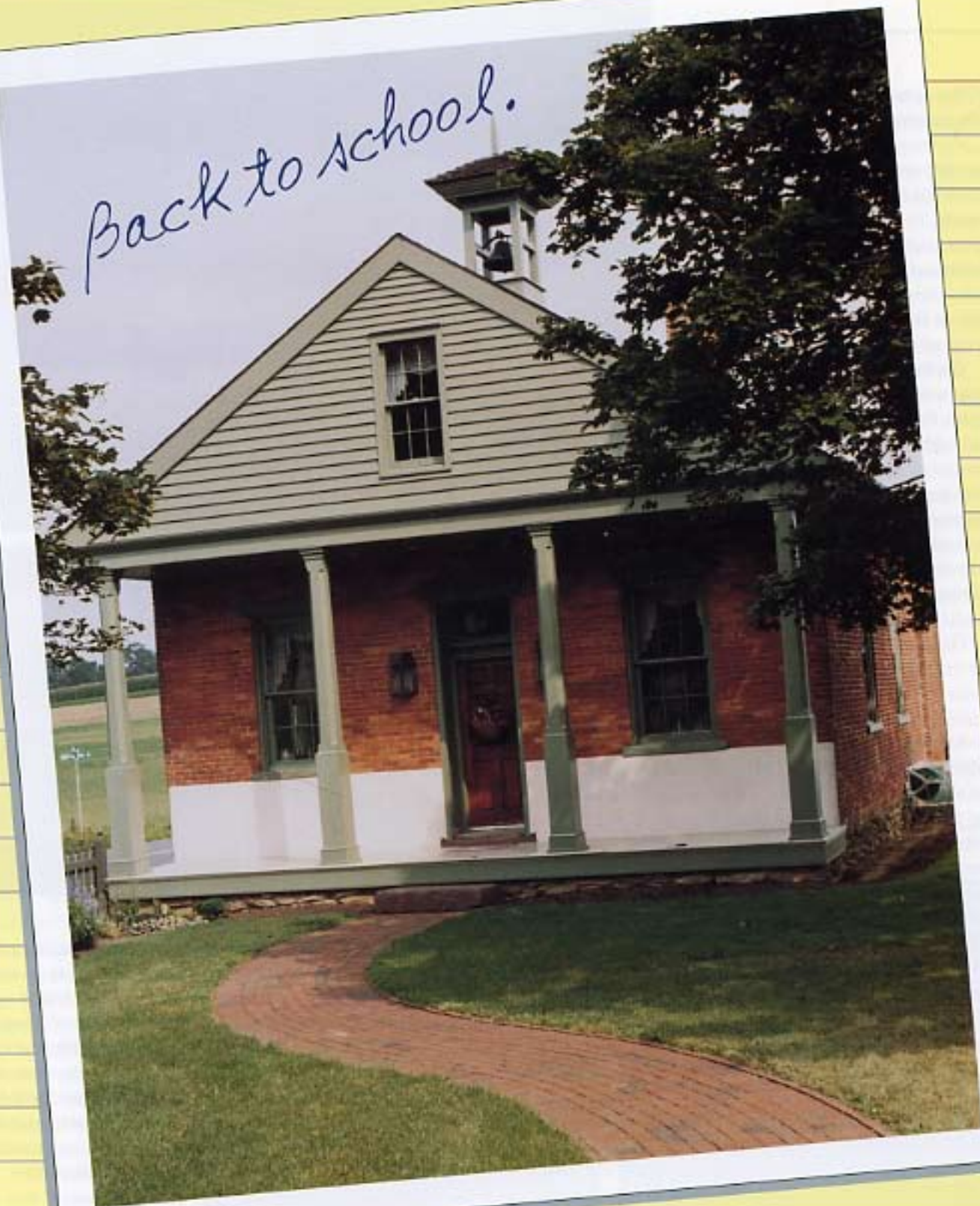


Back to school.



