

HAYCOCK HISTORICAL NEWS

The Newsletter of The Haycock Historical Society • Spring 2012

HAYCOCK PROFILES: FRITZ SCHREIER

By Marjorie Goldthorp Fulp

Fritz Schreier is an active 91 year-old, who has been a carpenter and gardener for most of his life. Fritz was born and raised in an 1800's, two story log house, at Sawmill Road and Cedar Lane, in Haycock Township. Born on Christmas day in 1920, he was the youngest of the five children of Curtis and Elsie (Wendel) Schreier. Curtis and Elsie were both German immigrants, and met each other when they were employees at Lankenau Hospital, in the Philadelphia area. They married, and later moved to Haycock Township around 1920, where they raised their family.

When he was 12 years old, Fritz built the front porch on his family home. This helped lead him to become a carpenter later on in his life. His parents had a 41 acre farm, of which 20 acres were a woodlot on nearby Haycock Mountain. The house and barn were on 10 acres on one side of Sawmill Road, and there were 11 acres on the other side. Fritz says it was a "rock farm." The family had a garden and grew all their own vegetables, such as tomatoes, beans, onions, potatoes, and greens, which were canned and/or stored in the cellar. They also had a larger truck patch, in which they grew produce to sell. The Schreiers had horses, chickens, a few pigs, and for a short time, a cow. They and their neighbors sold eggs through an organization in Doylestown. The pigs were butchered, and Fritz remembers the smoked hams hanging in the attic. In the depression years their diet was "potatoes and eggs." The wood cooking stove provided the only heat for the house.

Fritz craved the outdoors, much preferring that to sitting in a classroom. One day his third-grade teacher looked him in the eye, and said, "Fritz, you are here in body, but not in soul." When Fritz was a teenager, he trapped on Haycock Mountain in the winter times. He caught raccoons, skunks, opossums and weasels, and sold the furs at Blean's in Quakertown. He grew to thoroughly know the entire west side of Haycock Mountain, and discovered the foundations of long ago settlers' homes built on the mountain. Two places were marked by cellars that had been filled in by debris from rain and nature. There was an old bake oven standing at one site. A pile of timber showed where a barn had been. If

Fritz could go to the mountain today, he would still be able to find the locations of the old homesteads. He also remembers the Indian cave down along the Tohickon Creek. At that time the Courtneys owned the property. This cave is now under Lake Nockamixon.

Fritz recalls the saw mills that Benjamin Hottle operated in Haycock Township, and the steam engine that was used to run the mills. He also recalls the engine's whistle. Since the steam engine was self-propelled, the saw mill could be moved to different areas in Haycock Township. Fritz remembers one mill near the Ringing Rocks on Haycock Mountain. Then Hottle moved the saw mill to a location near the Schreiers' home. Horses were used to pull the logs out of the woods, and a barn was built for them near the saw mill. Fritz tells us there was a lot of big timber in Haycock.

At one time the saw mill was moved down into the valley, and next moved back to the

mountain. When Fritz was around 10 to 14 years old, he and his friends liked to ride their bikes on the logging trails. Benjamin Hottle was an "old-timer," and was well known by the other

old-timers in the area. He lived in nearby Springfield Township. According to the 1930 Census, Benjamin Hottle would have been about 79 years old in 1930, when he was still operating his sawmills.

Fritz's father, Curtis Schreier, was an artist, and spent much of his time in Philadelphia, painting murals on the walls in opera houses. He received many awards for his work. Curtis also did creative artwork at his home. He constructed an attractive gazebo by making a lattice work of branches he collected from

his woods, and painted the wooden posts in front of the house to look like stone columns. Curtis also painted a large rock at the



Fritz Schreier



Fritz Schreier age 4, in 1924

intersection of the roads by the house. This rock, “The Painted Rock”, became a landmark in Haycock. It was irregularly rounded in shape, and strikingly painted in gold, black, and



white stripes which radiated like a sunburst from a point on the rock. Another boulder on the property was painted to look like a rectangular shaped tent, complete with a border design around the top. Fritz

“The Painted Rock” continues to fade since this photo was taken showing so much talent that one of his childhood teachers wanted him to attend art school.



