

HAYCOCK HISTORICAL NEWS

The Newsletter of The Haycock Historical Society • Winter 2013

THE TALKING WALLS OF STOKES HOUSE

By Chris Handschin

Our Stokes house certainly was inviting, adorned with Victorian-era flair, awaiting guests who came to the Haycock Historical Society's "Victorian Tea." It was held just before Christmas, last year. Our decorators tried to capture the essence of a typical nineteenth century home during the holidays.

As guests came and went, I tried to envision another lifetime--where genteel women gathered to sip tea and converse in one of these rooms. I pictured them sporting bonnets over bouffant hairstyles, clothed in colorful, tightly-corseted-waist dresses which encircled them like huge unfolding hibiscus flowers-- as their dapper, stove pipe hat wearing husbands or fathers discussed the state of affairs in an adjacent room. In my mind's eye, I could see the men, gesturing with their canes as their shiny leather and spat-clad feet paced the creaking oak floorboards. Was it ever like that? How often we have heard the expression, "If these walls could talk!" The Stokes house is indeed a place where the walls would have a lot to say! Over two hundred years of conversation would ensue. The house, perched on a gentle hillside, now surrounded by woodland splendor, would have been remote to the village of Applebachsville. It surely would have taken on a life of its own.

This re-created Victorian affair, affirming our need to connect with the past, made me recall an email I received from a website viewer, late last year. She lived in Vermont but was planning to visit the Quakertown area, along with her brother from Massachusetts, for a class reunion. She wondered if we'd mind if they "peeked in the windows" of Stokes house while visiting our state. She and her siblings had grown up in **that very house**, although they knew nothing of its historical significance at the time. Having stumbled upon our website, she was both surprised and delighted to find their old home being cared for so well by our group. I told her we could arrange for more than just a "peek" at the old house. I was just as excited to meet any former residents. My mind buzzed with millions of questions for them.

Proud of our new headquarters as we are, we don't get to know what it's like to actually *live* there. We meet, whether

for socials, committee meetings or workshops, for a few hours, then leave. We don't get to experience what it was like to actually wake up there, eat dinner there or experience any of the intricacies of daily life. This aspect is too often overlooked when attempting to document our past. As we express in our Stokes house brochure, it is the stand of this organization to

embrace the many owners of the building, and their impact on the structure, as this itself is a documentation of the historical impact of technology on architecture.

A meeting was arranged with Stephanie (Lapetina) Amey or (Sam), her husband Paul, and her brother, Tony Lapetina, his wife Amy, their son, Adam, as well as close childhood friend, Craig Bordner, for the grand tour of our Stokes house headquarters on November 11, 2012 -- a wonderfully crisp fall day. You will learn as I did, listening to the childhood stories of our former residents, the walls

of Stokes *do indeed* begin to talk!

From information gathered about the most recent history of our headquarters, we know the Bucks County Bureau of Parks and Recreation took ownership of Lake Towhee and adjoining properties about 1963. The 50 acre lake, adjoining buildings and surrounding land became the county's northern-most park holding. Possibly as a cost-cutting measure, the county instituted incentives for employees willing to occupy county-owned buildings. Stokes was leased exclusively to county employees beginning in 1977, when the last of the Lapetina clan, Abbie and her mother, moved to Quakertown. The county incentive remained in effect until 2006, when the last participating employee, Mercer tile potter, Brian Paine, retired and moved north. For several years Stokes house remained unoccupied, until our organization requested to lease it as our headquarters. Before the Paines, Andrew Grove rented the house. The trail of other county tenant's names awaits documentation. The Lapetinas were the last non-county affiliated family to lease the property before the county-worker/lessee incentive began.

