

HAYCOCK HISTORICAL NEWS

The Newsletter of The Haycock Historical Society • Summer 2020

ELLEN ALIX DU POY (DU POIS, DU POISE) DANIEL

(February 6, 1889 – February 23, 1980)

JOURNALIST...AUTHOR...O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD WINNER ...AND THE INTERESTING PEOPLE SHE HOSTED IN HER HAYCOCK HOME

PART ONE

By Joe and Karen Cappella



Ellen Alix du Poy Daniel (Chicago Tribune December 8, 1928)



A 1962 photo of Mrs. Daniel standing in front of her Haycock home

On June 9, 1941, Dr. John Franklin Daniel III (Pete, Peter) and his wife, Ellen Alix du Poy Daniel purchased three tracts of land totaling 24+ acres, partly in Bedminster Township and partly in Haycock Township, Bucks County, Pa. (deed book 701, pages 380-382). After tracing the deeds, we discovered that this property is now part of Lake Nockamixon State Park. Alix, the name she preferred, sold the farm, including an old farmhouse with terrace that they called “Tohickon Meadows,” on May 3, 1949, after Dr. Daniel’s sudden and mysterious death while in Turkey, scouting a site for the University of Pennsylvania Museum’s new excavation. Susan Heuck Allen, in her book Classical Spies: American Archeologists with the OSS in World War II Greece, describes Dr. Daniel as one of four OSS “archaeological captains,” and **“who had died under mysterious**

circumstances,” introducing the premise that he may have been poisoned. Dr. Daniel was a Lieutenant Colonel, recipient of the Bronze Star, the Cyprus Chief of the Greek Desk for Secret Intelligence and a member of the Greek section of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS, predecessor to the CIA), an intelligence arm of the U.S. government during World War II, and was named Director of the Penn Museum shortly before his death in 1948. Mrs. Daniel then purchased the 3.5-acre property in Haycock Township on April 19, 1949, (deed book 900, pages 539-541) that we now own, having purchased it from her on October 10, 1979. She went on to meticulously bring the house into

20th century livability, while maintaining its 18th century charm. Mrs. Daniel completed a major restoration of the house, including removal of a small wooden structure that was attached to the back of the house, addition of a 15’ x 15’

kitchen on a 12" foundation of concrete with basement underneath, installation of a bathroom, as well as wiring the house for electricity. Until 1949, there was no electricity or indoor plumbing in the house. Green paint covered the wooden surfaces in much of the house, most markedly on the paneled fireplace wall in the living room, second-floor fireplace mantle, chair rails and window wells, as well as the ceiling beams and joists on both floors. Although Mrs. Daniel removed this paint to expose the natural wood, remnants of the green paint are still visible. She also constructed stone walks around the property and a 25' x 9' stone terrace on the back of the house. (We discovered stenciling under the whitewashed walls throughout the house, currently visible in the stairway to the basement and the stairway to the attic. There are also what appear to be shotgun pellet indentations in a small section of the ceiling floorboards on the second floor.)

Ellen Alix du Poy was born on February 6, 1889, in Huron (named for the Huron Indians), South Dakota. As part of a series for **The Freeman** entitled *My Father's America*, she wrote an autobiographical piece, *A Pioneer of the Prairie* (March 10, 1952). In it, Ellen Alix du Poy indicated that during the French Revolution, the du Poy estate near Rouen was razed and every male member of the family guillotined, except for her great grandfather, Christopher du Poy, who was 16 years old at the time. He managed to escape and sailed to New York, settled in Baltimore, and started a business there.

Alix writes "My father (John du Poy), born in Baltimore in 1863, did not like working in the family tobacco business and, one morning, packed up and headed west. He settled in Iowa, where he met and married my mother (Miriam Sage), and they moved to South Dakota. He staked-out a claim, built a house on a bluff overlooking the James River, bought a team of horses, some cows, a plow and a bushel of seed wheat. The weather where we lived had to be experienced to be believed. There were droughts, prairie fires, sandstorms, cyclones, blizzards, and the thermometer would sag to forty and sometimes sixty degrees below zero. It would start snowing in October and pile up. For my sisters and me, there was a certain exhilaration of being walled-off from the world like Eskimos, but it was short-lived. The local teacher boarded with us and she proceeded to mitigate drawing her salary by turning our parlor into a schoolroom. We wrestled with fractions, learned how to spell and memorized the name of archipelagos in the South Pacific, while the wind howled and the snow continued to pile up."

