

HAYCOCK HISTORICAL NEWS

The Newsletter of The Haycock Historical Society • Fall 2018

~ The Murray Family Farm of Kellers Church ~

Bedminster Township, Bucks County, PA

Lost to Nockamixon State Park

By Ron Murray and Marilynne Murray Bagosy

Ron's Memories:

In 1950 my dad, Edward Murray, got a job at U.S. Gauge in Sellersville, Pa., as a salesman. In 1951 Edward (1915-2003) and Carol (Mawson) Murray (1922-2013) purchased a farm located on the old Rt. 563 (Ridge road). It was located just west of the Kellers Church Post Office and Granite Works, and about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile east of St. Matthew's Church (Kellers Church). The farm was comprised of 57 acres: 15 acres on the south side of the road, and 42 acres on the Tohickon Creek or north side of the road. The house and barn were built back in the late 1800's. Edward and Carol had 4 children: Ronald, born in 1947, Michele (Mickie), born in 1950, Marilynne, born in 1952, and Dennis, born in 1956.

Upon entering the front door, there was a set of steps that went upstairs. To the left was the living room, to the right were the dining room, kitchen, and a small laundry room. Off the kitchen were the steps to the basement, which had an earthen floor, and was only under the living room. Off the dining room was a door that went out onto the east porch and a walkway out to the milk house and the barn. The porch was all concrete and had pillars and a roof across the front and down the side of the house. At the end of the porch

on the barn side was a small building referred to as the slaughterhouse.

There were no bathrooms in the house when it was first bought. We kept a large covered pot at the top of the basement steps and dad would empty it every night when he came home from work. In order to get water to the kitchen sink, we had to go into the basement and plug in the piston pump. In the laundry room was a hand pump and a large



Murray farm on Ridge Road

deep double sink. The upstairs had 5 bed rooms: two large rooms in the front of the house and 3 smaller ones in the back.

Between the house and the milk house was a concrete pad that covered a hand-dug artesian well. In the milk house was a deep well with a large electric motor that powered a large belt drive system for the pump. This supplied water to the barn. Next to the milk house were rhubarb plants. Between the milk house and the barn was a driveway that went back to the garage. To the right of the garage were the outhouse and the corncrib. To the left of the garage was a rundown old pigpen. Behind the pigpens were about 7 or 8 chicken coops. Since my dad had no intentions of raising chickens, he tore down the chicken coops.



Murray Children and Farm

The 42 acres on the north side of the road were comprised of 4 large fields to the left of the farm house. A lane went down to the bottom field. There was a long field right behind the house and two large fields beside and north of the barn. At the end of these fields, woods extended down to the creek.

I remember helping my dad tear down the wall between the kitchen and the laundry room. He built a small bathroom and had a septic system installed. A year or so later he installed a second bathroom. This was upstairs and included a tub. Wow, no more baths in the metal tub in the kitchen. Several years later he contracted to have a fireplace installed in the living room. Then he paneled the living room in Knotty Pine. It was beautiful. Because my mom played piano, we bought a player piano and placed it in the back of the living room. One day, when my brother Dennis was 3, my mom was working in the kitchen, and the house got very quiet. She went to get him and couldn't find him. Eventually, she found him on top of the player piano, chewing on one of her candles.

In the late 1950's, all of us kids got the chickenpox. My dad had never gotten the chickenpox, and when he did, he ended up with chickenpox-pneumonia. He spent 3 weeks in the hospital in Allentown in an oxygen tent. They didn't give him much of a chance, but he made it.

After Dennis was enrolled in school, Mom took classes to recertify herself as a nurse. She had been an Army nurse during WWII, and was stationed at Fort Dix, NJ. That is where Second Lieutenant Carol Mawson and Major Edward



Ron Murray and his dog Sandy

Murray met, after he came back from Germany, having been a POW for 18 months. They were married on February 14, Valentine's Day, in 1946. Mom got a job working at Grand View Hospital in Sellersville. She started on days and then transferred to the midnight shift, so she could sleep during the day when we were in school.

In the 1950's and early 1960's, the area known as Kellers Church had a good number of homes and plenty of kids, enough to make our own football, baseball, and basketball

teams. We would get together and play games against teams from Bedminster and Pipersville. It was all great, because we all went to the same schools in Bedminster Township, and then to the Penridge Junior and Senior High Schools.