In March of 1964, the family moved into the "Stokes" house from a 25 acre farm they had recently sold on Allentown



Paul and Sam Amey, Tony, Amy and Adam Lapetina, Craig Bordner in 2012.

road, a mile south of Trumbauersville. Their relatives hailed from the Blue Bell, Horsham and Ambler areas, just outside of Philadelphia. They had no familial connection to our area. Living in rural Haycock Township, they were happy to be considered “country bumpkins” by their relatives. Tony, the oldest, was 14 when they moved to Haycock. Sam (Stephanie) was 11, Jen, 5 and little Abbie, 3. Soon after the move, their mother, Maggie Lapetina, divorced and took on the daunting responsibility of raising her 4 children by herself in the country setting. It was not the easiest choice but it was one she must have felt would have been best for her children. When she first moved to Haycock, she worked at W.T. Grants Department store in the “brand new” Plaza Shopping Center in Quakertown, opposite Trainer’s Restaurant. She was a talented fine artist who often drew her children as subjects. She sometimes offered to sketch visitors at Quakertown Hospital’s Lawn Fetes. For a time, Maggie was employed by Gefvert Associates, a graphic arts firm on Route 309, and as a paste-up artist for J.G. Furniture in Quakertown. She worked at whatever jobs she needed to bring in the required income. Initially their rent for the dwelling was \$75.00 per month plus utilities. This amount gradually increased over the years they spent there.

The girls naturally claimed their bedrooms on the second floor, where the current upstairs back room facing the lake had then been two smaller rooms. Mum’s bedroom was the pass-through at the top of the stairs. Shortly after the move, Tony set up his “bedroom” in the unfinished attic, sharing it upon occasion with the squirrels! (Some things haven’t changed!) He explained the attic was a bit cold in the winter. Frost formed on the windows. Drinks left upstairs might develop a crusting of ice, but he had his electric blanket to keep him warm and plenty of space to hang out with his friends, listen to his somewhat hand-made radio using his father’s Air Force headphones, play his music or just enjoy a private world, away from his younger sisters.

Given the long distance to the main road, I was curious if the school bus came back to get them. The township map identifies Apple road as going all the way to Stokes’ door. When asked, Tony said emphatically, “I **ALWAYS** walked or rode my bike. It really was up hill, all the way!” The girls may have been driven occasionally, but not Tony. In fact, one year, he actually shoveled a foot path all the way out the long lane to Old Bethlehem Road after a snowstorm. Tony had chores and responsibilities which, mundane as they were, sometimes turned into memorable events. One such time, he recalls burning trash in a 55 gallon oil drum at the edge of the lawn, in the valley where the basement door is located. *In those years before local ordinances banned burning, burn- barrels and outdoor fire pits were commonly accepted ways to dispose of rubbish in rural areas.* Tony recalled the day he nearly caught Towhee Park on fire after embers escaped the burn-barrel and headed into the woods, catching fire to everything along the way. Luckily, disaster was averted by the Haycock Fire Company, located conveniently close-by.

The house seemed always filled with kids, friends, music and laughter. Upon occasion, Tony remembers having been sent to his “room” for some now-long-forgotten misbehavior. It always proved to be an effort in futility on Mum’s part. He would escape by climbing through the attic

window, shimmying down the slate roof of the summer kitchen and thumping onto the ground below on the backside of the house. Why the back of the house? “No windows there, from which to be spotted by Mum!” he explained with a sheepish grin! He would then walk or ride his bike into town and home again, undetected. He remembers it was quite a challenge to get back up to the attic again when the roof slate was wet from dew or rain. Memories seemed to flow freely between Tony and his friend Craig, who also had many happy recollections of spending time at the house. I could easily sense this place was very dear to them. Tony reminisced how he learned to play pool on a big old regulation slate pool table in the basement of the Haycock fire house, taught by Willis Smell, owner of the Applebachsville store. As Tony got older, he and friends would work on their sports cars in the driveway or play their guitars. Music was a big part of their lives. Tony was nearly a decade older than the youngest children, so the activities and perspectives were a bit different. Once, as a teenager, he mimeographed invitations to classmates at QHS, to attend a huge party at his house, when he knew Mum would be away. The mischievous grin returned as he warned if Haycock Historical Society planned on doing any archeological digs on the site, to kindly disregard the various bottles and cans which may still be buried out back! By the time the youngest sibling and Mum left Stokes house in 1977, Tony was 27 and in the Navy in Massachusetts. The girls helped recreate history from their perspective.