Boulder painted to look like a tent

Fritz attended the New Harrisburg one-room school. One of his teachers was 18 year-old Margaret Courtney, the older sister of his friend, Bernard Courtney. Margaret was a good teacher, and being tall and strong, and armed with a rubber hose, did not receive too much trouble from the students. There were some very big, older boys in the school, and she kept them in line. “They didn’t mess with her.” Fritz was also friends with Ed and Albert Kinzler, and Ed, Paul, Sam, and Willard Streapy. He spent a lot of time at the Streapys,’ and worked with them at various neighbors’ farms. They baled hay at Winfield Keller’s farm, husked corn at James Courtney’s farm, and brought

in the sheaves of oats and wheat at the Surket farm. They attended Kellers Church together. The boys also did jobs for Augustus Goetz, who lived on the other side of the Tohickon Creek, in Bedminster Township. Fritz, the Streapys, and other workers helped to plant 3,000 pine tree seedlings on the Goetz’s property. The trees now make a large evergreen grove near Kellers Church, which is a short distance up the road.

One day, Fritz Schreier and Paul Streapy were working in the Goetz’s vegetable garden. Not knowing just what it was, Fritz picked a red pepper, and bit off a small piece for tasting. It was a hot pepper, and he immediately spit it out. Paul noticed Fritz sampling the vegetable, and asked what it tasted like. Fritz assured Paul that it was “Oh, real good, real sweet.” Paul picked a pepper, bit off a big piece and crunched on it, setting his mouth on fire. He then chased Fritz with a hoe. Fritz, laughing about the incident, recalls that “He was like a brother, but he wanted to kill me.”

Fritz relates that one night Ed and Paul Streapy stopped a burglary at Goetz’s. They were driving down Kellers Church Road when they noticed a flashlight flickering on the second floor of the home. They drove pass the house and stopped. A man appeared at the door, bringing out stolen items. Ed and Paul crept up and waited for the burglar to come out again. When he did, Ed, “a big guy,” grabbed the man by the back of the neck and held him while Paul went for the police. This would have been in the 1930’s or early 40’s.

Fritz remembers going with his father to a small farm hidden back in the woods near Applebachsville. Curtis bought moonshine there from the farmer, who would go out back of the house and into the middle of a field where he kept his jugs. Later on, Curtis built a still in his own woods. He planted a peach orchard, and used the fermented peaches to make peach brandy. His Sears gasoline stove powered the still. Fritz remembers asking his mother why his father was carrying the blanket-covered stove out of the house and into the woods.

In 1936, PP&L brought electricity to their area. Until then, the Schreiers used kerosene lamps. They also had a more expensive, Aladdin lamp, which also used kerosene, but gave off a good, bright, white light equal to a 60 watt light bulb.

Fritz was a teenager when his mother, Elsie, died in 1939. He then left home to go out on his own. He married Verna Schaffer in 1941. Fritz and Verna lived in Richland Township and raised their family of seven children: six boys and one girl.

Fritz was a carpenter, and had his own business for fifteen years. Among his employees were his good friends Ed and



The Schreier Farm in the 1930’s



The Gazebo

Willard Streapy. Fritz next worked for 15 years for a contractor in Trumbauersville. In all, he spent 40 years in the carpentry profession.

Fritz's older brother took care of their father in Haycock. One day Curtis Schreier was burning brush, and the flames spread to the house, setting it on fire. The roof had wooden shingles, and the second story was destroyed. The family put a roof back on the now one-story house, and made a cathedral ceiling. Curtis painted pictures of "angels with violins" on the walls, and the house had a different, but "neat," look. Curtis died in 1954, and the house was rented out to a tenant. The Schreier family had a neighbor tear down



The Schreier Home 1930's

the barn. In the 1960's, a woodstove caused a fire which destroyed most of the house. Fritz bought the property, tore down the rest of the house, and later sold the property in 1998.