In the winter time when it snowed, we would sled all the way down to the bottom field. It was almost a half mile sled run, but a long hike back. About half way down was where it got real steep, so we would only hike half way back most of the time. One year we took a friend's hand roller all the way to the bottom field. We also cut a path through the hedgerow to add a different path. Where the trail split, we found an old wheat bale and placed it at the Y. A few days later when we were sledding, the trail had turned to ice. As I went to turn to the left the sled went straight. I jumped at the last second, but too late, I caught the bale in my stomach and moved that frozen bale 8 feet, knocking the wind out of me for almost 10 minutes. Boy was I sore the next couple of days.

Walter and Bert Trauger's farm and Kellers Church Granite Works were near our farm. They also ran the Kellers Church Post Office at their home, along with a small store. Bert was known for her cooking, and anyone who found a snapping turtle would take it to Bert, and she made snapper soup. She would send me down to the fields to shoot young groundhogs for her to make a meal. Her grandson, Bob Trauger, had a lot of guns at the house, and I used his .22 for the groundhogs. My dad taught me to shoot, and then Bob Trauger taught me how to "really shoot." He rolled tin cans for me to practice on. Bob Trauger was a well - known hot air balloonist.

We had a gentleman farmer named Irv Radcliffe who used to farm our property. Dad gave him permission to put a trailer out behind the barn. I used to work with Mr. Radcliffe. I would ride on the drill when we planted in the spring, keeping the hoppers full. I would work on the hay wagon stacking the bales, then unloading the wagons in the barn. I would ride on the combine, bagging the wheat or soy beans. I would walk beside the wagon and pick up the large rocks and throw them up on the wagon after he had plowed and disked the fields. I used to ride in the corn wagon, moving the corn around to get a full load. When the wagon was filled with corn, I had to shovel the corn into the corn crib. My dad had 6 goats which he would milk morning and night. My sister and I used to clean out the manure and put down fresh hay.

In 1964 the house and barn and the 42 acres were bought by the State to make Nockamixon State Park. My Dad had found a place for us to rent in Dublin, Pa., and we lived there for about a year. Then my dad bought a trailer and put it on the 15 acres we had in Kellers Church, where we built a new home.

Marilynne's Memories:

These are some of my memories from the farm in Kellers Church. I was just 11 when we moved away. I remember climbing the mulberry tree behind the garage and getting my

clothes and skin covered in the juice, but nothing ever tasted so good! I would eat my fill. The garden helped keep us fed throughout the year. My grandmother would come up from Vineland, NJ., to help can and freeze the produce. Everyone helped in the garden and processing. Summer nights we would stand outside and watch the Aurora Borealis (the Northern Lights) as it danced across the sky. For some reason, it scared me, and I would run into the house.

When Hurricane Hazel came in the 50's, I remember a huge tree going down in the back and I think that was the storm that took part of the barn roof. Mom told me many years later that their insurance company went bankrupt from that storm. We didn't sleep much that night due to the heavy rain and wind and crashing noises.

We had baby chicks under a heat lamp. Mickie and I collected the eggs from the chickens in a Dolly Madison ice cream container. I was wakened at night when a weasel or a fox would get into the chicken coop. The chickens would be squawking and Dad would be shooting at the attacker. We finally got rid of what was left of the chickens.

Two of the goats were Nikki and Star. I remember Dad milking Nikki. Star was Nikki's kid and just my size! I remember a milkman and a breadman driving up in front of the house, and there was heavy cream at the top of the milk bottles.

I remember playing Captain Cook in the big old maple tree in the side yard with a bunch of neighborhood kids. We played baseball, too. There weren't many girls in the area, so Mickie and I either played with the boys or each other. When Denny was old enough, we would include him in our play. We loved putting chairs and blankets together on the front



Murray Children

porch to play house, or running in the backyard, swinging on the swings, climbing trees, playing hide-and-peek, and tag, or sometimes just going off on our own expeditions.

We took walks down to the back fields and further to the creek (all on our property). Occasionally with Ron, we would go down to the village and visit friends there. He would drop

us off and pick us up later. We swam at Stover Dam in the summer and skated in the winter.