Summer kitchen with the stub of the mantel as it appeared when the Lapetinas lived there.

In the years the Lapetinas lived there, the big trees in front of the house formed a magnificent canopy above the front yard. The feel was so inviting that one of Sam’s closest friends, Mary Ann, elected to be married there in 1971. As we walked the grounds, Sam explained there once was a hedgerow of fairly developed trees that ran along the left side of the driveway,

facing the house, and kept going in a line along the north side of the driveway, dividing the property to the north, with a field above it. Beyond the field a large house once stood. It was occupied by the Anton family when the Lapetinas moved in, and later, by the Liebold family.” Sam recalls she would often grab a good book and climb to her favorite tree in that hedgerow to read. Little Abbie would horrify Mum by swaying high in the tall green canopy of an old maple tree near the barn.

Lake Towhee provided a special place in summer to overturn rocks in search of worms for fishing the lake. The



Three generations of the family in front of the Stokes House

girls, by admission, were tomboys. Not many kids today could tell you what a frog looks like after it swallows a lightning bug, but Abbie could! In winter, the kids would race down the dirt lane to change into play clothes and skates and head down to their end of the lake, where they’d maneuver from one grassy hummock to the next, skating or playing their brand of ice hockey with the neighbors across the way. One of Abbie’s fondest memories was that of saucer-sledding right off the back porch stoop around the back of the house atop a frozen snow hill, made glassy with countless buckets of water dumped on it from the kitchen sink.

Often old houses become fodder for ghost stories and supernatural events. Many people ask us if we have ghosts at Stokes house. I wondered if the siblings remembered anything unusual or unexplained having happened there during the fourteen years they occupied the house. I was pleasantly surprised to learn there were no such stories to report!

What was Christmas like at the Lapetina house in the late 1960’s? Advent cards started on December 1. Abbie fondly remembers the kids would often gather around Mum, who played Christmas carols on the piano. They had their traditions. Maggie always decorated the deep window sills in pine boughs, wooden ornaments and candles. The tree went up on Christmas Eve with a “flurry of decorating.” “Santa” was left to finish the job. Christmas morning started out with the kids opening red tissue-wrapped treasures tucked inside their stockings. These were carefully laid out on Mum’s bed instead of hung by a fireplace. *By the time they moved there, the fireplaces had all been removed, although both Tony and Sam remember the stub of a fireplace mantel in the summer kitchen.* Mum would draw

out the affair of stocking gift opening as long as possible then insist everyone have a good, hearty breakfast before moving onto the splendidly decorated Christmas tree or opening the presents beneath it. After the excitement wore down, the kids were bundled up for a trip to one of Maggie’s sister’s homes for Christmas dinner. The house frequently became a temporary dwelling for young people, other than the Lapetina clan. They came to talk, as well as to share and seek council there. The home was a welcoming safe haven, and Mum was the center of it, for a lot of young people. One Christmas she made little “stocking stuffers” for all those kids who regularly hung out, *but she made the mistake of including pea shooters and navy beans as one of the “toys.”* Sam reports an epic battle ensued! Navy beans were discovered wedged in odd places for years to come! Recounting Mum’s welcoming charm, Tony adds that when his stint in the Navy (1971, stationed in Newport, Rhode Island), had him out at sea, his new RI friends would make the trip down to Pennsylvania to visit with Mum and Tony’s sisters, *even without him.*

Sam remembers the inside of the house fondly. As she climbed the stairs during our tour, she recalled a game she and her siblings would play so many years ago, hanging onto the stair pole and launching themselves from the second to the first floor without setting foot on the stairs. The floor in the upstairs bathroom was remarkably the same one she spent hours on, honing her skills as a “jacks” champion. The wide window sills would often be the perch on which both Sam and Abbie would nestle, to look at the world below, or simply curl up to read a book.

