

WALPACK

historical society

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Newsletter of the
Walpack Historical Society

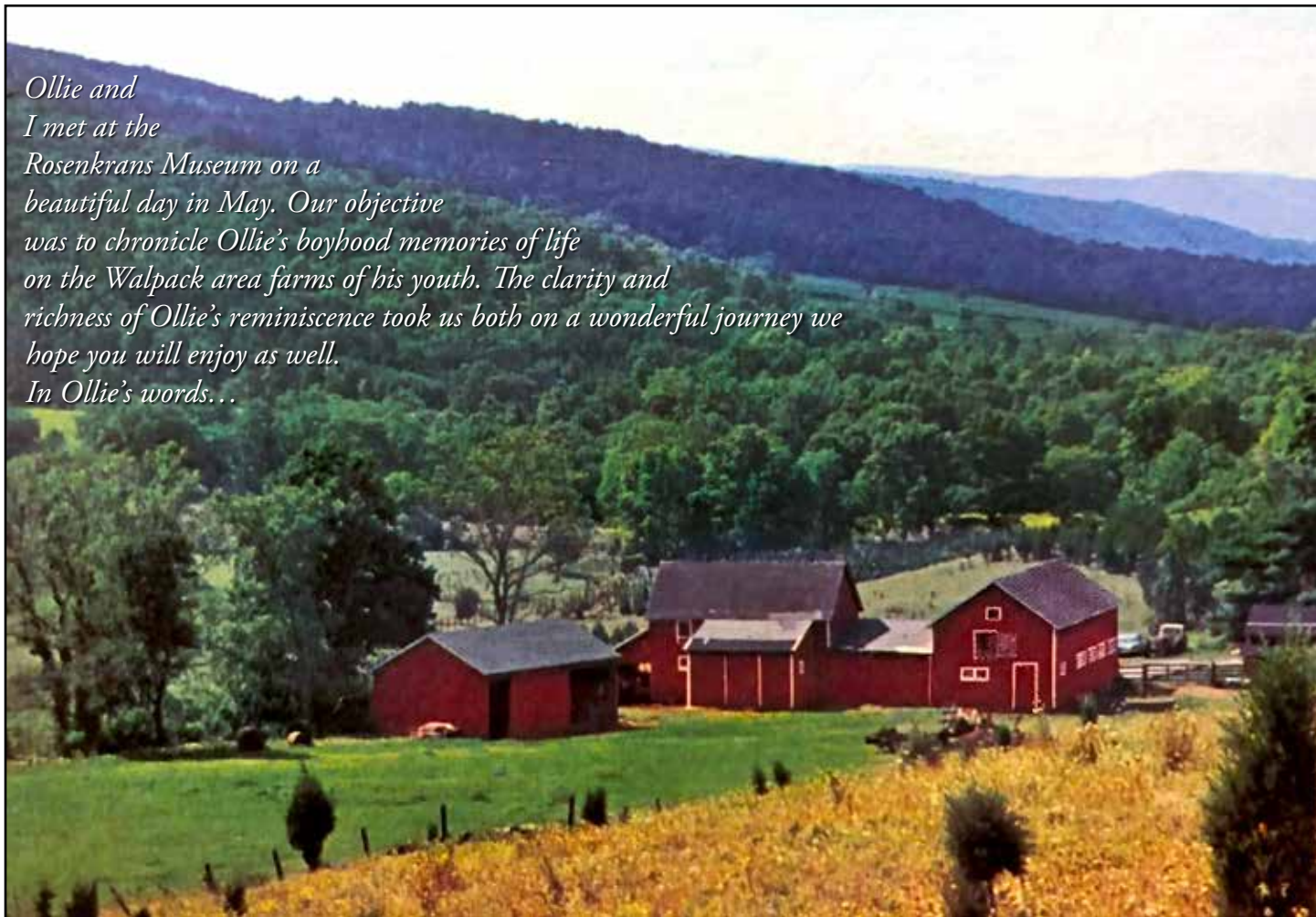
Published Quarterly

Summer 2022

A FARMER THROUGHOUT HIS SEASONS

By Audrey Schwab

Ollie and I met at the Rosenkrans Museum on a beautiful day in May. Our objective was to chronicle Ollie's boyhood memories of life on the Walpack area farms of his youth. The clarity and richness of Ollie's reminiscence took us both on a wonderful journey we hope you will enjoy as well. In Ollie's words...