We visited a lot at the Trauger's farm, which was to the east of us. They were the hub of the neighborhood, containing the post office, candy and cigarettes, the granite works (they made tombstones), a barber shop, and had bantam chicken eggs for sale. The older men would gather around Walt and they would discuss and argue while they smoked their cigars or pipes or chewed tobacco. If you needed anything, Bert probably had it. She was a warm, loving, generous soul, small in stature, but mighty in everything else. She would usually let us kids pick a piece of penny candy.

I remember going on the bus with Mickie when I was 4. These were for special occasions. That was at the two - room school in the village of Bedminster. I started first grade in 1957 in the fall. The new school opened January 6, 1958. By the time I got to 4th grade, we had outgrown the new school and the 4th graders were sent to the old school for that year. The first addition was built on to the new school that year. Mickie and I would "climb the Alps" coming home from the bus stop at Fairview Road, when the snow was piled high and packed down along the road. We would sled down the back fields and the neighbor boys would come, too. I remember one year when we had a particularly heavy snowfall. The porch on the east side of the house was packed so tight, we couldn't open the door. Ron worked hard to get the front door open and started on a tunnel in the snow. We all joined Ron and we had a blast! Of course, we stayed out too long, and the thawing out was painful, but it sure was fun!

I remember being scared and devastated when I learned that we would have to leave our home. Mom and Dad sheltered us from a lot of the hard things in life, but they couldn't save us from that reality. We watched as other neighbors moved away and the Villages of Kellers Church and Tohickon disappeared.

I remember a happy, carefree, idyllic early childhood filled with love and freedom and nature.



Looking across the valley to Haycock side.

Combs and Ben Surket Farms

Haycock Township Resident Sculptor – Justin Long

by Chris Handschin

Even as dusk visits the wooded Stony Garden property, one might easily determine this place is no ordinary residence. Perfectly placed Modernistic sculptures dot the yard, accenting the colorful forest landscape. A large two-story workshop, complete with welders, cutters, drills, torches and saws quickly identifies the owner, Justin Long, as someone serious about his work.

The lanky, bespectacled Haycock resident, chosen to be the featured artist for the 2018 season of Kringle Christmas Shoppe, took pause from his busy day to share a bit of background for the Haycock Historical Society Newsletter. Striking was his direct and non-promotional demeanor, surrounded by such magnificent accomplishments. In a few weeks, Justin shared, he will be turning 38. He has spent the past 14 years of his life dedicated to breathing sculptural life into the lines, squiggles and doodles he draws and refines on his sketch books.