Fritz Schreier now resides with his son, Jim, in a home that Fritz built in Richland Township. Carrying on the Schreier creativity, Fritz built a miniature mill, which has an operating water wheel. The little mill is placed alongside the creek which runs by Fritz's property, and the wheel turns in the flowing stream. For many years Fritz has kept a large vegetable garden, and every summer he has taken rhubarb to his long-time friend, Willard Streapy.



**West Rockhill Historical Society
program schedule**

- June 11, 2012** Ginny Burutis -- Penny Dolls
 - July 9, 2012** Picnic at James Park
 - Aug, 13, 2012** Ronald & Kitty Bell Walter -- Tools of the Home Farm
 - Sept. 10, 2012** Nancy Rowan -- German Cooking Pies
 - Oct. 8, 2012** Mary Steeley -- Victorian Mourning
 - Nov. 12, 2012** Earl Scheetz -- Goshenhoppen Crafts
 - Dec 10, 2012** Christmas party - entertainment by Emil Klinger & sons
- Meetings are at the Township Building, 1028 Ridge Rd., Sellersville PA.
web site is www.westrockhillhistoricalsociety.org



Members on Haycock Mountain

On April 29, 2012, a party of 9 HHS Members met on East Sawmill Road, at the Rte 563 underpass (by the site of the former Shellenberger's Mill) at 1:00 P.M. to hike to the top of Haycock Mountain. The last time an HHS group went up via this route was four years ago. The devastation brought about by the freak 2011 Halloween storm was quickly evident at the lower elevations beyond and to the right of the water tower. Fallen trees and the beginnings of briars & undergrowth completely obliterated the original path, making it too difficult to traverse. Thankfully, party member Rich Cope was able to scout out an alternate route to the top for the group. The brisk sunny day was perfect for the hike. Among the things encountered along the way were late spring-blooming wildflowers—Showy Orchis & Spring Beauties. No Morrell mushrooms were spotted, but some of the HHS members encountered a shy snake who quickly headed away at the sound of the group. The top of the mountain was buzzing with human activity on this day. Nockamixon State Park was also leading a nature hike. A group of Adventure Triathlon Endurance Racers was making its way to the top as part of their adventure. Various "rock jumpers" were also encountered, carrying their mats on their backs. After a rest and refreshment break on Top Rock, the group headed back down by way of the path the other groups had used, arriving back at their cars at 5:30 P.M.



The top of Haycock Mountain

🌀🌀🌀 HAYCOCK SCULPTOR - JAMES KENDALL KING 🌀🌀🌀

“A MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER”

By Chris Handschin

Countless times you may have driven through our quaint village of Applebachsville and taken particular note of a little metal sign hanging discreetly on an ivy-covered tree in the small front yard of one of the original old brick homes of the village. The shingle simply reads ‘KINGS ART STUDIO’. The sign will forever remind this author of a huge regret,—namely that we, humans—sad to say, rarely take the time to get to know our neighbors—and that is our greatest misfortune. For now, there remains a tremendous amount of history left to glean second-handedly about a most unforgettable character, James Kendall King: brilliant thinker, humorist, poet, philosopher, luthier, and musician, eccentric and—oh yes, talented sculptor who lived there. Mr. James Kendall King died on September 5, 2006.