To this day, Abbie gets misty-eyed thinking of her idyllic life there. She shared this poignant detail about her youth: “When we moved to Quakertown (in 1977), I secretly kept a copy of the front door key. During the months the house was empty and under repairs, I rode my bike from town on many occasions, just to be able to sit in it. Even with all of our belongings out of there, it was still home...hard to explain.”

Maggie had been a natural to develop the Haycock pioneer spirit. She faced the seemingly overwhelming responsibilities of single parenthood with a “can-do” attitude. Her children describe her as a warm and loving parent who did her best to provide for her children. She gracefully put on the varied hats of homemaker, gardener, artist, repair person and employee with equal assuredness. Abby points out that Mum’s handiwork may still be seen and appreciated by us as she often did repairs to the home herself.

Many pictures, taken of the Stokes house just before the Lapetinas left, were shared with our society for our archives. There have been a few changes since then. In comparing old photos of the building, our former tenants pointed out a subtle difference on the exterior. They remembered the windows on the front of the house were once clad in white shutters, giving it a “finished” look. When the family lived at the home, no access to the cellar was possible from inside. The cellar stairs to the first floor were boarded up and a coat closet stood in the place of the current inside cellar door. What was the coat closet opened to the center room next to the stairway to the second floor, not where it currently is, in the hallway. The room above the summer kitchen was not finished, merely a crawl-space for storage. There was no access to it, other than a panel in the

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DUCH MAUGLE AND THE ROCK HAULER

By Marjorie Goldthorp Fulp

Haycock Township is well-known for the large rocks and boulders that are strewn about the township. Many of these had to be moved for the making of roads, and clearing the land for farming and building homes. A need existed for a "rock hauler," a horse-drawn contraption of wood and wheels, and pulleys and chains, designed to lift and transport rocks too heavy for a human to move.

The use of a rock hauler is described in the book, "Haycock and the New Harrisburg School," by Christopher C.S. Sterner, who grew up in Haycock in the late 1800's. Christopher's father, Christian F. Sterner, bought a "rocks-pulling and hauling machine." In the book, Christopher writes this about his father: "The Civil War veterans, worked many a day for him, boring holes into rocks. He blasted these rocks by means of gunpowder, and with the rocks-machine he raised the heavy portions of the rocks, and hauled them alongside the field where the rock-fence was to be built." A derrick was used to place the rocks on the fence.

In the early 1900's, Sylvester K. Martin, a local blacksmith in Haycock Township, and popularly known as "Marty the Blacksmith," built a horse-drawn rock hauler to be used by Haycock Township's road crew. When the township no longer had a use for the hauler, it was sold to Albert Kinzler, who lived on Sawmill Road in Haycock. In later years, the rock hauler was deteriorating and looking unsalvageable, as it sat in Albert's field. Donald "Dutch" Maugle rescued the old rig. He pulled it out of the weeds and took it on a trailer to his home. There

he rebuilt and restored the hauler to its original condition, and even better, adding new wheels. He gave the hauler a colorful paint job. When its restoration was complete, the rock hauler sported a green body and bright red wheels. Dutch used tasteful, attractive color schemes on his restorations.

Dutch Maugle was born in 1933 in the home of his Maugle grandparents in Quakertown, to his parents Paul and Bertha (Brinze) Maugle. He grew up in Haycock Township, where his family first lived in Applebachsville, and then in a home near Stover School on Old Bethlehem Road. Dutch was the oldest of four children. He had two brothers, Charles and Kenny, and a sister, Doris. His widowed grandmother, Julia (Fickes) Brinze, lived on a small farm near the Mountain House Hotel (now The Old Bethlehem Road Hotel), also on Old Bethlehem Road. Julia would drive her horse and buggy to pick up Dutch to come spend time with her. He enjoyed riding along with her in a horse-drawn wagon to the feed mill. He had many good memories of his grandmother Julia.