Another problem the family faced was finding labor. "During harvest, my father was dependent on hobos, who could sometimes be persuaded to stay. My mother dealt with our challenges by worrying followed by prayer; my father dealt with the same challenges by looking at the sky and saying: You can't do this to me."

"Then, there were the Indians. They didn't care for life on the reservation, and frequently would visit their old haunts, one of which was our farm. One afternoon, when my mother was at work in the kitchen, she looked up and saw an Indian standing at the window. It was then she began urging my father to leave the farm. He couldn't have, though, even if he had wanted to. Everything he possessed

was in those flat fields and endless grass. "We children didn't worry. We played about the barnyard, chased tumbleweed, rode broncos bareback and fished in the slow green water of the river. For me, there were always books. Whenever we went to town, we would stop at the drugstore and my father would give me a quarter and tell me to buy anything I wanted. I always bought one of those dusty, unjacketed books behind the counter: Corinne, Eugenie Grandet, The Confessions of an Opium Eater, and Jane Eyre. "

"I knew no other life until I left home to begin my college studies. (Northwestern University) Before my father died, he had the satisfaction of knowing that, because of the hard work, those barren acres were barren no more, and he was able to take care of his family and educate his children. "

Alix moved to Paris, France during the 1920's and was living in the Hotel Soufflot, near the Sorbonne. It was there she wrote a short story about South Dakota entitled "Calico" that was accepted by Ford Madox Ford for the *Transatlantic Review* (December 1924). She became friends with Ford and his mistress, Stella Bowen, and it was through them that she came to associate with a group of people (**Gertrude Stein, Alice B. Toklas, Ernest Hemingway** (nicknamed Hem), **Pablo Picasso, T.S. Eliot, and Ezra Pound**) later to be labeled as **the Lost Generation**. In "The Stimulating Life with Gertrude and Company," *The Lost Generation Journal*, Volume VI, Number 1, Summer, 1979, Alix writes "...and many of us were feeling anything but 'lost.' We were certain that we were finding ourselves as we thumbed our noses at the past..." Members of the group gathered at Ford and Stella's home once a week, often dined at "Le Negre de Toulouse" in a room Ford had arranged for privacy, and also gathered at 27 rue de Fleurus, the home of Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas. Alix was also a guest at the country house that Stein and Toklas rented, *Bilignin*. It was from 257 pages of correspondence between Alix and Gertrude Stein obtained from Yale University's archives, as well as books written by Stein, and books written about Stein, that we learned that Alix (Mrs. Daniel) helped Gertrude Stein communicate with booksellers about many of Stein's books that had not yet been printed, wrote follow-up letters, helped her to do translations, advised her about The Plain Edition, helped Stein have her *Stanzas of Meditation* published by *Poetry Magazine* (George Dillon was editor), helped her advertise her books, and wrote reviews about Gertrude Stein's books for *The Chicago Tribune*. In addition, she assisted Stein in having some of her materials translated into Greek for publication. In "The Stimulating Life with Gertrude and Company," Alix wrote "*of all the people with whom I associated, it was Ford Madox Ford and Gertrude Stein who enriched and highlighted Paris for me, and gave me an inkling of what immortality was like.*"

Gertrude Stein (1874 –1946) was an American novelist, poet, playwright, and art collector born in Pittsburgh, who moved to Paris in 1903. She made France her home for the remainder of her life. The familiar quote "A rose, is a rose, is a rose," penned by Stein, is embossed on stationery on which she wrote letters to Mrs. Daniel. **Alice Babette Toklas** (1877 -1967) was an American-born member of the Parisian avant-garde and the life partner of Stein.