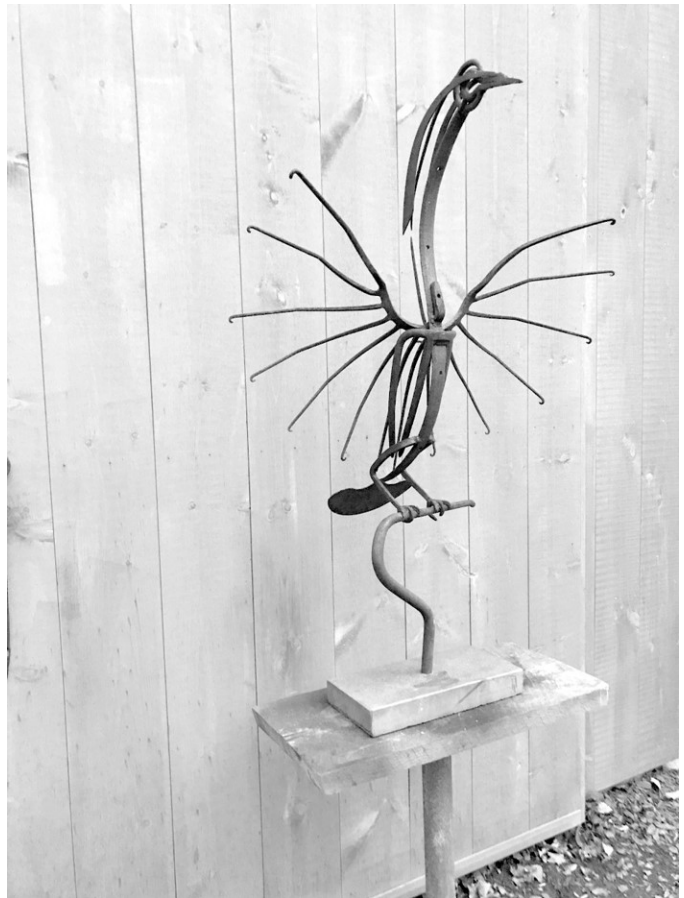


Justin Long

lines and geometric shapes. With his father a scientist and mother a jewelry artist, Justin spent his early life influenced by both the arts and the sciences. Those influences lead him to attend Alfred University, a liberal arts college near Rochester, NY, where he originally considered Environmental Science, but a sculpture class taken there lit his creative side. Justin reflected that the *spark* created by actually breathing dimen-

Although Justin was born in Texas, his family moved first to Connecticut before finally settling in picturesque Solebury, Bucks County, where he graduated from the Solebury school. There, his interest in art took root. While in high school, he took classes in drawing and painting, particularly interested in the interplay of

sional into sketches and doodles he'd been making, actually helped him to reconcile with an early diagnosis of ADD. He was inspired to focus his energy while delving into learning all he could about the art form. It was there that his unique style emerged. He received his Bachelor's Degree dually majoring in Environmental Science and Art.



Phoenix by Justin Long

From there forward, each experience drew him closer to defining himself as a sculptor. He was employed by Digital Stone, a stone engraving firm. While there, working with the raw material, he became adept at creating in granite. Later, working for Harry Gordon Studios, he transported large sculptures and learned the feasibility of scale while sketching out his own ideas. He also worked as an assistant teacher at Bucks County Community College. Using tools to weld and cut steel, he gravitated toward steel, realizing how easily he could manipulate the material to form the desired shape. Steel and stone became the foundation for his sculptural Modernistic style. Justin draws his inspiration from objects in na-

ture and is influenced by the landscape architect and designer, Isamu Noguchi, and the early twentieth century Romanian sculptor, Constantin Brancusi.

Justin defines his work into two categories; **Found Objects** and **Hollow Forms**. The first group was inspired by an appreciation for the forged hand tools of early farmers. So many of these implements remain unused and unappreciated -- relics of earlier days of hand labor. Justin envisions the wings of a bird in the tines of a pitchfork or a beak in shovel. He has the skill-set to weld and re-create these abandoned work-shed staples, restoring their functionality as “works” of art.

The second category, **Hollow Forms**, utilizes his understanding of the properties of steel, cutting, shaping and bending the plate material so that it appears to be a thick solid when in actuality it is comprised of welded and bent plates of steel, hollow at the core. Early fascination with shapes, lines, and the negative spaces these create have been the guiding force in the latter category. Combining all acquired skills, Justin contemplates the symbolism of his sketches and expands the theme in his unique minimalist style, all while ensuring the structural form is viable. The viewer is drawn into recognition of the concept of the piece as easily as it is identified by name. Often, hollow core steel and stone are combined in his pieces, making them toy with the perception of weight and graceful balance.

Justin has been selling his pieces for the past 14 years. They range in price from \$1,000 to \$10,000. In 2006 the graduating class of Solebury high school purchased one of his pieces for the school, and now it is on permanent display there. He has displayed sculptures at various local gallery showings, including the New Hope Arts Center in New Hope, Pa., Bethlehem House Gallery in Bethlehem, Pa. and the Speakeasy Gallery in Boonton, NJ. Haycock Township supervisors recently contracted him to create a steel sculptural sign for the recently acquired Haycock Township Community Center. This work is in the design stage and is expected to be installed in 2019.

Justin Long shares his home and studio, still under construction, with his wife, Carolyn Hanisch, and their two beagle-mix dogs. Carolyn, a very talented jewelry designer and artist, operates from her space on the upstairs of the couple's Haycock studio. Justin enjoys the nature in Haycock Township and the unpopulated serenity of the surroundings. It suits his quiet, reflective nature. His past-time activities include hiking, camping and the self-sufficiency of raising poultry and gardening.

Our Kringle featured artist's goals for the future include larger sculptures in public places. With his talent and steadfast drive, these targets appear to be close at hand.