Jim was not a native to our area, but the up-country charm of our Haycock Township drew him in, just as it has done for many artists in the past. He was an outdoorsman, a self-reliant and self-made man who yearned for a connection to his adventurous youth. Out for a drive in the country, Jim and his wife, Kitty, came upon the Haycock village and wondered where they were. The only two people out and about were two red-headed boys (the grandsons of village butcher, Carl Marks). Equipped with fishing poles and straw hats, they were headed to Lake Towhee for a day of fishing. Mr. King rolled down his window and asked their whereabouts. “This here is Applebachsville, Mister.” was their reply. Jim told Kitty --“This is where I want to live!” Jim was certain they would never be crowded by new housing developments because of the proximity of the county-owned Lake Towhee Park. It backed up to all the properties on the east side of the Old Bethlehem Road in the village. Shortly after, and with much reluctance from Kitty, the couple moved into one of the original old brick homes in the village and set about making it their home/art studio. Kitty reminisced about the move. This was not the “place in the country” she had imagined! Rather than finding their dream of rural Utopia, privacy, open space and a big studio, here they were sandwiched between two other old homes with a shared driveway and a small, leaning barn out back that had once been the village blacksmith. Jim was undaunted by all of this. In 1970, with the asking price of \$18,000.00, the house was something they could afford.

Kitty, an RN who was employed at Grandview Hospital as a nurse educator was also an amateur painter, but her nursing career offered the couple benefits and stability. Jim’s

earlier gained knowledge of carpentry; cabinet making and woodworking, had him renovating the 1850’s era Applebachsville home. He also made some of the colonial furniture to fit the rooms, forging his own hardware. He was extremely talented with wood, having earlier made a living as a luthier (a maker of fine stringed instruments). He would sell

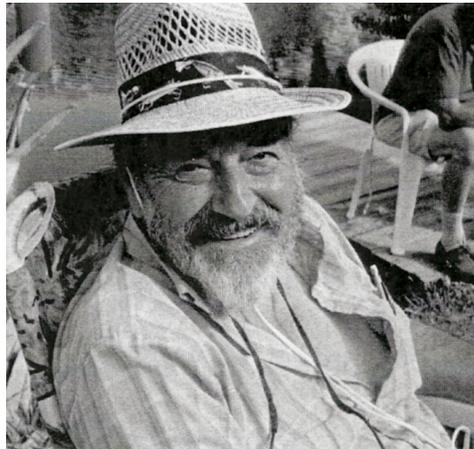
the instruments in Greenwich Village, New York. He could play each of his beautifully inlaid instruments and was an excellent teacher, accomplished at the mandolin, mandela, banjo and guitar.

But at heart, Jim was a sculptor and an artist. His true calling was the replication of animals in nature. This lifelong obsession with animal sculpture resulted in remarkable works of art inspired by the plentiful creatures in the woodlands of Eastern United States, from Rhode Island, all the way down to the Everglades of Florida.

As a boy, trapping in Rhode Island for money and selling his pelts in

Boston, Jim could examine the animals up close. He later relied on this intimate knowledge for his sculpture. How shocked Haycock neighbor, Rick Sheffler, must have been when he and his young son, Huey, were inducted into Jim’s world by way of a photo request. Jim didn’t have a camera and wanted a picture taken. He asked his new neighbor, Rick, to take a picture for him and promptly led father and son to his barn. There, posed as in real life, was a very dead road-killed raccoon. Of course, neither Rick nor his saucer-eyed child knew at the time this practice of studying dead animals was common in the wildlife artist’s circle.

For a time the couple had also lived in Florida along the Myakka River in El JoBean, part of Port Charlotte. Kitty recalls when newly there, Jim called a neighbor and asked him for a hand lifting something. The man, wanting to be helpful, came over to see if he could be of assistance. Jim disappeared, then re-appeared with a bottle of Scotch and glasses while shaking hands and introducing himself. It had been the drink glasses that he’d needed a hand lifting! After the unusual introduction the men became friends. In Florida, Jim obsessed about finding the illusive Florida Panther. The animal species, dubbed *Felis Concolor Cory*, was identified in 1899 by Charles Cory, Curator of Ornithology for the Boston Society of Natural History. Jim set out to find and create likenesses of the big cat. He was never able to find the illusive animal in the greatly-shrinking Everglades but relied on specimens found at local zoos and museums for sketches. In a rueful tone, his journal reads, “I have depicted Cory’s cat running, yet perhaps there is no place to run.”