The Bush Treible Farm still stands below Haney's Mill by the big turn in Walpack. Photo provided by Ollie Treible. (circa 1980)

Life on the farm in the late 1930s and the 1940s was not easy. There was no electricity and no running water. The place I was born was my grandfather Bush Treible's farm here in Walpack. I lived there with my grandparents, my father Kenneth and mother Lillian, my brother and sister, and my father's brother Gain. Larger families made the farm and household work a bit easier.

I would like to start with farm life in the winter time. The winters were rougher back then. We had no equipment to help with snow removal and clearing had to be done by hand. My grandfather's farm had a long driveway up to the main road. A V-plow was rigged and pulled behind a team of horses, but a lot of shoveling had to be done to complete the task. Of course it was hard to heat the older homes as there was no insulation, so the ongoing wood gathering for heating and cooking took much time and labor. The second floor bedrooms could be as cold as thirty degrees in winter. We also needed to get

all of our water from the spring house which was below the farmhouse. We needed to supply the animals with water as well. The spring often froze during the winter months which made the already difficult task much more challenging.

Spring was the planting season. We used a horse team and shared equipment among neighboring farmers. We had a farm road that led from our house to the Johnny Knight farm and shared tools and equipment with him. The fields were plowed first and then harrowed. Grandfather Bush had a planter for oats. After the ground was prepared the field was sowed with a mixture of oats, timothy, clover, and alfalfa. After the first year's oat harvest, the field was left to become hay in the following year. After the grain crops of oats, wheat and barley were planted, the more labor intensive corn crop was sown using a hand carried implement. Two or three people could plant four acres of field corn in a day. The crops were now

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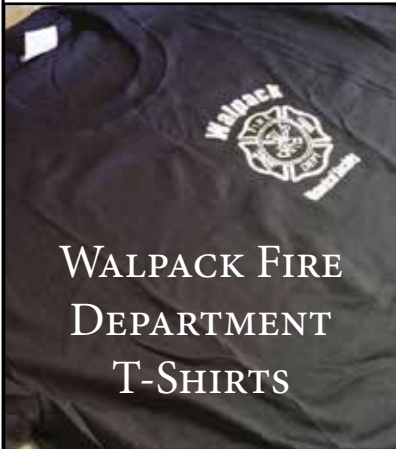
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The Walpack Historical Society
Newsletter is designed and edited
by Tom Dust.



The League of Historical Societies of New Jersey encompasses over 300 organizations with at least 45,000 individual members. Each year the League recognizes the newsletter publications of member societies with the Kevin M. Hale Newsletter Award. Walpack Historical Society entered its Fall 2021 edition in the competition.

We are pleased to announce WHS tied for third place in our first attempt in this endeavor. We are very proud of our very talented writers and editorial staff without whom this achievement would not have been possible.

On Saturday, May 28th, the Award was presented at the meeting of the League held at the South River Historical and Preservation Society in South River. WHS was well represented by our newsletter editor, Tom Dust and Don Stieh President, who accepted the award on behalf of WHS.

Congratulations and thank you to all who made the award possible.

Setting the Record Straight: In September 2019 Walpack Historical Society received a donation of an 18th century Bible with the belief that it had belonged to Benjamin Rosenkrans of Walpack. Further research confirms this Bible is not that of Benjamin Rosenkrans of Walpack but that of a Benjamin Rosenkrans of a different branch of the family not associated with Walpack.