Alice B. Toklas, Gertrude Stein and "Basket" (Public Domain)



Stein's Studio, 27 rue de Fleurus, Paris France (Yale MSS 76 Box 156)

We discovered that a portrait of **Ellen Alix du Pois** was a gift to the Australian National Gallery from the estate of artist **Stella Bowen** through the Australian War Memorial, Canberra, Australia, April 1990. Accession No: NGA 90.464. **Stella Bowen** (1893–1947) was an Australian artist and writer who is best known for her work as an official WW II war artist for the Australian War Memorial. She was the mistress of **Ford Maddox Ford** (1873 – 1939) was an English novelist, poet, critic and editor whose journals *The English Review* and *The Transatlantic Review* were instrumental in the development of early 20th-century English literature.

Two books published, during Alix's marriage to her first husband, Edward Taylor, are One Crystal and A Mother, Ellen du Pois Taylor, 1927, and Towers Along the Grass, Ellen Du Poise Taylor, 1928. A review in *The Abilene Reporter* (March 13, 1927, page 48) of One Crystal and a Mother describes the book as a "satire of a brittle, crackling nature" and "Her (Alix's) phrases crackle brightly... and her writing is keyed to the tune of ultra-smart." A review by James Kaser (*The Chicago of Fiction*) states "this social satire set in the 1920's presents a humorous take on upper-class flapper culture, while skewering the idea of social independence for women." Another review of One Crystal and A Mother by Ford Maddox Ford (excerpted on the dust jacket) states, "Ellen du Pois Taylor's book is entirely



Ford Maddox Ford (public domain)



Stella Bowen (public domain)

admirable and absolutely astonishing. It is brilliant, shows insight into life, and has the power to intrigue the reader." In the SPECTOR ARCHIVE (uk) March 23, 1929 (page 40) we found a review that states, "Readers with a taste for imaginative and whimsical interpretation will find Towers Along the Grass a piece of delicate and subtle literary craftsmanship." Another review of Towers Along the Grass was posted in *The Chicago Tribune* Dec. 8, 1928 (page 28): "There are many writers who see facts, and many who see the ironic humor of their characters' actions and thoughts, but it is a rare writer who sees both at once. Towers Along the Grass is not at all French. But neither is it at all American. It is a spiritual fusion of French culture grafted upon a root essentially and proudly American. Ellen Du Poise Taylor's point of view as well as her style are the result of being profoundly moved by French literature."

Three manuscripts were written by Alix: *Acres* – approximately 600 pages (May 4, 1935 letter to George Dillon), *Oraia* (March 16, 1937 letter to George Dillon), and *Bridget Asphodel* (May 31, 1955 letter to George Dillon).

Alix also authored eight known short stories: "Calico" (Elma Taylor), *Transatlantic Review*, December 1924, "Dakota," *The American Mercury*, July, 1925, "Nostalgia," *Harpers*, February 1927 (one of 50 stories ranking highest, List I, for O. Henry Memorial Award), "Shades of George Sand," *Harpers*, March 1927 **which was one of the O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1927: a re-publication in book-form of the top 15 of 2,500 stories published from October, 1926 to September, 1927. (Alix's story was chosen as the third-place story by the panel of judges). Maxim Lieber, one of the judges, "comments on its air of savoir faire and mature quality" and writes "The morbid, yeasty humour of this tale should leaven the collection, in general a serious collection"**, "A Dante of the Barns," *Harpers*, December 1928, "My Father's America," *The Freeman*, March 10, 1952, and "The Stimulating Life with Gertrude and Company," *The Lost Generation Journal*, Summer, 1979 (Published shortly before her death in early 1980; Mrs. Daniel was working on this article when we first met her, in the spring of 1979, and she shared with us its contents).

She wrote an article on Modern Greek poetry, for the magazine *POETRY*, an article on Pennsylvania Dutch cooking for *Woman's Day* magazine and book reviews for

The Chicago Daily Tribune (several about Gertrude Stein's Books), *The Freeman*, and *The National Review*.