James Kendall King

Jim's childhood boasts of a Tom Sawyer'esque life, where it was reported that one day, as a young boy of fourteen, he walked out the back door of his home, having been sent to fetch firewood from the shed. Without any forethought, deciding it was a nice day for an adventure, he took off for Vermont instead. He did not return for many months, living off the land, using acquired skills as a trapper and fisherman and doing odd jobs as a day laborer, all while being surrounded by his woody cathedral. With parents likely absorbed in grief-searching all about for him and finally presuming the worse, he was said to have re-appeared at the back door, in time for Thanksgiving dinner, **with a load of wood in hand**, quite like he'd only been gone a few hours! After the long absence, his parents were astonished and very thankful that Jim had returned alive. Reportedly, it was a common sight to see young Jim, traipsing through town with a burlap sack slung over his shoulder. In it he might have any assortment of trapped wild animals, from mink to muskrats or even skunk. Once, while at the Boston train station on a mission to sell his pelts to the city furrier, he was amused to watch the platform clear and passengers run for dear life as he slipped on ice and dropped his suitcase, releasing dozens of skunk pelts!

James Kendall King's life began April 28, 1930, hundreds of miles away from Haycock, in the town of Scituate, Rhode Island, where the Kings had lived and practiced art. The immense creative ability of James and his only sibling, a sister, Marion, can be clearly traced back to their father and grandfather. Their grandfather Allen J. King's miniature wood-carvings of birds were highly prized collector pieces. The senior King's three-dimensional abilities inspired James and, likely his sister, Marion. Both began imitating their grandfather at an early age. Jim's father, James Allen King, a gifted craftsman, musician, sculptor, oil painter and muralist, also influenced the young man, although his father was often preoccupied with duties of his position and by his assignments. As the Art Director of the State of Rhode Island, he was commissioned to design the interior dome mural in the capital building in Providence, an amazing honor and undertaking which boasts of the King talent even today. Jim's father was frequently at odds with his wayward, eccentric young son. It must have been quite a disappointment for the senior King to realize the boy had no interest in higher education even though it was well within the family means. Jim felt everything he wanted or needed to know could be found in a book or out in the world. He found no need to "waste his time" in school. After a brief stint in the army, enlisting during the time of the Korean War, he married his first wife, Doris, and they settled in Foster, Rhode Island, where he labored as a stone mason, luthier (stringed instrument maker), and cabinet maker. He built his own home there. The couple had one child, a daughter, Louise.

Jim's close friend, Joseph Bucci, met him first in Foster, when applying to be his assistant mason. Joe aptly described the man as a "most unforgettable character." Jim was about 35 then when the two first met at Jim's Foster, R.I. home. He appeared formidable--wearing a soiled plaid shirt and green trousers and sporting a crop of overly-long hair. In conversing, "He gave the impression that he was twice 35 by relating things that he had heard-- things passed down from his grandfather, such as historical events that had happened in the small town of Foster." Joe observed, " He seemed to

have a very active sense of humor in that he tried to poke fun at anything that he possibly could and he laughed from deep inside and loudly," When touring the shop, walking by a variety of tools, Jim offered, "Any tool that you'll ever need I have two of—one's broke and I can't find the other one!"

Every piece of furniture in the Rhode Island house, and including the structure of the house, was constructed by Jim. Joe was awe-struck by the fluid Colonial style rock-maple table, chairs and matching bureau, massive field stone fireplace, and hand-hewn oak rafters. The coffee table where the two sat was a great flat stone supported by pipe legs. Even the paintings hanging on the walls, and guitar and amplifier in one corner, were constructed of Jim's hand! Joe, observing Jim's diverse talent, chronicled that first encounter reverently, "--a person who really can be labeled as useful, one who does all of the work that is necessary for survival with his own hands and through his own efforts lives from day to day." Indeed his lifestyle dictated a "Waste not, want not" mentality. Everything was saved and could be coaxed into fixing anything broken.