From a letter dated October 1987:

*“On October 4, 1984 we purchased the old Highville Schoolhouse over public auction. We purchased the building and one acre of land. There was not any plumbing or electricity in the house. There was, however, an outhouse.”*

—Donald and Edwina

Restore 'N More, Inc. 25 South Main Street, Manheim, PA 17545 717/664-7575



So opens (on our cover) an informative yet heartfelt and loving letter addressed to no one in particular but apparently intended for some unknown future owner. The 6-page, hand-written letter is attached to just one of thousands of Pennsylvania Historic Resource Forms found in the vast files of the Historic Preservation Trust of Lancaster County.

On the one hand, the government's official, unemotional form states the cold, hard facts in black and white. Literally. No color photos permitted. It lists, as of a September 1984 survey, the structure's location, original use, then-current use (a feed store, *see Photo #1*) and condition, primary construction material, a half dozen identifying features, an extremely brief history, and a black-&-white photo. Just the facts, ma'am.

On the other hand, Don and Edwina's letter uses all the colors in a box of Crayolas to render their structure's history and their efforts to transform it into a home within the first three years of ownership.

Although Don and Winna (as she prefers to be called) performed much of the renovation work themselves in those early years — Don is quite handy with the tools —, they did call upon Restore 'N More to help with projects that were beyond their abilities. One such project was repointing the brick exterior. In order to match the building's original mortar color and texture, Gary and Don Delp experimented with a number of color mixtures. They finally hit pay dirt — or is that, pay mortar — when they mixed small amounts of fine metal filings and crushed coal into the mortar mixture.

Don and Winna once again called upon Restore 'N More early this year when they decided to tackle the restoration of the front gable and reconstruction of the cornices.

Some years ago Don and Winna installed a new roof. In order to insulate the roof, which is the ceiling of their second floor, they added several inches of rigid insulation and plywood sheathing on top of the rafters thus raising the roof about four inches. By raising the roof as they did, it left a gap between the roof and the cornice. Don closed in the gap with strips of plywood all the way around the roofline realizing that was only a temporarily solution. Additionally, the decorative 3-member trim moldings were missing from the cornices, and a lack of roof gutters was creating a water run-off problem at the structure's foundation. (*see Photo #2*)

By raising the roof those mere four inches, a series of



changes followed which had to be corrected.

One, the gable-end rake boards were now separated from the roof sheathing by that same distance; however, it wasn't just a simple matter of pulling them off and repositioning them. A rake board's purpose is to close off the little openings between the stepped brick wall (at the gable end) and the roof sheathing which sits directly on the corners of the bricks. If we simply raised the rake boards to cover the four-inch gap, the holes of the brick wall would be exposed. So, new larger rake boards were milled to duplicate the originals yet were made wide enough to accomplish their new, dual purpose.

Two, the projection of the rafter tails at the eaves (as well as the sheathing, insulation, and shingles) had to be extended to account for the increase in roof height. After removing portions of the roofing materials along the eaves, the crew extended all those components being ever mindful that the new extension had to be critically aligned horizontally, vertically, and on the same plane as the current roof's pitch.

Once the new rafter tails were in place, carpenter

Rich Fisher applied new trim moldings on the cornices. (see Photo #3) The new trim members were custom made, duplicated from a short piece found still clinging to one end of the cornice. But, because the rafter tails now positioned above the crown molding, instead of behind it as it originally would have, Rich applied a four-inch board above the crown mold to close in the ends of the rafter tails. Although this is not common practice to this type of roof and roof trims, in this situation it worked out perfect.

Under normal roof construction practices, the roof sheathing sets right down on top of the crown molding, and the crown molding is — quite unfortunately — hidden from view once the gutters are installed. In this case, because of that newly added four-inch board, the gutters conceal the board only and leave the attractive crown molding exposed for all to enjoy. It proved to be the perfect compromise.