2022 CALENDAR

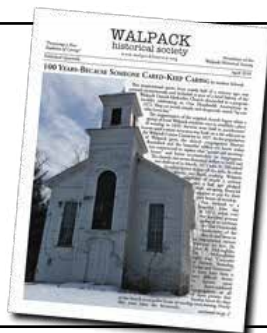
April 24	Spring Hike: Donkeys Corner Trail
May 1	Spring Dinner at The Walpack Inn
May 15	Presentation: The Original Columbia and Walpack Turnpike
June 4	National Trail Day
June 26	Presentation: The Anniversary of the 1955 Flood
July 17	Lower Walpack Cemetery Event
Aug. 21	Presentation: History of the Appalachian Trail
Sept. 25	Millbrook Village: Fire Tower hike
Oct. 9	Van Campen Day
Nov. 6	Fall Hike: TBD
Dec. 3	Walpack Christmas - Church and Museum
Dec. 4	Holiday Dinner - Walpack Inn
Dec. 10 & 11	Walpack Christmas - Church and Museum

All events are subject to change based on current CDC & NPS Covid guidelines

*Visit WalpackHistory.org and [Facebook.com/WalpackHistory](https://www.facebook.com/WalpackHistory)
for calendar updates, changes and details.*

WHS NEWSLETTER SPONSORSHIPS

The production of our newsletter is a time-consuming and costly ongoing project for the WHS. As our membership grows so do our expenses for printing and mailing the newsletter. To help, please consider becoming a sponsor. Simply make a donation and note that it is for "Newsletter sponsor."



DUES ARE DUE

Members and friends of the WHS can fill out the membership form on page seven and mail it in with a payment to the address on the form.

Also, you can pay online with a credit card simply by visiting www.walpackhistory.org and then look for the Memberships & Donations button.

*All memberships must be made current
in order to remain on our mailing list. Thank you!*

The Walpack Historical
Society would like to
acknowledge
and express its
appreciation to our many
Lifetime Members for
their generosity.

THANK YOU!

To everyone who becomes a Member, makes a donation, sponsors the newsletter, attends a dinner, or buys a book, we sincerely appreciate your support.

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BE A PART OF HISTORY - DOCENTS & VOLUNTEERS NEEDED



A docent is a person who acts as a guide, typically on a voluntary basis. We are always looking for new people to help us at our events and meetings throughout the year.

Please call 973-948-4903 to speak with Jen Wycialek to learn more about how you can help play a part in history.



Historical sketches, such as this stone bridge, appeared in the Sunday edition of the *New Jersey Herald* beginning in 1972. Although it is not known exactly how many were published in the *Sunday Herald*, most municipalities had at least one historical landmark sketched by William A. Johnston. The write-up that accompanied this photo is printed below from microfilm.

This beautifully built stone bridge was the fifth in a series of over 50 historical sketches that were found in the *Sunday Herald* available on microfilm at the Sussex County Library. Many of our readers undoubtedly have stopped to look at and photograph this old bridge seen along the Old Mine Road in Walpack.



Sussex County's native stone has been incorporated in many old landmarks around the county, principally in the many beautiful old stone houses, but not to be overlooked are the many little stone bridges still to be found. Those still in use are apt to be ignored as drivers speed over them in today's automobiles, but some on the older, less traveled roads stand a better chance of catching the eye. Others have been abandoned as highways have been modernized.

A fine example of the latter situation is this old stone bridge built along the track of the original Old Mine Road along the Delaware River. In Walpack Township, it is found three miles south of the Minisink Art Gallery on a section of the road that predates the automobile era.

Curves are the most likely places to find these abandoned

sections, as many of the curves were too sharp for automobile travel and had to be lengthened and straightened when the road was taken over for more modern travel.

On this particular section, the roadway over the bridge was only five to six feet wide. Trees and shrubs have overgrown the area, but it is still possible to see and walk across the bridge. The stone work was well done, and very few of the stones are out of place. This area will be under water if and when the Tocks Island Dam is built.

This is the fifth in the series of historical sketches by William Johnston of 281 Springbrook Trail, Sparta. He is seeking old pictures of landmarks and historical sites in the area to be used for his sketches.