Katherine (Kitty) remembers her charismatic and highly creative late husband, and their adventures together, with a deep sense of gratitude for the experience being his wife allowed. "Life was always an adventure and you never knew what the next day would bring." She described her husband as a witty, brilliant, off-beat outdoorsman and workaholic who seldom stopped thinking about sculpture and working on his ideas. There was nothing he couldn't do or wouldn't attempt to do.

Life-long friend, Joe Bowen, revealed the inventive side of our Mr. King. In the 50's he had a carpenter friend, Bill, who had a defective arm. Jim was certain Bill could function much more efficiently with a "bionic prosthetic" arm although the man got by reasonably well with his handicap. Jim set about to make one. In a home-built forge, he melted aluminum pots and pans, forming a lightweight forearm/hand facsimile that could bend at the elbow and pick up things. He equipped the arm with a toy race car's electric motor to make it bend at the joint and grasp. Bill soon found it useful as a tool extension to hammer in nails. He returned for a replacement, having battered the original full of nail head holes.



Jim's brief stint in an experimental plastics factory, years before, had him convinced that long chain polymer plastic could be made into a viable and acceptable fine art



medium for his sculpture. While in his Haycock home, he set about using knowledge gleaned from that factory experience, and understanding of chemistry gained from obsessive reading and experimenting, to create a polymer substance that could be worked like the traditional wood medium for the purpose of sculpture. He researched and created molds and various casting materials and experimented with alloys for armatures for his larger pieces. After perfecting the process, he expanded into production of miniature wildlife sculpture. The business involved creating the original model, made of wax arranged with items found in nature. He then made a latex mold and support mold of the original. The final miniature was made of a compound Jim made and poured into the latex mold, then shook down on a vibrator to remove any trapped air. Finally he trimmed down the pieces and hand-painted them in water color washes. Initially, Kitty helped with the painting process but as the business grew, local crafters were hired to hand-paint each one of the limited edition series to his exacting specifications. Jim sold the pieces at art shows, gallery exhibits and to his following of collectors. At this time he also perfected a faux bronze polymer casting and began a series of pieces using it. They appeared to be very heavy and solid metal, but in fact, were extremely lightweight. Each piece consistently



was created with an intimate knowledge and understanding of the moods and expressions and fluidity of the creatures. This most apparently was gained from his keen observation of animals throughout his lifetime. Additionally, Jim worked in a variety of other traditional mediums and was at home doing both animal and human sculptures in a full range of sizes. He created innumerable one-of-a-kind sculptures throughout his career. His work was sold predominately in the United States, but he had customers in other countries as well.

A full page spread in *The Free Press*, dated December 16, 1974, outlined the process involved in Jim's sculpture when the artist was the featured cover story of the coveted 1970 Sugarloaf Crafts Festival, featuring over 250 artisans from 30 states.

Thankfully, the artistic genes have been passed down through Jim's only daughter, Louise A. King-Bello, who lives and works in North Providence, Rhode Island, and has inherited her father's penchant for creativity and diversity. Louise's daughter Marissa is also a gifted artist, musician and mathematician.

It is rare that a person can have such a profound impact on others, while at the same time, leaving such a legacy in art behind. Jim was able to do both, yet he remained a mystery to many people living right around him in the Haycock community during his lifetime.



GARDENERS ARE INVITED:

We have a Stokes garden. If you have not seen it, come and take a look. This spring there will be a garden planning session, (time to be arranged). Gardening expertise is very welcome.



Pat DeWald cultivating lettuce

RECENT ACTIVITIES

Thanks to members Paul and Brenda Teese, an HHS group was lead on a nature observation outing around Stokes House on April, 28, 2012. Paul pointed out some of the 90 plus birds the couple have spotted in the ten years they have lived in Haycock, and also identified many late blooming wildflowers on the path to the park's campsite and recreation area.