Once all the roof business was taken care of, the deteriorating porch gable siding (see Photo #4) could be replaced. The original siding was made of differing sized planks progressing from 3" wide at the peak to 6" at the bottom, a practice common on public buildings of the 1900's. Don asked if Restore 'N More could duplicate the same style of siding. Naturally our fellows answered in the affirmative.

With that in mind, he and Winna removed the gable siding themselves, measuring and numbering each piece as it was removed. By doing that, Don and Winna not only created a de facto "material spec sheet" by which our fellows could make



the new replacement siding, but they also created a road map to the exact placement of each piece of new siding.

Prior to installing the siding, the Restore 'N More carpenters applied plywood sheathing and Tyvek to further strengthen the structure and provide added insulating properties to Don and Winna's second-floor area. Then the Restore 'N More crew applied the new siding pieces in exactly the same positions that their old mates originally hung (see Photo #5). If it wasn't for the fresh coat of paint, most people would not know anything had changed.

And that was the whole point of the entire process for which Don and Winna hired Restore 'N More: If it wasn't for the fresh coat of paint, most people wouldn't know anything had changed since the day classes left out forever in 1953.

And for that, Don, Winna, and the entire Restore 'N More crew get an A+ for their efforts. 🍷

*Photo & other credits:*

*Cover photo by John Herr Photography*

*Photo #1, Page 2, courtesy of Don & Winna. A relative discovered the picture in a 1990 calendar produced by the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, Bethesda, MD. No credits were given for the source of the calendar's photos.*

*Mary thanks to Don & Winna for the use of their materials on the history of their house — the Highville Schoolhouse, Lancaster County, PA.*



# To California and Back Again



◀ The new summer kitchen interior, completed and ready for baking. The opening to the oven is seen just above the lintel with a blazing fire inside. An LED digital thermometer that registers the oven's interior temperature is mounted into the plaster to the right of the oven opening. An antique cooking pan attractively conceals it. Bob's "office" is tucked behind the double doors to the left of the fireplace.

▼ What an idyllic setting for Bob's new summer kitchen. Pastoral scenes don't get any better than this. If you look close, you'll see the box containing the oven setting at the edge of the driveway. The new summer kitchen will position in the foreground (X) which is only steps from their rear door.

Any bread baker worth his/her yeast must admit that if there is a new trend or unique method by which to make bread, he or she is going to try it. Bob certainly knows his yeast and, while visiting California with wife Ann, he purchased a unique item – a wood-fired, New Hearth Bread Stone Oven – in which to make bread.

Apparently these dome-shaped ovens have been all the rage in southern California for several years now (California is so-o-o trendy and ahead of the rest of the nation in almost everything.) The trend out there is to have one of these ovens on your patio, and use it to roast chicken and vegetables in them. Um-m, it sounds real good to me. Add some fresh fruit to that plate of chicken and veggies, and a glass of ice tea, and I'm ready for supper thank-you-very-much.

Well, Bob saw bread instead of supper when he first met up with these California ovens. So he had one



shipped to his home, set the rather large and hefty package in the driveway, and then pondered where on earth was he going to put it. After all, this isn't California, and we don't get 365 days of happy sunshine on our patios – at least not in Lebanon County, PA.

He and Ann considered setting it up outside with a small roof built above it, much like our colonial ancestors' outdoor bake ovens; however, Bob didn't want to bake "seasonally" as that setup would have dictated. In the meantime, as they were mulling over the fate



◀ As the outer walls take shape, but before the siding is applied, Steve Sload has already applied vertical strips of lath on which the siding will be nailed. The lath strips allow for ventilation behind the wood siding thus preventing warping, cupping, and eventual rot. The fine mesh metal screen, which he is seen applying here, creates an effective barrier to insects and small rodents.





cation list for Ann to work from. Then, over the course of a couple days, Ann and Gary visited a multitude of suppliers to select everything before the project started. Ann picked out everything: roofing type and color, siding type and color, flooring type and color, cabinets, paints, appliances, plumbing and lighting fixtures – you name it, she selected it.