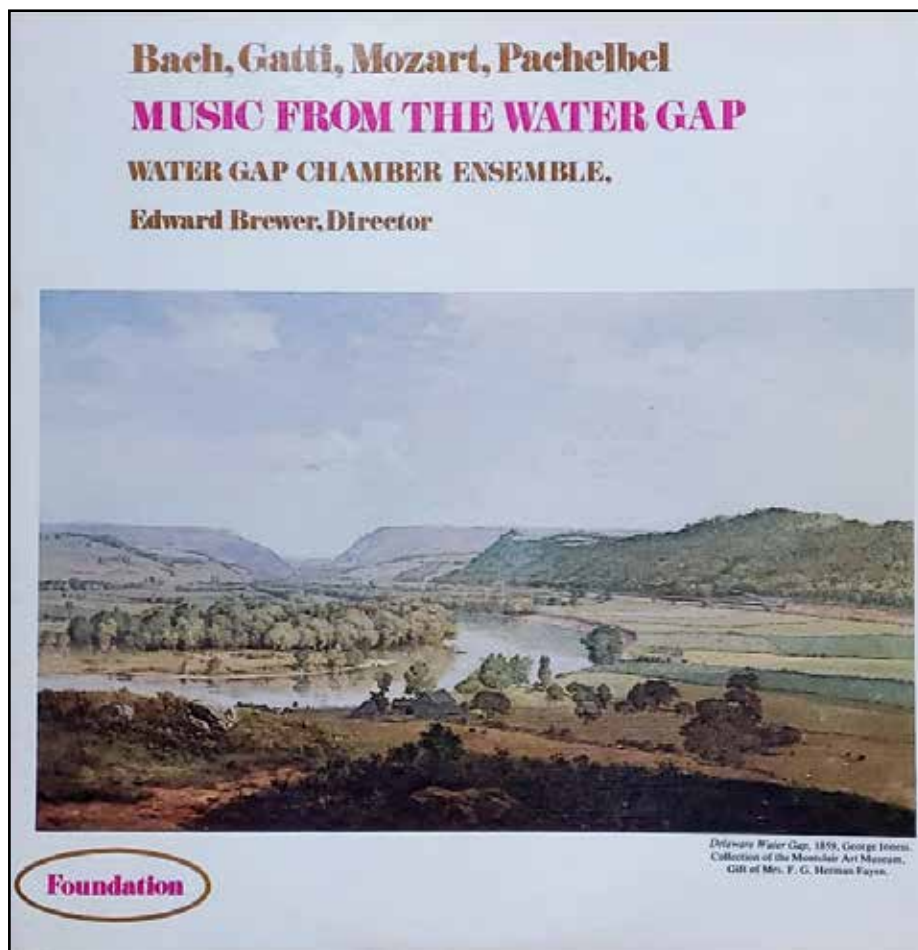


It is located 3.5 miles south of the intersection of Pompey Ridge and Old Mine Roads. Although it is not known when the bridge was constructed, a road that would have crossed it dates back to 1793. The colored photo shows the bridge today, 48 years after William A. Johnston thought it historically important enough to make it part of his Sussex County Sketchbook.

The Library's Main Branch also has at least 16 of Mr. Johnston's prints. They are available for review from the County's Local History and Genealogy Librarian at 125 Morris Turnpike in Frankford Township or by calling 973-948-3660, Ext. 3410. At the time the sketches appeared in the *Herald*, each 11" x 14" print was available for purchase from Mr. Johnston at the cost of \$2.00 plus .25 cents postage.

MUSIC FROM THE WATER GAP, MEMORIES

by John Cosgrove



a resident group of musicians, including five strings, and oboe and harpsichord.