2 Makes 1 by Justin Long



Warrior by Justin Long



IN MEMORY OF

Lamar R. Feikel

Age 73 -September 4, 2018



IN MEMORY OF

Edward W. Babb Jr.

January 11, 1940– November 2, 2018

Kringle Christmas Shoppe

**Haycock Historical Society's Big Fundraiser
Now at Haycock Township Community Center
1014 Old Bethlehem Road, Quakertown, PA
Fri., December 7th 10:00 A.M. – 6:00 P.M.
Sat., December 8th 10:00 A.M. – 6:00 P.M.
Sun., December 9th 10:00 A.M. – 4:00 P.M.**

The creations of Over 40 LOCAL Artists, Handworkers, Authors, and Confection Creators will be on display, set to continuous live music by talented local musicians.

Local Latvian Kiosk features Baltic Amber jewelry.

Food served at the Music Café benefits Haycock Fire Co.

The Kringle team begins setting up the great hall on Sunday, Dec. 2 @ 2:00 P.M. – 8:00 P.M.

Set-up continues for three more days from 12/3 – 12/5

Our participants begin dropping off their items on Wed., 12/5, beginning at 9:00 A.M., until Thurs., 12/6, at 7:00 P.M.

Members, this is your one opportunity to offer your much-needed help to your society with this, our important fundraising mission.

The Social Events Committee offers a whole range of activities where your help is needed.

We are preparing the hall and grounds every day beginning at 9:00 A.M. and until at least 8:00 P.M.

With over 1600 attendees last year, we realize the need for help more than ever if we are to continue with this great community event.

Some of the jobs include:

Beforehand-

Decorating inside and/or outside, checking our vendor's inventory as it arrives, making hospitality cookies.

During the Show-

Selling Raffle Tickets for our popular prize baskets, manning the hospitality center,

Greeting guests, restocking supplies, wrapping and packing merchandise, collecting/recycling shopping baskets, helping direct parking.

After-

Checking out vendor inventory, packing and labeling bins, counting raffle tickets, returning props to our shed at the community center.

No heavy lifting is necessary and only dedicating a couple hours would help your society a lot!

Please email kringleshoppe@gmail.com and tell us **when** you can help and **what** you'd like to do.

Members are encouraged to go online onto the newly created Facebook page: **KringleShoppe** to look at photos from last year and to obtain a list of the participants this year. "Like" us!

Chris Handschin
chandschin@verizon.net

December 7,8,9, 2018: Kringle Christmas Shoppe

Fri., December 7th 10:00 A.M. – 6:00 P.M.
Sat., December 8th 10:00 A.M. – 6:00 P.M.
Sun., December 9th 10:00 A.M. – 4:00 P.M.

DUES for 2019

A reminder for our annual members will be found with this newsletter. Dues for 2019 are due by the end of this December. If you receive the reminder and your dues are already up to date, please contact Charles Fulp.

ChasFulp@gmail.com

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

Thursday, Mar. 21, 2019: 7 p.m. Hugh Boyle will give a presentation on **General Dan Sickles: Congressman, General, Adulator and Murderer.**

Thursday, Apr. 18, 2019: 7 p.m. Tammy Schane will give a presentation on **Strange, Odd and Wonderful: Examples of over the top 19th-Century Monuments and the Fascinating Stories of the People Under Them.**

Thursday, May. 14, 2019: 7 p.m. To be announced

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.

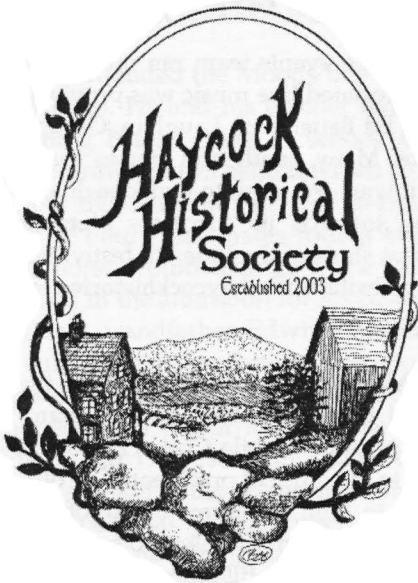
The meetings begin at 7 p.m.

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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 _____

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