And when Ann made

up her mind about something, that was it, no further discussion, let's get on to the next item.

Well, the day finally came when Steve and crew finally got to open the box that had been setting in the driveway for so long. And guess what was inside. The California oven turned out to be nothing more nor less than a Pennsylvania-Dutch bake oven made of pre-cast concrete in "knock down" pieces. Isn't it funny how things that go around, come around?

▲ Steve and mason Sonny Weaver check out the California oven. Yep, it's a Pennsylvania-Dutch bake oven alright. It's simply made of pre-cast concrete instead of the time-consuming method of bricks and mortar.

of their oven in the driveway, Bob's baking hobby was taking over Ann's kitchen.

That's about the time Ann called Gary for help.

After meeting with both Bob and Ann, Gary suggested we build for them a small, vintage style "summer kitchen" with a walk-in fireplace to house the California oven. That way, with a little added heat and air conditioning, Bob could bake all year long. As discussions went along, Ann suggested squeezing a small kitchenette in the structure so that Bob would have a sink for cleanup, a small refrigerator to store his ingredients, and a cooktop for other preparations.

Because we would necessarily have to install a utility closet to house the mechanicals, Bob and Ann asked if we could add a pantry closet, also. Gary figured both of those would fit nicely in one wide closet next to the fireplace. Once Bob and Ann saw the possibilities of that closet area, they asked if we

could, instead, outfit the closet with a desk, files, shelves, and such so

that Bob could have a proper place to do his genealogical work (another avid hobby). Once Bob, Ann, and Gary came to an agreement on the size of the summer kitchen – they wanted room for the fireplace, the office closet, the kitchenette, a small seating area, and a dining table area – Gary made up a product speci-



▲ The evolving walk-in fireplace and bake oven can be seen just behind Rich Fisher. At this point, several thick layers of fire clay have yet to be applied to the dome of the oven. Traditional bake ovens were built into the rear wall of the fireplace; however, because Bob is a tall man, we installed it above the lintel on a suspended concrete slab.

continued on p. 6





Rich is seen installing the wide, random-width, yellow pine flooring ▲



Rich also installed the cabinets for the small kitchenette on the wall opposite the fireplace. ▲

Dear Gary and Denise,

Yesterday Rich put the "finishing touches" on the Summer Kitchen and, with that, the project was finished. Bob and I wish to thank you and each person who helped make our dream into a reality. We couldn't have asked for a nicer, more capable crew with a work ethic to match! The finished product reflects the care and concern for details and effort to please the owners - and we are so pleased. And now let the baking begin!

Fondly,  
Ann and Bob  
8/22/00

From the traditional standing-seam metal roof to the random-width wood siding, the completed summer kitchen looks like it's been setting there a hundred years or more. Now, come Pennsylvania rain or shine, it's just a few short steps to Bob's fresh baked breads. ▶





# Gary's Exceptional Excerpts

## The One-Room School Scholar

An author who proposes to write about the one-room schoolhouse should perhaps have attended one himself and should enjoy the nostalgia of describing some of his experiences in such a building. Although a student six years of age would have had little experience in making appraisals, my best recollections are that life in that school was very pleasant, and I was eager to attend. The teacher, whose name was Carrie Ligget, was a warm, affectionate woman who rarely raised her voice. She was quite opposite to the vicious females who reputedly "kept school" in those good old days. She had complete control of the room with her soft speech and charming manner. There was little competition among students, and all seemed grateful for the opportunity to meet as a group and study together. I suspect our elders had a hand in helping to create that atmosphere.

I was born in York County, Pennsylvania, in 1908, and at the age of six entered the first grade in Locust Grove Elementary School. Classes were held there from grades one through eight; grades nine to twelve met in a senior high school. I was only the fourth person from that school to go to high school and college.