The concerts were held weekly and were free to the public. The album was recorded in 1979 and sold as a fund raiser for the Foundation under the label: **Foundation Records, AFE, Walpack, NJ 07881.**

We were newlyweds during that time, living on a shoestring budget in Phillipsburg, NJ. The concerts were not just a musical event but an experience for all the senses. Upon exiting the interstate onto Old Mine Road, we traded the rush and the noise of 4 lanes and trucks for the peace and quiet of 2 lanes winding through forest. By the time we reached Watagate a half hour later, we were in the mood for Bach and Mozart. And the picnic dinner we had packed. After spreading our blanket on the expansive, grassy hillside overlooking the band shell and the lakes, we would partake of our modest meal. Maybe some good crusty sourdough bread, cheddar and brie, apple slices, and a bottle of cheap red wine. Another time just peanut butter and jelly with chips and a bottle of beer.

Sometime during Covid hibernation boredom, I had the urge to resurrect my phonograph turntable from the box in the closet. The first album I played was something entitled: **MUSIC FROM THE WATER GAP** performed by the Water Gap Chamber Ensemble. While listening to Bach, and viewing the album cover, an 1859 painting of the Gap by George Inness, memories from a half century ago started to surface. In the 1970's my wife and I attended concerts at the Water Gate site in the Delaware Water Gap Recreation Area, where the Ensemble performed. Around that time, landscape artists, attracted to the natural beauty of the area, formed the Artists For Environment Foundation. As a natural extension of their visual art, they invited a few musicians to share the creative energy present in the Water Gap. Five concerts were held during the summer of 1972.

From the liner notes of the album:

The series flourished, attracting people from as far away as New York and Philadelphia who found a total gratification of the senses in the serenity of the setting and the beauty of the music. As the number of concerts increased and the size of the ensemble expanded, it became possible, for a part of the summer, to engage

We still laugh about the time elegantly dressed New York City folks showed up with a large wicker picnic basket, like something out of a Victorian novel. They proceeded to pop the cork on a bottle of champagne which was poured into proper, long-stemmed crystal. Out of the basket came chilled shrimp cocktail and lobster. They finished with fresh strawberries. We were not jealous but we were impressed. It was a meal befitting the elegance of the music we were about to hear.

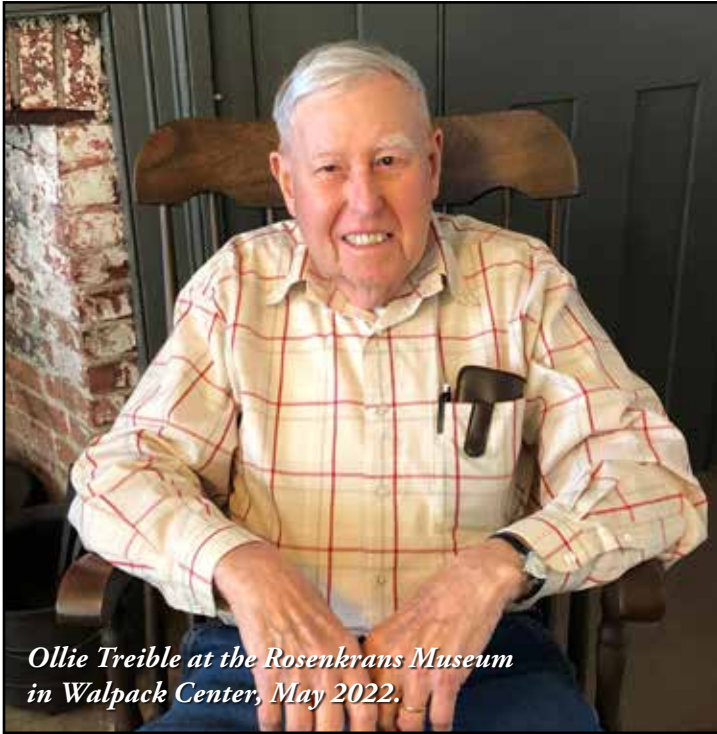
As the musicians came on stage and began to tune, a wave of quiet would flow over the crowd. No cell phones or rudeness of loud talking ever distracted us from the music. I can imagine that Bach, himself, would have been pleased with the venue. The band shell was a curved reflector so that no electronic amplification was needed. The notes of strings, oboe, and harpsichord floated easily, filling this grand outdoor space. As the evening reached its finale, the sun would be setting, reflecting over the lakes, like a curtain closing.