Several articles were published in the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, as well as other newspapers, about Mrs. Daniel's publications, as well as her experiences traveling abroad. **An article that appeared in the Manitowoc Herald Times (April 20, 1939, page 2) about Alix states ...**"During the revolution of 1935 in Greece, a friend of Alix du Poy's, a young poet, announced his intention of going to Italy, and Miss du Poy offered him her personal calling card, with an introduction written across it, to a friend in Naples, a wealthy Greek woman married to an Italian. Several weeks later she was called to the office of the commissioner of police in Athens, arrested, and was asked to explain a letter that the commissioner produced. The letter was addressed to

Miss du Poy, but in the process of censorship it had landed in the police office instead of on her own desk. The note was a letter of appreciation from the young friend to whom she had given the card of introduction, and it thanked her for the introduction to the Naples woman. She (Alix) was ordered to remain in Athens. After several months, the record was cleared and Alix was free to go and come as she pleased." ... **We are sure the young poet was George Dillon, the Pulitzer Prize winning author of *The Flowering Stone*, who became a good friend. Correspondence to George Dillon from Alix (1935-1938, 1949-1967, 277 pages) can be found in the archives at Syracuse University. It is because of these letters that we were able to discover many things about this house and Mrs. Daniel: her challenges, what articles and manuscripts she was creating, her life without Dr. Daniel and her determination to move forward without him, her continued contacts with Dr. Daniel's family, her love for gardening and cooking, a diagram of how her living room was decorated and the items it contained, her friends, the people she hosted here in her Haycock home, her love for the outside, her issues with the birds (the same issues we still have with them all these years later!), and the compassion and empathy she had for others.**

Mrs. Bernice Dunn and her son Ellis Dunn were neighbors of Alix, as well as her best friends in Haycock Township. Ellis and Alix shared a love of cooking, and she taught him the French language. They shopped together and socialized with each other. Mrs. Daniel assisted in running the Dunn's business while Mrs. Dunn's husband recovered from a heart attack, and the Dunns cared for Alix when she became ill and had to sell her house. Alix named the Dunns as her power of attorney as well as the executors of her estate. We also became good friends of Mrs. Dunn and Ellis. Ellis told us that Mrs. Daniel, while in Greece, had a life threatening experience because of a snakebite and as a result became **deathly** afraid of all types of snakes.

Recently, we found **this article that appeared in *The Chicago Tribune* (March 5, 1944, page 71) that detailed that event ...**"The series of Modern Art lectures which *Poetry Magazine* is giving to add nuggets of gold to its endowment fund, got off to an exciting start a week ago yesterday. Marion Strobel Mitchell, coeditor of *Poetry Magazine*, had as a special attraction at her post lecture luncheon, her houseguest, Mrs. John Franklin Daniel. Mrs. Daniel's husband is an archaeologist, somewhere in the near east, acting as liaison officer with the British. Mrs. Daniel met him in Greece where he was digging and where she had gone because she is an inveterate traveler. She is also an adventurous one, and her adventurousness nearly ended her life. She tells a wonderful story about one encounter she had in Greece with an ochia, a rare Greek adder." (One of the most dangerous vipers due to its large size, long fangs and high venom toxicity) "She had spent three weeks in a little Inn on the side of a mountain, Tsoumerka, next to Olympus the highest mountain in Greece. She decided to leave and hired a guide to take her over the mountain. The Innkeeper insisted on her taking a cocoretsi, a special Greek sausage. This special delicacy was for lunch and had to be cooked over a fire. When her guide went in search of water, she

decided to have a pile of twigs ready to start the fire. While picking up sticks a gray snake with black rings around it darted at her from a rock and burlled its fangs into her hand. She showed us the two scars, a couple of inches apart which she will wear forever and which graphically prove the size of the serpent's mouth. Even her guide's slashing of her hand and her own efforts to draw out the poison and a tourniquet weren't successful. By the time the guide got her back down the mountain to the village and the local doctor, she was swollen like a barrage balloon. All the village, women began official mourning for her and vied with each other in telling tales of the horrible deaths of such serpent bites. Because of her recovery the local priest said that magic had cured her. The villagers were convinced that she possessed the magic herself. They brought babies to be kissed, and the sick to be touched. The eldest daughter of the innkeeper begged for a bit of finery, and sold it to an old woman who wanted something of the miracle to insure that her son in America would write to her. Another villager asked for a lock of her hair so she could sell it. Mrs. Daniel said that she never before or afterward suffered such agonizing pain."