I have virtually no memories of experiences in the first grade. Although I don't remember it, I know that I must have been vaccinated before the first day of school. I remember my later years with considerable pleasure. One of my less serious problems was to get my feet back into shoes after walking barefooted all summer. Without shoes one's feet spread, but after a few days all seemed to go along normally. Sometime around the second or third grade I remember some special clothing I wore the first day. My real pride was a white shirt made by my Aunt Lydia, with whom I lived, my mother having died when I was three years old. My weekday attire was usually a blue or dark-colored shirt, and I prized my white one very highly. Of course, like most of the other scholars, I had a new pair of shoes.

I remember that I had only a few books in the early grades, about which my aunt frequently commented, for when she went briefly to school her few books had to be supplied by her parents. In her day most of the students had different books for reading and other subjects, so teaching became very difficult.



In those days all the students had to walk to school, regardless of the distance. From an introspective point of view, this could be regarded as a fine way of getting a little exercise. The teacher also walked. In the winter the walking became very difficult in deep snow, but I don't recall of a day ever being missed because of the weather.

School sessions started about 8:30 a.m. when children were summoned from the schoolyard by ringing a cast iron bell hung in a cupola on the roof of the schoolhouse. On very rare occasions a student was allowed to ring the bell by pulling a rope on the floor level. Such an opportunity was regarded as an honor by the rest of the students.

Upon entering the building, the pupils hung their wraps on wooden pegs near the entry, removed their overshoes, and placed their lunches on a broad shelf installed for that purpose. Later we got desks with a shelf for books and lunches.

After all the students were quietly in their seats, opening exercises were conducted by the teacher. She read an excerpt from the Bible and led the group in repeating the Lord's Prayer. There was no Pledge of Allegiance at that time. As a matter of fact, such a sentiment was not needed to enlist the patriotism of the students. There were no protests from parents or students to this procedure. Announcements were made, after which the young learners turned immediately to their lessons. They were seated according to their size, the smaller ones in front near the teacher's desk, the larger ones in the rear.

The daily routine began with the teacher calling a particular grade to the front of the room to sit on a long bench, occupied only when a class was reciting. Classes in spelling and mental arithmetic stood at the bench; in reading, geography, and history they sat. A class in arithmetic "worked" their problems on the blackboard.

Not all grades and classes recited every day, but the schedule was staggered so that each class had two or three recitations each week. I looked forward to recitation in some classes; others I was only an unwilling participant. The teacher regarded reading as the most important class in the curriculum, and I was a good "reader." ♡

*Gary*

*The American One-Room Schoolhouse, by Henry J. Kauffman, Mastof Press, 1997, pp. 2-3.*

*Photo: Herman A. David, Bustleton School, NJ, 1923. "Dad"*



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*Debbie*

God's blessing upon you.

appreciate every one of you.

absolutely nicest people around, and we deeply

has learned very well, indeed. We DO work for the

That's a lesson each of us at Restore 'N More

ninety nice people.

how fortunate they've been to work for such gen-

client's life. And the fellows never fail to mention

their project, or some fascinating aspect of each

of the crew, or how excited the clients were with

about how well the clients treated each member

for and you'll be treated to endless anecdotes

Now ask them about the clients they worked

tures.

They are, without a doubt, such humble crea-

to get a story out of them.)

form. (I'm telling you, it's like pulling hen's teeth

of interest in even the slightest tasks they per-

of the world (you and I) might find some measure

the norm for them. They don't realize that the rest

so long now that those situations have become

difficulty, oddity, and complication imaginable for

tray! The problem is they've been tackling every

It's not that they are dummies. Quite the con-

like, "Well, gee, I don't know."

They'll just hem-&-haw awhile and say something

task they had to perform on any given project.

was the most difficult or unusual or complicated

Restore 'N More supervisor or carpenter what

Your school lesson for today: Don't ever ask a

Hopefully, you are better scholars than I.

to write the stories you read each issue.

have had to interview the crew members in order

we started producing *A Letter About Home* and I

ere's a lesson I have failed to learn ever since



LESSONS LEARNED