Park rangers were on hand to ensure an orderly and safe exit onto Old Mine Road for the ride home. The last concert of the season made the ride a little sad, knowing that it would be many months and a cold winter before we were back again.

A FARMER THROUGHOUT HIS SEASONS

continued from pg. 1

by Audrey Schwab



*Ollie Treible at the Rosenkrans Museum
in Walpack Center, May 2022.*

left to the whims of nature and since modern fertilizers and equipment were not used, the yields were much less than we would expect today.

Summer was the time for making hay. A horse-drawn mower cut the hay which was left to dry in the field. It took several days to dry, depending on the weather. When the time was deemed right, a dump rake pulled by a team of horses, gathered the loose hay into windrows. The windrows would then be broken down into smaller piles, manually forked into a horse-drawn wagon, and taken to the barn for storage in the hay mow. A large hay fork, hooked to a trolley-like apparatus, traveled along a track in the roof of the barn and was used to lift and place the hay. Three men would create a well synchronized team to get the hay into the mow or loft. One man would stand in the wagon to hook the fork into a bundle of loose hay. The second man would use the horse team to lift the fork and drag it along the track in the loft. The third man would stand in the loft and direct the wagon man when to remotely release the grip on the fork and thereby allow the hay to drop to the loft floor. The man in the loft would then arrange the hay and compact it with his feet. Tractors and baling equipment did not come to Walpack until the later part of the 1940s. Toward the end of summer the grain crops of oats, wheat and barley were harvested by hand using a sickle. After the entire field was cut, it was picked up and taken by wagon to the thrashing floor. Grandfather Bush had a mechanized stationary thrashing machine that ran off of a 1932 Chevy engine; the first mechanized piece of equipment on the farm. The machine removed the grain from the stalk and separated it from the chaff. The grain was gathered into sacks and stored for personal use or sold. The straw was also used for livestock bedding.

Late summer and early fall the field corn crop was ready for

harvest. The stalks were cut with a sickle and stacked to dry in the fields in shocks. The bundled stalks would remain in the field for several weeks until the ears of corn were dry. The ears were then manually removed from the stalks and husked using a husking mitt. The ears were then taken to the barn and fed through a grinder or sheller to separate the dried kernels from the cob. This was usually done about the first week in October. Not to waste a minute of useful daylight, my father would set out a honey bucket that could be observed while the corn was being husked. In time, the honey bucket would be visited by a curious honey bee and as the day went on more would follow. We would then track the bees as they returned to their hive, usually a honey laden tree, and mark it for collection after the first frost.

Butchering of the hogs took place in the first part of November. Grandfather Bush usually had five or six hogs that were slaughtered for the family's use. I remember helping with this task when I was as young as five or six years old. The hogs were driven to the processing area and after the kill, everyone would help with the scalding and scraping of the bristles. The hogs were broken down into portions to be brined then smoked. A brine was created by adding enough salt to a container of water to float an egg. My dad took extra care to poke brine deep into the hams and around the bones to prevent any spoilage from occurring. The meat was left in the brine for at least a month. Fresh scraps of meat were ground into bulk sausage and other fresh cuts were canned by my mother. The hams and slabs of cured meat were then smoked. The best wood for smoking was black birch because it gave off the most smoke. A fire was started in the smoke house and green wood was added to intensify the smoke. The process would begin in the morning and continue all day, with the fire allowed to go out overnight and then restarted the next morning. Smoking the meat would take about a month.

Farm wives had a hard life too. No running water and no electricity meant wash day was an ordeal. Mom and grandma would do the laundry in the spring house where they could boil water in the fireplace and run the dirty clothes through a gasoline powered Maytag washer. They also tended to the large vegetable garden, and canned produce, fruit and meat. Even during the depression, there was always enough food. We caught eels and fish in the Flatbrook. Some might be squeamish about eating eel, but my mother cut the eel into one inch pieces, rolled it in flour and fried it. I just loved it. We also had potatoes most every day; mashed, fried, potato cakes, or boiled; and whatever game we could hunt. We shot rabbits, squirrels and venison, but we always waited until after a heavy frost in order to avoid parasites in the meat. Game meat was not smoked.