Alix was fluent in the French and Greek languages, and also spoke Spanish. Countries she visited include France, Germany, India, Greece, Cyprus, Turkey, Egypt, Italy, Spain, Africa, Iraq, Iran, England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. She lived in Europe for nine years, for a time in (Paris) France, Turkey, and (Athens) Greece. A letter dated December 18, 1933 to Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, from Athens,

Greece reads " I am sending two photographs to you taken on the island of Mykonos by an archeologist friend of mine." Greece is where Alix first met her future husband, Dr. John Franklin Daniel III. They married on March 16, 1940 in Fredericksburg, Virginia. In a letter dated November 28, 1945 to Gertrude Stein, Alix writes about the Tohickon Creek that ran through their Bucks County farm they called Tohickon Meadows, ... "the word **Tohickon** means driftwood and it is an Indian name. Rather appropriate for a creek that runs through the property of two people that rove as we do." (meaning she and Dr. Daniel).

Alix spoke at several women's clubs in America and lectured at women's clubs in Greece (referenced in a letter to Kimon Friar, October 13, 1939, obtained from Firestone Library, Princeton University). She also was a guest lecturer at the University of Texas (UT Department of History Records, 1877-1989, Dolph Briscoe Center for American History, University of Texas at Austin. **Ellen DuPois**, visiting lecturer, April 16.)

In July of 2019, Cassandra Donnelly, a Ph.D. student at the University of Texas, who was awarded a fellowship for the CREWS Project at Cambridge University, entitled *Context of and Relations Between Early Writing Systems*, the subject on which Dr. John Franklin Daniel III and Alice E. Kober (archaeologist and scholar), were working, wrote "**they (Dr. and Mrs. Daniel) were strong advocates, personally and professionally, for the women in their lives in a time period where such advocacy wasn't popular or easy. When Gertrude Stein died, Alix (as she was known) invited her**

partner Alice B. Toklas to stay with herself and Pete on their farm outside of Philadelphia to convalesce, of course not knowing that she herself would need a similar convalescence in the coming two years."

Alix loved being in Europe and she was given the opportunity to **convalesce** there after her husband died, because of the kindness and generosity of **George McFadden**, archaeologist partner of Dr. John Franklin Daniel III at the University of Pennsylvania, as well as Dr. Daniel's team member in the OSS (predecessor to the

CIA, an intelligence arm of the U.S. government during World II). George McFadden's OSS code name was "Daffy" to Dr. Daniel's "Duck". George drowned in Cypress in 1953. **In a letter to George Dillon dated May 17, 1953, Mrs. Daniel tells of George McFadden's death and writes "George McFadden, if you remember, was the one who gave me the money to make that trip to Europe after Peter died. He said he owed his success as an archaeologist to Peter and wanted to do something. I was very fond of him. He came home every summer from Cyprus and always motored out here to see me."** (Meaning in Haycock)

To be continued, next issue: Friends and Acquaintances that Mrs. Daniel hosted in her Haycock home



THANK YOU

To **Steve Applegate** for the donation of an **antique Schnitzelbank**, a cutting bench, to the Stokes House. The cutter sat on one end of the bench and trapped his work piece in a vise that was closed by his feet, so that a draw knife could be used to make all kinds of things, tool handles, spokes for wagon wheels, furniture spindles, etc. It is made of chestnut with legs of simple small tree trunks. There is a famous one-room schoolhouse rhyme: "Is das nicht ein Schnitzelbank, Yah das ist ein Schnitzelbank."



