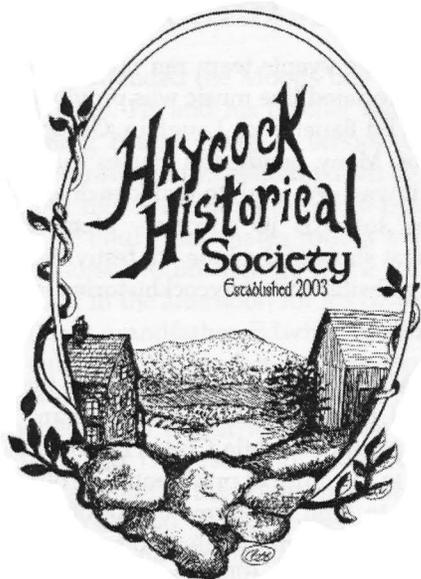
The meetings begin at 7 p.m.

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