Donald "Dutch" Maugle

When Dutch was grown, his family moved to California, but Dutch chose to stay in Haycock, living with his grandmother Julia Brinze. In 1958 Dutch married Arlene Bright, and they raised two sons, David and Joseph, and a daughter, Donna. They first lived in Perkasio, and then on Franklin Street in Quakertown. Twenty years ago Dutch and Arlene moved to a home on Doylestown Pike (313), near Quakertown. For many years Dutch drove a tractor trailer for construction work. Dutch liked working with wood, and when he retired in 1984, he turned to the hobby of patiently and meticulously restoring old horse-drawn vehicles, hand-crafting and building parts which he needed to do the job. In addition to the rock hauler, he beautifully restored carriages and several kinds of wagons, which included delivery wagons, a Conestoga covered-wagon, a funeral wagon, and a market wagon. He also restored a stage coach, sleighs, an old hay-baler, and a horse-drawn "low-rider" manure spreader. He had a big collection of children's pedal John Deere tractors.

With Dutch's hobby, and their pleasant personalities, Dutch and Arlene met wonderful people and made many friends. A couple from



Sylvester K. Martin

Carlisle and their entire wedding party held the ceremony in one of Dutch's big restored wagons, and twenty years later, the couple came to visit the Maugles. People stopped by Dutch's



The Rock Hauler in Disrepair



The Rock Hauler Restored!

shop to see and chat with him. Dutch especially liked talking to older retired people. He made a lot of Amish friends when he took wood to the Amish in Lancaster, where they knew how to bend wood into different parts needed for the vehicles. The Amish also did reupholstering for the vehicles, and Jonathan Bond did the pin striping and lettering. Dutch traveled to Lancaster every week for parts and bolts needed for his work. He owned three trailers for hauling his projects. Customers bought Dutch's restorations to display in their own private museums, or collections. Dutch and his restorations were featured in the Fall 2003 issue of the *Bucks County Town and Country Living* magazine. He won many awards and ribbons for his fine and precise work. He took wagons to be judged to the Gruber Wagon Festival held in Reading, PA. One year Dutch won the Grand Prize, which is a large Silver Cup.



The rock hauler, ready for a team of horses.



Dutch and Arlene (Bright) Maugle

Some of Dutch's friends collected old cars, but Dutch himself liked to collect watch fobs which were used by construction workers, and he also collected sleigh bells. While growing up in Haycock, Dutch attended the one-room Stover School on Old



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summer kitchen ceiling to the right of the entry door. The only thing in the summer kitchen was an old cast iron sink on the wall shared with the rest of the house. There was no heat or electric in the room and the walls of the summer kitchen were crumbling plaster. Tony points out, “The summer kitchen’s condition, however, did not stop a number of the Lapetina children’s friends, including some from RI, from staying over as guests in that room, sometimes for weeks—even months at a time.”

2012 was a bittersweet year for the Lapetina family. Maggie died after a lengthy illness this past winter, shortly after our tour. Memories of those childhood days at the homestead surely must surface easily and offer a kind and natural catharsis. Decades later, although the children have scattered all over the country, they still view Stokes house with a special reverence, born of love. So much so that they’ve requested to have Maggie’s memorial service at the Stokes house this summer... It will be a chance for all to enjoy being together at the old homestead one more time. We are grateful to them for sharing their story.



Wall Clock - Ingraham Bristol Regulator Schoolhouse Clock

Donated to the Haycock Historical Society by Ilze Clemina Diaz in gratitude of God’s faithfulness to the Latvian Baptist Church.

This 8-day schoolhouse clock was purchased in 1933 by the Women’s Missionary Society and hung over the entrance of the sanctuary of the Latvian Baptist Church of Bucks County in Applebachsville, Haycock Township, PA., until 1956.



These school books from the 1920's were donated by Benj Janyszeski.



Bird houses built and donated by Lamar Feikel.



Our Garden Grows!

Our fenced in garden has been enlarged. Lester Goldthorp built the fence and Pat DeWald painted it. Our museum collection continues to grow steadily, more research materials are available, and homes for more birds and wildlife are expanding.

THINK SPRING!

