

Fleetwood Area Historical Society Newsletter

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PRESIDENT'S CORNER

The Fleetwood park has suffered the loss of a piece of its history and its main feature when the band shell was demolished in February. As the heart of the park, the band shell was the stage for all entertainment groups at park functions.

Built about 1986 with funds provided mainly by the Fleetwood Lion's Club, it was stately with its arched, laminated wooden beams. Unfortunately, those beams were constructed using standard lumber because glues had not been developed to allow the use of treated lumber. As a result, not only had the beam laminations begun to separate, but also had shown serious rotting at their bases.

It became apparent, after several inspections by experts, that the band shell was no longer safe from collapse and it was immediately screened off from use. Finally, in mid-February, this handsome structure was torn down, leaving only the concrete stage.

With the community carnival still on schedule to begin July 20, the borough has developed plans to lease a large tent to serve as temporary coverage for entertainment groups and will house electrical connections, loud speakers and lighting.

Meanwhile, the borough is appealing to all community organizations to consider helping to find funding for a permanent replacement of this essential building.

Unfortunately, most civic organizations have been unable to continue normal fundraising activities due to Covid restrictions, making financial assistance much more difficult.

Another problem for the borough has been the loss of the Arch St. bridge into the park caused by the severe flooding last August. The borough hopes to get the permits for a replacement in time to have it installed by late spring.

The damage to the creek beds downstream from the middle bridge has not yet been corrected due to failure to receive permits from the EPA, which are also very expensive to obtain. This project may have to be delayed and become part of a future general upgrading of the creek if grants can be obtained.

The Society will not schedule general membership meetings and programs until inside gatherings become safely possible.

Meanwhile, our volunteers continue to meet on Monday mornings (with masks) to handle general functions and planning. In addition, board member, Art Counts is working on developing a map of the Fleetwood area (then known as Coxtown) as it was in 1800 showing roads and buildings from the period. Art has done extensive research of the area to

provide data for the mapping. We expect this project to become a program at one of our meetings in the future.

While the museum will not open on its usual schedule of the second Sunday afternoon of each month, visitors, with masks, will be allowed on Monday mornings. In addition, special viewings by small family-type groups can be arranged by contacting any board member.

During this restricted period, I have been posting historic photos on Facebook. Check them out and give us feedback.

Like all of you, we yearn for the return of normalcy in our lives.

*With warm regards,
Bill Strause*

MY VACATION OF 1914

By Lizzie Moyer

(Note that this information came from Society board member Russell Anderson whose research made this article possible. We thank him for his contribution.)

Lizzie Moyer was one of ten children of David and Charity (Schlegel) Moyer. The family rented the farm which is now Burkholder's produce farm along the Fleetwood-Lyon's road. In 1914, the farm was owned by a Mr. Stump of Reading PA. She went to school at Herbein's country, one-room, school which is the small red brick building across the road from the Schlegel farm as you leave Fleetwood. She would later live at 46 E. Locust St.

Lizzie later married Earl A. Peters. Their daughter, Mary Jane Peters (later Anderson), currently 101 years of age, is the Mother of Russell Anderson.

Born in 1900, she relates what she did for that summer at age 14, and what she considered

a vacation from school. It is far removed from what most youths, or any of us today, would consider a vacation. The following is in Lizzie's words as written in her notebook at age 14 (with a few editorial comments for clarity.):

There was lots of work to do all summer. I helped plant potatoes. (We got two hundred seventy bushels of potatoes.)

After that it was time to make hay. Before we cut the hay, we had to go through the fields and pick out the wild carrot stalks. (apparently bad for cattle.)

We did not have to make the hay on heaps because we have a hay loader. I had to drive the horses to pull the hay up in the barn. I kind of like that work.

When the boys cultivated the corn, Willie and I had to hoe it. Sometimes it was pretty hot. We always ate strawberries when we came at the fence. It took a day and a half to cultivate it.

We cut our wheat with two binders (which tied the stalks into sheaves.) Herbert drove the one and Father the other. Then we had to shock it. (The sheaves are stacked into piles, or shocks, until they can be hauled in for thrashing.) The wheat crop was not as good as other years. There was something at the wheat and ate it off at the bottom. Mr. Schaeffer had some poor wheat fields. He made hay with some, but we did not have to do that. Many people came to us to buy wheat to sow.

We are done thrashing the wheat, but not quite done with the oats. I also had to help to shock the oats. When we were around the field twice, it began to rain. But I was home before it rained. The oat crop was good.

We got lots of cherries and we got many raspberries. We went to the Blue Mountains for huckleberries. Mr. Stahler, Mable and Manilla came over to us. We all

went with our team. My Father, Emily and I went. We went with the milk wagon. At 3 O'clock we got up and got ready. It began to rain a little bit but we started out anyhow. We went and fetched the Stahlers. We had a ride in the dark. When we came up everything was all wet. Then we went farther up the hill. Emily drove and we walked. When we were way up we started picking. Every once in a while, we heard the trains at Hamburg. We got about 40 quarts that day.

We ate our dinner at the creek. It has large ant hills up there. I believe they are three feet high. If we came near, they bit us. We did not see any snakes. We unhitched the horses and tied them in the bushes so that the flies would let them alone. We fed the horses on a large stone. I think it was 4 o'clock when we ate our supper. Then we went home. We all enjoyed our ride. I saw the Hamburg reservoir. It is all cemented. On the way home we sang songs.

We used to get up around 4 o'clock this summer. I milked five and six cows. But now I only milk three and four.

I helped chop the corn. I did not husk much corn. I had to help prepare the dinner and supper. We husked Mr. Schmehl's corn too. Then I helped all day. The corn crop was good. (Note that the corn was pulled from the stalks by hand and "husked". It was now ready for storage on the cob, usually in corn cribs. Corn shellers were used to remove the kernels from the cob for use as feed etc.)

I did not go on many visits this summer. I was at central park and enjoyed it too. I went with the Dryville excursion. I was at the Dryville picnic. (Dryville had a picnic grove for community picnics. Remnants of it still exist.)

I was at the Kutztown park a few times. When I was there, I went to see my brother, too. I was not at the Kutztown fair. I visited

my neighbors sometimes. We had company almost every Sunday.

Soon Autumn came and my vacation is over.

Lizzie Moyer

Note: this, of course, was a different era and the work ethic among farm families was very strong and still is today. You will -note that Lizzie writes no complaints.

-Bob Knoll

THE COUNTRY BOY'S CREED

Note: This item was also among the writings from Lizzie Moyer's notebook as mentioned in the article, " My Vacation-1914." It emphasizes the strong feelings that farm families had for their way of life.

I believe that the country which God Made is more beautiful than the city which man made; that life out of doors and in touch with the earth, is the natural life of man.

I believe that work with nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery.

I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but how you do it; that opportunity comes to the boy on the farm as often as to the boy in the city; that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in the town; that my success depends not on my location, but upon myself; not upon my dreams, but upon what I actually do; not upon luck, but upon pluck.

I believe in working when you work and playing when you play, and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life.

--Edwin Osgood Grover

Fleetwood Area Historical Society

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