IN MEMORY OF
Janice H. (Crowther) Peischel
March 13, 1926-July 4, 2020

POWDER MILL BLOWN UP IN HAYCOCK TOWNSHIP

From the Wellsboro Gazette combined with the Mansfield Advertiser 3 May 1855

Wonderful Escape

The Haycock Powder-Mills Blown Sky-High

On Wednesday morning last, about 8 o'clock, the chimney of the drying house attached to the extensive powder-mills of Stoneback & Detweiler, in Haycock Township, took fire and burned out furiously at the top. Only two or three persons were in the mill at the time; they heard the roar of the fire, and ran out of the building, intending to procure buckets, and ascend to the roof with water to prevent the shingles from taking fire. After a moment's reflection, they thought the undertaking a hazardous one, and very prudently abandoned it. They made their escape as fast as possible. In a few moments the roof was on fire in several places, and it is said to have been about three minutes before a spark fell through the shingles into the main part of the building, where there was about four tons of powder, which was of course instantly ignited, and the whole mill was blown sky high, a part of which has not since been seen. The explosion was terrible, and shook the country for miles around. It was distinctly heard, the jar felt, and a cloud of smoke observed, at Plumsteadville, Price's Tavern, and Doylestown. Mr. Charles Roudenbush, a farmer of Haycock, was plowing in his field at the time of the explosion. He informs us that the effect on him was of a stunning nature, and the earth trembled under his feet. The most fortunate circumstance connected with the terrible catastrophe is that no one was killed. John Stoneback, Sen, saved himself by getting behind a large tree, less than a hundred yards from the fated spot. One or two other persons, who were about the mill at the

time, made their trampers give "a long pull, a strong "pull and a pull together," and succeeded in making their escape from the infernal machine. The powder-mill belonged to John Stoneback and Samuel Detweiler, and is near the oil-mill of John Stoneback, Sen. They are all situated on the Tohicon (Tohickon) Creek, and near the road leading from Doylestown to Richlandtown. The loss is variously estimated by different persons. The lowest estimate we have heard is \$500, and the highest \$5000----Doylestown (Pa.) Democrat, April 24.



THANK YOU

To **Dave Long** and **R.F. (Ransom) Shoup** for obtaining and spreading oyster shells in Stokes' garden

KRINGLE CHRISTMAS SHOPPE

Regrettably, our annual holiday fundraiser has been cancelled for 2020. With uncertainty surrounding the pandemic's course heading into the flu season, there is concern for the safety of guests and volunteers. Considering the additional planning and staff necessary to accommodate anticipated changes amid an uncertain economy, this was a prudent decision. The silver lining to the situation is that we may see an amazing transformation of the former school auditorium when we finally return. Several very handy and dedicated Haycock Fire Company volunteers have been steadily working at the renovations while activities have temporarily halted at the Haycock Community Center!

HHS NEEDS A WEBMASTER

Is there a member who is interested in maintaining the HHS website ?

FREE ACCESS TO PENNSYLVANIA RECORDS ON ANCESTRY

<https://www.phmc.pa.gov/Archives/Research-Online/Pages/Ancestry-PA.aspx>

STORIES WANTED

We are collecting stories from members about what you are doing during the isolation for the COVID 19 pandemic. These stories will be placed on our website under Haycock Stories. Years later the stories will tell how we coped with the situation.

Please contact Pat DeWald with your stories.

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

FRIDAY MORNING COFFEE

Because of the pandemic, so far Stokes has not been open on Friday mornings. Circumstances will dictate when Stokes can reopen. Even though the Stokes building is closed, the grounds are there, waiting to be enjoyed by members and offer a wonderfully serene area to picnic or simply walk around and enjoy nature and the colonial flower garden with the new oyster shell pathways!

MEETINGS

September 2020: cancelled

October 15, 2020: 7 p.m. To be announced.

November 19, 2020: 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 Thursday 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

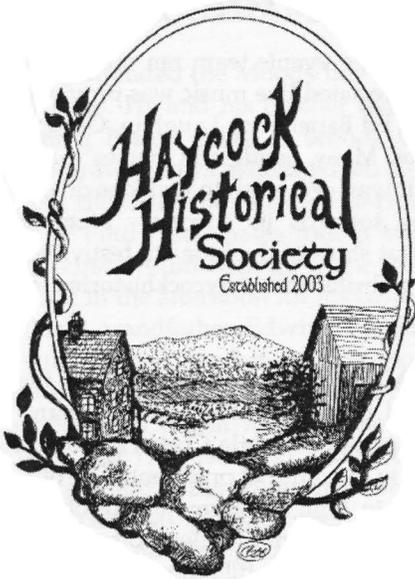
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www.haycockhistoricalsociety.org

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

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SEND APPLICATION ALONG WITH CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO HAYCOCK HISTORICAL SOCIETY TO:

P.O. Box 715, Quakertown, PA 18951