Stokes spring cleanup will be April 6th, 10 a.m. to noon, and April 13th, 10 a.m. to noon. Snacks will be supplied for all workers.

Come out and see Stokes in the spring. We will be cleaning inside and picking up sticks and cleaning up the yard outside. If anyone would like to bring a chain saw it would be helpful. We have a few bushes we would like to cut back. From the pictures in your calendar you can see Stokes is "Looking Good." Thanks everyone.

STOKES GARDEN

We also will be cleaning up the garden and getting it ready for planting. This year we would like to start a Garden Helpers Group. We will be discussing a time or times when we could work on the garden.

Last year the garden, even for the first year, turned out pretty well and I think this year will be even better. It is fun to see the vegetables come up from seed, and the onions and squash grow. It reminds one that the garden was very important to our early settlers. I was thinking of Tuesday mornings from 10 a.m. to noon as a possibility for the garden helpers, but I am open to all suggestions. Tea in the garden sounds good to me.

QUAKERTOWN SCHOOL DISTRICT NEWS

On February 4, 2013, the Intelligencer had an article about the discovery of One-Room School House records in the basement of the Quakertown High School. Since that article appeared, I have called Alice Bishop, secretary to the school board, and asked to be kept informed as to the school board's decision concerning preserving these documents. I also sent an e-mail to Paul Stepanoff, the member on the school board who represents the Haycock area. I said that the historical society felt very strongly that these records should be preserved as the one-room schools were a very important part of Haycock history. I mentioned that we would very much like to preserve the Haycock records. I will continue to follow up to help see that the records are properly preserved.

Pat DeWald

THANK YOU

The Haycock Historical Society would like to thank Denise Sandy from the D. Ahlum Gallery L.L.C of Easton, PA., for her generous donation.

The Haycock Historical Society would like to thank Wehrung's Lumber & Home Center, for donating the lumber, hardware, nails, and angle brackets for the four new sections of fence.

ACTIVITIES

June 1 COUNTRY MARKET PLACE - 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.

The Stokes House will be open for visiting. This year we will feature a fine display of Antique Auto's. To register a vehicle call Chris at (215) 536-0364 or email: chandschin@verizon.net.

There will be flea market tables available (at discounts for members) and our traditional white elephant sale.

STOKES HOURS

April through October -Fridays 10 a.m. to noon -

The Stokes House will be open for visitors.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

A big thanks to all of the Social Events Committee members as well as society volunteers who contributed their time and energy to help make our annual fund-raiser, Kringle Christmas Shoppe, a great success this year. This event is the single most influential factor to the growth of our organization.

Kringle was able to raise over \$5,000.00 for Haycock Historical Society this year. You will see direct results as the funds are distributed to fund current research, bring speakers and events into our community, as well as help with historic renovations to Stokes house and museum.

Great job!

Chris Handschin, President
Haycock Historical Society

MEETINGS

March 21, 2013, 7 p.m. - HERB KAUFMAN

Civil War Secrets and Spies

April 18, 2013, 7 p.m. - MATT BIELECKI

Identification of glass bottles, ceramics and saltware

May 16, 2013, 7 p.m. - BOB HURFORD

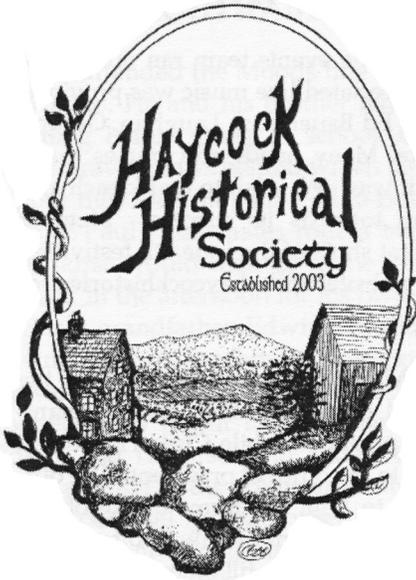
Calligraphy and the development of writing forms in America

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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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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
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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