Some of the birds heard or seen:

great blue heron, osprey, red-bellied woodpecker, turkey vulture, crow, jay, tree swallow, titmouse, robin, bluebird, ovenbird, scarlet tanager, cardinal, cowbird, red-winged blackbird

Birds possibly heard but uncertain:

hawk, pileated woodpecker, vireo, oriole, gnatcatcher, wren

Plants noted (not all in bloom)

winter aconite, ramps, golden ragwort, common fleabane, violets, wood poppy, buttercups, spicebush (shrub), viburnum (shrub), spring cress, skunk cabbage, spring beauty, golden alexanders, wild geranium, jack-in-the-pulpit, mayapple, equisetum (fern relative), false solomon 's seal, solomon's seal, hepatica, trout lily, toothwort,

Information on birds seen at Lake Towhee is available at the following web site: **Ebird.org**

Once at the site you must click the explore data tab, register as a user, then click choosing Arrivals and Departures. From there, enter Pennsylvania and click the "hotspots" button and select "Lake Towhee County Park" There will be a list of the various birds spotted, who spotted them, exactly where they were seen and the date.

You can view data for many locations around the country.



Our Colonial Garden at the Stokes House

SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

May 19, 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. COUNTRY MARKET PLACE at the Haycock Fire House in Applebachsville- We will have an antique tractor display and Greg Seifert of Mountain Pride Farm will offer FREE Belgian Horse and wagon rides to our Stokes House headquarters.

June 2, 10 a.m. to noon and 1 p.m. to 3 p.m. Matt Bielecki will present "Sticks and Stones" and "Material Culture" at The Stokes House, 1299 Apple Road, in Applebachsville.

These seminars will be open to HHS members and the public. Mr. Bielecki, the founder of the Hutton Institute of History and Anthropology, will be displaying over 500 artifacts from the Paleolithic to Neolithic periods, and artifacts representing Africa, Asia, Europe and North America. The exhibit will also include Native American pieces as well as culture objects from around the world. Space is limited to 25 people, and reservations are required. Registration is \$5 Please call Pat DeWald at 215-804-0216 or 267-467-7608 to register.

June 16, 10:00 a.m. to 12 Noon CRAFT DAY AT STOKES

Come and enjoy the Stokes House while making candles and Victorian Christmas ornaments. There will also be spinning wheel instruction by Eddie Bauer. This will be a fun day for members. (Just for HHS members).

July 22, 1 p.m. to 4p.m Annual HHS Covered Dish Picnic

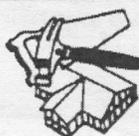
Sunday at the Stokes House. All members/families are welcome. Please bring a covered dish of your choice, enough to serve 8.

Bring your lawn chairs and spend a relaxing day at our headquarters.

Starting in May the Stokes house will be open **every Friday morning from 10 a.m. to 12 Noon**

Coffee and cookies will be available.

The Stokes House can be open other times by appointment.



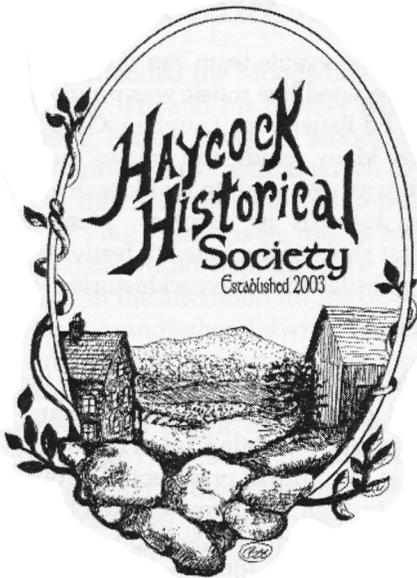
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AN INVITATION TO MEMBERSHIP

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

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