Life on Grandfather Bush's farm was hard but good. I lived there with my family until I was about eight years old and we moved to Flatbrookville for two years before Mom and Dad bought our house in Bevans from the Van Sickle family in June 1945.

To be continued...

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MILITARY VETERANS RECOGNIZED FOR THEIR SERVICE TO OUR COUNTRY

By Sharon Spangenberg

Recently I was asked to be the project advisor for a young adult who wanted to earn her Girl Scout Gold Award. Working toward that goal, Rylee's project was to make sure that all military veterans buried in the Newton Cemetery on Lawnwood Avenue were documented and properly recognized with a United States flag and an appropriate military grave marker. To achieve that goal, she reviewed many reference books and online military sites as well as ancestry.com where she viewed, among others, veterans from Sussex County who served in the War with Great Britain from 1812 – 1815. While she was looking for men from Sussex County who resided in Newton, I was searching family names known to be from Walpack.

It was then that I came across the name of Cornelius Fuller. The document showed that he was inducted into the War with Great Britain as a drummer on September 17, 1812 for 90 days. He served in Captain Peter Cole's Company of Infantry under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Jackson's Regiment, NJ Detailed Militia. Cornelius was discharged as a musician on November 30, 1812.

Additional research revealed that Cornelius Fuller was buried in the Walpack Center Cemetery. Although it was quite easy to locate his gravestone as it is visible from Mountain Road,

no military grave marker or United States flag decorated his grave. After speaking with township committee woman, Jen Wycalek who is also a trustee of Walpack Historical Society,

we agreed that an 1812 military grave marker would be purchased. Several months later an informal ceremony was held on September 8, 2021. After a short prayer, Cornelius Fuller was officially recognized for his military service to our country.

Mr. Fuller was born on October 22, 1791 to Eli and Mercy Rundle Fuller. He married Sarah Cole and together they had six children. He died on December 23, 1856 at the age of 65. Pictured are Glenn Fuller and Eugene Rosenkrans who are the great-great-grandsons of this patriot.

In addition, after many months of research, walking and probing the Newton Cemetery, Rylee compiled a list of all military war veterans, created a 43" color-coded map of the cemetery and presented it to the Newton VFW Post 5360. Of the 719 recorded veterans, more than 250 had not been previously

listed in the Newton Cemetery's files. As Rylee's project advisor, I am proud of her and the heart-felt work she accomplished to achieve her Gold Award – the highest honor a Girl Scout can attain.



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WALPACK TOWNSHIP'S NEWEST RESIDENT

by Sharon Spangenberg

October 23rd of last year, was a special day in Walpack. All those who were in attendance at the Salem Oak Seedling Planting held on the grounds of the Lower Walpack Cemetery were introduced to little Violet, Walpack's newest resident. Violet, then four months old, was born to Kelly and Chris Happe in their home along the Delaware River. We are so happy to have another resident of Walpack, raising the Township's population to 13. Violet and her big sisters, Joclyn and Paetynn are the granddaughters of Walpack Township's Mayor, Victor Maglio and his wife, Riaa. What makes this little girl's birth so special is that we believe she is the first child actually born in Walpack in 58 years.

Since a New Jersey law protects and restricts the release of vital statistics, birth records are no longer available to the general public. However, through research, we discovered that a girl was born at her parent's home in the Blue Mountain Lakes section of Walpack in November of 1964. Our historical society is always interested in collecting historical information; therefore, if you know anyone who was actually born in Walpack Township after November 1964, please let us know by calling 973-948-4903. Thank you.



MISSION STATEMENT

The Society actively stimulates an awareness and interest in the Walpack area through lectures, tours, publications and special events, such as Van Campen Day, hikes and exhibits at county-wide events.

It promotes collection, preservation and dissemination of Walpack area history and acts as a repository for artifacts of the Walpack area, and also maintains a small museum and book store and provides tours of Walpack Center.